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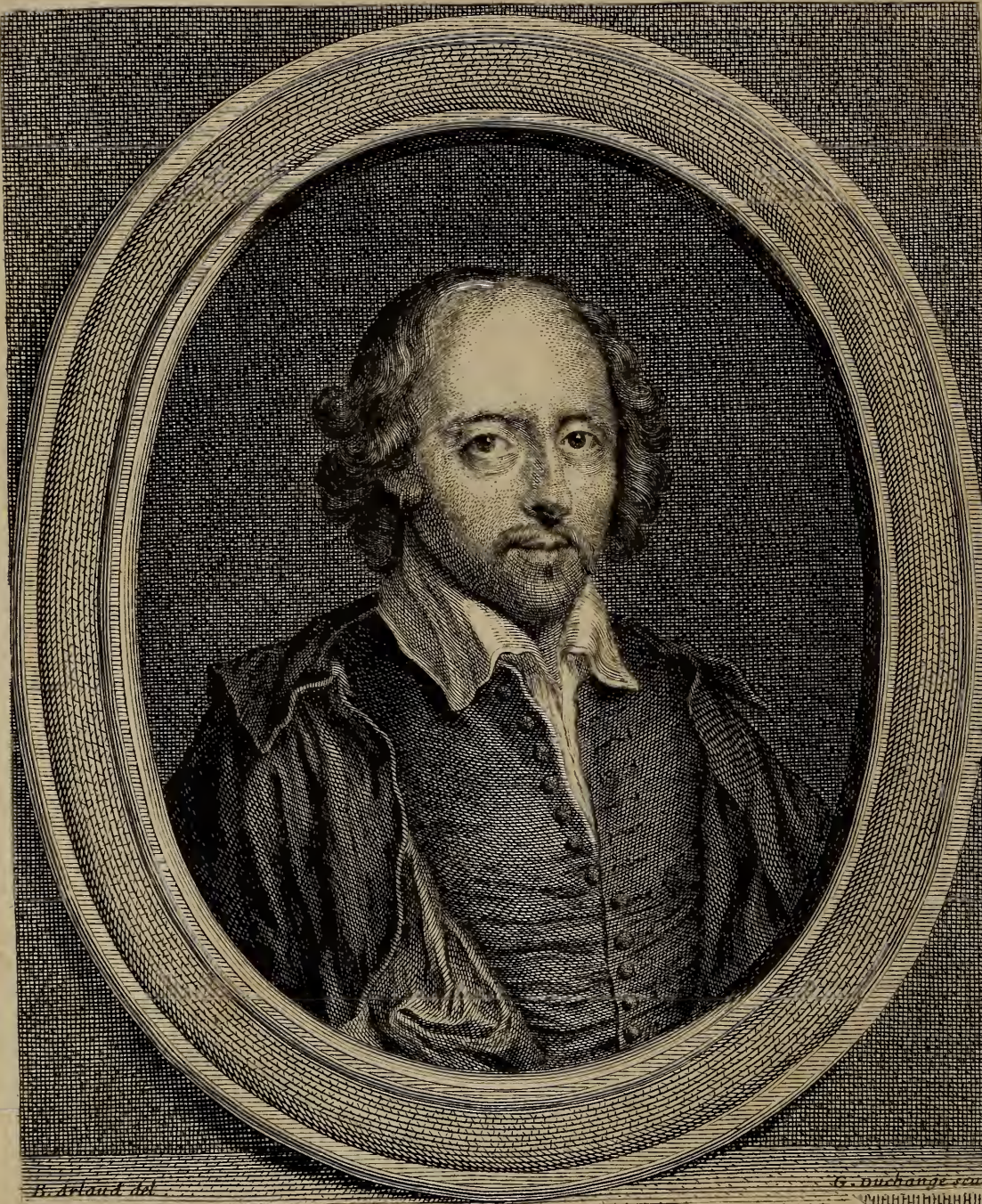
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THEOBALD'S EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE
London, 1733.







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Mr. W^m Shakespeare

THE
WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE:
IN
SEVEN VOLUMES.

Collated with the Oldest Copies, and Corrected;
With NOTES, Explanatory, and Critical:

By Mr. THEOBALD.

I, Decus, i, nostrum: melioribus utere Fatis. Virg.

L O N D O N:

Printed for A. BETTESWORTH and C. HITCH,
J. TONSON, F. CLAY, W. FEALES,
and R. WELLINGTON.

M D C C X X X I I I .

151,303

May, 1873

Barton

THE
WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE:
VOLUME the FIRST.

CONTAINING,

The TEMPEST.	MERRY WIVES of WINDSOR,
The MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.	MEASURE for MEASURE.
The TWO GENTLEMEN of VERONA.	MUCH ADO about NO- THING.

L O N D O N:

Printed for A. BETTESWORTH and C. HITCH,
J. TONSON, F. CLAY, W. FEALES,
and R. WELLINGTON.

M DCC XXXIII.

D E D I C A T I O N.

Shakespeare: and my Duty could do no less than throw the Whole under Your Protection.

I shall be easily pardon'd, tho' I should profess a Sorrow for being reduc'd to make You this unworthy Offering; because, I know, Your Lordship is truly a Mourner for the Necessity. The good Lady *Orrery* (whose Memory I most sincerely venerate) did me the Honour of making her early Claim: and it comes now to You by the melancholy Right of Executorship. Would it had Merit enough to plead its Interest duly, as an Orphan and Relict from so dear a Friend!

It is a Maxim, I think, My Lord, of Monsieur *Rochefoucault*, that all our Actions and Desires flow from the Spring of Self-love. My ardent, but vain, Wishes that a long Life might crown the Countess of *Orrery's* Virtues, I may say, sprung from a more generous Motive. I had Your Lordship's Joy and Interest principally in View: and wish'd
She

D E D I C A T I O N.

She might survive, both to have made happy Your Bed, and shared in the Education of those dear Plèdges, which She has left You, of your mutual Affection.

————— *castum ut servare Cubile*
Conjugis, & posset parvos educere Natos.

I have Your Lordship's Word for it, that She was, while living, my very good Friend: an Honour, that I would wish to repay, now She is no more, by raising a Monument of Gratitude to her Name. Without aiming at her Praise, I can barely hope to do Justice to her Memory! Truth, in an Epitaph or Characteristic, may do the World some Service, while it exhibits a Pattern to be follow'd: but Flattery so exceeds all Proportion, that it leaves no Room for Imitation.

I never left your Lordship's House, without the strongest Impressions of those Sweets, which endear *Connubial Society*. All the Qualities, that can make Woman *lastingly* amiable, were

D E D I C A T I O N.

center'd in Lady Orrery. The Fondness of a Wife, and tender Mother, were eminently conspicuous in all her Behaviour. It was a Pleasure to her to adapt her self to all Your Lordship's Sentiments: and You could honour None with any Degree of your Friendship, but That was a Merit to recommend them to her Smiles. In her Conversation, the Vivacity of Youth was happily temper'd with the Sageness of the Matron. She knew how to be pleasant without Levity, and to display Wisdom divested of all its disagreeable Severities. With what Sweetness of Deportment She behav'd to her Domesticks, was visible in that Love and Reverence with which they obey'd her. She maintain'd the Respect due to her Rank, without being either supercilious or affected: yet at the same time knew, that her great Birth and Station ought not to set her above being the Mistress of her Family. Hence, in the Point of your Table, while She consulted your Quality, She
took

D E D I C A T I O N.

took Care of your Fortune. Elegance was so blended with Oeconomy in her Management, it shew'd Us the Difference betwixt Plenty and Ostentation.

I have presumed, Your Lordship will observe, to draw but the Outlines of the Picture; to sketch out that Symmetry, which distinguish'd her equally to every Beholder. To finish up the Colouring of the Whole, is above my Strength or Vanity. The peculiar Duties She paid either to Heaven, or your Lordship, are too sacred to be touch'd here. They stand forbid to a vulgar Approach; and I choose, as in the *Jewish* Temples, to draw a Curtain across that Altar. It might be a childish Superstition, perhaps, to imagine her too good for this World; but we feel to our Concern, that what made her revered on Earth, qualified her too early for a Saint in Heaven.

*Ostendunt terris hanc tantùm Fata, nec ultra
Esse sinunt.*

D E D I C A T I O N.

I should fear, my Lord, to awake your Sorrows even with this faint Recapitulation of her Virtues, did I not know, the Image of them is engraven on your Heart; and I am paying but the Rites of a pious and sympathetick Respect. As I am proud to be thought a Client and Servant of your Family, and claim Your Lordship's Patronage as it were by Descent from your Noble Father, I would profess a *becoming* Interest in whatever *affects* my Patron.

If my Duty, My Lord, be too bold, I have it to plead in Excuse, that it is in some Measure warranted by your own Conduct and Behaviour. That Easiness of Address with which I have been receiv'd by You, and that Indulgence which you are pleas'd to shew me on every Occasion, ground a sort of habitual Freedom. In Conversations with Your Lordship, tho' we cannot but remember the Distance due to your *Quality*, yet we find something so engaging on your part, that we imperceptibly slide

on

D E D I C A T I O N.

on the very Confines of *Friendship*.
Your Sweetness and Affability always
put me in mind of *Ovid's APOLLO*;
he restrain'd the Lustre of his Godhead,
when he was to converse with a mortal
Son;

— — *circum Caput omne micantes*
Deposuit radios, propriusque accedere jussit.

So, You, my Lord, will not suffer
your *Quality* to glare upon your Infe-
riors: You abate of the Splendour of a
Patrician, and descend to Us in the
Light of the easy agreeable *Gentleman*.

If You ever shew any Reserve, it is
with Regard to your own Modesty.
You *there* labour to retire within Your
self; and would fain shut Us out from
the Discovery of Talents, which you
cannot restrain from starting to Obser-
vation. Your Behaviour resembles That
of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe's* Parents, in a
Passage which has employ'd the Criticks;

Sed vetuere patres quod non potuere vetare.

DEDICATION.

For I have always understood it thus, that *they endeavour'd to forbid what they could not prevent*. The Confession I am going to make, my Lord, is in part an Evidence of this Truth. I had design'd to obtrude upon You what I had to say critically of *Shakespeare*: but your Modesty absolutely denied my Appeal. You would not look upon your self conversant enough in my *Author* to be appointed Judge of the various parts of his Character; tho' I have borrow'd many Hints from hearing You converse upon him. I have soften'd the *Theft*, Sir, in Expression, you see, in Regard to my self; and Your Lordship may reasonably deny the Loss of the Jewels, which I have disparag'd in the unartful Setting. I may very truly apply to You the Character, which a much greater Dedicator apply'd to a Patron not so great: *Ingenium tale est, ut etiam sine literis videatur cultum esse potuisse; tantum autem Literarum consecutus es, ut vel satis ad summam gloriam esse possit.*

But

D E D I C A T I O N.

But I am aware, that in these Declarations I am trespassing on Your Lordship's Patience. That Light of Veneration, in which I view You, makes me think I could never say too much on the Subject: and that nice Distrust, with which You view Your self, makes You think that I cannot say too little. I can only know that I am forgiven, in being continued to share the Honour of Your Esteem; and indulg'd in the Opportunities of approving myself,

My LORD,

Your LORDSHIP'S

most faithful and obedient

humble Servant,

10 January,
1733.

LEW. THEOBALD.

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T H E
P R E F A C E.

THE Attempt to write upon SHAKESPEARE is like going into a large, a spacious, and a splendid Dome thro' the Conveyance of a narrow and obscure Entry. A Glare of Light suddenly breaks upon you, beyond what the Avenue at first promis'd: and a thousand Beauties of Genius and Character, like so many gaudy Apartments pouring at once upon the Eye, diffuse and throw themselves out to the Mind. The Prospect is too wide to come within the Compass of a single View: 'tis a gay Confusion of pleasing Objects, too various to be enjoyed but in a general Admiration; and they must be separated, and ey'd distinctly, in order to give the proper Entertainment.

And as in great Piles of Building, some Parts are often finish'd up to hit the Taste of the *Connoisseur*; others more negligently put together, to strike the Fancy of a common
and

The P R E F A C E.

*A Sketch
of Shake-
speare's
general
Character.*

and unlearned Beholder : Some Parts are made stupendiously magnificent and grand, to surprize with the vast Design and Execution of the Architect ; others are contracted, to amuse you with his Neatness and Elegance in little. So, in *Shakespeare*, we may find *Traits* that will stand the Test of the severest Judgment ; and Strokes as carelessly hit off, to the Level of the more ordinary Capacities : Some Descriptions rais'd to that Pitch of Grandeur, as to astonish you with the Compass and Elevation of his Thought : and others copying Nature within so narrow, so confined a Circle, as if the Author's Talent lay only at drawing in Miniature.

In how many Points of Light must we be oblig'd to gaze at this great Poet ! In how many Branches of Excellence to consider, and admire him ! Whether we view him on the Side of Art or Nature, he ought equally to engage our Attention : Whether we respect the Force and Greatness of his Genius, the Extent of his Knowledge and Reading, the Power and Address with which he throws out and applies either Nature, or Learning, there is ample Scope both for our Wonder and Pleasure. If his Diction, and the cloathing of his Thoughts attract us, how much more must we be charm'd with the Richness, and Variety, of his Images and Ideas ! If his Images and Ideas steal into our Souls, and strike upon our Fancy, how much are they improv'd
in

in Price, when we come to reflect with what Propriety and Justness they are apply'd to Character! If we look into his Characters, and how they are furnish'd and proportion'd to the Employment he cuts out for them, how are we taken up with the Mastery of his Portraits! What Draughts of Nature! What Variety of Originals, and how differing each from the other! How are they dress'd from the Stores of his own luxurious Imagination; without being the Apes of Mode, or borrowing from any foreign Wardrobe! Each of Them are the Standards of Fashion for themselves: like Gentlemen that are above the Direction of their Tailors, and can adorn themselves without the Aid of Imitation. If other Poets draw more than one Fool or Coxcomb, there is the same Resemblance in them, as in that Painter's Draughts, who was happy only at forming a Rose: you find them all younger Brothers of the same Family, and all of them have a Pretence to give the same Crest: But *Shakespeare's* Clowns and Fops come all of a different House: they are no farther allied to one another than as Man to Man, Members of the same Species: but as different in Features and Lineaments of Character, as we are from one another in Face, or Complexion. But I am unawares launching into his Character as a Writer, before I have said what I intended of him as a private Member of the Republick.

Mr.

Some Particulars of his private Life.

Mr. *Rowe* has very justly observ'd, that People are fond of discovering any little personal Story of the Great Men of Antiquity: and that the common Accidents of their Lives naturally become the Subject of our critical Enquiries: That however trifling such a Curiosity at the first View may appear, yet, as for what relates to Men of Letters, the Knowledge of an Author may, perhaps, sometimes conduce to the better understanding his Works: And, indeed, this Author's Works, from the bad Treatment he has met with from his Editors, have so long wanted a Comment, that one would zealously embrace every Method of Information, that could contribute to recover them from the Injuries with which they have so long lain o'erwhelm'd.

'Tis certain, that if we have first admir'd the Man in his Writings, his Case is so circumstanc'd, that we must naturally admire the Writings in the Man: That if we go back to take a View of his Education, and the Employment in Life which Fortune had cut out for him, we shall retain the stronger Ideas of his extensive Genius.

His Father, we are told, was a considerable Dealer in Wool; but having no fewer than ten Children, of whom our *Shakespeare* was the eldest, the best Education he could afford him was no better than to qualify him for his own Business and Employment. I cannot affirm with any Certainty how long his
Father

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Father liv'd; but I take him to be the same Mr. *John Shakespeare* who was living in the Year 1599, and who then, in Honour of his Son, took out an Extract of his Family-Arms from the Herald's Office; by which it appears, that he had been Officer and Bailiff of *Stratford*, and that he enjoy'd some hereditary Lands and Tenements, the Reward of his Great Grandfather's faithful and approved Service to King *Henry VII.*

Be this as it will, our *Shakespeare*, it seems, was bred for some Time at a Free-School; the very Free-School, I presume, founded at *Stratford*: where, we are told, he acquired what *Latin* he was Master of: but, that his Father being oblig'd, thro' Narrowness of Circumstance, to withdraw him too soon from thence, he was so unhappily prevented from making any Proficiency in the Dead Languages: A Point, that will deserve some little Discussion in the Sequel of this Dissertation.

How long he continued in his Father's Way of Business, either as an Assistant to him, or on his own proper Account, no Notices are left to inform us: nor have I been able to learn precisely at what Period of Life he quitted his native *Stratford*, and began his Acquaintance with *London*, and the *Stage*.

In order to settle in the World after a Family-manner; he thought fit, Mr. *Rowe* acquaints us, to marry while he was yet very young. It is certain, he did so: for by the
Monu-

Monument, in *Stratford Church*, erected to the Memory of his Daughter *Susanna*, the Wife of *John Hall*, Gentleman, it appears, that she died on the 2d Day of *July* in the Year 1649, aged 66. So that She was born in 1583, when her Father could not be full 19 Years old; who was himself born in the Year 1564. Nor was She his eldest Child, for he had another Daughter, *Judith*, who was born before her, and who was married to one Mr. *Thomas Quiney*. So that *Shakespeare* must have entred into Wedlock, by that Time he was turn'd of seventeen Years.

Whether the Force of Inclination merely, or some concurring Circumstances of Convenience in the Match, prompted him to marry so early, is not easy to be determin'd at this Distance: but 'tis probable, a View of Interest might partly sway his Conduct in this Point: for he married the Daughter of one *Hathaway*, a substantial Yeoman in his Neighbourhood, and She had the Start of him in Age no less than 8 Years. She surviv'd him, notwithstanding, seven Seasons, and dy'd that very Year in which the *Players* publish'd the first Edition of his Works in *Folio*, Anno Dom. 1623, at the Age of 67 Years, as we likewise learn from her Monument in *Stratford-Church*.

How long he continued in this kind of Settlement, upon his own Native Spot, is not more easily to be determin'd. But if the

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Tradition be true, of that Extravagance which forc'd him both to quit his Country and way of Living; to wit, his being engag'd, with a Knot of young Deer-stealers, to rob the Park of Sir *Thomas Lucy* of *Cherlecot* near *Stratford*: the Enterprize favours so much of Youth and Levity, we may reasonably suppose it was before he could write full Man. Besides, considering he has left us six and thirty Plays, which are avow'd to be genuine; (to throw out of the Question those Seven, in which his Title is disputed: tho' I can, beyond all Controversy, prove some Touches in every one of them to come from his Pen:) and considering too, that he had retir'd from the Stage, to spend the latter Part of his Days at his own Native *Stratford*; the Interval of Time, necessarily required for the finishing so many Dramatic Pieces, obliges us to suppose he threw himself very early upon the Play-houfe. And as he could, probably, contract no Acquaintance with the Drama, while he was driving on the Affair of Wool at home; some Time must be lost, even after he had commenc'd Player, before he could attain Knowledge enough in the Science to qualify himself for turning Author.

It has been observ'd by Mr. *Rowe*, that, amongst other Extravagancies which our Author has given to his Sir *John Falstaffe*, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, he has made him a Deer-stealer; and that he might at the same

time remember his *Warwickshire* Prosecutor, under the Name of Justice *Shallow*, he has given him very near the same Coat of Arms, which *Dugdale*, in his *Antiquities* of that County, describes for a Family there. There are two Coats, I observe, in *Dugdale*, where three Silver Fishes are borne in the Name of *Lucy*; and another Coat, to the Monument of *Thomas Lucy*, Son of Sir *William Lucy*, in which are quarter'd in four several Divisions, twelve little Fishes, three in each Division, probably *Luces*. This very Coat, indeed, seems alluded to in *Shallow's* giving the dozen *White Luces*, and in *Slender* saying, *he may quarter*. When I consider the exceeding Candour and Good-nature of our Author, (which inclin'd all the gentler Part of the World to love him; as the Power of his Wit obliged the Men of the most delicate Knowledge and polite Learning to admire him;) and that he should throw this humorous Piece of Satire at his Prosecutor, at least twenty Years after the Provocation given; I am confidently persuaded it must be owing to an unforgiving Rancour on the Prosecutor's Side: and if This was the Case, it were Pity but the Disgrace of such an Inveteracy should remain as a lasting Reproach, and *Shallow* stand as a Mark of Ridicule to stigmatize his Malice.

It is said, our Author spent some Years before his Death, in Ease, Retirement, and the Conversation of his Friends, at his Native
Strat-

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Stratford. I could never pick up any certain Intelligence, when He relinquish'd the Stage. I know, it has been mistakenly thought by some, that *Spenser's Thalia*, in his *Tears of his Muses*, where she laments the Loss of her *Willy* in the Comic Scene, has been apply'd to our Author's quitting the Stage. But *Spenser* himself, 'tis well known, quitted the Stage of Life in the Year 1598; and, five Years after this, we find *Shakespeare's* Name among the Actors in *Ben Jonson's Sejanus*, which first made its Appearance in the Year 1603. Nor, surely, could he then have any Thoughts of retiring, since, that very Year, a Licence under the Privy-Seal was granted by K. *James I.* to him and *Fletcher, Burbage, Phillippes, Hemings, Condel, &c.* authorizing them to exercise the Art of playing Comedies, Tragedies, &c. as well at their usual House call'd the *Globe* on the other Side of the Water, as in any other Parts of the Kingdom, during his Majesty's Pleasure: (A Copy of which Licence is preserv'd in *Rymer's Fœdera*.) Again, 'tis certain, that *Shakespeare* did not exhibit his *Macbeth*, till after the *Union* was brought about, and till after K. *James I.* had begun to touch for the *Evil*: for 'tis plain, he has inserted Compliments, on both those Accounts, upon his Royal Master in that Tragedy. Nor, indeed, could the Number of the Dramatic Pieces, he produced, admit of his retiring near so early as that Period. So

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that what *Spenser* there says, if it relate at all to *Shakespeare*, must hint at some occasional Recess he made for a time upon a Disgust taken: or the *Willy*, there mention'd, must relate to some other favourite Poet. I believe, we may safely determine that he had not quitted in the Year 1610. For in his *Tempest*, our Author makes mention of the *Bermuda* Islands, which were unknown to the *English*, till, in 1609, Sir *John Summers* made a Voyage to *North-America*, and discover'd them: and afterwards invited some of his Countrymen to settle a Plantation there. That he became the private Gentleman at least three Years before his Decease, is pretty obvious from another Circumstance: I mean, from that remarkable and well-known Story, which *Mr. Rowe* has given us of our Author's Intimacy with *Mr. John Combe*, an old Gentleman noted thereabouts for his Wealth and Usury: and upon whom *Shakespeare* made the following facetious Epitaph.

*Ten in the hundred lies here in-grav'd,
'Tis a hundred to ten his Soul is not sav'd;
If any Man ask who lies in this Tomb,
Oh! oh! quoth the Devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.*

This farcaistical Piece of Wit was, at the Gentleman's own Request, thrown out extemporally in his Company. And this *Mr. John Combe* I take to be the same, who, by *Dugdale*

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dale in his Antiquities of *Warwickshire*, is said to have dy'd in the Year 1614, and for whom at the upper End of the Quire, of the Guild of the Holy Cross at *Stratford*, a fair Monument is erected, having a Statue thereon cut in Alabaster, and in a Gown with this Epitaph. " Here lyeth enterr'd the Body " of *John Combe* Esq; who dy'd the 10th of " *July*, 1614, who bequeathed several Annual Charities to the Parish of *Stratford*, " and 100*l.* to be lent to fifteen poor Tradel- " men from three years to three years, chan- " ging the Parties every third Year, at the " Rate of fifty Shillings *per Annum*, the In- " crease to be distributed to the Almes-poor " there." — The Donation has all the Air of a rich and sagacious Usurer.

Shakespeare himself did not survive Mr. *Combe* long, for he dy'd in the Year 1616, the 53d of his Age. He lies buried on the North Side of the Chancel in the great Church at *Stratford*; where a Monument, decent enough for the Time, is erected to him, and plac'd against the Wall. He is represented under an Arch in a sitting Posture, a Cushion spread before him, with a Pen in his Right Hand, and his Left rested on a Scroll of Paper. The *Latin* Distich, which is placed under the Cushion, has been given us by Mr. *Pope*, or his Graver, in this Manner.

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INGENIO Pylium, Genio Socratem,
Arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, Populus mæret, Olympus habet.

I confess, I don't conceive the Difference betwixt *Ingeniô* and *Geniô* in the first Verse. They seem to me intirely synonomous Terms; nor was the *Pylian* Sage *Nestor* celebrated for his Ingenuity, but for an Experience and Judgment owing to his long Age. *Dugdale*, in his *Antiquities of Warwickshire*, has copied this Distich with a Distinction which *Mr. Rowe* has follow'd, and which certainly restores us the true meaning of the Epitaph.

JUDICIO Pylium, Genio Socratem, &c.

In 1614, the greater part of the Town of *Stratford* was consumed by Fire; but our *Shakespeare's* House, among some others, escap'd the Flames. This House was first built by *Sir Hugh Clopton*, a younger Brother of an ancient Family in that Neighbourhood, who took their Name from the Manor of *Clopton*. *Sir Hugh* was Sheriff of *London* in the Reign of *Richard III*, and Lord Mayor in the Reign of King *Henry VII*. To this Gentleman the Town of *Stratford* is indebted for the fine Stone-bridge, consisting of fourteen Arches, which at an extraordinary Expence he built over the *Avon*, together with a Cause-way running at the West-end thereof;

as

as also for rebuilding the Chapel adjoining to his House, and the Cross-Isle in the Church there. It is remarkable of him, that, tho' he liv'd and dy'd a Batchelor, among the other extensive Charities which he left both to the City of *London* and Town of *Stratford*, he bequeath'd considerable Legacies for the Marriage of poor Maidens of good Name and Fame both in *London* and at *Stratford*. Notwithstanding which large Donations in his Life, and Bequests at his Death, as he had purchased the Manor of *Clopton*, and all the Estate of the Family, so he left the same again to his Elder Brother's Son with a very great Addition: (a Proof, how well Beneficence and Oeconomy may walk hand in hand in wise Families:) Good part of which Estate is yet in the Possession of *Edward Clopton*, Esq; and *Sir Hugh Clopton*, Knt. lineally descended from the Elder Brother of the first *Sir Hugh*: Who particularly bequeathed to his Nephew, by his Will, his House, by the Name of his *Great-house* in *Stratford*.

The Estate had now been sold out of the *Clopton* Family for above a Century, at the Time when *Shakespeare* became the Purchaser: who, having repair'd and modell'd it to his own Mind, chang'd the Name to *New-place*; which the Mansion-house, since erected upon the same Spot, at this day retains. The House and Lands, which attended it, continued in *Shakespeare's* Descendants to the

Time of the *Restoration*: when they were repurchased by the *Clopton* Family, and the Mansion now belongs to Sir *Hugh Clopton*, Knt. To the Favour of this worthy Gentleman I owe the Knowledge of one Particular, in Honour of our Poet's once Dwelling-house, of which, I presume, Mr. ROWE never was appriz'd. When the Civil War raged in *England*, and K. *Charles the First's* Queen was driven by the Necessity of Affairs to make a Recess in *Warwickshire*, She kept her Court for three Weeks in *New-place*. We may reasonably suppose it then the best private House in the Town; and her Majesty prefer'd it to the *College*, which was in the Possession of the *Combe*-Family, who did not so strongly favour the King's Party.

How much our Author employ'd himself in Poetry, after his Retirement from the Stage, does not so evidently appear: Very few posthumous Sketches of his Pen have been recover'd to ascertain that Point. We have been told, indeed, in Print, but not till very lately, That two large Chests full of this Great Man's loose Papers and Manuscripts, in the Hands of an ignorant Baker of *Warwick*, (who married one of the Descendants from our *Shakespeare*) were carelessly scatter'd and thrown about, as Garret-Lumber, and Litter, to the particular Knowledge of the late Sir *William Bishop*, till they were all consumed in the general Fire and Destruction of that
Town,

Town. I cannot help being a little apt to distrust the Authority of this Tradition; because as his Wife surviv'd him seven Years, and as his Favourite Daughter *Susanna* surviv'd her twenty six Years, 'tis very improbable, they should suffer such a Treasure to be remov'd, and translated into a remoter Branch of the Family, without a Scrutiny first made into the Value of it. This, I say, inclines me to distrust the Authority of the Relation: but, notwithstanding such an apparent Improbability, if we really lost such a Treasure, by whatever Fatality or Caprice of Fortune they came into such ignorant and neglectful Hands, I agree with the *Relater*, the Misfortune is wholly irreparable.

To these Particulars, which regard his Person and private Life, some few more are to be glean'd from Mr. ROWE'S Account of his *Life and Writings*: Let us now take a short His Character as a View of him in his publick Capacity, as a Writer. *Writer*: and, from thence, the Transition will be easy to the *State* in which his *Writings* have been handed down to us.

No Age, perhaps, can produce an Author more various from himself, than *Shakespeare* has been universally acknowledg'd to be. The Diversity in Stile, and other Parts of Composition, so obvious in him, is as variously to be accounted for. His Education, we find, was at best but begun: and he started early into a Science from the Force of Genius, unequally

equally assisted by acquir'd Improvements. His Fire, Spirit, and Exuberance of Imagination gave an Impetuosity to his Pen: His Ideas flow'd from him in a Stream rapid, but not turbulent; copious, but not ever overbearing its Shores. The Ease and Sweetness of his Temper might not a little contribute to his Facility in Writing: as his Employment, as a *Player*, gave him an Advantage and Habit of fancying himself the very Character he meant to delineate. He used the Helps of his Function in forming himself to create and express that *Sublime*, which other Actors can only copy, and throw out, in Action and graceful Attitude. But *Nullum sine Veniâ placuit Ingenium*, says *Seneca*. The Genius, that gives us the greatest Pleasure, sometimes stands in Need of our Indulgence. Whenever this happens with regard to *Shakespeare*, I would willingly impute it to a Vice of *his Times*. We see Complaisance enough, in our own Days, paid to a *bad Taste*. His *Clinches*, *false Wit*, and descending beneath himself, seem to be a Deference paid to *reigning Barbarism*. He was a *Sampson* in Strength, but he suffer'd some such *Dalilah* to give him up to the *Philistines*.

As I have mention'd the Sweetness of his Disposition, I am tempted to make a Reflexion or two on a Sentiment of his, which, I am persuaded, came from the Heart.

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*The Man, that hath no Musick in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with Concord of sweet
Sounds,*

*Is fit for Treasons, Stratagems, and Spoils:
The Motions of his Spirit are dull as Night,
And his Affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such Man be trusted. —*

Shakespeare was all Openness, Candour, and Complacence; and had such a Share of Harmony in his Frame and Temperature, that we have no Reason to doubt, from a Number of fine Passages, Allusions, Similies, &c. fetch'd from *Musick*, but that He was a passionate Lover of it. And to this, perhaps, we may owe that great Number of *Sonnets*, which are sprinkled thro' his *Plays*. I have found, that the Stanza's sung by the Gravedigger in *Hamlet*, are not of *Shakespeare's* own Composition, but owe their Original to the old Earl of *Surrey's* Poems. Many other of his Occasional little Songs, I doubt not, but he purposely copied from his Contemporary Writers; sometimes, out of Banter; sometimes, to do them Honour. The Manner of their Introduction, and the Uses to which he has assigned them, will easily determine for which of the Reasons they are respectively employ'd. In *As you like it*, there are several little Copies of Verses on *Rosalind*, which are said to be the right *Butter-woman's Rank to Market*, and the very false *Gallop of Verses*. Dr. Thomas

*A Lover of
Musick.*

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mas Lodge, a Physician who flourish'd early in Queen *Elizabeth's* Reign, and was a great Writer of the Pastoral Songs and Madrigals, which were so much the Strain of those Times, compos'd a whole Volume of Poems in Praise of his Mistress, whom he calls *Rosalinde*. I never yet could meet with this Collection; but whenever I do, I am persuas'd, I shall find many of our Author's Canzonets on this Subject to be Scraps of the Doctor's amorous Muse: as, perhaps, those by *Biron* too, and the other Lovers in *Love's Labour's lost*, may prove to be.

It has been remark'd in the Course of my Notes, that Musick in our Author's time had a very different Use from what it has now. At this Time, it is only employ'd to raise and inflame the Passions; it, then, was apply'd to calm and allay all kinds of Perturbations. And, agreeable to this Observation, throughout all *Shakespeare's* Plays, where Musick is either actually used, or its Powers describ'd, it is chiefly said to be for these Ends. His *Twelfth-Night*, particularly, begins with a fine Reflexion that admirably marks its soothing Properties.

That Strain again; — It had a dying Fall.
Oh, it came o'er my Ear like the sweet South,
That breathes upon a Bank of Violets,
Stealing and giving Odour!

This *Similitude* is remarkable not only for the Beauty of the Image that it presents, but likewise for the Exactness to the Thing compared. This is a way of Teaching peculiar to the Poets; that, when they would describe the Nature of any thing, they do it not by a direct Enumeration of its Attributes or Qualities, but by bringing something into Comparison, and describing those Qualities of it that are of the Kind with those in the Thing compared. So, here for instance, the Poet willing to instruct in the Properties of Musick, in which the same Strains have a Power to excite Pleasure, or Pain, according to that State of Mind the Hearer is then in, does it by presenting the Image of a sweet South Wind blowing o'er a Violet-bank; which wafts away the Odour of the Violets, and at the same time communicates to it its own Sweetness: by This insinuating, that affecting Musick, tho' it takes away the natural sweet Tranquillity of the Mind, yet, at the same time, communicates a Pleasure the Mind felt not before. This Knowledge, of the same Objects being capable of raising two contrary Affections, is a Proof of no ordinary Progress in the Study of human Nature. The general Beauties of those two Poems of MILTON, intituled, *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, are obvious to all Readers, because the Descriptions are the most poetical in the World; yet there is a peculiar Beauty in those two excellent Pieces,

Milton an
Imitator of
him.

Pieces, that will much enhance the Value of them to the more capable Readers; which has never, I think, been observ'd. The Images, in each Poem, which he raises to excite Mirth and Melancholy, are exactly the same, only shewn in different Attitudes. Had a Writer, less acquainted with Nature, given us two Poems on these Subjects, he would have been sure to have sought out the most contrary Images to raise these contrary Passions. And, particularly, as *Shakespeare*, in the Passage I am now commenting, speaks of these different Effects in Musick; so *Milton* has brought it into each Poem as the Exciter of each Affection: and lest we should mistake him, as meaning that different Airs had this different Power, (which every Fidler is proud to have you understand,) He gives the Image of those self-same Strains that *Orpheus* used to regain *Eurydice*, as proper both to excite Mirth and Melancholy. But *Milton* most industriously copied the Conduct of our *Shakespeare*, in Passages that shew'd an intimate Acquaintance with Nature and Science.

Shake-
speare's
Knowledge
of Nature.

I have not thought it out of my Province, whenever Occasion offer'd, to take notice of some of our Poet's grand Touches of Nature: Some, that do not appear superficially such; but in which he seems the most deeply instructed; and to which, no doubt, he has so much ow'd that happy Preservation of his

Charac-

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Characters, for which he is justly celebrated. If he was not acquainted with the Rule as deliver'd by *Horace*, his own admirable Genius pierc'd into the Necessity of such a Rule.

————— *Servetur ad imum*

Qualis ab incepto processerit, & sibi constet.

For what can be more ridiculous, than, in our modern Writers, to make a debauch'd young Man, immers'd in all the Vices of his Age and Time, in a few hours take up, confine himself in the way of Honour to one Woman, and moralize in good earnest on the Follies of his past Behaviour? Nor can, that great Exemplar of *Comic Writing*, *Terence* be altogether excused in this Regard; who, in his *Adelphi*, has left *Demea* in the last Scenes so unlike himself: whom, as *Shakespeare* expresses it, *he has turn'd with the seamy Side of his Wit outward*. This Conduct, as Errors are more readily imitated than Perfections, *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* seem to have follow'd in a Character in their *Scornful Lady*. It may be objected, perhaps, by some who do not go to the Bottom of our Poet's Conduct, that he has likewise transgress'd against the Rule himself, by making *Prince Harry* at once, upon coming to the Crown, throw off his former Dissoluteness, and take up the Practice of a sober Morality and all the kingly Virtues. But this would be a mistaken Objection. The Prince's Reformation is not
so

so sudden, as not to be prepar'd and expected by the Audience. He gives, indeed, a Loose to Vanity, and a light unweigh'd Behaviour, when he is trifling among his dissolute Companions; but the Sparks of innate Honour and true Nobleness break from him upon every proper Occasion, where we would hope to see him awake to Sentiments suiting his Birth and Dignity. And our Poet has so well, and artfully, guarded his Character from the Suspicions of habitual and unreformable Profligateness; that even from the first shewing him upon the Stage, in the first Part of *Henry IV*, when he made him consent to join with *Falstaffe* in a Robbery on the Highway, he has taken care not to carry him off the Scene, without an Intimation that he knows them all, and their unyok'd Humour; and that, like the Sun, he will permit them only for a while to obscure and cloud his Brightness; then break thro' the Mist, when he pleases to be himself again; that his Lustre, when wanted, may be the more wonder'd at.

Another of *Shakespeare's* grand Touches of Nature, and which lies still deeper from the Ken of common Observation, has been taken notice of in a Note upon *The Tempest*; where *Prospero* at once interrupts the Masque of *Spirits*, and starts into a sudden Passion and Disorder of Mind. As the latent Cause of his Emotion is there fully inquir'd into, I shall no farther dwell upon it here.

Such a Conduct in a Poet (as *Shakespeare* has manifested on many like Occasions;) where the Turn of *Action* arises from Reflexions of his *Characters*, where the Reason of it is not express'd in Words, but drawn from the inmost Resources of Nature, shews him truly capable of that Art, which is more in Rule than Practice: *Ars est celare Artem.* 'Tis the Foible of your worser Poets to make a Parade and Ostentation of that little Science they have; and to throw it out in the most ambitious Colours. And whenever a Writer of this Class shall attempt to copy these artful Concealments of our Author, and shall either think them easy, or practis'd by a Writer for his Ease, he will soon be convinced of his Mistake by the Difficulty of reaching the Imitation of them.

*Speret idem, sudet multum, frustra; laboret,
Ausus idem: —*

Another grand Touch of Nature in our Author, (not less difficult to imitate, tho' more obvious to the Remark of a common Reader) is, when he brings down at once any *Character* from the Ferment and Height of Passion, makes him correct himself for the unruly Disposition, and fall into Reflexions of a sober and moral Tenour. An exquisite fine Instance of this Kind occurs in *Lear*, where that old King, hasty and intemperate in his Passions, coming to his Son and Daughter

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ter *Cornwall*, is told by the Earl of *Gloucester* that they are not to be spoken with: and thereupon throws himself into a Rage, supposing the Excuse of Sickness and Weariness in them to be a purpos'd Contempt: *Gloucester* begs him to think of the fiery and unremoveable Quality of the Duke: and This, which was design'd to qualify his Passion, serves to exaggerate the Transports of it.

As the Conduct of Prince *Henry* in the first Instance, the secret and mental Reflexions in the Case of *Prospero*, and the instant Detour of *Lear* from the Violence of Rage to a Temper of Reasoning, do so much Honour to that surprizing Knowledge of human Nature, which is certainly our Author's Masterpiece, I thought, they could not be set in too good a Light. Indeed, to point out, and exclaim upon, all the Beauties of *Shakespeare*, as they come singly in Review, would be as insipid, as endless; as tedious, as unnecessary: But the Explanation of those Beauties, that are less obvious to common Readers, and whose Illustration depends on the Rules of just Criticism, and an exact Knowledge of human Life, should deservedly have a Share in a general Critic upon the Author.

I shall dismiss the Examination into these his latent Beauties, when I have made a short Comment upon a remarkable Passage from *Julius Cæsar*, which is inexpressibly fine in its self,

its self, and greatly discovers our Author's Knowledge and Researches into Nature.

Mr. Addison and He compared, on a similar Topick.

*Between the acting of a dreadful Thing,
And the first Motion, all the Interim is
Like a Phantasma, or a hideous Dream:
The Genius, and the mortal Instruments
Are then in Council; and the State of Man,
Like to a little Kingdom, suffers then
The Nature of an Insurrection.*

That nice Critick *Dionysius of Halicarnassus* confesses, that he could not find those great Strokes, which he calls the *terrible Graces*, in any of the Historians, which he frequently met with in *Homer*. I believe, the Success would be the same likewise, if we sought for them in any other of our Authors besides our *British HOMER, Shakespeare*. This Description of the Condition of Conspirators has a Pomp and Terror in it, that perfectly astonishes. Our excellent Mr. *Addison*, whose Modesty made him sometimes diffident in his own Genius, but whose exquisite Judgment always led him to the safest Guides, as we may see by those many fine Strokes in his *Cato* borrow'd from the *Philippics* of *Cicero*, has paraphrased this fine Description; but we are no longer to expect those *terrible Graces*, which he could not hinder from evaporating in the Transfusion.

*O think, what anxious Moments pass between
The Birth of Plots, and their last fatal Periods.
Oh, 'tis a dreadful Interval of Time,
Fill'd up with Horror all, and big with Death.*

I shall observe two Things on this fine Imitation: first, that the Subjects of these two Conspiracies being so very different, (the Fortunes of *Cæsar* and the *Roman Empire* being concern'd in the First; and That of only a few Auxiliary Troops, in the other;) Mr. *Addison* could not with Propriety bring in that magnificent Circumstance, which gives the terrible Grace to *Shakespeare's* Description.

*The Genius and the mortal Instruments
Are then in Council. —*

For Kingdoms, in the poetical Theology, besides their good, have their evil *Genius's* likewise: represented here with the most daring Stretch of Fancy, as sitting in Council with the Conspirators, whom he calls the *mortal Instruments*. But this would have been too great an Apparatus to the Rape, and Desertion, of *Syphax*, and *Sempronius*. Secondly, The other Thing very observable is, that Mr. *Addison* was so warm'd and affected with the Fire of *Shakespeare's* Description; that, instead of copying his Author's Sentiments, he has, before he was aware, given us only the Image of his own Impressions on the reading his great Original. For,

Oh,

*Oh, 'tis a dreadful Interval of Time,
Fill'd up with Horror all, and big with Death;*

are but the Affections raised by such forcible
Images as these;

————— *All the Int'rim is
Like a Phantasma, or a hideous Dream.*

————— *the State of Man,
Like to a little Kingdom, suffers then
The Nature of an Insurrection.*

Comparing the Mind of a Conspirator to
an Anarchy, is just and beautiful; but the *In-
terim* to a *hideous Dream* has something in it
so wonderfully natural, and lays the human
Soul so open, that one cannot but be surpriz'd,
that any Poet, who had not himself been,
some time or other, engaged in a Conspiracy,
could ever have given such Force of Colour-
ing to Truth and Nature.

It has been allow'd on all hands, how *The Quest-
tion on
Shake-
speare's
Learning
handled.* far our Author was indebted to *Nature*; it is
not so well agreed, how much he ow'd to
Languages and acquir'd *Learning*. The De-
cisions on this Subject were certainly set on
Foot by the Hint from *Ben Jonson*, that he
had small *Latin* and less *Greek*: And from
this Tradition, as it were, Mr. *Rowe* has
thought fit peremptorily to declare, that, "It
" is without Controversy, he had no Know-
" ledge of the Writings of the ancient Poets,
" for that in his Works we find no Traces of

“ any thing which looks like an Imitation of
 “ the Ancients. For the Delicacy of his
 “ Taste (*continues He,*) and the natural Bent
 “ of his own great Genius (equal, if not su-
 “ perior, to some of the Best of theirs;)
 “ would certainly have led him to read and
 “ study them with so much Pleasure, that
 “ some of their fine Images would naturally
 “ have insinuated themselves into, and been
 “ mix’d with, his own Writings: so that his
 “ not copying, at least, something from
 “ them, may be an Argument of his never
 “ having read them.” I shall leave it to the
 Determination of my Learned Readers, from
 the numerous Passages, which I have occa-
 sionally quoted in my Notes, in which our
 Poet seems closely to have imitated the Clas-
 sics, whether Mr. *Rowe*’s Assertion be so abso-
 lutely to be depended on. The Result of the
 Controversy must certainly, either way, ter-
 minate to our Author’s Honour: how hap-
 pily he could imitate them, if that Point be
 allow’d; or how gloriously he could think
 like them, without owing any thing to Imita-
 tion.

Tho’ I should be very unwilling to allow
Shakespeare so poor a Scholar, as Many have la-
 bour’d to represent him, yet I shall be very cau-
 tious of declaring too positively on the other
 side of the Question: that is, with regard
 to my Opinion of his Knowledge in the dead
 Languages. And therefore the Passages, that

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I occasionally quote from the *Classics*, shall not be urged as Proofs that he knowingly imitated those Originals; but brought to shew how happily he has express'd himself upon the same Topicks. A very learned Critick of our own Nation has declar'd, that a Sameness of Thought and Sameness of Expression too, in Two Writers of a different Age, can hardly happen, without a violent Suspicion of the Latter copying from his Predecessor. I shall not therefore run any great Risque of a Censure, tho' I should venture to hint, that the Resemblance, in Thought and Expression, of our Author and an Antient (which we should allow to be Imitation in One, whose Learning was not question'd) may sometimes take its Rise from Strength of Memory, and those Impressions which he ow'd to the School. And if we may allow a Possibility of This, considering that, when he quitted the School, he gave into his Father's Profession and way of Living, and had, 'tis likely, but a slender Library of Classsical Learning; and considering what a Number of Translations, Romances, and Legends, started about his Time, and a little before; (most of which, 'tis very evident, he read;) I think, it may easily be reconcil'd, why he rather schemed his *Plots* and *Characters* from these more latter Informations, than went back to those Fountains, for which he might

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entertain a sincere Veneration, but to which he could not have so ready a Recourse.

In touching on another Part of his Learning, as it related to the Knowledge of *History* and *Books*, I shall advance something, that, at first sight, will very much wear the Appearance of a Paradox. For I shall find it no hard Matter to prove, that from the grossest Blunders in History, we are not to infer his real Ignorance of it: Nor from a greater Use of *Latin* Words, than ever any other *English* Author used, must we infer his Knowledge of that Language.

A Reader of Taste may easily observe, that tho' *Shakespeare*, almost in every Scene of his historical Plays, commits the grossest Offences against Chronology, History, and Antient Politicks; yet This was not thro' Ignorance, as is generally supposed, but thro' the too powerful Blaze of his Imagination; which, when once raised, made all acquired Knowledge vanish and disappear before it. For Instance, in his *Timon*, he turns *Athens*, which was a perfect Democracy, into an Aristocracy; while he ridiculously gives a Senator the Power of banishing *Alcibiades*. On the contrary, in *Coriolanus*, he makes *Rome*, which at that time was a perfect Aristocracy, a Democracy full as ridiculously, by making the People choose *Coriolanus* Consul: Whereas, in Fact, it was not till the Time of *Manlius Torquatus*,

Torquatus, that the People had a Right of choosing one Consul. But this Licence in him, as I have said, must not be imputed to Ignorance: since as often we may find him, when Occasion serves, reasoning up to the Truth of History; and throwing out Sentiments as justly adapted to the Circumstances of his Subject, as to the Dignity of his Characters, or Dictates of Nature in general.

Then, to come to his Knowledge of the *Latin* Tongue, 'tis certain, there is a surprising Effusion of *Latin* Words made *English*, far more than in any one *English* Author I have seen; but we must be cautious to imagine, this was of his own doing. For the *English* Tongue, in his Age, began extremely to suffer by an Inundation of *Latin*; and to be overlaid, as it were, by its Nurse, when it had just began to speak by her before-prudent Care and Assistance. And this, to be sure, was occasion'd by the Pedantry of those two Monarchs, *Elizabeth* and *James*, Both great *Latinists*. For it is not to be wonder'd at, if both the Court and Schools, equal Flatterers of Power, should adapt themselves to the Royal Taste. This, then, was the Condition of the *English* Tongue when *Shakespeare* took it up: like a Beggar in a rich Wardrobe. He found the pure native *English* too cold and poor to second the Heat and Abundance of his Imagination: and therefore was forc'd

to dress it up in the Robes, he saw provided for it: rich in themselves, but ill-shaped; cut out to an air of Magnificence, but disproportion'd and cumbersome. To the Costliness of Ornament, he added all the Graces and Decorum of it. It may be said, this did not require, or discover a Knowledge of the *Latin*. To the first, I think, it did not; to the second, it is so far from discovering it, that, I think, it discovers the contrary. To make This more obvious by a modern Instance: The great MILTON likewise labour'd under the like Inconvenience; when he first set upon adorning his own Tongue, he likewise animated and enrich'd it with the *Latin*, but from his own Stock: and so, rather by bringing in the Phrases, than the Words: And This was natural; and will, I believe, always be the Case in the same Circumstances. His Language, especially his Prose, is full of *Latin* Words indeed, but much fuller of *Latin* Phrases: and his Mastery in the Tongue made this unavoidable. On the contrary, *Shakespeare*, who, perhaps, was not so intimately vers'd in the *Language*, abounds in the Words of it, but has few or none of its Phrases: Nor, indeed, if what I affirm be true, could He. This I take to be the truest *Criterion* to determine this long agitated Question.

It may be mention'd, tho' no certain Conclusion can be drawn from it, as a probable
Argument

Argument of his having read the Antients; that He perpetually expresses the Genius of *Homer*, and other great Poets of the Old World, in animating all the Parts of his Descriptions; and, by bold and breathing Metaphors and Images, giving the Properties of Life and Action to inanimate Things. He is a Copy too of those *Greek* Masters in the infinite use of *compound* and *de-compound Epithets*. I will not, indeed, aver, but that One with *Shakespeare's* exquisite Genius and Observation might have traced these glaring Characteristics of Antiquity by reading *Homer* in *Chapman's* Version.

An additional Word or two naturally falls in here upon the Genius of our Author, as compared with that of *Jonson* his Contemporary. They are confessedly the greatest Writers our Nation could ever boast of in the *Drama*. The first, we say, owed all to his prodigious natural Genius; and the other a great deal to his Art and Learning. This, if attended to, will explain a very remarkable Appearance in their Writings. Besides those wonderful Masterpieces of Art and Genius, which each has given Us; They are the Authors of other Works very unworthy of them: But with this Difference; that in *Jonson's* bad Pieces we don't discover one single Trace of the Author of the *Fox* and *Alchemist*: but in the wild extravagant Notes of *Shakespeare*, you every now and then encounter Strains that

that recognize the divine Composer. This Difference may be thus accounted for. *Jonson*, as we said before, owing all his Excellence to his Art, by which he sometimes strain'd himself to an uncommon Pitch, when at other times he unbent and play'd with his Subject, having nothing then to support him, it is no wonder he wrote so far beneath himself. But *Shakespeare*, indebted more largely to Nature, than the Other to acquired Talents, in his most negligent Hours could never so totally divest himself of his Genius, but that it would frequently break out with astonishing Force and Splendor.

His Reputation under Disadvantages.

As I have never propos'd to dilate farther on the Character of my Author, than was necessary to explain the Nature and Use of this Edition, I shall proceed to consider him as a Genius in Possession of an Everlasting Name. And how great that Merit must be, which could gain it against all the Disadvantages of the horrid Condition in which he has hitherto appear'd! Had *Homer*, or any other admir'd Author, first started into Publick so maim'd and deform'd, we cannot determine whether they had not sunk for ever under the Ignominy of such an ill Appearance. The mangled Condition of *Shakespeare* has been acknowledg'd by Mr. *Rowe*, who publish'd him indeed, but neither corrected his Text, nor collated the old Copies. This Gentleman had Abilities, and a sufficient Knowledge of his

his Author, had but his Industry been equal to his Talents. The same mangled Condition has been acknowledg'd too by Mr. *Pope*, who publish'd him likewise, pretended to have collated the old Copies, and yet seldom has corrected the Text but to its Injury. I congratulate with the *Manes* of our Poet, that this Gentleman has been sparing in *indulging his private Sense*; for He, who tampers with an Author whom he does not understand, must do it at the Expence of his Subject. I have made it evident throughout my Remarks, that he has frequently inflicted a Wound where he intended a Cure. He has acted with regard to our Author, as an Editor, whom LIPSIUS mentions, did with regard to MARTIAL; *Inventus est nescio quis Pops, qui non vitia ejus, sed ipsum, excidit.* He has attack'd him like an unhandy *Slaughterman*; and not lopp'd off the *Errors*, but the *Poet*.

When this is found to be the Fact, how *Praise* absurd must appear the Praises of such an E-^{sometimes}ditor? It seems a moot Point, whether Mr. *Pope* has done most Injury to *Shakespeare* as his Editor and Encomiast; or Mr. *Rymer* done him Service as his Rival and Censurer. Were it every where the true Text, which That Editor in his late pompous Edition gave us, the Poet deserv'd not the large Encomiums bestow'd by him: nor, in that Case, is *Rymer's* Censure of the Barbarity of his Thoughts, and

and the Impropriety of his Expressions, groundless. They have Both shewn themselves in an equal *Impuissance* of suspecting or amending the corrupted Passages: and tho' it be neither Prudence to censure, or commend, what one does not understand; yet if a Man must do one when he plays the Critick, the latter is the more ridiculous Office. And by That *Shakespeare* suffers most. For the natural Veneration, which we have for him, makes us apt to swallow whatever is given us as *his*, and set off with Encomiums; and hence we quit all Suspicions of Depravity: On the contrary, the Censure of so divine an Author sets us upon his Defence; and this produces an exact Scrutiny and Examination, which ends in finding out and discriminating the true from the spurious.

It is not with any secret Pleasure, that I so frequently animadvert on Mr. *Pope* as a Critick; but there are Provocations, which a Man can never quite forget. His Libels have been thrown out with so much Inveteracy, that, not to dispute whether they *should* come from a *Christian*, they leave it a Question whether they *could* come from a *Man*. I should be loth to doubt, as *Quintus Serenus* did in a like Case,

*Sive homo, seu similis turpissima bestia nobis,
Vulnera dente dedit.*

The Indignation, perhaps, for being represented a *Blockhead*, may be as strong in Us as

it is in the Ladies for a Reflexion on their *Beauties*. It is certain, I am indebted to Him for some *flagrant Civilities*; and I shall willingly devote a part of my Life to the honest Endeavour of quitting Scores: with this Exception however, that I will not return those Civilities in his *peculiar* Strain, but confine myself, at least, to the Limits of *common Decency*. I shall ever think it better to want *Wit*, than to want *Humanity*: and impartial Posterity may, perhaps, be of my Opinion.

But, to return to my Subject; which now *The old Editions faulty, whence.* calls upon me to inquire into those Causes, to which the Depravations of my Author originally may be assign'd. We are to consider him as a Writer, of whom no authentic Manuscript was extant; as a Writer, whose Pieces were disorderly perform'd on the several *Stages* then in Being. And it was the Custom of those Days for the Poets to take a Price of the *Players* for the Pieces They from time to time furnish'd; and thereupon it was suppos'd, they had no farther Right to print them without the Consent of the *Players*. As it was the Interest of the *Companies* to keep their Plays unpublisch'd; when any one succeeded, there was a Contest betwixt the Curiosity of the Town, who demanded to see it in Print, and the Policy of the *Stagers*, who wish'd to secrete it within their own Walls. Hence, many Pieces were taken down in Short-hand, and imperfectly copied by

by Ear, from a *Representation*: Others were printed from piece-meal Parts surreptitiously obtain'd from the Theatres, uncorrect, and without the Poet's Knowledge. To some of these Causes we owe the train of Blemishes, that deform those Pieces which stole singly into the World in our Author's Life-time.

There are still other Reasons; which may be suppos'd to have affected the whole Set. When the *Players* took upon them to publish his Works intire, every Theatre was ransack'd to supply the Copy; and *Parts* collect-ed which had gone thro' as many Changes as Performers, either from Mutilations or Additions made to them. Hence we derive many Chasms and Incoherences in the Sense and Matter. Scenes were frequently transposed, and shuffled out of their true Place, to humour the Caprice or suppos'd Convenience of some particular Actor. Hence much Confusion and Impropriety has attend-ed, and embarras'd, the Business and Fable. For there ever have been, and ever will be in Playhouses, a Set of assuming Directors, who know better than the Poet himself the Connexion and Dependance of his Scenes; where Matter is defective, or Superfluities to be retrench'd; Persons, that have the Fountain of *Inspiration* as peremptorily in them, as Kings have That of *Honour*. To these obvious Causes of Corruption it must be added, that our Author has lain under the Disadvantage

tage of having his Errors propagated and multiplied by Time: because, for near a Century, his Works were republish'd from the faulty Copies without the assistance of any intelligent Editor: which has been the Case likewise of many a *Classic* Writer.

The Nature of any Distemper once found has generally been the immediate Step to a Cure. *Shakespeare's* Case has in a great Measure resembled That of a corrupt *Classic*; and, consequently, the Method of Cure was likewise to bear a Resemblance. By what Means, and with what Success, this Cure has been effected on ancient Writers, is too well known, and needs no formal Illustration. The Reputation consequent on Tasks of that Nature invited me to attempt the Method here; with this View, the Hopes of restoring to the Publick their greatest Poet in his Original Purity: after having so long lain in a Condition that was a Disgrace to common Sense. To this End I have ventur'd on a Labour, that is the first Assay of the kind on any modern Author whatsoever. For the late Edition of *Milton* by the Learned Dr. *Bentley* is, in the main, a Performance of another Species. It is plain, it was the Intention of that Great Man rather to correct and pare off the Excrescencies of the *Paradise Lost*, in the manner that *Tucca* and *Varius* were employ'd to criticize the *Æneis* of *Virgil*, than to restore corrupted Passages. Hence, therefore,

The Editor's Drift and Method.

Difference betwixt this Edition and Dr. Bentley's Milton.

may be seen either the Iniquity or Ignorance of his Censurers, who, from some Expressions, would make us believe, the *Doctor* every where gives us his Corrections as the Original Text of the Author; whereas the chief Turn of his Criticism is plainly to shew the World, that if *Milton* did not write as He would have him, he ought to have wrote so.

I thought proper to premise this Observation to the Readers, as it will shew that the Critic on *Shakespeare* is of a quite different Kind. His genuine Text is religiously adher'd to, and the numerous Faults and Blemishes, purely his own, are left as they were found. Nothing is alter'd, but what by the clearest Reasoning can be proved a Corruption of the true Text; and the Alteration, a real Restoration of the genuine Reading. Nay, so strictly have I strove to give the true Reading, tho' sometimes not to the Advantage of my Author, that I have been ridiculously ridicul'd for it by Those, who either were iniquitously for turning every thing to my Disadvantage; or else were totally ignorant of the true Duty of an Editor.

The Science of Criticism, as far as it affects an Editor, seems to be reduced to these three Classes; the Emendation of corrupt Passages; the Explanation of obscure and difficult ones; and an Inquiry into the Beauties and Defects of Composition. This Work

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is principally confin'd to the two former Parts: tho' there are some Specimens interspers'd of the latter Kind, as several of the Emendations were best supported, and several of the Difficulties best explain'd, by taking notice of the Beauties and Defects of the Composition peculiar to this Immortal Poet. But This was but occasional, and for the sake only of perfecting the two other Parts, which were the proper Objects of the Editor's Labour. The third lies open for every willing Undertaker: and I shall be pleas'd to see it the Employment of a masterly Pen.

It must necessarily happen, as I have formerly observ'd, that where the Assistance of Manuscripts is wanting to set an Author's Meaning right, and rescue him from those Errors which have been transmitted down thro' a Series of incorrect Editions, and a long Intervention of Time, many Passages must be desperate, and past a Cure; and their true Sense irretrievable either to Care or the Sagacity of Conjecture. But is there any Reason therefore to say, That because All cannot be retriev'd, All ought to be left desperate? We should shew very little Honesty, or Wisdom, to play the Tyrants with an Author's Text; to raze, alter, innovate, and overturn, at all Adventures, and to the utter Detriment of his Sense and Meaning: But to be so very reserved and cautious, as to interpose no Relief

lief or Conjecture, where it manifestly labours and cries out for Assistance, seems, on the other hand, an indolent Absurdity.

But because the Art of Criticism, both by Those who cannot form a true Judgment of its Effects, nor can penetrate into its Causes, which takes in a great Number besides the Ladies;) is esteem'd only an arbitrary capricious Tyranny exercis'd on Books; I think proper to subjoin a Word or two about those Rules on which I have proceeded, and by which I have regulated myself in this Edition. By This, I flatter myself, it will appear, my Emendations are so far from being arbitrary or capricious, that They are establish'd with a very high Degree of moral Certainty.

As there are very few Pages in *Shakespeare*, upon which some Suspicions of Depravity do not reasonably arise; I have thought it my Duty, in the first place, by a diligent and laborious Collation to take in the Assistances of all the older Copies.

In his *Historical Plays*, whenever our *English* Chronicles, and in his Tragedies when *Greek* or *Roman* Story, could give any Light; no Pains have been omitted to set Passages right by comparing my Author with his Originals: for, as I have frequently observed, he was a close and accurate Copier where-ever his *Fable* was founded on *History*.

Where-

Where-ever the Author's Sense is clear and discoverable, (tho', perchance, low and trivial;) I have not by any Innovation tamper'd with his Text; out of an Ostentation of endeavouring to make him speak better than the old Copies have done.

Where, thro' all the former Editions, a Passage has labour'd under flat Nonsense and invincible Darkness, if, by the Addition or Alteration of a Letter or two, I have restored to Him both Sense and Sentiment, such Corrections, I am persuaded, will need no Indulgence,

And whenever I have taken a greater Latitude and Liberty in amending, I have constantly endeavoured to support my Corrections and Conjectures by parallel Passages and Authorities from himself, the surest Means of expounding any Author whatsoever. *Cette voie d'interpreter un Auteur par lui-même est plus sûre que tous les Commentaires*, says a very learned *French Critick*.

As to my *Notes*, (from which the common and learned Readers of our Author, I hope, will derive some Pleasure;) I have endeavour'd to give them a Variety in some Proportion to their Number. Where-ever I have ventur'd at an Emendation, a *Note* is constantly subjoin'd to justify and assert the Reason of it. Where I only offer a Conjecture, and do not disturb the Text, I fairly set forth my Grounds for such Conjecture, and submit it

to Judgment. Some Remarks are spent in explaining Passages, where the Wit or Satire depends on an obscure Point of History: Others, where Allusions are to Divinity, Philosophy, or other Branches of Science. Some are added to shew, where there is a Suspicion of our Author having borrow'd from the Antients: Others, to shew where he is rallying his Contemporaries; or where He himself is rallied by them. And some are necessarily thrown in, to explain an obscure and obsolete *Term, Phrase, or Idea*. I once intended to have added a complete and copious *Glossary*; but as I have been importun'd, and am prepar'd, to give a correct Edition of our Author's POEMS, (in which many Terms occur that are not to be met with in his *Plays*;) I thought a *Glossary* to all *Shakespeare's Works* more proper to attend that Volume.

In reforming an infinite Number of Passages in the *Pointing*, where the Sense was before quite lost, I have frequently subjoin'd Notes to shew the *deprav'd*, and to prove the *reform'd*, Pointing: a Part of Labour in this Work which I could very willingly have spared myself. May it not be objected, why then have you burthen'd us with these Notes? The Answer is obvious, and, if I mistake not, very material. Without such Notes, these Passages in subsequent Editions would be liable, thro' the Ignorance of Printers and Correctors, to fall into the old Confusion: Where-

as, a Note on every one hinders all possible Return to Depravity ; and for ever secures them in a State of Purity and Integrity not to be lost or forfeited.

Again, as some Notes have been necessary to point out the Detection of the corrupted Text, and establish the Restoration of the genuine Readings ; some others have been as necessary for the Explanation of Passages obscure and difficult. To understand the Necessity and Use of this Part of my Task, some Particulars of my Author's Character are previously to be explain'd. There are *Obscurities* in him, which are common to him with all Poets of the same Species ; there are Others, the Issue of the Times he liv'd in ; and there are Others, again, peculiar to himself. The Nature of Comic Poetry being entirely satyrical, it busies itself more in exposing what we call Caprice and Humour, than Vices cognizable to the Laws. The *English*, from the Happiness of a free Constitution, and a Turn of Mind peculiarly speculative and inquisitive, are observ'd to produce more *Humourists* and a greater Variety of Original *Characters*, than any other People whatsoever : And These owing their immediate Birth to the peculiar Genius of each Age, an infinite Number of Things alluded to, glanced at, and expos'd, must needs become obscure, as the *Characters* themselves are antiquated, and disused. An Editor therefore should be well vers'd in the

*Causes of
Obscurities
in Shake-
speare.*

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History and Manners of his Author's Age, if he aims at doing him a Service in this Respect.

Besides, *Wit* lying mostly in the Affemblage of *Ideas*, and in the putting Those together with Quickness and Variety, wherein can be found any Resemblance, or Congruity, to make up pleasant Pictures, and agreeable Visions in the Fancy; the Writer, who aims at Wit, must of course range far and wide for Materials. Now, the Age, in which *Shakespeare* liv'd, having, above all others, a wonderful Affection to appear Learned, They declined vulgar Images, such as are immediately fetch'd from Nature, and rang'd thro' the Circle of the Sciences to fetch their Ideas from thence. But as the Resemblances of such Ideas to the Subject must necessarily lie very much out of the common Way, and every piece of Wit appear a Riddle to the Vulgar; This, that should have taught them the forced, quaint, unnatural Tract they were in, (and induce them to follow a more natural One,) was the very Thing that kept them attach'd to it. The ostentatious Affectation of abstruse Learning, peculiar to that Time, the Love that Men naturally have to every Thing that looks like Mystery, fixed them down to this Habit of Obscurity. Thus became the Poetry of *DONNE* (tho' the wittiest Man of that Age,) nothing but a continued Heap of Riddles. And our *Shakespeare*, with all his
easy

easy Nature about him, for want of the Knowledge of the true Rules of Art, falls frequently into this vicious Manner.

The third Species of *Obscurities*, which deform our Author, as the Effects of his own Genius and Character, are Those that proceed from his peculiar Manner of *Thinking*, and as peculiar a Manner of *cloathing* those *Thoughts*. With regard to his *Thinking*, it is certain, that he had a general Knowledge of all the Sciences: But his Acquaintance was rather That of a Traveller, than a Native. Nothing in Philosophy was unknown to him; but every Thing in it had the Grace and Force of Novelty. And as Novelty is one main Source of Admiration, we are not to wonder that He has perpetual Allusions to the most recondite Parts of the Sciences: and This was done not so much out of Affectation, as the Effect of Admiration begot by Novelty. Then, as to his *Style* and *Diction*, we may much more justly apply to SHAKESPEARE, what a celebrated Writer has said of MILTON; *Our Language sunk under him, and was unequal to that Greatness of Soul which furnish'd him with such glorious Conceptions*. He therefore frequently uses old Words, to give his Diction an Air of Solemnity; as he coins others, to express the Novelty and Variety of his Ideas.

Upon every distinct Species of these *Obscurities* I have thought it my Province to employ a Note, for the Service of my Author,
and

and the Entertainment of my Readers. A few transient Remarks too I have not scrupled to intermix, upon the Poet's *Negligences* and *Omissions* in point of Art; but I have done it always in such a Manner, as will testify my Deference and Veneration for the Immortal Author. Some Censurers of *Shakespeare*, and particularly Mr. *Rymer*, have taught me to distinguish betwixt the *Railer* and *Critick*. The Outrage of his Quotations is so remarkably violent, so push'd beyond all Bounds of Decency and sober Reasoning, that it quite carries over the Mark at which it was levell'd. Extravagant Abuse throws off the Edge of the intended Disparagement, and turns the Madman's Weapon into his own Bosom. In short, as to *Rymer*, This is my Opinion of him from his *Criticisms* on the *Tragedies* of the Last Age. He writes with great Vivacity, and appears to have been a Scholar: but, as for his Knowledge of the Art of Poetry, I can't perceive it was any deeper than his Acquaintance with *Bossu* and *Dacier*, from whom he has transcribed many of his best Reflexions. The late Mr. *Gildon* was One attached to *Rymer* by a similar Way of Thinking and Studies. They were Both of that Species of Criticks, who are desirous of displaying their Powers rather in finding Faults, than in consulting the Improvement of the World: the *hypercritical* Part of the Science of *Criticism*.

I had

I had not mentioned the modest Liberty I have here and there taken of animadverting on my Author, but that I was willing to obviate in time the splenetick Exaggerations of my Adversaries on this Head. From past Experiments I have Reason to be conscious, in what Light this Attempt may be placed: and that what I call a *modest Liberty*, will, by a little of their Dexterity, be inverted into downright *Impudence*. From a hundred mean and dishonest Artifices employ'd to discredit this Edition, and to cry down its Editor, I have all the Grounds in Nature to be aware of Attacks. But tho' the Malice of Wit join'd to the Smoothness of Versification may furnish some Ridicule; Fact, I hope, will be able to stand its Ground against Banter and Gaiety.

It has been my Fate, it seems, as I thought it my Duty, to discover some *Anachronisms* in our Author; which might have slept in Obscurity but for *this Restorer*, as Mr. Pope is pleas'd affectionately to style me; as, for Instance, where *Aristotle* is mentioned by *Hector* in *Troilus* and *Cressida*: and *Galen*, *Cato*, and *Alexander the Great*, in *Coriolanus*. These, in Mr. Pope's Opinion, are Blunders, which the Illiteracy of the first Publishers of his Works has father'd upon the Poet's Memory: *it not being at all credible, that These could be the Errors of any Man who had the least Tincture of a School, or the least Conversation with*
Such

Shake-
speare's
*Anachro-
nisms de-
fended.*

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Mr. Pope's
Anachro-
nisms ex-
amin'd.

Such as had. But I have sufficiently proved, in the Course of my *Notes*, that such Anachronisms were the Effect of poetic Licence, rather than of Ignorance in our Poet. And if I may be permitted to ask a modest Question by the way, Why may not I restore an Anachronism really made by our Author, as well as Mr. *Pope* take the Privilege to fix others upon him, which he never had it in his Head to make; as I may venture to affirm He had not, in the Instance of Sir *Francis Drake*, to which I have spoke in the proper Place?

But who shall dare make any Words about this Freedom of Mr. *Pope's* towards *Shakespeare*, if it can be prov'd, that, in his Fits of Criticism, he makes no more Ceremony with good *Homer* himself? To try, then, a Criticism of his own advancing; In the 8th Book of the *Odyssy*, where *Demodocus* sings the Episode of the Loves of *Mars* and *Venus*; and that, upon their being taken in the Net by *Vulcan*,

————— “ *the God of Arms*
“ *Must pay the Penalty for lawless Charms;*

Mr. *Pope* is so kind gravely to inform us,
“ That *Homer* in This, as in many other Pla-
“ ces, seems to allude to the Laws of *Athens*,
“ where Death was the Punishment of Adul-
“ tery.” But how is this significant Observa-
“ tion made out? Why, who can possibly ob-
“ serve any Thing to the Contrary? — Does not
Pausa-

Paufanias relate, that Draco the Lawgiver to the Athenians granted Impunity to any Person that took Revenge upon an Adulterer? And was it not also the Institution of Solon, that if Any One took an Adulterer in the Faët, he might use him as he pleas'd? These Things are very true: and to see What a good Memory, and sound Judgment in Conjunction can atchieve! Tho' Homer's Date is not determin'd down to a single Year, yet 'tis pretty generally agreed that he liv'd above 300 Years before Draco and Solon: And That, it seems, has made him seem to allude to the very Laws, which these Two Legislators propounded above 300 Years after. If this Inference be not something like an *Anachronism* or *Prolepsis*, I'll look once more into my Lexicons for the true Meaning of the Words. It appears to me, that somebody besides *Mars* and *Venus* has been caught in a Net by this Episode: and I could call in other Instances to confirm what treacherous Tackle this Network is, if not cautiously handled.

How just, notwithstanding, I have been in detecting the Anachronisms of my Author, and in defending him for the Use of them, Our late Editor seems to think, They should rather have slept in Obscurity: and the having discovered them is sneer'd at, as a sort of wrong-headed Sagacity.

The numerous Corrections, which I made of the Poet's Text in my SHAKESPEARE Restor'd,

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Restor'd, and which the Publick have been so kind to think well of, are, in the Appendix of Mr. *Pope's* last Edition, slightly call'd *Various Readings, Guesses, &c.* He confesses to have inserted as many of them as he judg'd of any the least Advantage to the Poet; but says, that the Whole amounted to about 25 Words: and pretends to have annexed a compleat List of the Rest, which were not worth his embracing. Whoever has read my Book will at one glance see, how in both these Points Veracity is strain'd, so an Injury might but be done. *Malus etsi obesse non pote, tamen cogitat.*

Literal
Criticism
defended.

Another Expedient, to make my Work appear of a trifling Nature, has been an Attempt to depreciate *Literal Criticism*. To this End, and to pay a servile Compliment to Mr. *Pope*, an *Anonymous* Writer has, like a *Scotch* Pedlar in Wit, unbraced his Pack on the Subject. But, that his Virulence might not seem to be levelled singly at Me, he has done Me the Honour to join Dr. *Bentley* in the Libel. I was in hopes, We should have been Both abused with Smartness of Satire, at least; tho' not with Solidity of Argument: that it might have been worth some Reply in Defence of the Science attacked. But I may fairly say of this Author, as *Falstaffe* does of *Poins*; — *Hang him, Baboon! his Wit is as thick as Tewksbury Mustard; there is no more Conceit in him, than is in a MAL-*

LET.

LET. If it be not Prophanation to set the Opinion of the divine *Longinus* against such a Scribler, he tells us expressly, "That to make a Judgment upon *Words* (and *Writings*) is the most consummate Fruit of much Experience." ἡ γὰρ τῶν λόγων κρίσις πολλῆς ἐστὶ πείρας τελειοτάτον ἐπιγνώμημα. Whenever Words are depraved, the Sense of course must be corrupted; and thence the Readers betray'd into a false Meaning. Tho' I should be convicted of Pedantry by some, I'll venture to subjoin a few flagrant Instances, in which I have observed most Learned Men have suffer'd themselves to be deceived, and consequently led their Readers into Error: and This for want of the Help of *Literal Criticism*: in some, thro' Indolence and Inadvertence: in others, perhaps, thro' an absolute Contempt of It. If the *Subject* may seem to invite this Digression, I hope, the *Use* and *Application* will serve to excuse it.

I. In that golden Fragment, which we have left of *Platonius*, upon the three Kinds of *Greek* Comedy, after he has told us, that when the State of *Athens* was alter'd from a Democracy to an Oligarchy, and that the Poets grew cautious whom they libell'd in their Comedies; when the People had no longer any Desire to choose the accustom'd Officers for furnishing *Choric* Singers, and defraying the Expence of them, *Aristophanes* brought on a Play in which there was no *Chorus*: For, subjoins

subjoins He, τῶν γὰρ ΧΟΡΕΥΤΩΝ μὴ χειρο-
 τονεμμένων, καὶ τῶν ΧΟΡΗΓΩΝ ἐκ ἐχόντων τὰς
 τροφὰς, ὑπεξήρθε τῆς Κωμωδίας τὰ χορικά μέ-
 λη, καὶ τῶν ὑποθέσεων ὁ τρόπος μετεβλήθη.

“ *The Chorus-Singers being no longer chosen by*
 “ *Suffrage, and the Furnishers of the Chorus*
 “ *no longer having their Maintenance, the Cho-*
 “ *ric Songs were taken out of Comedies, and the*
 “ *Nature of the Argument and Fable chang’d.*”

But there happen to be two signal Mistakes in
 this short Sentence. For the *Chorus-Singers*
 were never elected by Suffrage at all, but hir’d
 by the proper Officer who was at the Expence
 of the *Chorus* : and the *Furnishers* of the
Chorus had never either Table, or Stipend, al-
 lowed them, towards their Charge. To what
 Purpose then is this Sentence, which should
 be a Deduction from the Premises, and yet is
 none, brought in? Or how comes the Rea-
 soning to be founded upon what was not the
 Fact? The Mistake manifestly arises from a
 careless Transposition made in the Text: Let
 the two *Greek* Words, which I have distin-
 guished by *Capitals*, only change Places, and
 we recover what *Platonius* meant to infer :
 “ That the * *Furnishers* of *Chorus’s* being no
 “ longer elected by Suffrage, and the † *Cho-*
 “ *rus-Singers* having no Provision made for
 “ them, *Chorus’s* were abolished, and the Sub-
 “ jects of *Comedies* alter’d.

* Χορηγῶν.

† Χορῶ-
 τῶν.

II. There is another more egregious Error
 still subsisting in this instructive Fragment,
 which

which has likewise escaped the Notice of the Learned. The Author is saying, that, in the *old Comedy*, the *Masks* were made so nearly to resemble the Persons to be satirized, that before the Actor spoke a Word, it was known whom he was to personate. But, in the *New Comedy*, when *Athens* was conquered by the *Macedonians*, and the Poets were fearful lest their *Masks* should be construed to resemble any of their New Governors, they formed them so preposterously as only to move Laughter; ὁρῶμεν γὰρ (says He) τὰς ὀφρῦς ἐν τοῖς προσωποῖς τῶν Μενάνδρου κωμωδίας ὅποιας ἔχει, καὶ ὅπως ἰξέεταμυδῶν τὸ ΣΩΜΑ, καὶ ἐδὲ καὶ ἀνθρώπων φύσιν. “ We see therefore what strange
 “ Eyebrows there are to the Masks used in Me-
 “ nander’s Comedies; and how the Body is dis-
 “ torted, and unlike any human Creature alive.” But the Author, ’tis evident, is speaking abstractedly of *Masks*; and what Reference has the *Distortion* of the *Body* to the Look of a *Visor*? I am satisfied, *Platonius* wrote; καὶ ὅπως ἰξέεταμυδῶν τὸ ὍΜΜΑ, i. e. “ and how
 “ the Eyes were goggled and distorted.” This is to the Purpose of his Subject: and *Jul. Pollux*, in describing the *Comic Masques*, speaks of some that had ΣΤΡΕΒΛΟΝ τὸ ὍΜΜΑ: Others, that were ΔΙΑΣΤΡΟΦΟΙ ἢ ὍΨΙΝ. PERVERSIS oculis, as *Cicero* calls them, speaking of *Roscius*.

III. *Suidas*, in the short Account that he has given us of *Sophocles*, tells us, that, be-
 d sides

Camera-
 rius and
 Keuster,
 mistaken.

sides Dramatic Pieces, he wrote Hymns and Elegies; ἢ λόγον καταλογάδῳ περὶ τῶν Χορῶν πρὸς Θεσπιν ἢ Χοίριλον ἀγωνίζομεν. This the Learned *Camerarius* has thus translated: *Scriptis Oratione solutâ de Choro contra Thespim & Chœrilum quempiam.* And *Keuster* likewise understood, and render'd, the Passage to the same Effect. He owns, the Place is obscure, and suspected by him. "For how could Sophocles contend with Thespis and Chœrilus, who liv'd long before his Time?" The Scholiast upon * *Aristophanes*, however, expressly says, as *Keuster* might have remember'd, that *Sophocles* actually did contend with *Chœrilus*. But that is a Point nothing to the Passage in Question; which means, as I have shewn in another Place, That *Sophocles* declaim'd in Prose, contending to obtain a Chorus for reviving some Pieces of *Thespis* and *Chœrilus*. Is This contending against Them, as rival Poets?

* In *Ranis*, v. 73.

Meursius,
and *Camerarius*
mistaken.

IV. Some other Learned Men have likewise been mistaken in Particulars with regard to *Sophocles*. In the Synopsis of his Life, we find these Words; Τελύτατ᾽ ἢ μὲν Ἐυριπίδῳ ἑπτῶν ἔτη. *Meursius*, as well as *Camerarius*, have expounded This, as if *Sophocles* surviv'd *Euripides* six Years. But the best Accounts agree that they died both in the same Year, a little before the *Frogs* of *Aristophanes* was play'd; *scil.* Olymp. 93, 3. The Meaning, therefore, of the Passage is, as some of the Com-

Commentators, have rightly observ'd ; *That Sophocles died after Euripides, at 90 Years of Age.* The Mistake arose from hence, that, in Numerals, ζ signifies as well 6 as 90.

V. The Learned Father *Brumoy* too, who has lately given us three Volumes upon the *Theatre of the Greeks*, has slipt into an Error about *Sophocles*; for, speaking of his *Antigone*, he tells us, it was in such Request as to be perform'd Two and Thirty times; *Elle fût représentée trente deux fois.* The Account, on which This is grounded, we have from the Argument prefix'd to *Antigone* by *Aristophanes* the Grammarian: and the *Latin* Translator of this Argument, probably, led Father *Brumoy* into his Mistake, and he should have referr'd to the Original. The *Greek* Words are; λέλειπα ἢ τὸ δῶμα τῆτο τετακοσὸν δόύτερον. i. e. " *This Play is said to have been the Thir-*
" *ty Second, in Order of Time, produced by*
" *Sophocles.*

Father
Brumoy
mistaken.

The Mistakes, that I have mention'd, (tho' they necessarily lead into Error, from the Authority with which they come into the World;) yet are such, 'tis obvious, as have been the Effects of Inadvertence; and therefore I do not quote them to the Dishonour of their Learned Authors. I shall point out Two or Three, which seem to have sprung from another Source: either a due Want of Sagacity, or an absolute Neglect of *literal Criticism.*

Sir George
Wheler
corrected.

VI. Sir *George Wheler*, who, in his *JOURNEY INTO GREECE*, has traded much with *Greek Antiquities* and *Inscriptions*, and who certainly was no mean Scholar, has shewn himself very careless in this Respect. When he was at *Sardis*, he met with a Medal of the Emperor *Commodus* seated in the Midst of the *Zodiack* with *Celestial Signs* engraven on it; and, on the other Side, a Figure with a *Crown-Mure* with these Letters about it, Σάγ-
dis Ἀσίας, ΑΥΔΙΑΣ, Ἑλλάδος, ἀμπερόπο-
λις: *Sardis, the first Metropolis of Asia, Greece, and Audia.* — But where and what *Audia* was, (*says He*) I find not. Now is it not very strange, that this Gentleman should not remember, that *Sardis* was the Capital City of *Lydia*; and, consequently, that for ΑΥ-
ΔΙΑΣ we should read ΑΥΔΙΑΣ? Tho' my Correction is too obvious to want any Justification, yet, I find, it has One from the Learned Father † *Harduin*; who produces another Coin of *Sardis* (in the *French King's Cabinet*) which bears the very same Inscription, only exhibited as it ought to be.

† In his
*Nummi
Antiqui
illustrati.*

Nor was This a single Inaccuracy in Sir *George*. I'll instance in Two pretty *Inscriptions*, the One an *Epitaph*, the other a *Votive Table*, which He has given Us, but in a very corrupt Condition. Tho' I have never been in *Greece*, nor seen the *Inscriptions* any where but in *his Book*, I think, I can restore them to their true Sense and Numbers: And, as they

they are particularly elegant, some Readers will not be displeas'd to see them in a State of Purity.

VII. *Of the Antiquities of Philadelphia* (says *An Epitaph* *corrected and explain'd.*) *I had but a slender Account; only I have the Copy of one Inscription, being the Monument of a Virgin, in these three Couplets of Verses.* But she was so far from being a *Virgin*, that the Epitaph shews her to have been a *Wife*; that it was put up in Memory of Her by her *Husband*; and that she dy'd in the Flower of her Youth at the Age of twenty three.

Ξανθίππῳ Ἀκύλα μνήμῳ¹ βίᾳ παρέδωκῶ

Βαμῶ² τειμήσας σεμνῶ ταυτῶ ἀλοχόν³

Παρθένου ἧς ἀπέλυσε μίτρῳ ΗΣΔΡΙΟΝ ἀνθ⁴.

Ἔσκεν ἐν ἡμιτελεῖ παυσάμενον θαλάμῳ.

Τρεῖς γὰρ ἐπ' εἰκοσὶς τελεῶσε³ βίον ἐνιαυτῶς,

Καὶ μὲν τέσσε⁴ θάνεν⁴ τριτῶ λιπυσαφα⁵.

¹ βίῳ τε παρέδωκεν.

² τειμήσας σεμνοτάτῳ.

³ βίῳ.

⁴ τριτῶ λιπυσαφα⁵.

I have, for Brevity's sake, mark'd the general Corrections, which I have made, at the Side. The third Verse is neither true in Quantity, nor Language: ΗΣΔΡΙΟΝ is a Monster of a Word, which never could be the Reading of any Marble. As I correct it, we recover a most beautiful Couplet.

Παρθένον, ἧς ἀπέλυσε μίτρη²· ἩΣ ἙΡΙΝΟΝ ἀνθ⁴.

Ἔσκεν ἐν ἡμιτελεῖ παυσάμενον θαλάμῳ.

*Puellam, cujus Zonam solvit; cujus VERNUS
Flos*

Præproperô tabuit in Thalamô.

*A Votive
Table con-
rected.*

VIII. I come now to the *Votive Table*, which is rich in poetick Graces, however overwhelm'd with Depravation: and Sir George seems as much to have mistaken the Purport, as the Words, of the Inscription. *At Chalcedon, says he, I found an Inscription in the Wall of a private House near the Church; which signifieth, that Evante, the Son of Antipater, having made a prosperous Voyage, and desiring to return by the Ægean Sea, offer'd Cakes at a Statue, which he had erected to Jupiter, which had sent him such good Weather, as a Token of his good Voyage.*

¹ Ουρον.

² πρύμνης.

³ πρώτων,
ισίον.

⁴ Κυανεῆς

δίησιν

ἐπίθε-

μον.

⁵ Νόσθον.

⁶ βαλῶν.

⁷ ξοάνφ.

⁸ Φοδὲ.

⁹ εὐανθῆ.

¹⁰ φίλων.

¹ ΟΥΤΡΙΟΝ ἐπὶ ² ΠΡΙΜΝΗΣ τις ὁδηγη-
τήρα καλείτω,

Ζῆνα κτ' ³ πρώτων ΩΝΙΣΙΟΝ ἐκπετάσας

⁴ ΕΠΙ ΚΥΑΝΕΑΣ ΔΙΝΑΣ ΔΡΟΜΟΥΣ
ἐνθα Ποσειδῶν

Καμπύλον ἐλίσει κῆμα ὡρὰ φαρμαδοῖς.

Εἶτα κατ' Αἰγαῖαν πόντον πλάκα ⁵ ΝΑΣ ἐρύ-
των,

Νεῖδω τῷ δέ ⁶ ΒΑΛΛΩΝ φατὰ ὡρὰ

⁷ ΤΩ ΖΩΑΝΩ.

⁸ ΟΔΕ ἢ ⁹ ΕΥΑΝΘΗ ἢ αἰεὶ θεὸν Ἀντιπά-
τρει παῖς

Στήσε ¹⁰ φίλων ἀγαθῆς σύμβολον εὐπλοΐης.

The P R E F A C E.

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I have mark'd, as before, my Corrections at the Side; and I may venture to say, I have supported the faltering Verses both with *Numbers* and *Sense*. But who ever heard of *Evante*, as the Name of a Man, in *Greece*? Neither is this Inscription a Piece of Ethnic Devotion, as Sir *George* has suppos'd it; to a Statue erected to *Jupiter*: On the contrary, it despises those fruitless Superstitions. *Philo* (a *Christian*, as it seems to me;) sets it up, in Thanks for a safe Voyage, to the *true God*. That all my Readers may equally share in this little Poem, I have attempted to put it into an *English Dress*.

*Invoke who Will the prosp'rous Gale behind,
Jove at the Prow, while to the guiding Wind
O'er the blue Billows he the Sail expands,
Where Neptune with each Wave heaps Hills
of Sands:*

*Then let him, when the Surge he backward
plows,*

*Pour to his Statue-God unaiding Vows:
But to the God of Gods, for Deaths o'erpast,
For Safety lent him on the watry Waste,
To native Shores return'd, thus Philo pays
His Monument of Thanks, of grateful Praise.*

I shall have no Occasion, I believe, to ask the Pardon of *some* Readers for these *Nine* last Pages; and Others may be so kind to pass them over at their Pleasure. (Those Discoveries, which give Light and Satisfaction to

the truly Learned, I must confess, are Dark-ness and Mystery to the less capable: Φέγγε-
 μὲν ξωέλοῖς, ἀξωετοῖς δ' Ἐρεβ(ε).) Nor will they be absolutely foreign, I hope, to a Preface in some Measure critical; especially, as it could not be amiss to shew, that I have read other Books with the same Accuracy, with which I profess to have read *Shakespeare*. Besides, I design'd this Inference from the Defence of Literal Criticism. If the *Latin* and *Greek* Languages have receiv'd the greatest Advantages imaginable from the Labours of the Editors and Criticks of the two last Ages; by whose Aid and Assistance the Grammarians have been enabled to write infinitely better in that Art than even the preceding Grammarians, who wrote when those Tongues flourish'd as living Languages: I should account it a peculiar Happiness, that, by the faint Assay I have made in this Work, a Path might be chalk'd out, for abler Hands, by which to derive the same Advantages to our own Tongue: a Tongue, which, tho' it wants none of the fundamental Qualities of an universal Language, yet as a *noble Writer* says, lisps and stammers as in its Cradle; and has produced little more towards its polishing than Complaints of its Barbarity.

*The Delay
 of this Edi-
 tion excu-
 sed.*

Having now run thro' all those Points, which I intended should make any Part of this Dissertation, it only remains, that I should account to the Publick, but more particularly to
 my

my Subscribers, why they have waited so long for this Work; that I should make my Acknowledgments to those Friends, who have been generous Assistants to me in the conducting it: and, lastly, that I should acquaint my Readers what Pains I have myself taken to make the Work as complete, as faithful Industry, and my best Abilities, could render it.

In the middle of the Year 1728, I first put out my *Proposals* for publishing only *Emendations* and *Remarks* on our Poet: and I had not gone on many Months in this Scheme, before I found it to be the unanimous Wish of those who did me the Honour of their Subscriptions, that I would give them the Poet's Text corrected; and that I would subjoin those Explanatory Remarks, which I had purpos'd to publish upon the Foot of my first Proposals. Earnest Sollicitations were made to me, that I would think of such an Edition; which I had as strong Desires to listen to: and some *noble* Persons then, whom I have no Privilege to name, were pleased to interest themselves so far in the Affair, as to propose to Mr. *Tonson* his undertaking an Impression of *Shakespeare* with my Corrections. The throwing my whole Work into a different Form, to comply with this Proposal, was not the slightest Labour: and so no little Time was unavoidably lost. While the Publication of my Remarks was thus respited, my
Enemies

Enemies took an unfair Occasion to suggest, that I was extorting Money from my Subscribers, without ever designing to give them any Thing for it: an Insinuation levell'd at once to wound me in Reputation and Interest. Conscious, however, of my own just Intentions, and labouring all the while to bring my wish'd Purpose to bear, I thought these anonymous Slanderers worthy of no Notice. A Justification of myself would have been giving them Argument for fresh Abuse; and I was willing to believe that any unkind Opinions; entertain'd to my Prejudice, would naturally drop and lose their Force, when the Publick should once be convinc'd that I was in Earnest, and ready to do them Justice. I left no Means untry'd to put it in my Power to do this: and I hope, without Breach of Modesty, I may venture to appeal to all candid Judges, whether I have not employ'd all my Power to be just to them in the Execution of my Task. I must needs have been in the most Pain, who saw myself daily so barbarously outraged. I might have taken advantage of the favourable Impressions entertain'd of my Work, and hurried it crudely into the World: But I have suffer'd, for my Author's sake, those Impressions to cool, and perhaps, be lost; and can now appeal only to the *Judgment* of the Publick. If I succeed in this Point, the Reputation gain'd will be the more solid and lasting.

I come now to speak of those kind Assis- Acknow-
ledgment of
Assistance.
tances which I have met with from particu-
lar Friends, towards forwarding and com-
pleating this Work. Soon after my Design
was known, I had the Honour of an Invita-
tion to *Cambridge*; and a generous Promise
from the Learned and ingenious Dr. *Thirlby*
of *Jesus-College*, there, who had taken great
Pains with my Author, that I should have
the Liberty of collating his Copy of *Shake-
speare*, mark'd thro' in the Margin with his
own Manuscript References and accurate Ob-
servations. He not only made good this
Promise, but favour'd me with a Set of E-
mendations, interspers'd and distinguish'd in
his Name thro' the Edition, and which can
need no Recommendation here to the judici-
ous Reader.

The next Assistance I receiv'd was from
my ingenious Friend *Hawley Bishop* Esq;
whose great Powers and extensive Learning
are as well known, as his uncommon Modesty,
to all who have the Happiness of his Ac-
quaintance. This Gentleman was so gene-
rous, at the Expence both of his Pocket and
Time, to run thro' all *Shakespeare* with me.
We join'd Business and Entertainment to-
gether; and at every of our Meetings, which
were constantly once a Week, we read over a
Play, and came mutually prepar'd to com-
municate our Conjectures upon it to each o-
ther. The Pleasure of these Appointments, I
think,

think, I may say, richly compensated for the Labour in our own Thoughts: and I may venture to affirm, in the Behalf of my Assistant, that our Author has deriv'd no little Improvement from them.

To these, I must add the indefatigable Zeal and Industry of my most ingenious and ever-respected Friend, the Reverend Mr. *William Warburton* of *Newark upon Trent*. This Gentleman, from the Motives of his frank and communicative Disposition, voluntarily took a considerable Part of my Trouble off my Hands; not only read over the whole Author for me, with the exactest Care; but enter'd into a long and laborious Epistolary Correspondence; to which I owe no small Part of my best Criticisms upon my Author.

The Number of Passages amended, and admirably Explained, which I have taken care to distinguish with his Name, will shew a Fineness of Spirit and Extent of Reading, beyond all the Commendations I can give them: Nor, indeed, would I any farther be thought to commend a Friend, than, in so doing, to give a Testimony of my own Gratitude. How great a share soever of Praise I must lose from my self, in confessing these Assistances; and however my own poor Conjectures may be weaken'd by the Comparison with theirs; I am very well content to sacrifice my Vanity to the Pride of being so assisted, and the Pleasure of being just to
their

their Merits. I beg leave to observe to my Readers, in one Word, here, that from the Confession of these successive Aids, and the Manner in which I deriv'd them, it appears, I have pretty well fill'd up the *Interval*, betwixt my first *Proposals* and my *Publication*, with having my Author always in View, and at Heart.

Some Hints I have the Honour to owe to the Informations of *Dr. Mead*, and the late *Dr. Friend*: Others to the Kindness of the ingenious *Martin Folkes, Esq;* who likewise furnish'd me with the first *folio* Edition of *Shakespeare*, at a Time when I could not meet with it among the Booksellers; as my obliging Friend *Thomas Coxeter, Esq;* did with several of the old 4^{to} single Plays, which I then had not in my own Collection. Some few Observations I likewise owe to *F. Plumtree, Esq;* Others to the Favour of anonymous Persons: for all which I most gladly render my Acknowledgments.

As to what regards my self singly, if the Edition do not speak for the Pains I have taken about it, it will be very vain to plead my own Labour and Diligence. Besides a faithful Collation of all the printed Copies, which I have exhibited in my *Catalogue of Editions* at the End of this Work; let it suffice to say, that, to clear up several Errors in the Historical Plays, I purposely read over *Hall* and *Holingshead's* Chronicles in the Reigns concern'd; all the Novels in *Italian*,
from

The Editor's particular Pains taken.

from which our Author had borrow'd any of his Plots; such Parts of *Plutarch*, from which he had deriv'd any Parts of his *Greek* or *Roman* Story: *Chaucer* and *Spenser's* Works; all the Plays of *B. Jonson*, *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, and above 800 old *English* Plays, to ascertain the obsolete and uncommon Phrases in him: Not to mention some Labour and Pains unpleasantly spent in the dry Task of consulting *Etymological Glossaries*.

But as no Labour of Mine can be equivalent to the dear and ardent Love I bear for *Shakespeare*, so, if the Publick shall be pleas'd to allow that He owes any Thing to my Willingness and Endeavours of restoring Him; I shall reckon the Part of my Life so engag'd, to have been very happily employ'd: and put Myself, with great Submission, to be try'd by my Country in the Affair.



† An EPITAPH on the admirable
Dramatick Poet, W. SHAKESPEARE.

WHAT neede my Shakespeare for his honour'd
Bones

*The Labour of an Age, in piled Stones?
Or that his hallow'd Reliques should be hid
Under a starr-y-pointing Pyramid?
Deare Sonne of Memory, great Heire of Fame,
What needst thou such dull Witnesse of thy Name?
Thou in our Wonder and Astonishment
Hast built thy selfe a live-long Monument:
For whil'st to th' Shame of slow-endeavouring Art
Thy easie Numbers flow, and that each Heart
Hath from the Leaves of thy unvalued Booke,
Those Delphicke Lines, such deep Impression tooke:
Then thou, our Fancy of her selfe bereaving,
Dost make us Marble with too much conceiving:
And, so sepulcher'd, in such Pompe dost lie,
That Kings for such a Tombe would wish to die.*

J. MILTON.

† This Epitaph was written in 1630, when *Milton* was in his
Two and Twentieth Year; for he was born in 1608.

In Remembrance of
Master WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

O D E.

BEware (*delighted Poets!*) when you sing
To welcome Nature in the early Spring,
Your num'rous Feet not tread

The

*The Banks of Avon; for each Flower
(As it ne'er knew a Sun, or Shower,)
Hangs, there, the pensive Head.*

II.

*Each Tree, whose thick and spreading Growth hath
made
Rather a Night beneath the Boughs, than Shade,
(Unwilling now to grow,)
Looks like the Plume a Captain weares,
Whose rifled Falls are steep i'th' Teares
Which from his last Rage flow.*

III.

*The piteous River wept it self away,
Long since (alas!) to such a swift decay,
That reach the Map, and look
If you a River there can spie:
And, for a River, your mock'd Eye
Will find a shallow Brooke.*

W. DAVENANT.

On the Effigies of SHAKESPEARE,
prefix'd to his printed Works.

THIS Figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Graver had a Strife
With Nature, to out-doo the Life:
O, could he but have drawne his Wit
As well in Brasse, as he hath hit
His Face; the Print would then surpasse
All, that was ever writ in Brasse.
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

B. J.
To

To the Memory of my Beloved, the Author,
Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE;

And What he hath left us.

TO draw no Envy (Shakespeare) on thy Name,
Am I thus ample to thy Book, and Fame:
While I confess thy Writings to be such,
As neither Man, nor Muse, can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all mens suffrage. But these wayes
Were not the paths I meant unto thy Praise:
For scelieft Ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind Affection, which doth ne'er advance
The Truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty Malice might pretend this Praise,
And think to ruine, where it seem'd to raise.
These are, as some infamous Baud, or Whore,
Should praise a Matron. What could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,
Above th' ill Fortune of them, or the Need.
I therefore will begin. — Soul of the Age!
Th' applause! delight! the wonder of our Stage!
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a Monument without a Tomb.
And art alive still, while thy Book doth live,
And we have Wits to read, and Praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses;
I mean with great, but disproportion'd Muses:


For if I thought my Judgment were of Years,
I should commit thee, surely, with thy Peers :
And tell how far thou didst our Lilly out-shine,
Or sporting Kid, or Marlow's mighty Line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seek
For Names ; but call forth thund'ring Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To live again, to hear thy Buskin tread,
And shake a Stage : Or, when thy Socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the Comparison
Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their Ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain ! thou hast one to show,
To whom all Scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an Age, but for all time !
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our Ears, or like a Mercury to charm.
Nature her self was proud of his designs,
And joy'd to wear the dressing of his Lines :
Which were so richly spun, and wove so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other Wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please ;
But antiquated, and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all : Thy Art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the Poet's matter Nature be,
His Art doth give the Fashion : And, that he,

Who

*Who casts to write a living Line, must sweat,
 (Such as thine are) and strike the second Heat
 Upon the Muses Anvile; turn the same,
 (And himself with it) that he thinks to frame,
 Or for the Laurel he may gain a Scorn;
 For a good Poet's made, as well as born.
 And such wert thou. Look how the Father's Face
 Lives in his Issue, even so the Race
 Of Shakespeare's Mind and Manners brightly shines
 In his well-torned, and true-filed Lines:
 In each of which he seems to shake a Lance,
 As brandish'd at the Eyes of Ignorance.
 Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
 To see thee in our water yet appear,
 And make those flights upon the Banks of Thames,
 That so did take Eliza and our James!
 But stay, I see thee in the Hemisphere
 Advanc'd, and made a Constellation there!
 Shine forth, thou Starre of Poets! and with Rage,
 Or Influence, chide, or chear, the drooping Stage:
 Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like
 night,
 And despairs day, but for thy Volume's light.*

BEN. JONSON.





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THE

THE
TEMPEST.

VOL. I.

B

Dramatis Personæ.

ALONSO, *King of Naples.*

Sebastian, *his Brother.*

Prospero, *the right Duke of Milan.*

Antonio, *his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*

Ferdinand, *Son to the King of Naples.*

Gonzalo, *an honest old Counsellor of Naples.*

Adrian, }
Francisco, } *Lords.*

Caliban, *a Salvage, and deformed Slave.*

Trinculo, *a Jester.*

Stephano, *a drunken Butler.*

Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.

Miranda, *Daughter to Prospero.*

Ariel, *an airy Spirit.*

Iris,

Ceres,

Juno,

Nymphs,

Reapers,

} *Spirits, employ'd in the Masque.*

Other Spirits, attending on Prospero.

SCENE, *an uninhabited Island.*

THE



T H E
T E M P E S T.

A C T I.

SCENE, *On a Ship at Sea.*

A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard:

Enter a Ship-master, and a Boatswain.

M A S T E R.



Boatswain, —

Boatsf. Here, Master: what cheer?

Mast. Good, speak to th' mariners: fall
to't yarely, or we run our selves a-ground;
bestir, bestir. [Exit.]

Enter Mariners.

Boatsf. Hey, my hearts; cheerly, my hearts; yare,
yare; take in the top-sail; tend to th' master's whistle;
blow, 'till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo,
and others.*

Alon. Good Boatswain, have care: where's the ma-
ster? play the men.

B 2

Boatsf.

Boatsf. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boatsf. Do you not hear him? you mar our labour; keep your cabins; you do assist the storm.

Gonz. Nay, good, be patient.

Boatsf. When the sea is. Hence — what care these Roarers for the name of King? to cabin; silence; trouble us not.

Gonz. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boatsf. None, that I more love than my self. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace o'the (1) present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd so long, and make your self ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts: out of our way, I say. [Exit.

Gonz. I have great comfort from this fellow; methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage: if he be not born to be hang'd, our case is miserable. [Exeunt.

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boatsf. Down with the top-mast: yare, lower, lower; bring her to try with main-course. A plague upon this howling! —

A cry within. *Re-enter Sebastian, Anthonio, and Gonzalo.* they are louder than the weather, or our office. Yet again? what do you here? shall we give o'er, and drown? have you a mind to sink?

Sebasf. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dog.

Boatsf. Work you then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang; you whoreson, insolent, noisemaker; we are less afraid to be drown'd, than thou art.

(1) *i. e.* on the present, at this Instant.

The T E M P E S T.

5

Gonz. I'll warrant him from drowning, tho' the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

Boatsf. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; set her two courses off to sea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [*Exe.*

Boatsf. What, must our Mouths be cold?

Gonz. The King and Prince at pray'rs! let us assist 'em.

For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I'm out of patience.

Ant. We're meerly cheated of our lives by drunkards. This wide-chopt rascal — would, thou might'st lye drowning,

The washing of ten tides!

Gonz. He'll be hang'd yet, Though every drop of water swear against it, And gape at wid'st to glut him.

A confused noise within.] Mercy on us!

We split, we split! Farewel, my Wife and Children! Brother, farewel! we split, we split, we split!

Ant. Let's all sink with the King. [*Exit.*

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

Gonz. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any thing; — the wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death! [*Exit.*

S C E N E *changes to a Part of the Inchaned Island, near the Cell of Prospero.*

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. I F by your art (my dearest father) you have Put the wild Waters in this roar, allay them: The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch, But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek, Dashes the fire out. O! I have suffer'd

6 The T E M P E S T.

With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel
 (Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her)
 Dash'd all to pieces. O! the cry did knock
 Against my very heart: poor souls, they perish'd!
 Had I been any God of Pow'r, I would
 Have sunk the sea within the earth; or ere
 It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
 The fraighting souls within her.

Pro. Be collected;

No more amazement; tell your piteous heart,
 There's no harm done.

Mira. O wo the day!

Pro. No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,
 (Of thee my dear one, thee my daughter) who
 Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
 Of whence I am; nor that I am more better (2)
 Than *Prospero*, master of a full-poor cell, (3)
 And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know.

Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time,

I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
 And pluck my magick garment from me: so!

[Lays down his mantle.

Lye there my Art. Wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort:
 The direful spectacle of the wrack, which touch'd
 The very virtue of compassion in thee,
 I have with such provision in mine art [4]

So.

(2) *I am more better.*] This is the genuine Reading, which the last Editor has sophisticated; not observing, I suppose, how frequent it is with *Shakespeare*, and the other Writers of that Age, to add the *Termination* to Adjectives of the *comparative* and *superlative* Degrees, and at the same time prefix the *Signs* showing the Degrees.

(3) full poor Cell,] These two Adjectives without a *Hyphen*, and taking the first adverbially, make stark Nonsense; but *full-poor* is what the *Latin*s used to express by *perpauper*, *perexigius*. The *French* likewise have a similar Form of Expression; *fort-pauvre*, *fort-debile*, *fort-malade*, &c.

(4) Provision in mine Art.] This is the Reading of the 1st *fol.* Edition, which I have therefore restored. The word *Compassion* took place after-

So safely order'd, that there is no foyle, (5)
 No not so much perdition as an hair,
 Betid to any creature in the vessel
 Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink: sit
 down.

For thou must now know farther.

Mira. You have often
 Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt,
 And left me to a bootless inquisition;
 Concluding, *Stay; not yet.* —

Pro. The hour's now come,
 The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
 Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
 A time, before we came unto this cell?
 I do not think, thou canst; for then thou wast not
 Out three years old. (6)

Mira. Certainly, Sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other house, or person?
 Of any thing the image tell me, that
 Hath kept in thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off;
 And rather like a dream, than an assurance
 That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
 Four, or five, women once, that tended me?

afterwards, I presume, from the mistake of the Printers, who threw their
 Eyes twice inadvertently on the preceding Line, where this Word is, and
 so happen'd to substitute it.

(5) *is no Foyle,*] *i. e.* no Damage, Loss, Detriment. The two old
Folio's read, — *is no Soul:* which will not agree in Grammar with the
 following Part of the Sentence. Mr. *Rowe* first substituted — *no Soul lost,*
 which does not much mend the Matter, taking the Context together.
Foyle is a Word familiar with our Poet, and in some Degree synonymous
 to *Perdition* in the next Line. So in the Beginning of the third Act of
 this Play,

————— *but some Defect in her*
Did quarrel with the noblest Grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil,

i. e. abated, undid it.

(6) *out three years old.*] This is the old Reading: 'tis true, the Ex-
 pression is obsolete, but it supply'd the Sense of, *full out, out-right, or*
right-out, as in the fourth Act of this Play;

Swears, he will shoot no more, but play with Sparrows,
And be a boy right-out.

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, *Miranda*: but how is it,
That this lives in thy mind? what see'st thou else
In the dark back-ward and abyfme of time?
If thou remember'ft ought, ere thou cam'ft here;
How thou cam'ft here, thou may'ft.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. 'Tis twelve years fince, *Miranda*; twelve years
fince,
Thy father was the Duke of *Milan*, and
A Prince of Pow'r.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She faid, thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of *Milan*, and his only heir
A Princefs, no worfe iffu'd.

Mira. O the heav'ns!

What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't, we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play (as thou fay'ft) were we heav'd thence;
But blessedly help'd hither.

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

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd *Antonio* —
I pray thee, mark me; — (that a brother should
Be fo perfidious!) he whom next thy self
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my ftate; (as, at that time,
Through all the fignories it was the first;
And *Prospero* the prime Duke, being fo reputed
In dignity; and for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; thofe being all my ftudy:)
The government I caft upon my brother,
And to my ftate grew ftanger; being transported,
And rapt in fecret ftudies. Thy falfe uncle —
(Dof't thou attend me?)

Mira. Sir, moft heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant fuits,
How to deny them; whom t'advance, and whom

To trash for over-topping ; new created
 The creatures, that were mine ; I say, or chang'd 'em,
 Or else new form'd 'em ; having both the key
 Of officer and office, set all hearts i'th' state
 To what tune pleas'd his ear ; that now he was
 The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
 And suckt my verdure out on't. — Thou attend'st not.

Mira. Good Sir, I do.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me then.
 I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
 To closeness, and the bettering of my mind,
 With that which, but by being so retired,
 O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
 Awak'd an evil nature ; and my trust,
 Like a good parent, did beget of him
 A falshood in its contrary, as great
 As my trust was ; which had, indeed, no limit,
 A confidence *sans* bound. He being thus lorded,
 Not only with what my revenue yielded,
 But what my power might else exact ; like one,
 Who having into truth, by telling of it,
 Made such a sinner of his memory,
 To credit his own lie, he did believe
 He was, indeed, the Duke ; from substitution,
 And executing th' outward face of royalty,
 With all prerogative. Hence his ambition growing —
 Dost thou hear ?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he plaid,
 And him he plaid it for, he needs will be
 Absolute *Milan*. Me, poor man ! — my library
 Was Dukedom large enough ; of temporal royalties
 He thinks me now incapable : confederates
 (So dry he was for sway) wi' th' King of *Naples*
 To give him annual tribute, do him homage ;
 Subject his coronet to his crown ; and bend
 The Dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor *Milan* !)
 To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heav'ns !

Pro. Mark his condition, and th' event; then tell me,
If this might be a Brother?

Mira. I should sin, (7)

To think but nobly of my grand-mother;
Good wombs have bore bad sons. (8)

Pro. Now the condition:

This King of *Naples*, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hears my brother's suit;
Which was, that he in lieu o'th' premises,
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the Dukedom; and confer fair *Milan*,
With all the honours, on my brother. Whereon
A treacherous army levy'd, one mid-night
Fated to th' purpose, did *Antonio* open
The gates of *Milan*; and, i'th' dead of darkness,
The ministers for th' purpose hurry'd thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity!

(7)

————— I should sin,

To think not nobly of my Grandmother;] This is Mr. *Pope's* reading; from no Authority, I presume: All the Copies that I have seen, have it; *To think but nobly* — i. e. otherwise than nobly; according to our Author's Usage. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*;

I know not; if they speak but Truth of her,

These hands shall tear her.

And so in *Timon*;

I to bear this,

That never knew but better, is some Burthen.

&c. &c.

(8) *Good Wombs have bore bad Sons.*

Pro. Now, the Condition:] Thus have all the Editions divided these Speeches; But, tho' I have not attempted to regulate them otherwise, I have great Suspicion, that our Author plac'd them thus;

Pro. Good Wombs have bore bad Sons. — Now, the Condition:

How could *Miranda*, that came into this *Desart Island* an Infant, that had never seen any other Creatures of the World, but her Father and *Caliban*, with any Propriety be furnish'd to make such an Observation from Life, that the Issue has often degenerated from the Parent? But it comes very properly from *Prospero*, as a short Document, by the By, to his Daughter; implying, "that she did very well to think with Honour of her Ancestor; for that it was common in Life, for good People to have bad Children."

Mira.

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

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

Mira. Why did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not
(So dear the love my people bore me;) set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurry'd us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us
To cry to th' sea, that roar'd to us; to fight
To th' winds, whose pity, fighting back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

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

Pro. O! a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me: Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heav'n,
(When I have deck'd the sea with drops full-salt;
Under my burthen groan'd;) which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we a-shore?

Pro. By providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble *Neapolitan*, *Gonzalo*,
Out of his charity (being then appointed
Master of this design) did give us, with
Rich garments, linnens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steeded much. So of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me

From

From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my Dukedom.

Mira. Would I might
But ever see that man!

Pro. Now, I arise: —

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy school-master, made thee more profit
Than other Princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

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

Pro. Know thus far forth;
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune
(Now my dear lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and, by my prescience
I find, my *Zenith* doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose Influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.— Here cease more questions;
Thou art inclin'd to sleep. 'Tis a good dulness,
And give it way; I know, thou canst not chuse. —
[*Miranda sleeps.*]

Come away, servant, come; I'm ready now:
Approach, my *Ariel*. Come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave Sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure: Be't to fly;
To swim; to dive into the fire; to ride
On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding task
Ariel, and all his qualities.

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

Ari. To every Article.
I boarded the King's ship: now on the beak,
Now in the waste, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement. Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,

The yards, and bolt-sprit, would I flame distinctly;
Then meet and join. *Jove's* lightnings, the precursors
Of dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And fight out-running were not; the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty *Neptune*
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble;
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pro. My brave, brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mind, and plaid
Some tricks of desperation: all, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the King's son *Ferdinand*
With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the first man, that leap'd; cry'd, "hell is empty;
" And all the devils are here.

Pro. Why, that's my Spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

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

Ari. Not a hair perish'd:

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before. And as thou badst me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle:
The King's son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the King's ship,
The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o'th' fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour

Is the King's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight, to fetch dew
From the still-vest *Bermudas*, there she's hid: (9)

The

(9) *From the still-vest Bermoothes*] So this Word has hitherto been
mistakenly written in all the Books. There are about 400 Islands in
North America, the principal of which was call'd *Bermuda* from a *Spaniard*
of

The mariners all under hatches stow'd,
 Who, with a charm join'd to their suffered labour,
 I've left asleep; and for the rest o'th' fleet
 (Which I dispers'd) they all have met again,
 And are upon the *Mediterranean* flote,
 Bound sadly home for *Naples*;
 Supposing, that they saw the King's ship wrackt,
 And his great person perish.

Pro. *Ariel*, thy charge

Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
 What is the time o'th' day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two glasses; the time 'twixt six and now
 Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ari. Is there more toil? since thou dost give me
 pains,

Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
 Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moody?

What is't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more.

Ari. I pr'ythee,

Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
 Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd
 Without or grudge, or grumblings; thou didst promise
 To bate me a full year.

of that Name who first discover'd them. They are likewise call'd *Summer* Islands, from Sir *George Summers*, who in 1609 made that Voyage; and viewing them, probably, first brought the *English* acquainted with them, and invited them afterwards to settle a Plantation there. — But why, *still-vent* Bermudas? The Soil is celebrated for its Beauty and Fruitfulness; and the Air is so very temperate and serene, that People live there to a great Age, and are seldom troubled with Sickness. But then, on the other hand, these Islands are so surrounded with Rocks on all sides, that without a perfect Knowledge of the Passage, a small Vessel cannot be brought to Haven. Again, we are told, that they are subject to violent Storms, sometimes with terrible clattering of Thunder, and dismal flashing of Lightning. And besides, Sir *George Summers*, when he made the Discovery, was actually shipwreck'd on the Coast. This, I take it, might be a sufficient Foundation for our Author's using the Epithet *still-vent*.

Pro. Dost thou forget

From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the
ooze

Of the salt deep;

To run upon the sharp Wind of the North;

To do me business in the veins o'th' earth,

When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari. I do not, Sir.

Pro. Thou ly'st, malignant thing: hast thou forgot

The foul witch *Sycorax*, who with age and envy

Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, Sir.

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

Ari. Sir, in *Argier*.

Pro. Oh, was she so? I must

Once in a month recount what thou hast been,

Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch *Sycorax*,

For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible

To enter human hearing, from *Argier*,

Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did,

They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, Sir.

Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with
child,

And here was left by th' sailors; thou my slave,

As thou report'st thy self, wast then her servant.

And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate

To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,

Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee;

By help of her more potent ministers,

And in her most unmitigable rage,

Into a cloven pine; within which rift

Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain

A dozen years, within which space she dy'd,

And left thee there: where thou didst vent thy groans,

As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this Island

(Save for the son that she did litter here,

A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with

A human shape.

Ari.

Ari. Yes; *Caliban* her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so: he, that *Caliban*,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st,
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, 'till
Thou'st howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master.

I will be correspondent to command,
And do my sp'riting gently.

Pro. Do so: and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master:
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

Pro. Go make thy self like to a nymph o'th' sea.
Be subject to no sight but mine: invisible
To every eye-ball else. Go take this shape,
And hither come in it: go hence with diligence.

[*Exit Ariel.*]

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake.—

Mira. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off: come on;
We'll visit *Caliban* my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

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

Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us. What ho! slave! *Caliban!*
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal.

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

Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other business for thee.

Come, thou Tortoise! when? —

Enter Ariel like a Water-Nymph.

Fine apparition! my quaint *Ariel*,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam; come forth.

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholsome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be sure, to night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shall be pinch'd.
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.

This Island's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou stroak'dst me, and mad'st much of me; would'st
give me

Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And shew'd thee all the qualities o' th' Isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits; barren place, and fertile.
Curs'd be I, that I did so! all the charms
Of *Sycorax*, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Who first was mine own King: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of th' Island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness; I have us'd thee

(Filth as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd
In mine own cell, 'till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho! — I wou'd, it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me, I had peopled else
This Isle with *Calibans*.

Pro. Abhorred slave; (10)
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pity'd thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other. When thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race
(Tho' thou didst learn) had that in't, which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison. —

Cal. You taught me language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: the red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fewel, and be quick (thou wer't best)
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, 'pray thee.
I must obey; his art is of such pow'r,

(10) *Mira.* *Abhorred Slave*;] In all the printed Editions this Speech is given to *Miranda*: but I am persuaded, the Author never design'd it for her. In the first Place, 'tis probable, *Prospero* taught *Caliban* to speak, rather than left that Office to his Daughter: in the next Place, as *Prospero* was here rating *Caliban*, it would be a great Impropriety for her to take the Discipline out of his hands; and, indeed, in some sort, an Indecency in her to reply to what *Caliban* last was speaking of. Mr. *Dryden*, I observe, in his *Alteration* of this Play, has judiciously placed this Speech to *Prospero*. I can easily guess, that the Change was first deriv'd from the Players, who not loving that any Character should stand too long silent on the Stage, to obviate that Inconvenience with Regard to *Miranda*, clap'd this Speech to her Part.

It would controul my dam's god *Setebos*,
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave, hence!

Exit Caliban.

Enter Ferdinand; and Ariel invisible, playing and singing.

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

*Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Curt'sied when you have, and kist
The wild waves whist;
Foot it featly here and there,
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.*

Burthen, dispersedly.

*Hark, hark, bough-warwagh: the watch-dogs bark,
Bough-warwagh.*

*Ari. Hark, hark, I hear
The strain of strutting chanticlere
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-do.*

Fer. Where should this musick be, in air, or earth? —
It sounds no more: and, sure, it waits upon
Some God o' th' Island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping against the King my father's wreck,
This musick crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury and my passion,
With its sweet air; thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather — but 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

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

*Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made:
Those are pearls, that were his eyes;
Nothing of him, that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change,
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Hark, now I hear them, ding-dong, bell.*

[Burthen: ding-dong.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father;
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owns: I hear it now above me.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eyes advance,
And say, what thou seest yond.

Mira. What is't, a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! believe me, Sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No, wench, it eats, and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck: and, but he's something stain'd
With grief, (that's beauty's canker) thou might'st call
him

A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.

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

Pro. It goes on, I see, [*Aside.*
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit, I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the Goddess
On whom these ayres attend! vouchsafe, my pray'r
May know, if you remain upon this Island;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: my prime request
(Which I do last pronounce) is, O you wonder!
If you be made or no?

Mira. No wonder, Sir,
But certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heav'ns!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How? the best?
What wert thou, if the King of *Naples* heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of *Naples*. He does hear me,
And, that he does, I weep: my self am *Naples*,
Who, with mine eyes (ne'er since at ebb) beheld
The King my father wrackt.

Mira.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords: the Duke of *Milan*,
And his brave son, being twain. (11).

Pro. The Duke of *Milan*,
And his more braver daughter, could controul thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't: — At the first sight,
They have chang'd eyes: (delicate *Ariel*,
I'll set thee free for this.) A word, good Sir,
I fear, you've done your self some wrong: a word. —

Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? this
Is the third man, that I e'er saw; the first,
That e'er I sigh'd for. Pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

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

Pro. Soft, Sir; one word more. —
They're both in either's power: but this swift business
I must uneasie make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. Sir, one word more; I charge thee,
That thou attend me: — thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thy self
Upon this Island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I'm a man.

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

Pro. Follow me. —
Speak not you for him: he's a traitor. Come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook mussels, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

(11) ————— the Duke of *Milan*,

And his brave Son, being twain.] Here seems a slight Forgetfulness in our Poet: No Body was lost in this Wreck, as is manifest from several Passages: and yet we have no such Character introduc'd in the Fable, as the Duke of *Milan's* Son.

Fer. No,
I will resist such entertainment, 'till
Mine enemy has more power.

[*He draws, and is charmed from moving.*]

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

Pro. What, I say,
My foot my tutor? put thy sword up, traitor,
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike; thy con-
science

Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you, father.

Pro. Hence: hang not on my garment.

Mira. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence: one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,
An advocate for an impostor? hush!
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and *Caliban*; foolish wench!
To th' most of men this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble: I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on, obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wrack of all my friends, and this man's threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me;
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o'th' earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I, in such a prison.

Pro.

Pro. It works: come on.

(Thou hast done well, fine *Ariel*;) follow me.

Hark, what thou else shalt do me.

[*To Ariel.*

Mira. Be of comfort,

My father's of a better nature, Sir,

Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted,

Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free

As mountain winds; but then exactly do

All points of my command.

Ari. To th' syllable.

Pro. Come, follow: speak not for him.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T II.

SCENE, *Another Part of the Island.*

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

GONZALO.

BESEECH you, Sir, be merry: you have cause
(So have we all) of joy! for our escape
Is much beyond our loss; our hint of woe
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our team of woe: but for the miracle,
(I mean our preservation) few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good Sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace. (12)

Seb.

(12) *Alon.* Pr'ythee peace.] All that follows from hence to this Speech
of the King's.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

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

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit, by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir, ——

Seb. One: —— Tell, ——

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd; comes to the entertainer ——

Seb. A dollor.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have spoken truer than you propos'd.

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

Gon. Therefore, my lord, —

Ant. Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue?

Alon. I pr'ythee, spare. ——

Gon. Well, I have done: but yet ——

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or *Adrian*, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

*You cram these Words into my Ears against
The Stomach of my Sense.*

seems to Mr. *Pope* to have been an Interpolation by the Players. For my part, tho' I allow the Matter of the Dialogue to be very poor and trivial, (of which, I am sorry to say, we don't want other Instances in our Poet;) I cannot be of this Gentleman's Opinion, that it is interpolated. For should we take out this intermediate Part, what would become of these Words of the King?

——— *Would I had never
Married my Daughter there!*

What Daughter? and, *where* married? For it is from this intermediate part of the Scene only, that we are told, the King had a Daughter nam'd *Claribel*, whom he had married into *Tunis*. 'Tis true, in a subsequent Scene, betwixt *Antonio* and *Sebastian*, we again hear her and *Tunis* mention'd: but in such a manner, that it would be quite obscure and unintelligible without this previous Information. Mr. *Pope's* Criticism therefore is injudicious and unweigh'd. Besides, poor and jejune as the Matter of the Dialogue is, it was certainly design'd to be of a ridiculous Stamp; to divert and unsettle the King's Thoughts from reflecting too deeply on his Son's suppos'd Drowning.

Ant.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done: the wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert ——

Seb. Ha, ha, ha. —— So, you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible ——

Seb. Yet, ——

Adr. Yet ——

Ant. He could not mis's't.

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

Ant. *Temperance* was a delicate wench.

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

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

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

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True, save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks? how green?

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No: he does but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit ——

Seb. As many voucht rarities are.

Gon. That our garments being (as they were) drench'd in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses; being rather new dy'd, than stain'd with salt water.

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

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

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

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. *Tunis* was never grac'd before with such a paragon to their Queen.

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

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that: how came that widow in? widow *Dido!*

Seb. What if he had said, widower *Æneas* too? Good lord, how you take it!

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

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

Adr. *Carthage?*

Gon. I assure you, *Carthage*.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think, he will carry this Island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more Islands.

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh, as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queen.

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

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

Ant. O, widow *Dido!* ay, widow *Dido!*

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

Ant. That fort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage.

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against The stomach of my sense. Would I had never Married my daughter there! for coming thence, My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too; Who is so far from *Italy* remov'd, I ne'er again shall see her; O thou mine heir

Of *Naples* and of *Milan*, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live.

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trode the water;
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breast'd
The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty strokes
To th' shore; that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

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

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul her self
Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at
Which end the beam should bow. We've lost your son,
I fear, for ever: *Milan* and *Naples* have
More widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them:
The fault's your own.

Alon. So is the dearest o' th' loss.

Gon. My lord *Sebastian*,

The truth, you speak, doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaister.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

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

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I the plantation of this isle, my lord —

Ant. He'd sow't with nettle seed.

Seb.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

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

Seb. Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

Gon. I'th' commonwealth, I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffick
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; wealth, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oyl;
No occupation, all men idle, all,
And women too; but innocent and pure:
No Sov'reignty.

Seb. And yet he would be King on't.

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

Gon. All things in common nature should produce,
Without sweat or endeavour. Treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foyzon, all abundance
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, Sir,
T'excell the golden age.

Seb. Save his Majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, Sir?

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more; thou dost talk nothing to
me.

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

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

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

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave metal; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five Weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel, playing solemn Musick. (13)

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

Ant. Nay, my good lord, be not angry.

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

Ant. Go, sleep, and hear us.

Alon. What all so soon asleep? I wish, mine eyes Would with themselves shut up my thoughts: I find, They are inclin'd to so do.

Seb. Please you, Sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,

Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you: wond'rous heavy.——

All sleep but Seb. and Ant.

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them?

Ant. It is the quality o'th' climate.

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I find not
My self dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I, my spirits are nimble:

They fell together all as by consent,
They dropt as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy *Sebastian*—— O, what might——no more.
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou should'ft be: th'occasion speaks thee, and

(13) *Enter Ariel, playing*] This Marginal Direction I have restor'd from the Old *Folio's*; and, surely, 'tis very necessary, it should be inserted; as it contains a Strain of Inchantment, which accounts for *Gonzalo*, *Alonso*, &c. so suddenly dropping asleep.

My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and, surely,

It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep: what is it thou didst say?

This is a strange repose, to be asleep

With eyes wide open: standing, speaking, moving;
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble *Sebastian*,

Thou let'st thy fortune sleep: die rather: wink'st,
Whilst thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom. You
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er. (14)

Seb. Well: I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb

Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O!

If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,
Whilst thus you mock it; how, in stripping it,
You more invest it: ebbing men, indeed,

(14) Trebles thee o'er.] i. e. makes thee thrice what thou now art. Thus the two first *Folio's*, and all the other Impressions of any Authority, that I have seen, exhibit the Text: and the Phrase is familiar both to our Poet, & other Stage-Writers of his Time. *Merchant of Venice*. Act. 3. Sc. 2. ————— yet for You

I would be trebled twenty times my self,

K. *Richard III.* Act 5. Sc. 3.

Why, our Battalion trebles that account.

So, *Pericles*, Prince of *Tyre*;

*The Boat-swain whistles, and the Master calls,
And trebles their Confusion.*

And so, *Marston* in his *Sophonisba*;

*Think, ev'ry Honour, that doth grace thy Sword,
Trebles my Love.*

Troubles thee o'er — is a foolish Reading, which, I believe, first got Birth in Mr. *Pope's* 2 Editions of our Poet; and, I dare say, will lie buried there in a proper Obscurity.

Most often do so near the bottom run,
By their own fear or sloth.

Seb. Pry'thee, say on;

The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus Sir:

Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
(Who shall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd;) hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade) the King, his son's alive;
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,
As he, that sleeps here, swims.

Seb. I have no hope,
That he's undrown'd.

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

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then tell me
Who's the next heir of *Naples*?

Seb. *Claribel*.

Ant. She that is Queen of *Tunis*; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from *Naples*
Can have no Note, unless the sun were post,
(The man i'th' moon's too slow) 'till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she, from whom (15)
We were sea-swallow'd; tho' some, cast again,
May by that destiny perform an act,
Whereof, what's past is prologue; what to come,

(15) ————— *She, for whom*

We were sea-swallow'd,] Thus Mr. *Pope*, with as little Reason, as Au-
thority. All the Copies, that I have seen, read, ——— from *whom*, &c.
And why not *from*? Were they not shipwreck'd, as is evident above, in
their Return from her?

————— *Would I had never*

Married my Daughter there! for coming thence, &c.

Is yours and my discharge ———

Seb. What stuff is this? how fay you?

'Tis true, my brother's daughter's Queen of *Tunis*,
So is the heir of *Naples*; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space, whose ev'ry cubit
Seems to cry out, how shall that *Claribel*
Measure us back to *Naples*? Keep in *Tunis*,
And let *Sebastian* wake. Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them, why, they were no worse
Than now they are: there be, that can rule *Naples*,
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily,
As this *Gonzalo*; I my self could make
A Chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do; what a sleep were this
For your advancement! do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother *Prospero*.

Ant. True:

And, look, how well my garments fit upon me;
Much feater than before. My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience, ———

Ant. Ay, Sir; where lyes that?

If 'twere a kybe, 'twould put me to my slipper:
But I feel not this deity in my bosom.

Ten consciences, that stand 'twixt me and *Milan*,
Candy'd be they, and melt, e'er they molest!

Here lyes your brother ———

No better than the earth he lyes upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: you doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for ay might put
This ancient Morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,

They'll

They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business, that,
We say, befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent: as thou got'st *Milan*,
I'll come by *Naples*. Draw thy sword; one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the King shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like
To fall it on *Gonzalo*.

Seb. O, but one word. ———

Enter Ariel, with Musick and Song.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger,
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth
(For else his project dies) to keep them living.

[Sings in *Gonzalo's* Ear.

While you here do snoring lye,

Open-ey'd conspiracy

His time doth take:

If of life you keep a care,

Shake off slumber and beware:

Awake! awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

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

Alon. Why, how now, ho? awake? why are you
drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. While we stood here securing your repose,
Ev'n now we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did't not wake you?
It strook mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake: sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this?

Gon. Upon my honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me.
I shak'd you, Sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn: there was a noise,
That's verity. 'Tis best we stand on guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground, and let's make further
search

For my poor son.

Gon. Heav'ns keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i'th' island.

Alon. Lead away.

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

SCENE *changes to another part of the Island.*

Enter Caliban with a burden of wood; a noise of thunder heard.

Cal. ALL the infections, that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on *Prosper* fall, and
make him

By inch-meal a disease! his spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll not pinch,
Fright me with urchin shews, pitch me i'th' mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they set upon me.
Sometimes like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lye tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness. Lo! now! lo!

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a spi'rit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i'th' wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge one, (16) looks like a foul bumbard, that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot chuse but fall by pailfuls—What have we here, a man or a fish? dead or alive? a fish; he smells like a fish: a very ancient and fish-like smell. A kind of, not of the newest, *Poor John*: a strange fish! Were I in *England* now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not an holyday-fool there but would give a piece of silver. There would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man; when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead *Indian*. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! warm, o'my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer, this is no fish, but an *Islander* that hath lately suffer'd by a thunder-bolt. Alas! the storm is come again. My best way is to creep under his gaberdine: there is no other shelter hereabout; misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows: I will here shrowd, 'till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter Stephano, singing.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I die a-shore.

(16) *Looks like a foul Bumbard*] This Term again occurs in the 1st Part of *Henr. IV.* — *that swoln Parcell of Dropsies, that huge Bumbard of Sack* — and again in *Henr. VIII.* *And here you lie baiting of Bumbards, when Ye should do Service.* By these several Passages, 'tis plain, the Word meant in those days a large Vessel for holding Drink, as well as the piece of Ordnance so call'd. And, I think, at *Oxford* they now make Use of a Vehicle, which is term'd a *Gun of Ale.* *Ben. Jonson*, our Author's Contemporary, likewise employs this Word *Bumbard* in this Sense. *The poor Cattle yonder are passing away the time with a cheat Loaf, and a Bumbard of broken Beer, &c.* See his *Masque of Augures.* And, in his Translation of *Horace's Art of Poetry*, he renders

Projicit Ampullas, & sesquipedalia verba,

in this manner;

————— *must throw by*

Their bumbard Phrase, and foot-and-half-foot Words.

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral ;
well, here's my comfort. [Drinks.]

Sings. *The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate ;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, go hang :
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a taylor might scratch her, where-e'er she did itch.
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.*

This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort.

[Drinks.]

Cal. Do not torment me, oh!

Ste. What's the matter? have we devils here? do you put tricks upon's with salvages, and men of *Inde*? ha? I have not scap'd drowning, to be afraid now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man, as ever went upon four legs, cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again, while *Stephano* breathes at his nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me; oh!

Ste. This is some monster of the Isle, with four legs, who has got, as I take it, an ague: where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a present for any Emperor that ever trod on neats-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest: he shall taste of my bottle. If he never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit; if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him, that hath him, and that soundly.

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

Ste.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, Cat; open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: it should be—— but he is drown'd; and these are devils; O! defend me,——

Ste. Four legs and two voices; a most delicate monster! (17) his forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: come! *Amen!* I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano, ——

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? mercy! mercy! this is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano! If thou beest *Stephano*, touch me, and speak to me; for I am *Trinculo*; be not afraid, thy good friend *Trinculo*.

Ste. If thou beest *Trinculo*, come forth, I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be *Trinculo's* legs, these are they. Thou art very *Trinculo*, indeed: how cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? can he vent *Trinculo's!*

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke: but art thou not drown'd, *Stephano*? I hope now, thou art not drown'd: is the storm over-blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm: and art thou living, *Stephano*? O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitans* scap'd!

(17) *His forward Voice now is to speak well of his Friend.* The facetious Author of *Hudibras* seems to have had this Passage in Eye, in one Part of his Description of *Fame*.

Two Trumpets She doth sound at once,
But Both of clean *contrary* Tones,
But whether both with the same Wind,
Or one *before*, and one *behind*,
We know not; only This can tell;
The one sounds *wilely*, th' other *welk*.

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about, my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprights: that's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou scape? how cam'st thou hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither: I escap'd upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heav'd over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here: swear then, how escap'dst thou?

Trin. Swom a-shore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

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

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by th' sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf, how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropt from heav'n?

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

Cal. I have seen thee in her; and I do adore thee; my mistress shew'd me thee, and thy dog and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster: (18) I afraid of him? a very shallow monster: the

(18) *I afraid of him? a very shallow monster.* —] It is to be observ'd, *Trinculo* is not charg'd with any Fear of *Caliban*; and therefore This seems to come in abruptly; but in This consists the true Humour. His own Consciousness, that he had been terribly afraid of him, after the Fright was over, drew out this Bragg. This seems to be one of *Shakespeare's* fine Touches of Nature: for that *Trinculo* had been horribly frighten'd at the Monster, and shook with Fear of him, while he lay under his Gaberdine, is plain, from What *Caliban* says, while he is lying there? *Thou dost me yet but little Harm; thou wilt anon, I know by thy trembling.*

man i' th' moon? — a most poor credulous monster: well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll shew thee every fertile inch o' th' Isle, and I will kiss thy foot: I pry'thee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot. I'll swear my self thy subject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh my self to death at this puppy-headed monster: a most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him —

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. — But that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster!

Cal. I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries,

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,

Thou wond'rous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pry'thee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;

Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how

To snare the nimble marmazet; I'll bring thee

To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee

(19) Young Shamois from the rock. Wilt thou go with

me?

Ste. I pry'thee now, lead the way without any more

(19) *Young Scamels from the Rock.*] I can no where else meet with such a Word as *Scamel*, which has possess'd all the Editions. *Shakespeare* must certainly either have wrote *Shamois* (as Mr. *Warburton* and I have both conjectur'd) i. e. young Kids: or *Sea-malls*. 'The *Sea-mall*, or *Seamell*, or *Sea-mew* (according to *Willoughby*,) is that Bird, which is call'd *Larus cinereus minor*; it feeds upon Fish, and frequents the Banks of Lakes. It is not impossible, but our Poet might here intend this Bird. Or, again, (and which comes near to *Scamel*, in the Traces of the Letters.) *Ray* tells us of another Bird, call'd the *Stannel*, (the same with the *Tinnunculus* among the *Latins*, and *νεγυεις* amongst the *Greeks*;) of the *Hawk* Species. It is no Matter which of the three Readings we embrace, so we take a Word signifying the Name of something in Nature.

talking. *Trinculo*, the King and all our company else being drown'd, we will inherit here. Here, bear my bottle; fellow *Trinculo*, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly.*] Farewel, master; farewel, farewel.

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish,
Nor fetch in firing at requiring,
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish,
Ban' Ban', Cacalyban
Has a new master, get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster, lead the way. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T III.

SCENE, before Prospero's Cell.

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

F E R D I N A N D.

TH E R E be some sports are painful, but their labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task wou'd be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious: but
The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle, than her father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must move
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction. My sweet mistress
Weeps, when she sees me work, and says, such baseness
Had ne'er like executer; I forget;

But

But these sweet thoughts do ev'n refresh my labour,
Most busie-lest, when I do it. (20)

Enter Miranda; and Prospero, at a distance unseen.

Mira. Alas, now pray you,
Work not so hard; I would the lightning had
Burn't up those logs, that thou'rt enjoin'd to pile:
Pray, set it down and rest you; when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you: my father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest your self;
He's safe for these three hours.

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

Mira. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray give me that,
I'll carry't to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature,
I'ad rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

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

Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected;
This visitation shews it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,
(Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers)
What is your name?

(20) Least busie *when I do it.*] This Reading, I presume, to be Mr. Pope's; for I do not find it authoriz'd by the Copies: The two first *Folio's* read;

Most busy least, *when I do it.*

'Tis true, this Reading is corrupt; but the Corruption is so very little remov'd from the Truth of the Text, that I can't afford to think well of my own Sagacity for having discover'd it.

Mira.

Mira. Miranda. O my father,
I've broke your heft to say so.

Fer. Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! full many a lady
I've ey'd with best regard, and many a time
Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear; for several virtues
Have I lik'd sev'ral women, never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil. But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

Mira. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save from my glass mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father; how features are abroad,
I'm skilless of; but, by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides your self, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A Prince, *Miranda*; I do think, a King;
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than I would suffer
The flesh-flie blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak;
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service, there resides
To make me slave to it, and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heav'n, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,

If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
 What best is boaded me, to mischief! I,
 Beyond all limit of what else i' th' world,
 Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,
 To weep at what I'm glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter
 Of two most rare affections! heav'ns rain grace,
 On that which breeds between 'em!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer,
 What I desire to give; and much less take,
 What I shall die to want: but this is trifling;
 And all the more it seeks to hide it self,
 The bigger bulk it shews. Hence, bashful cunning,
 And prompt me plain and holy innocence.
 I am your wife, if you will marry me;
 If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
 You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
 Whether you will or no.

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

Mira. My husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
 As bondage e'er of freedom; here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't; and now fare-
 wel,
 Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand, thousand.

[*Exeunt.*

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
 Who are surpriz'd withal; but my rejoicing
 At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
 For yet, ere supper-time must I perform
 Much business appertaining.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E

SCENE *changes to another part of the Island.*

Enter Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo.

Ste. TELL not me; when the butt is out, we will drink water, not a drop before; therefore bear up, and board 'em, servant-monster (21); drink to me.

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

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me. I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty leagues, off and on; by this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

(21) *Servant-Monster.*] The Part of *Caliban* has been esteem'd a signal Instance of the Copiousness of *Shakespeare's* Invention; and that he had shewn an Extent of Genius, in creating a Person which was not in Nature. And for this, as well as his other *magical* and *ideal* Characters, a just Admiration has been paid him. I can't help taking notice, on this Occasion, of the Virulence of *Ben. Jonson*, who, in the Induction to his *Bartlemew Fair*, has endeavour'd to throw Dirt, not only at this single Character, but at this whole Play. "If there be never a *Servant Monster* in the *Fair*, who can help it, (he says,) nor a Nest of *Anticks*? He is loth to make Nature afraid in his Plays, like Those that beget *Tales*, *Tempests*, and such like *Drolleries*, to mix his Head with other Mens Heels." *Shakespeare*, as the Tradition runs, was the Person who first brought *Jonson* upon the Stage; and this is the Stab we find given in Requital for such a Service, when his Benefactor was retreated from the Scene. A Circumstance, that strangely aggravates the Ingratitude. But this surly Sauciness was familiar with *Ben*; when the Publick were ever out of Humour at his Performances, he would revenge it on them, by being out of Humour with those Pieces which had best pleas'd them.—— I'll only add, that his *Conduct* in This was very contradictory to his cooler *Professions*, "that if Men would impartially look towards the Offices and Functions of a Poet, they would easily conclude to themselves the *Impossibility* of any Man's being the *good Poet*, without first being a *good Man*."

Ste.

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

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

Cal. How does thy honour? let me lick thy shoe; I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster, I am in case to juggle a constable; why, thou deboh'd fish thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me: wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he! that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again; bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—— the poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

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

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

Enter Ariel invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a forcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the Island.

Ari. Thou liest.

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

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more; proceed.

Cal. I say, by forcery he got this isle; From me he got it. If thy greatness will Revenge it on him, (for, I know, thou dar'st, But this thing dare not. ——)

Ste.

Ste. That's most certain.

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

Ste. How now shall this be compast? canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord, I'll yield him thee asleep, Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a py'd ninny's this? thou scurvy patch! I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows, And take his bottle from him; when that's gone, He shall drink nought but brine, for I'll not shew him Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. *Trinculo*, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he ly'd?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take you that.

[*Beats him.*]

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

Trin. I did not give thee the lie; out o'your wits, and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now, forward with your tale; pr'ythee, stand further off.

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

Ste. Stand further. Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him I'th' afternoon to sleep; there thou may'st brain him, Having first seiz'd his books: or with a log Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember, First to possess his books; for without them He's but a sot, as I am; nor hath not One spirit to command. They all do hate him,

As rootedly as I. Burn but his books;
 He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them,)
 Which, when he has an house, he'll deck withal.
 And that most deeply to consider, is
 The beauty of his Daughter; he himself
 Calls her a non-pareil: I ne'er saw woman,
 But only *Sycorax*, my dam, and she:
 But she as far surpasses *Sycorax*,
 As greatest does the least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
 And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and
 I will be King and Queen, save our Graces: and *Trin-*
culo and thy self shall be Vice-Roys. Dost thou like
 the plot, *Trinculo*?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am sorry, I beat thee: but,
 while thou liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy head.

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

Ste. Ay, on my honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure;
 Let us be jocund. Will you troul the catch,
 You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any
 reason: come on, *Trinculo*, let us sing. [Sings.

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

Cal. That's not the tune:

[Ariel plays the Tune on a Tabor and Pipe.

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, plaid by the pic-
 ture of no-body.

Ste. If thou be'st a man, shew thy self in thy likeness;
 if thou be'st a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defie thee. Mer-
 cy upon us!

Cal.

Cal. Art thou afraid?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afraid; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices;
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again; and then in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and shew riches
Ready to drop upon me; that when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where
I shall have my musick for nothing.

Cal. When *Prospero* is destroy'd.

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

Trin. The found is going away; let's follow it, and
after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would I could
see this taborer. He lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow *Stephano*. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E *changes to another Part of the
Island.*

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

Gon. **B**Y'R lakín, I can go no further, Sir,
My old bones ake: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders! by your patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am my self attach'd with weariness,
To th' dulling of my spirits: sit down and rest.
Ev'n here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

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

Seb.

Seb. The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

Ant. Let it be to night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
As when they're fresh.

Seb. I say, to night: no more.

Solemn and strange musick; and Prospero on the top, invisible. Enter several strange shapes, bringing in a banquet; and dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet musick!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heaven; what were these?

Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe,
That there are unicorns; that, in *Arabia*
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both:

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

Gon. If in *Naples*

I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders:
(For, certes, these are people of the island)
Who tho' they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many; nay, almost any.

Pro. Honest lord,

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

Alon. I cannot too much muse,
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. Praise, in departing. —

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
They've left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.
Will't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, Sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe, that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapt like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh, or that there were such men,
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find,
Each putter out on five for one will bring us (22)
Good warrant of.

Alon.

(22) *Each Putter out of Five for One*—] By the Variation of a single Letter, I think, I have set the Text right; and will therefore now proceed to explain it. I freely confess, that I once understood this Passage thus; that every *five* Travellers (or *Putters out*) did bring authentick Confirmation of these Stories, for *one* that pretended to dispute the Truth of them: But communicating my Sense of the Place to Two ingenious Friends, I found, I was not at the Bottom of the Meaning. Mr. *Warburton* observ'd to me, that this was a fine Piece of conceal'd Satire on the Voyagers of that Time, who had just discover'd a new World; and, as was very natural, grew most extravagant in displaying the Wonders of it. That, particularly, by *Each Putter out of Five for One*, was meant the Adventurers in the Discovery of the *West Indies*, who had for the Money they advanc'd and contributed, 20 *per Cent.*—Dr. *Thirlby* did not a little assist this Explanation by his Concurrence, and by instructing me, that it was usual in those Times for Travellers to put out Money, to receive a greater Sum if they liv'd to return; and, for Proof, he referr'd me to *Morison's Itinerary*, Part I. p. 198, &c. I cannot return my Friends better Thanks for the Light they have given me upon this Passage, than by sub-joining a Testimony from a contemporary Poet, that will put both their Explanation, and my Correction of the Text, past dispute.

B. *Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour*, in the Character of *Puntarvolo*.

I do intend, this Year of Jubilee coming on, to travel: And (because I will not altogether go upon Expence,) I am determin'd to put forth some five thousand pound, to be paid me five for one, upon the Return of my self, my Wife, and my Dog, from the Turk's Court in Constantinople. If All, or Either of Us miscarry in the Journey, 'tis gone; if We be successful, why, there will be five and twenty thousand Pounds to entertain Time withal.

If this was to be the Return of the Knight's Venture; 'tis obvious, he put out his Money on five for one. *Ben.* to heighten the Ridicule of these projecting Voyagers, makes *Puntarvolo's* Wife averse to accompany him; and so he is forc'd to put out his Venture on the Return of himself, his Dog, and his Cat. — Let me conclude with observing on the different Conduct of the Two Poets. *Shakespeare* (perhaps, out of a particular Defe-
rence for *Sir W. Raleigh*) only inners these adventurous Voyagers obliquely,
and,

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

Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel like a harpy, claps
his wings upon the table, and with a queint
device the banquet vanishes.

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't) the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up; and on this Island (23)
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And ev'n with such like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate; the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemockt-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One down that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massie for your strengths,
And will not be up-lifted. But remember,
(For that's my business to you) that you three
From *Milan* did supplant good *Prospero*:
Expos'd unto the sea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace: thee of thy son, *Alonso*,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Ling'ring perdition, worse than any death

and, as it were, *en passant*: The surly *Ben*, who would be tyed up by no
such scrupulous Regards, dresses up the Fashion in the most glaring Co-
lours of *Comic Humour*; or, rather, brings down his *Satire* to the Level of
Farcical Ridicule.

(23) *Hath caus'd to belch you up;*] Thus, the whole Set of Editions; bu
'tis obvious to every Reader, that the *Grammātar's* faulty; and therefore I
have cur'd it by throwing out *you*.

Can be at once, shall step by step attend
 You and your ways; whose wrath to guard you from,
 (Which here in this most desolate Isle else falls
 Upon your heads,) is nothing but heart's sorrow,
 And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft musick, Enter the shapes again, and dance with mopps and mowes, and carrying out the table.

Pro. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
 Perform'd, my *Ariel*; a grace it had devouring:
 Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated,
 In what thou hadst to say: so with good life,
 And observation strange, my meaner ministers
 Their several kinds have done; my high charms work,
 And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
 In their distractions: they are in my power;
 And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit
 Young *Ferdinand*, (whom they suppose is drown'd,)
 And his and my lov'd darling. [*Exit Prospero from above.*]

Gon. I' th' name of something holy, Sir, why stand you
 In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
 Methoughts, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
 The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
 That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
 The Name of *Prosper*: it did bafe my trespass.
 Therefore, my son i' th' ooze is bedded; and
 I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet founded,
 And with him there lye mudded. [*Exit.*]

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
 I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second.

[*Exeunt.*]

Gon. All three of them are desperate; their great
 guilt,
 Like poison giv'n to work a great time after,
 Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you,
 That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly;
 And hinder them from what this ecstasie
 May now provoke them too.

Adri. Follow, I pray you.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T

A C T IV.

S C E N E, Prospero's Cell.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

P R O S P E R O.

IF I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have giv'n you here a thread of mine own life; (24)
Or that, for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my tryals of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test. Here, afore heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift: O *Ferdinand*,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off;
For thou shalt find, she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I believe it,
Against an oracle.

(24) ————— for I

Have giv'n you here a third of my own life,] Thus all the Impressions
in general; but why is She only a *Third* of his own Life? He had no
Wife living, nor any other Child, to rob her of a Share in his Affection:
So that We may reckon her at least *half* of himself. Nor could he in-
tend, that he lov'd himself twice as much as he did her; for he imme-
diately subjoins, that it was *She for whom he liv'd*. In *Othello*, when
Iago alarms the Senator with the loss of his Daughter, he tells him,

Your Heart is burst, you have lost half your Soul.

And *Dimidium animæ meæ* is the current Language on such Occasions.
There is no Room for doubt, but I have restor'd to the Poet his true Read-
ing; and the *Thread of Life* is a Phrase most frequent with him. So in
K. Henry V.

*And let not Bardolfe's vital Thread be cut
With Edge of Penny Cord.*

1. *Henr. VI.* ————— *had not Churchmen pray'd,
His Thread of Life had not so soon decay'd.*
 2. *Henr. VI.* *Argo, their Thread of Life is spun.*
- Othello.* ————— *I'm glad, thy Father's dead;
Thy Match was mortal to him, and pure Grief
Shore his old Thread in twain.*

Pro. Then as my gift, and thine own acquisition
 Worthily purchas'd, take my Daughter. But
 If thou dost break her virgin-knot, before
 All sanctimonious ceremonies may
 With full and holy Rite be minister'd,
 No sweet aspersions shall the heav'n's let fall
 To make this contract grow: but barren hate,
 Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord shall bestrew
 The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
 That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
 As *Hymen's* lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope

For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
 With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,
 The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
 Our worser *Genius* can, shall never melt
 Mine honour into lust; to take away
 The edge of that day's celebration,
 When I shall think or *Phæbus'* steeds are founder'd,
 Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke.

Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.
 What, *Ariel*; my industrious servant, *Ariel*—

Enter Ariel.

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

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
 Did worthily perform; and I must use you
 In such another trick; go, bring the rabble,
 O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place;
 Incite them to quick motion, for I must
 Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
 Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise,
 And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, Come, and go,
 And breathe twice; and cry, so, so;
 Each one, tripping on his toe,
 Will be here with mop and mow.
 Do you love me, master? no?

Pro.

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

Ari. Well, I conceive.

[*Exit.*

Pro. Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To th' fire i'th' blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good-night, your vow! ———

Fer. I warrant you, Sir;
The white, cold, virgin-snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well.

Now come, my *Ariel*; bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit; appear, and pertly. ———
No tongue; all eyes; be silent.

[*To Ferdinand.*

[*Soft Musick.*

A M A S Q U E. *Enter Iris.*

Iris. *Ceres*, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, fetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned, and tulip'd brims,
Which spongy *April* at thy heft betrimms,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom-
groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed batchelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard,
And thy sea-marge steril, and rocky hard,
Where thou thy self do'st air; the Queen o'th' sky,
Whose wat'ry arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her Sov'raign Grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport; her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Do'st disobey the wife of *Jupiter*:

Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey drops, refreshing showers;

And with each end of thy blue bow do'st crown
My bosky acres, and my unthrub'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy Queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heav'nly bow,
If *Venus* or her son, as thou do'st know,
Do now attend the Queen: since they did plot
The means, that dusky *Dis* my daughter got;
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid; I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*, and her son
Dove-drawn with her; here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
'Till *Hymen's* torch be lighted; but in vain
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows;
Swears, he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right-out.

Cer. High Queen of state,
Great *Juno*, comes; I know her by her gate.

[*Juno descends, and enters.*]

Jun. How does my bounteous sister? go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosp'rous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

Jun. Honour, riches, marriage blessing,
Long continuance and encreasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you;
Juno sings her blessings on you:

Cer. Earth's increase, and foyson-plenty, (25)
Barns and garners never empty,

Vines,

(25) *Earth's Increase.*] All the Editions, that I have ever seen, concur in placing this whole Sonnet to *Juno*: but very absurdly, in my Opinion. I believe, every accurate Reader, who is acquainted with poetical

*Vines, with clustring bunches growing,
Plants, with goodly burthen bowing;
Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest:
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres's blessing so is on you.*

Fer. This is a most majestick vision, and
Harmonious charmingly: may I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact (26)
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Make this place paradise.

Pro. Sweet now, silence:

poetical History, and the distinct Offices of these two Goddeffes, and who then seriously reads over our Author's Lines, will agree with Me, that *Ceres's* Name ought to have been placed where I have now prefix'd it.

(26) *I have from All their Confines.*] This *All* is obruded upon Us by the nice Ears of our modern Editors, who were for helping the Verse, upon a Supposition that the Accent in *Confines* must needs be upon the first Syllable. But the Practice of our Poet is against them; and therefore I have restor'd him to his own Reading.

See As you like it. *Act.* 2. *Sc.* 1.

*And yet it irks me, the poor dappled Fools;
Being native Burgbers of this desert City,
Should, in their own Confines,*

K. John. *Act.* 4.

This Kingdom, this Confine of Blood and Breath,

And Hamlet. *Act.* 1. *Sc.* 1.

*Th' extravagant and erring Spirit hies
To his Confine.*

And in his Poem intitled, In Praise of his Love.

*In whose Confine immured is the Store,
Which should example where your Equal grew.*

And, again, in his Poem call'd, A Lover's Complaint.

*O most potential Love! Vow, Bond, nor Space,
In thee hath neither Sting, Knot, nor Confine:*

And in his Amorous Epistle of Paris to Helen.

*Shipping myself from the Sigæan Shore,
Whence unto these Confines my Course I bore.*

And, I believe, in every other Passage throughout his Works, where he has used this Word, the Accent is constantly on the last Syllable.

Juno and *Ceres* whisper seriously ;
 There's something else to do ; hush, and be mute,
 Or else our spell is marr'd.

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

Iris. You nymphs, call'd *Nayads*, of the winding
 brooks,

With your sedg'd crowns, and ever-harmless looks,
 Leave your crisp channels, and on this greenland
 Answer your summons, *Juno* does command :
 Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
 A contract of true love ; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd fickle-men, of *August* weary,
 Come hither from the furrow, and be merry ;
 Make holy-day ; your rye-straw hats put on,
 And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
 In country footing.

*Enter certain reapers, properly habited ; they join with the
 nymphs in a graceful dance ; towards the end whereof,
 Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks ; after which, to a
 strange, hollow and confused noise, they vanish heavily.*

Pro. I had forgot that foul conspiracy
 Of the beast *Caliban*, and his confed'rates,
 Against my life ; the minute of their plot
 Is almost come. Well done, avoid ; no more.

Fer. This is strange ; your father's in some passion
 That works him strongly.

Mir. Never 'till this day
 Saw I him touch'd with anger, so distemper'd.

Pro. You look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
 As if you were dismay'd ; be chearful, Sir :
 Our revels now are ended : these our actors,
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
 Are melted into air, into thin air ;
 And, like the baseless fabrick of this vision,
 The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe it self,
 Yea, all, which it inherit, shall dissolve ;

And,

And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind! we are such stuff
 As dreams are made on, and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep. — Sir, I am vext; (27)
 Bear with my weakness, my old brain is troubled:
 Be not disturb'd with my infirmity;
 If thou be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
 And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
 To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wish your peace. [*Exe. Fer. and Mir.*]

Pro. Come with a thought; — I thank you: —

Ariel, come.

Prospero comes forward from the Cell; enter Ariel to him.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to; what's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with *Caliban*.

(27)

——— Sir, I am vext;

Bear with my Weakness, my old Brain is troubled:] There is the Appearance of something very extraordinary, in this great Emotion of Anger so discoverable in the Behaviour of *Prospero*, on the suddain Recollection of *Caliban's* Plot: And the admirable Reflection, which he makes, upon the Insignificancy of human Things, fully shews it: For thinking Men are never under greater Oppression of Mind, than when they make such kind of Reflections. And yet, if we turn to the Cause of this Disturbance, there is Nothing that one could imagine, at first View, could occasion it: The Plot of a contemptible *Savage*, and two drunken Sailors, whom he had absolutely in his Power! It could be no Apprehension of Danger then, that could cause it. But, reflecting more attentively, we shall find, (agreeably to our Poet's wonderful knowledge of Nature,) there was something in the Case, with which great Minds are most deeply affected; and that is, the Resentment of Ingratitude. He recall'd to his Mind the Obligations this *Caliban* lay under for the Instructions he had receiv'd from him, and the Conveniences of Life he had taught him to use. But these Reflections of *Caliban's* Ingratitude would naturally recall to mind his Brother's: and then these two, working together, were very capable of producing all the Disorder of Passion here represented. That these Two, who had receiv'd at his hands the two best Gifts that Mortals are capable of, when rightly apply'd, *Regal Power* and the *Use of Reason*; that These, in return, should conspire against the Life of the Donor, would certainly afflict a generous Mind to its utmost Bearing. As these Reflections do so much Honour to that surprizing Knowledge of human Nature, which is so apparently our Author's Masterpiece, it cannot, sure, be thought unnecessary to set them in a proper Light.

Mr. Warburton.

Ari.

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

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ari. I told you, Sir, they were red hot with drinking; So full of valour, that they smote the air For breathing in their faces; beat the ground For kissing of their feet; yet always bending Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor, At which, like unbackt colts, they prickt their ears, Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses, As they smelt musick; so I charm'd their ears, That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through Tooth'd briars; sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns, Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them I' th' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell, There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul lake O'er-stunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird; Thy shape invisible retain thou still; The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither, For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go.

[*Exit.*

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains, Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost; And, as with age, his body uglier grows, So his mind cankers; I will plague them all, Even to roaring: come, hang them on this line.

[*Prospero remains invisible.*

Enter Ariel loaden with glistering apparel, &c. Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not Hear a foot fall; we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your *Fairy*, which you say is a harmless *Fairy*, has done little better than plaid the *Jack* with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss, at which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste.

Ste. So is mine: do you hear, monster? if I should take a displeasure against you; look you ——

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still:

Be patient, for the prize, I'll bring thee to,
Shall hood-wink this mischance; therefore, speak softly;
All's husht as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,——

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

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

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my King, be quiet: see'st thou here,
This is the mouth o' th' cell; no noise, and enter;
Do that good mischief, which may make this Island
Thine own for ever; and I, thy *Caliban*,
For ay thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

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

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool, it is but trash.

Trin. Oh, oh, monster; we know what belongs to a frippery; —— O, King *Stephano*!

Ste. Put off that gown, *Trinculo*; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsie drown this fool! what do you mean,
To doat thus on such luggage? let's along,
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do; we steal by line and level, and't like your Grace.

Ste.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest, here's a garment for't : wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am King of this country : steal by line and level, is an excellent pass of pate ; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't ; we shall lose our time, And all be turn'd to barnacles, or apes With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers ; help to bear this away, where my hoghead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom ; go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers spirits in shape of bounds, hunting them about ; Prospero and Ariel setting them on. Calib. Steph. and Trinc. driven out, roaring.

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey.

Ari. Silver ; there it goes, Silver.

Pro. Fury, Fury ; there, Tyrant, there ; hark, hark ; Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints With dry convulsions ; shorten up their sinews With aged cramps ; and more pinch-spotted make them, Than pard, or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour Lye at my mercy all mine enemies : Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou Shalt have the air at freedom ; for a little, Follow, and do me service.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T

A C T V.

S C E N E, *before the Cell.*

Enter Prospero in his magick robes, and Ariel.

P R O S P E R O.

N O W does my project gather to a head;
My charms crack not; my spirits obey, and
time

Goes upright with his carriage: how's the Day?

Ari. On the sixth hour, at which time, my lord,
You said, our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest; say, my spirit,
How fares the King and's followers?

Ari. Confin'd
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them, all your prisoners, Sir,
In the *Lime-Grove* which weather-fends your cell.
They cannot budge, 'till your release. The King,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow and dismay; but, chiefly,
Him that you term'd the good old lord *Gonzalo*.
His tears run down his beard, like winter drops
From eaves of reeds; your charm so strongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Do'st thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not my self,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,

Passion

Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art? (28)
 Tho' with their high wrongs I am struck to th' quick,
 Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
 Do I take part; the rarer action is
 In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent,
 The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
 Not a frown further; go, release them, *Ariel*;
 My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
 And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and
 groves,

And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
 Do chase the ebbing *Neptune*; and do fly him,
 When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
 By moon-shine do the green four ringlets make,
 Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
 Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
 To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
 (Weak masters tho' ye be) I have be-dimm'd
 The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
 And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
 Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
 Have I giv'n fire, and risted *Jove's* stout oak
 With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
 Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt up.

(28) *Passion'd as they,*] Thus Mr. *Pope* in both his Editions. But
 all the authentick Copies read;

Passion as they ———

i. e. feel the Force of Passion; am mov'd with it. So again *Julia*, in
 the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*;

*Madam, 'twas Ariadne passioning
 For Theseus' Perjury, and unjust Flight.*

So, in *Titus Andronicus*, he makes a Verb of *passionate*, signifying, to
 express the Passion, the Distress of, &c.

*Thy Neice and I, poor Creatures, want our hands,
 And cannot passionate our tenfold Grief
 With folded Arms.*

And in his Poem, call'd, *Venus and Adonis*, our Author uses *Passion* as a
 Verb, meaning, to grieve:

Dumbly she passions, frantickly she doateth.

The pine and cedar : graves at my command (29)
 Have wak'd their sleepers; op'd, and let them forth
 By my so potent art. But this rough magick
 I here abjure; and when I have requir'd
 Some heav'nly musick, which ev'n now I do,
 (To work mine end upon their senses, that
 This airy charm is for;) I'll break my staff;
 Bury it certain fadoms in the earth;
 And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
 I'll drown my book. [Solemn musick.]

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

A solemn air, and the best comforter
 To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains
 Now useles, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
 For you are spell-stopt. ———
 Holy *Gonzalo*, honourable man,
 Mine eyes, ev'n sociable to th' shew of thine,
 Fall fellow-drops. ——— The charm dissolves apace;
 And as the morning steals upon the night,
 Melting the darkness; so their rising senses
 Begin to chase the ign'rant fumes, that mantle
 Their clearer reason. O my good *Gonzalo*,
 My true preserver, and a loyal Sir
 To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces

(29) ——— Graves at my Command

Have wak'd their Sleepers;] As odd, as this Expression is, of *Graves waking their Dead*, instead of, the Dead waking in their Graves, I believe, it may be justified by the Usage of Poets. *Beaumont and Fletcher*, in their *Bonduca*, speaking of the Power of Fame, make it wake Graves,

Wakens the ruin'd Monuments, and there,
 Where Nothing but eternal Death and Sleep is,
 Informs again the dead Bones.

And *Virgil*, speaking of *Rome* as a City, says, it surrounded its seven Hills with a Wall.

*Scilicet & rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma,
 Septemque una sibi muro circumdedit arces.*

Home both in word and deed. — Most cruelly
 Didst thou, *Alonso*, use me and my daughter :
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the act ;
 Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, *Sebastian*, flesh and blood. (30)
 You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
 Expell'd remorse and nature ; who with *Sebastian*
 (Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
 Would here have kill'd your King ; I do forgive thee,
 Unnat'ral though thou art. Their understanding
 Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
 Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
 That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them,
 That yet looks on me, or would know me. — *Ariel*,
 Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell ;
 I will dis-case me, and my self present,
 [Exit *Ariel*, and returns immediately.]
 As I was sometime *Milan* : quickly, Spirit ;
 Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ariel sings, and helps to attire him.
Where the bee sucks, there lurk I ; (31)
In a cowslip's bell I lie :
There I couch, when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After Sunset, merrily. (32)

Merrily.

(30) *Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian. Flesh and Blood,*] I by no means think, this was our Author's Pointing ; or that it gives us his Meaning. He would say, that *Sebastian* now was pinch'd thro' and thro' for his Trespas ; felt the Punishment of it all over his Body ; a like manner of Expression we meet with in King *Lear* ;

————— wipe thine eye ;
The good-jers shall devour them, flesh and fell,
E'er they shall make us weep.
 And so our CHAUCER, in the first Book of his *Troilus and Cressida*.
 ——— that he and all his kinne at ones
Were worthy to be brent, both fell and bones.

(31) *Where the Bee sucks, there suck I ;*] I have ventur'd to vary from the printed Copies here. Could *Ariel*, a Spirit of a refin'd ætherial Essence, be intended to want Food ? Besides the sequent Lines rather countenance *lurk*.

(32) *After Summer merrily*] Why, *after Summer* ? Unless We must suppose, our Author alluded to that mistaken Notion of *Bats*, *Swallows*, &c. crossing the Seas in pursuit of hot Weather. I conjectured, in my

*Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom, that hangs on the bough.*

Pro. Why, that's my dainty *Ariel*; I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom. So, so, so.
To the King's ship, invisible as thou art;
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I pr'ythee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat.

[*Exit.*

SHAKESPEARE restor'd, that Sunset was our Author's Word: And this Conjecture Mr. *Pope*, in his last Edition, thinks probably should be espoused. My Reasons for the Change were from the known Nature of the *Bat*. The *Hou* sleeps during the Winter, say the Naturalists; and so does the *Bat* too. (*Upupa dormit hyeme, sicut & Vespertilio.* Albert. Mag.) Again, Flies and Gnats are the favourite Food of the *Bat*, which he procures by flying about in the Night. (*Cibus ejus sunt Muscæ & Culices: quem nocte volans inquirat.* Idem, è *Plinio.*) But this is a Diet, which, I presume, he can only come at in the Summer Season. Another Observation has been made, that when Bats fly either earlier, or in greater Number than usual, it is a Sign the next day will be hot and serene. (*Vespertiliones, si vesperi citius & plures solito volarint, Signum est Calorem & Serenitatem postridiè fore.* Gratarolus apud *Gesner. de Avibus.*) This Prognostick likewise only suits with Summer. Again, the *Bat* was call'd *Vespertilio* by the *Latins*, as it was *Nuxleis* by the *Greeks*, because this Bird is not visible by Day; but appears first about the Twilight of the Evening, and so continues to fly during the dark Hours. And the Poets, whenever they mention this Bird, do it without any Allusion to the Season of the Year; but constantly have an Eye to the accustom'd Hour of its Flight. In the Second Act of this Play, where *Gonzalo* tells *Antonio* and *Sebastian*, that they would lift the Moon out of her Sphere, *Sebastian* replies;

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

So, in *Macbeth*, when the Approach of the Night is describ'd, in which *Banquo* was to be murder'd,

————— *Ere the Bat hath flown
His cloister'd Flight; ere to black Hecat's Summons
The shard-born Beetle with his drowsy Hums
Hath rung Night's yawning Peal.*

And *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their *Passionate Madman*;

*Fountain-heads, and pathless Groves,
Places, which pale Passion loves;
Moonlight Walks, when all the Fowls
Are warmly hous'd, save Bats and Owls.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here; some heav'nly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, Sir King,
The wronged Duke of *Milan*, *Prospero*:
For more assurance that a living Prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Be'st thou he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know; thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and since I saw thee,
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a Madness held me; this must crave
(And if this be at all) a most strange story:
Thy Dukedom I resign, and do intreat,
Thou pardon me my wrongs; but how should *Prospero*
Be living, and be here?

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measur'd or confin'd.

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

Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' th' Isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain: welcome, my friends all.
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his Highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors; at this time
I'll tell no tales.

Seb. The devil speaks in him.

Pro. No: ———

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

Alon. If thou be'st *Prospero*,
Give us particulars of thy preservation,

How

How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wrackt upon this shore; where I have lost
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)

My dear son *Ferdinand*.

Pro. I'm woe for't, Sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss, and Patience
Says, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss, I have her sov'reign aid,
And rest my self content.

Alon. You the like loss?

Pro. As great to me, as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?

O heav'ns! that they were living both in *Naples*,
The King and Queen there; that they were, I wish,
My self were mudded in that oozy bed,
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason; and scarce think,
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but howsoe'er you have
Been juttled from your senses, know for certain,
That I am *Prospero*, and that very Duke
Which was thrust forth of *Milan*; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wrackt, was landed
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, Sir;
'This cell's my court; here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad; pray you, look in;
My Dukedom since you've given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder to content ye,
As much as me my Dukedom.

SCENE opens to the Entrance of the Cell.

Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda
playing at Chess.

Mira. SWEET lord, you play me false,
Fer. No, my dear love,
I would not for the world.

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

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

Seb. A most high miracle!

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
I've curs'd them without cause.

Alon. Now all the blessings [Ferd. kneels.
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mira. O! wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here?
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she's mortal;
But, by immortal providence, she's mine.
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his Advice: nor thought, I had one: she
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers;
But, oh, how odly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

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

Gon. I've inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you Gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown:
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way,
Which brought us hither!

Alon. I say, *Amen, Gonzalo!*

Gon. Was *Milan* thrust from *Milan*, that his issue
Should become Kings of *Naples*? O rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
In gold on lasting pillars! in one voyage
Did *Claribel* her husband find at *Tunis*;
And *Ferdinand*, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himself was lost; *Prospero* his Dukedom,
In a poor Isle; and all of us, our selves,
When no man was his own.

Alon. Give me your hands:
Let grief, and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be't so, *Amen!*

Enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.

O look, Sir, look, Sir, here are more of us!
I prophesy'd, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'ft grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? what is the news?

Boatsf. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our King and company; the next, our ship,
Which but three glasses since we gave out split,
Is tight and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

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

Pro. My tricksey spirit!

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

Boats. If I did think, Sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead a-sleep,
And, how we know not, all clapt under hatches,
Where but ev'n now with strange and sev'ral noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld (33)
Our royal, good and gallant ship; our master
Cap'ring to eye her; on a trice, so please you,
Ev'n in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done?

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

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod,
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of; some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my Liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pickt leisure
(Which shall be shortly) single I'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happen'd accidents; till when be chearful,
And think of each thing well. Come hither, spirit;
Set *Caliban* and his companions free:
Untie the spell. How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

(33) *Where we, in all our Trim, freshly beheld*

Our royal, good and gallant Ship; —] What was *their* Trim,
would the Editors have us conceive? The Fright that they had been put
into, by the Diversity of Noises? But, as *Dr. Thirlby* rightly observ'd to
Me, the Trim is to be understood of the Ship, and not of the Crew. And
this very Expression occurs again in the *Comedy of Errors*;

*The Ship is in her Trim; the merry Wind
Blows fair from Land, &c.*

And MILTON has likewise copied the Expression;

————— *Behold a stately Ship,
Proud of her garwdy Trim, comes this way sailing,
With all her Brav'ry on.*

Enter

Enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, in their stolen apparel.

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune; *Coragio*, bully-monster, *Coragio!*

Trin. If these be true spies, which I wear in my head, here's a goodly fight.

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

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

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

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say, if they be true: this mis-shap'd knave,
His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could controul the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power:
These three have robb'd me; and this demy-devil
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life; two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pincht to death.

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

Seb. He's drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe; where should they
Find this grand 'lixir, that hath gilded 'em? (34)

How

(34) *Find this grand Liquor.*] I certainly think, *Shakespeare* wrote 'Lixir' here; alluding to the grand *Elixir* of which the Chymists of that Age told such Wonders, that it would renew Youth, purchase Immortality, &c. and it being, as they pretended, a Preparation of Gold, they call'd it also, *Aurum potabile*: hence, 'tis probable, *Shakespeare* says, *gilded*; and to This, without doubt, he again alludes in his *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*;

*How much art thou unlike Mark Antony?
Yet coming from him, that great Med'cine hath
With his Tinct gilded thee.*

But

How cam'ft thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in fuch a pickle, fince I faw you laft, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I fhall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, *Stephano*?

Ste. O, touch me not: I am not *Stephano*, but a cramp.

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

Ste. I fhould have been a fore one then.

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

Pro. He is as difproportion'd in his manners,
As in his fhape: go, Sirrah, to my cell,
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my Pardon, trim it handfomly.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wife hereafter,
And feek for grace. What a thrice double afs
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god?
And worship this dull fool?

Pro. Go to, away!

Alon. Hence, and beftow your luggage where you
found it.

Seb. Or ftole it rather.

Pro. Sir, I invite your highnefs, and your train,
To my poor cell; where you fhall take your reft
For this one night, which (part of it) I'll wafte
With fuch difcourfe, as, I not doubt, fhall make it
Go quick away; the ftory of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by,
Since I came to this Ifle: and in the morn
I'll bring you to your fhip; and fo to *Naples*;
Where I have hope to fee the nuptials
Of thefe our dear-beloved folemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my *Milan*, where
Every third thought fhall be my grave.

Alon. I long

To hear the ftory of your life, which muft
Take the ear ftrangely.

But, in the Paſſage before us, it feems his Design to joke upon the *Rodomontado* Boaſts of their *Elixir*; and to infinuate, that *Sack* was the only Reftorer of Youth, and Beftower of Immortality.

Mr. Warburton.

Pro.

Pro. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off: My *Ariel*, chick,
That is thy charge: Then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]





EPILOGUE.

Spoken by *Prospero*.

NOW my charms are all o'er-thrown,
And what strength I have's mine own;
Which is most faint: and now, 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my Dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell:
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. For now I want
Spirits t' enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair, (35)
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer;
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy it self, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

(35) *And my ending is Despair,*] The Allusion is very well kept up in this *Epilogue*. And the Actor here is not only applying to the Audience for Favour, in behalf of the Author; but *Prospero* speaks in the Character of a *Magician*; and so (as Mr. *Warburton* hinted to me) alludes to the old Stories told of the *Necromancers'* Despair in their last Moments, and the Prayers of their Friends for them.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

A

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S

DREAM.

Dramatis Personæ.

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*

Egeus, *an Athenian Lord.*

Lysander, *in love with Hermia.*

Demetrius, *in love with Hermia.*

Philostrate, *Master of the Sports to the Duke.*

Quince, *the Carpenter.*

Snug, *the Joiner.*

Bottom, *the Weaver.*

Flute, *the Bellows-mender.*

Snowt, *the Tinker.*

Starveling, *the Tailor.*

Hippolita, *Princess of the Amazons, betroth'd to Theseus.*

Hermia, *Daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.*

Helena, *in love with Demetrius.*

Attendants.

Oberon, *King of the Fairies.*

Titania, *Queen of the Fairies.*

Puck, *or Robin-goodfellow, a Fairy.*

Peaseblossom,

Cobweb,

Moth,

Mustard-seed,

} *Fairies.*

Pyramus,

Thisbe,

Wall,

Moonshine,

Lyon.

} *Characters in the Interlude perform'd by
the Clowns.*

Other Fairies attending on the King and Queen.

SCENE, *Athens; and a Wood not far from it.*



A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S
D R E A M.

A C T I.

SCENE, *the Duke's Palace in Athens.*

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Philostrate, with attendants.

THESEUS.

NOW, fair *Hippolita*, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but oh, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in night;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time:
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, *Philostrate*,
Stir up th' *Athenian* youth to merriments,
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth:
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp. [*Exit Phi.*
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword,

And

And won thy love, doing thee injuries :
 But I will wed thee in another key,
 With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be *Theseus*, our renowned Duke!

The. Thanks, good *Egeus*; what's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation, come I with Complaint
 Against my child, my daughter *Hermia*.

Stand forth, Demetrius. — My noble lord,
 This man hath my consent to marry her.

Stand forth, Lysander. — And, my gracious Duke,
 This man hath witch'd the bosom of my child :
 Thou, thou, *Lysander*, thou hast giv'n her rhimes,
 And interchang'd love-tokens with my child :
 Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
 With feigning voice, verses of feigning love ;
 And stoll'n th' impressiion of her fantasie,
 With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
 Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats ; (messengers
 Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth)
 With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart,
 Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
 To stubborn harshness : And, my gracious Duke,
 Be't so, she will not here before your Grace
 Consent to marry with *Demetrius* ;
 I beg the ancient privilege of *Athens*,
 As she is mine, I may dispose of her :
 Which shall be either to this gentleman,
 Or to her death, according to our law,
 Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, *Hermia*? be advis'd, fair maid.
 To you your father should be as a God,
 One, that compos'd your beauties ; yea, and one,
 To whom you are but as a form in wax
 By him imprinted ; and within his power
 To leave the figure, or disfigure it :

Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is *Lysander*.

The. In himself he is ;

But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would, my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

Her. I do intreat your Grace to pardon me:

I know not, by what pow'r I am made bold;
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts:
But, I beseech your Grace, that I may know
The worst, that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed *Demetrius*.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure

For ever the society of men.

Therefore, fair *Hermia*, question your desires;
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold, fruitless, moon?
'Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage!
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,

Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, to whose unwish'd yolk
My soul consents not to give Sov'reignty.

The. Take time to pause; and by the next new moon,

(The sealing day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship)

Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will;
Or else to wed *Demetrius*, as he would;

Or on *Diana's* altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet *Hermia*; and, *Lysander*, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

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Lys. You have her father's love, *Demetrius*;
Let me have *Hermia's*; do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful *Lysander*! true, he hath my love;
And what is mine, my love shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I do estate unto *Demetrius*.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess't: my love is more than his:
My fortune's ev'ry way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as *Demetrius*:
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous *Hermia*.

Why should not I then prosecute my right?

Demetrius (I'll avouch it to his head)
Made love to *Nedar's* daughter, *Helena*;
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, doats,
Devoutly doats, doats in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confess, that I have heard so much,
And with *Demetrius* thought t' have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it. But, *Demetrius*, come;
And come, *Egeus*; you shall go with me;
I have some private schooling for you both.
For you, fair *Hermia*, look, you arm your self
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of *Athens* yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.

Come, my *Hippolita*; what cheer, my love?

Demetrius, and *Egeus*, go along;
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptials, and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns your selves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. How now, my love? why is your cheek so pale?
How chance, the roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike, for want of rain; which I could well
Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys.

Lys. *Hermia*, for ought that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But, either, it was different in blood ———

Her. O cross! -- too high, to be enthrall'd to low! -- (1)

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years ———

Her. O spite! too old, to be engag'd to young!

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends ———

Her. O hell! to chuse love by another's eye!

Lys. Or if there were a sympathy in choice,

War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a spleen) unfolds both heav'n and earth;
And ere a man hath power to say, Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up;
So quick bright things come to confusion. ———

Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross,

(1) *Too high, to be enthrall'd to Love.*] This Reading possesses all the Editions, but carries no just meaning in it. Nor was *Hermia* displeas'd at being in Love; but regrets the Inconveniencies, that generally attend the Passion: Either, the Parties are disproportion'd, in degree of Blood and Quality; or unequal, in respect of Years; or brought together by the Appointment of Friends, and not by their own Choice. These are the Complaints represented by *Lysander*; and *Hermia*, to answer to the first, as she has done to the other two, must necessarily say;

O Cross! ——— *too high, to be enthrall'd to low!*

So the *Antithesis* is kept up in the Terms; and so she is made to console the Disproportion of Blood and Quality in Lovers. And This is one of the Curses, that *Venus*, on seeing *Adonis* dead, prophesies shall always attend Love, in our Author's Poem, call'd, *V E N U S* and *A D O N I S*—
Stanz. 190.

*Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesse,
Sorrow on Love hereafter shall attend;
It shall be waited on with Jealousie;
Find sweet Beginning, but unsav'ry End:
Ne'er settled equally, to high, or low;
That all Love's Pleasures shall not match his Woe.*

And so the Young Prince complains, in the *Winter's Tale*:

Leon. ——— You are married?

Flo. *We are not, Sir, nor are We like to be:
The Stars, I see, will kiss the Vallies first;
The Odds for high and low's alike.*

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It stands as an edict in destiny:

Then, let us teach our tryal patience:

Because it is a customary cross,

As due to love, as thoughts and dreams, and sighs,

Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers!

Lys. A good persuasion; therefore hear me, *Hermia*.

I have a widow-aunt, a dowager

Of great revenue, and she hath no child;

From *Athens* is her house remov'd seven leagues,

And she respects me as her only son.

There, gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee;

And to that place the sharp *Athenian* law

Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me then,

Steal forth thy father's house to morrow night;

And in the wood, a league without the town,

Where I did meet thee once with *Helena*

To do observance to the morn of *May*,

There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good *Lysander*,

I swear to thee by *Cupid's* strongest bow,

By his best arrow with the golden head,

By the simplicity of *Venus'* doves,

By that, which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;

And by that fire which burn'd the *Carthage* Queen,

When the false *Trojan* under sail was seen;

By all the vows that ever men have broke,

In number more than ever women spoke;

In that same place thou hast appointed me,

To morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes *Helena*.

Enter Helena.

Her. God speed, fair *Helena!* whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unfair;

Demetrius loves you, fair; O happy fair!

Your eyes are load-stars, and your tongue's sweet air

More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,

When wheat is green, when haw-thorn buds appear.

Sickness is catching: oh, were favour so!

Your words I'd catch, fair *Hermia*, ere I go;

My

My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye;
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.
O teach me, how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of *Demetrius'* heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. Oh, that your frowns would teach my smiles
such skill!

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. Oh, that my pray'rs could such affection move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His Folly, *Helena*, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None, but your beauty; would that fault were
mine!

Her. Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;

Lysander and my self will fly this place.

Before the time I did *Lysander* see,

Seem'd *Athens* like a Paradise to me.

O then, what graces in my love do dwell,

That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell?

Lys. *Helen*, to you our minds we will unfold;

To morrow night, when *Phæbe* doth behold

Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,

Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass;

(A time, that lovers flights doth still conceal)

Through *Athens'* gate have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I

Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lye,

Emptying our bosoms of their counsels sweet; (2)

There

(2) *Emptying our Bosoms of their Counsels swell'd;*
There my Lysander and myself shall meet,
And thence from Athens turn away our Eyes,
To seek new Friends, and strange Companions.]

This whole Scene is strictly in Rhyme; and that it deviates in these two Couplets, I am persuaded, is owing to the Ignorance of the first, and the Inaccuracy of the later, Editors: I have therefore ventur'd to restore the Rhymes, as I make no Doubt but the Poet first gave them. *Sweet* was easily corrupted into *swell'd*, because That made an *Anti-thesias*

There, my *Lysander* and my self shall meet ;
 And thence from *Athens* turn away our eyes,
 To seek new friends and stranger Companies.
 Farewel, sweet play-fellow ; pray thou for us,
 And good luck grant thee thy *Demetrius* !
 Keep word, *Lysander* ; we must starve our sight
 From Lovers' food, 'till morrow deep midnight.

[Exit *Hermia*.]

Lys. I will, my *Hermia*. — *Helena*, adieu ;
 As you on him, *Demetrius* doat on you ! [Exit *Lysander*.]

Hel. How happy some, o'er other some, can be !
 Through *Athens* I am thought as fair as she.
 But what of that ? *Demetrius* thinks not so :
 He will not know ; what all, but he, do know.
 And as he errs, doating on *Hermia*'s eyes,
 So I, admiring of his qualities,
 Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
 Love can transpore to form and dignity :
 Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind ;
 And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blind ;
 Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste ;
 Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste.
 And therefore is love said to be a child,
 Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.

thesis to *Emptying* : and *strange Companions* our Editors thought was plain *English* ; bur *stranger Companies*, a little quaint and unintelligible. It may be necessary, in Proof of my Emendation, to shew, that our Author elsewhere uses the *Substantive Stranger* *adjectively* ; and *Companies*, to signify *Companions*.

King *John*. Act. 5.

Wherein we step after a stranger March
 Upon her gentle Bosom.

Rich. 2. Act. 1.

But tread the stranger Paths of Banishment.

Beaumont and *Fletcher* have used it in the like manner ; *Spanish Curate*, Act. 3.

To bring into my Family, to succeed me,
 The stranger Issue of another's Bed.

2 *Hen.* V. Act. 1.

Since his Addition was to Courses vain,
 His Companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow.

And so, in a parallel Word, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act. 3.
 My Riots past, my wild Societies.

As waggish boys themselves in game forswear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where.
For ere *Demetrius* look'd on *Hermia's* eyne,
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from *Hermia* felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair *Hermia's* flight:
Then to the wood will he, to morrow night,
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expence.
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his fight thither, and back again. [Exit.

S C E N E *changes to a Cottage.*

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snowt, and Starveling.

Quin. IS all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally man by man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scrowl of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all *Athens*, to play in our interlude before the Duke and Dutcheffs, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good *Peter Quince*, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow on to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is the most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of *Pyramus* and *Thisby*.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good *Peter Quince*, call forth your actors by the scrowl. Masters, spread your selves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you. *Nick Bottom*, the weaver.

Bot. Ready: name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, *Nick Bottom*, are set down for *Pyramus*.

Bot. What is *Pyramus*, a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing

ing of it; if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms; I will condole in some measure. To the rest; — yet, my chief humour is for a tyrant; I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a cat in: To make all split — (3) “the raging
“ rocks, and shivering shocks shall break the locks of
“ prison-gates — and *Phibbus* carr shall shine from far,
“ and make and mar the foolish fates” — This was lofty. Now name the rest of the players. This is *Ercles*’ vein, a tyrant’s vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. *Francis Flute*, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You must take *Thisby* on you.

Flu. What is *Thisby*, a wand’ring Knight?

Quin. It is the lady, that *Pyramus* must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That’s all one, you shall play it in a masque; and you may speak as small, as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play *Thisby* too; I’ll speak in a monstrous little voice, *Thisne*, *Thisne*; ah, *Pyramus*, my lover dear, thy *Thisby* dear, and lady dear.

Quin. No, no, you must play *Pyramus*; and *Flute*, you, *Thisby*.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. *Robin Starveling*, the taylor.

Star. Here, *Peter Quince*.

Quin. *Robin Starveling*, you must play *Thisby*’s mother. (4)

(3) *The raging Rocks*
And *shivering Shocks*, &c.] I presume This to be either a Quotation from some sustian old Play, which I have not been able to trace; or if not a direct Quotation, a Ridicule on some bombast Rants, very near resembling it.

(4) — you must play *Thisby*’s Mother.] There seems a double Forgetfulness of our Poet, in relation to the Characters of this Interlude. The Father and Mother of *Thisbe*, and the Father of *Pyramus*, are here mention’d, who do not appear at all in the Interlude: but *Wall* and *Moonshine* are Both employ’d in it, of whom there is not the least Notice taken here.

Tom Snowt, the tinker.

Snowt. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, *Pyramus's* father; my self, *Thisby's* father; *Snug*, the joiner; you, the lion's part; I hope, there is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the Lion too; I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar, that I will make the Duke say, let him roar again, let him roar again.

Quin. If you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Dutchess and the ladies, that they would shriek, and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but *Pyramus*, for *Pyramus* is a sweet-fac'd man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man: therefore you must needs play *Pyramus*.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny-beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your *French* crown-colour'd beard; your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your *French* crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But, masters, here are your parts; and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to morrow night; and meet me in the palace-wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light, there we will rehearse; for if we meet in the city, we shall be dog'd with company,
and

and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet, and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously. Take pains, be perfect, adieu.

Quin. At the Duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold, or cut bow-strings. — [*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

SCENE, a Wood.

Enter a Fairy at one door, and Puck (or Robin-good-fellow) at another.

P U C K.

HOW now, spirit, whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Through bush, through briar,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the Fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green;
The cowslips tall her pensioners be,
In their gold coats spots you see,
Those be rubies, Fairy-favours:
In those freckles live their favours:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewel, thou lob of spirits, I'll be gone,
Our Queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The King doth keep his revels here to night,
Take heed, the Queen come not within his sight.

For

For *Oberon* is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, stol'n from an *Indian King* :
She never had so sweet a changeling ;
And jealous *Oberon* would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild ;
But she per-force with-holds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flow'rs, and makes him all her joy,
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,
But they do square, that all their elves for fear
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Or I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd, and knavish sprite,
Call'd *Robin-goodfellow*. Are you not he,
That fright the maidens of the villageree,
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless hufwife chern ;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm,
Mis-lead night-wand'ers, laughing at their harm ?
Those that *Hobgoblin* call you, and sweet *Puck*,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck.
Are not you he ?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright ;
I am that merry wand'rer of the night ;
I jest to *Oberon*, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly-foal ;
And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab,
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me ;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And tailor cries, and falls into a cough ;
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear,
A merrier hour was never wasted there.

But

But make room, fairy, here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress: would, that he were gone!

*Enter Oberon King of Fairies at one door with his train,
and the Queen at another with hers.*

Ob. Ill met by moon-light, proud *Titania*.

Queen. What, jealous *Oberon*? fairies, skip hence,
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Ob. Tarry, rash wanton; am not I thy lord?

Queen. Then I must be thy lady; but I know,
When thou ha'st stoll'n away from fairy land,
And in the shape of *Corin* sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To am'rous *Phyllida*. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of *India*?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing *Amazon*,
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior *Love*,
To *Theseus* must be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Ob. How can'st thou thus for shame, *Titania*,
Glance at my credit with *Hippolita*;
Knowing, I know thy love to *Theseus*?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From *Perigune*, whom he ravished; (5)
And make him with fair *Ægle* break his faith,
With *Ariadne*, and *Antiopa*?

Queen. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never since the middle summer's spring

(5) *From Perigenia, whom he ravish'd:]* Thus all the Editors, either not knowing, or not attending to, the History of this Lady, have falsely call'd her: but our Author, who diligently perus'd *Plutarch*, and glean'd from him, where his Subject would admit, knew, from the Life of *Theseus*, that her Name was *Perigyné*; (or *Periguné*) by whom *Theseus* had his Son *Melanippus*. She was the Daughter of *Sinnis* a cruel Robber, and Tormenter of Passengers in the Isthmus. *Plutarch* and *Atbenæus* are both express in the Circumstance of *Theseus* ravishing her: and the Former of them adds (as *Diod. Siculus*, *Apollodorus* and *Pausanias*, likewise tell us;) that he killed her Father into the Bargain. I corrected this Mistake of the Name in my *SHAKESPEARE* restor'd; and Mr. *Pope* has vouchsafed to correct from Me in his last Edition.

Met we on hill, in dale, forest; or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made so proud,
That they have over-born their continents.
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere its youth attain'd a beard.
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrion flock;
The nine-mens morris is fill'd up with mud,
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable.
The human mortals want their winter here, (6)

No

(6) ——— *want their Winter* here.] The concluding Word is, certainly, a very dragging *Expletive*: and tho' I have not ventur'd to displace it, I scarce believe it genuine. I once suspected it should be
————— *want their winter* Cheer;

i. e. their Jollity, usual Merry-makings at that Season. Mr. Warburton has ingeniously advanced a more refin'd Emendation; which I'll subjoin with his own Reasoning, in Confirmation.

“ Is it an aggravating Circumstance of the Miseries here recapitulated, that the wretched Sufferers want their Winter? On the contrary, in the Descriptions of the Happiness of the Golden Age, it was always counted an Addition to it, that they wanted Winter. It seems
“ as plain to Me as day, that we ought to read:

————— *want their Winters* heried;

“ i. e. prais'd, celebrated; an Old Word: and the Line, that follows, shews the propriety of it here. The Thing is this; The Winter is the Season for rural Rejoycings on several Accounts; because they have got their Fruits in, and have wherewithal to make merry. (And therefore, well might she say,

The human Mortals want their Winters hereid,

“ when she had described the Dearths of the Seasons, and the fruitless Toil of the Husbandman.) Then, the Gloominess of the Season, and the Vacancy of it, encourage them to it; and lastly, which is principally intimated here, (notwithstanding the Impropriety of the Sentiment, as it is circumstanc'd) since *Christianity*, this Season, on Account of the Birth of
“ the

No night is now with hymn or carol blest;
 Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
 Pale in her anger, washes all the air;
 That rheumatick diseases do abound.
 And thorough this distemperature, we see
 The seasons alter; hoary-headed frosts
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
 And on old *Hyems'* chin, and icy crown,
 An od'rous chaplet of sweet summer-buds
 Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,
 The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
 Their wonted liveries; and th' amazed world,
 By their increase, now knows not which is which;
 And this same progeny of evil comes
 From our debate, from our dissension;
 We are their parents and original.

Ob. Do you amend it then, it lyes in you.
 Why should *Titania* cross her *Oberon*?
 I do but beg a little changeling boy,
 To be my henchman,

Queen. Set your heart at rest,
 The fairy-land buys not the child of me.
 His mother was a votress of my order,
 And, in the spiced *Indian* air by night,
 Full often she hath gossipt by my side;
 And sat with me on *Neptune's* yellow sands,
 Marking th' embarked traders on the flood,
 When we have laught to see the sails conceive,
 And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind:

“ the Author of our Faith, is particularly devoted to Festivity: and to this
 “ Custom, be assur'd, *Hymn or Carol blest* alludes.

I should undoubtedly have advanc'd this Conjecture into the Text,
 could I have ever trac'd the Word in any of *Shakespeare's* Writings;
 but I think, he rather seems fond of *hallow'd*. *CHAUCER* and
SPENCER, I know, Both use *herie*, very frequently: from the
 Latter I'll produce a Passage, where in one Couplet it is join'd with
Hymn and *Carol*, as here in our Author;

*Tho' wouldst thou learn to carol of Love,
 And hery with hymns thy Lasses Glove.*

Viz. Shepherd's Kalendar, for the Month of February.

Which she, with pretty and with swimming gate, (7)
Follying (her womb then rich with my young squire)
Would imitate; and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage rich with merchandize.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy;
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Queen. Perchance, 'till after *Theseus'* wedding day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moon-light revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Ob. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Queen. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Elves, away:
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

[*Exeunt Queen and her Train.*]

Ob. Well, go thy way; thou shalt not from this grove,
'Till I torment thee for this injury. —

My gentle *Puck*, come hither; thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a Mermaid, on a Dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's musick.

Puck. I remember.

Ob. That very time I saw, but thou could'st not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,

(7) *Which she with pretty and with swimming gate,
Following (her Womb then rich with my young Squire)*

Would imitate;] Following *What?* She did not follow the Ship
whose Motion she imitated; for That sail'd on the Water, She on the
Land. And if by *following*, we are to understand, *copying*; it is a
mere *Pleonasm*, that Meaning being included in the Word *imitate*.
From Circumstances in the Context, there is great Reason to think our
Author wrote, *follying*. i. e. wantoning, in Sport and Gaiety; so the old
Writers used *Follity* for Foolishness; and Both Words are from, and in
the Sense of *folâtrer*, to play the Wanton. And this admirably agrees
with the Action, for which she is here commended, and with the Con-
text; — *full often has she gossip'd by my side*, and, *When we have
laugh'd to see, &c.*

Mr. Warbarton:

Cupid

Cupid alarm'd: a certain aim he took (8)
 At a fair Vestal, throned by the west,
 And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
 But I might see young *Cupid's* fiery shaft
 Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon,
 And the Imperial Votress pass'd on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
 Yet mark'd I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell,
 It fell upon a little western flower;
 Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound;
 And maidens call it Love in idleness.
 Fetch me that flow'r; (the herb I shew'd thee once;)
 The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid,
 Will make or man, or woman, madly doat
 Upon the next live creature that it sees.
 Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again,
 Ere the *Leviathan* can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
 In forty minutes.

[*Exit.*]

Ob. Having once this juice,
 I'll watch *Titania* when she is asleep,
 And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
 The next thing which she waking looks upon,
 (Be it on lyon, bear, or wolf, or bull,
 On meddling monkey, or on busy ape)
 She shall pursue it with the soul of love:
 And ere I take this charm from off her sight,

(8) *Cupid* all arm'd;] Surely, this presents us with a very unclassical Image. Where do we read or see, in ancient Books, or Monuments, *Cupid* arm'd more than with his Bows and Arrows? and with these we for ever see him arm'd. And these are all the Arms he had Occasion for in this present Action; a more illustrious One, than any, his Friends, the Classics, ever brought him upon. — The Change I make is so small, but the Beauty of the Thought so great, which this Alteration carries with it, that, I think, we are not to hesitate upon it. For what an Addition is this to the Compliment made upon this Virgin *Queen's* Celibacy, that it alarm'd the Power of Love? as if his Empire was in Danger, when this *Imperial Votress* had declar'd herself for a single Life: so powerful would her great Example be in the World. — *Queen Elizabeth* could not but be pleas'd with our Author's Address upon this Head.

Mr. Warburton.

(As

(As I can take it with another herb)
I'll make her render up her page to me,
But who comes here? I am invisible, (9)
And I will over-hear their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is *Lysander*, and fair *Hermia*?
The one I'll slay; the other slayeth me. (10)
Thou told'st me, they were stol'n into this wood;
And here am I, and wood within this wood;
Because I cannot meet my *Hermia*.

Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant,
But yet you draw not iron; for my heart
Is true as steel. Leave you your pow'r to draw,
And I shall have no pow'r to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? do I speak you fair?
Or rather do I not in plainest truth
Tell you, I do not, nor I cannot, love you?

Hel. And ev'n for that do I love thee the more;
I am your spaniel; and, *Demetrius*;
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

What worser place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me)
Than to be used, as you use your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick, when I do look on thee.

(9) ———— *I am invisible.*] I thought proper here to observe, that, as *Oberon*, and *Puck* his Attendant, may be frequently observ'd to speak, when there is no mention of their Entering; they are design'd by the Poet to be suppós'd on the Stage during the greatest Part of the Remainder of the Play; and to mix, as they please, as Spirits, with the other Actors; and embroil the Plot, by their Interposition, without being seen, or heard, but when to their own Purpose.

(10) *The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.*] Thus it has been in all the Editions hitherto: but *Dr. Thirlby* ingeniously saw, it must be, as I have corrected in the Text.

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Hel. And I am sick, when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit your self
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege; for that
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore, I think, I am not in the night.
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you in my respect are all the world.
Then how can it be said, I am alone;
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you;
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tyger. Bootless speed!
When cowardise pursues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or if thou follow me, do not believe,
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, *Demetrius*,
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We shou'd be woo'd, and were not made to woo,
I follow thee, and make a heav'n of hell;
To die upon the hand, I love so well. [*Exeunt.*

Ob. Fare thee well, nymph; ere he doth leave this
grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.
Hast thou the flow'r there? welcome, wanderer.

Enter Puck:

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee, give it me;

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lip and the nodding violet grows,
O'er-canopy'd with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.
There sleeps *Titania*, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flow'rs, with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enammel'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove;
A sweet *Athenian* lady is in love
With a disdainful youth; anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he espies
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond of her, than she upon her love;
And, look, you meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so. [*Exit.*]

Enter Queen of fairies, with her train.

Queen. Come, now a roundel, and a *Fairy* song:
Then, 'fore the third part of a minute, hence; (11)
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,
Some war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our queint spirits. Sing me now asleep:
Then to your Offices, and let me rest.

Fairies sing.

*You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy Queen.*

(11) *Then for the third part of a Minute hence,*] But the Queen sets them Work, that is to keep them employ'd for the Remainder of the Night: The Poet, undoubtedly, intended her to say, Dance your Round, and sing your Song, and then instantly (*before* the third part of a Minute) begone to your respective Duties.

Philomel, with melody,
 Sing in your sweet lullaby;
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
 Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh;
 So good night, with lullaby.

2 Fairy.

Weaving spiders come not here;
 Hence, you long-leg'd spinners, hence:
 Beetles black, approach not near,
 Worm, nor snail, do no offence.
 Philomel with melody, &c.

1 Fairy.

Hence, away; now all is well:
 One, aloof, stand Centinel.
 [Exeunt Fairies. The Queen sleeps.]

Enter Oberon.

Ob. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
 Do it for thy true love take;
 Love and languish for his sake;
 Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
 Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
 In thy eye that shall appear,
 When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;
 Wake, when some vile thing is near. [Exit Oberon.]

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
 And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way:
 We'll rest us, *Hermia*, if you think it good,
 And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be't so, *Lysander*; find you out a bed,
 For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both,
 One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Her.

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Her. Nay, good *Lysander*; for my sake, my dear,
Lye further off yet, do not lye so near.

Lys. O take the sense, sweet, of my conference; (12)
Love takes the meaning, in love's innocence;
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;
So that but one heart can you make of it:
Two bosoms, interchained with an oath;
So then two bosoms, and a single troth:
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;
For lying so, *Hermia*, I do not lye.

Her. *Lysander* riddles very prettily;
Now much beshrew my manners, and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to say, *Lysander* ly'd.
But, gentle friend, for love and curtesie
Lye further off; in human modesty,
Such separation, as, may well be said,
Becomes a virtuous batchelor and a maid;
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend;
Thy love ne'er alter, 'till thy sweet life end!

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed; sleep give thee all his rest!

Her. With half that wish, the wisher's eyes be prest!
[*They sleep.*

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But *Athenian* found I none,

(12) O take the Sense, Sweet, of my Innocence;

[Love takes the Meaning in Love's conference.] 'Tis plain here, that the Players, for the sake of the jingle between *Sense* and *Innocence*, transpos'd the two last Words in the two Lines, and so made unintelligible Nonsense of them. Let us adjust them, and This will be the Meaning. When she interpreted his Words to an evil Meaning, he says, O, take the Sense of my Conference; i. e. judge of my Meaning by the Drift of the other part of my Discourse; and let That interpret This. A very proper Rule to be always observ'd, when we would judge of any one's Meaning: The Want of which is the most common Cause of Misinterpretation. He goes on and says, Love takes the Meaning, in Love's Innocence. i. e. The Innocence of your Love may teach you to discover mine. Another very fine Sentiment. So that these two most beautiful Lines were perfectly disfigur'd in the awkward Transposition.

Mr. Warburton.

On whose eyes I might approve
 This flower's force in stirring love :
 Night and silence ! who is here ?
 Weeds of *Athens* he doth wear ;
 This is he, my master said,
 Despised the *Athenian* maid.
 And here the maiden sleeping found
 On the dank and dirty ground.
 Pretty soul ! she durst not lye
 Near to this kill-curtessie. (13)
 Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
 All the pow'r this charm doth owe :
 When thou wak'st, let love forbid
 Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid ;
 So awake, when I am gone :
 For I must now to *Oberon*.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Stay, tho' thou kill me, sweet *Demetrius* !

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me ? do not so.

Dem. Stay, on thy peril ; I alone will go.

[*Exit Demetrius.*]

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chace ;
 The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
 Happy is *Hermia*, wheresoe'er she lyes ;
 For she hath blessed, and attractive, eyes.
 How came her eyes so bright ? not with salt tears ;
 If so, my eyes are oftner wash'd than hers :
 No, no, I am as ugly as a bear ;
 For beasts, that meet me, run away for fear.
 Therefore no marvel, tho' *Demetrius*
 Do (as a monster) fly my presence thus.

(13) *Near to this lack-love, this kill-curtessie.*] Thus, in all the printed Editions. But this Verse, as *Ben. Jonson* says, is broke loose from his Fellows, and wants to be tyed up. I believe, the Poet wrote ;

Near to this kill-courtesie.

And so the Line is reduced to the Measure of the other. But this Term being somewhat quaint and uncommon, the Players, in my Opinion, officiously clap'd in the other, as a Comment ; and so it has ever since held Possession.

What

What wicked, and dissembling, glass of mine
Made me compare with *Hermia's* spherish eyne?

But who is here? *Lysander* on the ground:
Dead or asleep? I see no blood, no wound:

Lysander, if you live, good Sir, awake.

Lys. And run thro' fire I will, for thy sweet sake.

[*Waking.*

Transparent *Helén*, nature here shews art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.

Where is *Demetrius*? Oh, how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, *Lysander*; say not so;
What tho' he love your *Hermia*? lord, what tho'?
Yet *Hermia* still loves you; then be content.

Lys. Content with *Hermia*? no: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent;
Not *Hermia*, but *Héléna* I love:

Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd;
And reason says, you are the worthier maid,
Things, growing, are not ripe until their season;
So I, being young, 'till now ripe not to reason;
And, touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mock'ry born?
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn:
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from *Demetrius'* eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong; good sooth, you do;
In such disdainful manner me to woo:
But fare you well. Perforce I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness:
Oh, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd!

[*Exit.*

Lys. She sees not *Hermia*; *Hermia*, sleep thou there;
And never may'st thou come *Lysander* near;

For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
 The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
 Or as the heresies, that men do leave,
 Are hated most of those they did deceive;
 So thou, my surfeit and my heresie,
 Of all be hated, but the most of me!

And all my pow'rs address your love and might
 To honour *Helen*, and to be her Knight. [Exit.

Her. Help me, *Lysander*, help me! do thy best
 To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast:
 Ay me, for pity, what a dream was here?

Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear;
 Me-thought, a serpent eat my heart away;
 And you sat smiling at his cruel prey:

Lysander! what remov'd? *Lysander*, lord!
 What, out of hearing gone? no sound, no word?
 Alack, where are you? speak, and if you hear,
 Speak, of all loves; (I swoon almost, with fear.)
 No? — then I well perceive, you are not nigh;
 Or death, or you, I'll find immediately. [Exit.

A C T III.

SCENE, *The Wood.*

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout and
 Starveling.

The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.

BOTTOM.

ARE we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hauthorn-brake our tyring house, and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot.

Bot. Peter Quince,——

Quin. What say'st thou, bully *Bottom*?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus* and *Thisby*, that will never please. First, *Pyramus* must draw a sword to kill himself, which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'r'laken, a parlous fear?

Star. I believe, we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit, I have a device to make all well; write me a prologue, and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that *Pyramus* is not kill'd indeed; and for more better assurance tell them, that I *Pyramus* am not *Pyramus*, but *Bottom* the weaver; this will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue, and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afraid of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with your selves; to bring in, God shield us, a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore another prologue must tell, he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect; ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or I would request you, or I would intreat you, not to fear, not to tremble; my life for yours; if you think, I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life; no, I am no such thing, I am a man as other men are; and there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is *Snug* the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber;

ber; for, you know, *Pyramus* and *Thisby* meet by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A kalendar, a kalendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the Person of moon-shine. Then there is another thing; we must have a wall in the great chamber, for *Pyramus* and *Thisby* (says the story) did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a wall. What say you, *Bottom*?

Bot. Some man or other must present Wall; and let him have some plaster, or some lome, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall: Or let him hold his fingers thus; and through the cranny shall *Pyramus* and *Thisby* whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. *Pyramus*, you begin; when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck, behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy Queen?
What, a play tow'rd? I'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, *Pyramus*; *Thisby*, stand forth.

Pyr. *Thisby*, the flower of odious favours sweet.

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr.

Pyr. Odours, favours sweet.

So doth thy breath, my dearest *Thisby*, dear;

But hark, a voice! stay thou but here a whit; (14)

And, by and by, I will to thee appear. [*Exit. Pyr.*]

Puck. A stranger *Pyramus* than e'er plaid here! [*Aside.*]

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

This. Most radiant *Pyramus*, most lilly-white of hue,

Of colour like the red rose on triumphant bryer,

Most brisky *Juvenile*, and eke most lovely *Jew*,

As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,

I'll meet thee, *Pyramus*, at *Ninny's* tomb.

Quin. *Ninus'* tomb, man; why you must not speak that yet: that you answer to *Pyramus*; you speak all your part at once, cues and all. *Pyramus*, enter; your cue is past; it is, never tire.

Re-enter Bottom, with an Ass-head.

This. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

Pyr. If I were fair, *Thisby*, I were only thine.

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted; pray, masters; fly, masters; help! [*The Clowns exeunt.*]

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through
bryer;

Sometimes a horse I'll be, sometimes a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire,

(14) ———— *stay thou but here a while;*] The Verses here, 'tis plain, should be alternately in Rhyme: but *sweet* in the Close of the first Line, and *while* in the third, will not do for this purpose. The Author, doubtless, gave it;

————— *stay thou but here a whit;*

i. e. a little while: for so it signifies, as also any thing of no Price, or Consideration; a trifle: in which Sense it is very frequent with our Author. *Bottom* before in this Scene, says;

Not a whit; I have a Device to make all well;

And, in *Hamlet*;

No, not a whit; we defy Augury.

And in *K. Richard III.*

Woe, woe, for England! not a whit, for Me.

And

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And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire at every turn. [*Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of
them to make me afeard.

Enter Snowt.

Snowt. O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; what do I see
on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an afs-head of your
own, do you?

Enter Quince.

Quin. Bless thee, *Bottom*, bless thee; thou art trans-
lated. [*Exit.*

Bot. I see their knavery, this is to make an afs of me,
to fright me if they could; but I will not stir from
this place, do what they can; I will walk up and
down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am
not afraid. [*Sings.*

The Ousef cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill.

Queen. What angel wakes me from my flow'ry bed?
[*waking.*

Bot. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark, [*Sings.*
The plain-song cuckow gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay.

For, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird?
who would give a bird the lye, tho' he cry cuckow
never so?

Queen. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again;
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note, (15)
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force (perforce) doth move me,
On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot.

(15) *Mine Ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
On the first View to say, to swear, I love thee;
So is mine eye enthralled to thy Shape,
And thy fair Virtue's force (perforce) doth move me.]*

Thus the
Generality

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Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days. The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

Queen. Thou art as wise, as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Queen. Out of this wood do not desire to go, Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no. I am a spirit of no common rate;

The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee; therefore, go with me,
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.

Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed! (16)

Enter four Fairies.

1 *Fair.* Ready.

2 *Fair.* And I.

3 *Fair.* And I.

4 *Fair.* And I, where shall we go?

Queen. Be kind, and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambole in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs and mulberries,

Generality of the Impressions have shuffled, and confused these Verses, to the utmost degree of Obscurity and Nonsense: but I have from one of the old *Quarto's* reduced 'em to Clearness and Order: and as, without knowing such an Authority for it, *Dr. Thirlby* ingeniously hinted to Me, they should be placed.

(16) *Enter Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustardseed, and four Fairies.*] Here the common Editions have been so extravagant as to split four Fairies into eight: but the old *Quarto Impressions* both came into my Assistance to reduce 'em to their right Number. The *Queen* calls them by their respective Names, and immediately the four Fairies enter upon Call.

The honey-bags steal from the humble bees,
 And for night tapers crop their waxen thighs,
 And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
 To have my love to bed, and to arise:
 And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
 To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes;
 Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 *Fair.* Hail, mortal, hail!

2 *Fair.* Hail! ———

3 *Fair.* Hail! ———

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy heartily; I beseech,
 your worship's name.

Cob. *Cobweb.*

Bot. I shall desire of you more acquaintance, good
 master *Cobweb*; if I cut my finger, I shall make bold
 with you. Your name, honest gentleman?

Pease. *Peaseblossom.*

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress *Squash* your
 mother, and to master *Peasecod* your father. Good
 master *Peaseblossom*, I shall desire of you more acquaint-
 ance too. Your name, I beseech you, Sir?

Mus. *Mustardseed.*

Bot. Good master *Mustardseed*, I know your patience
 well: that same cowardly giant-like Ox-beef hath de-
 vour'd many a gentleman of your house. I promise
 you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now.
 I desire more of your acquaintance, good master *Mus-
 tardseed*.

Queen. Come, wait upon him, lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a watry eye,
 And when she weeps, weep ev'ry little flower;
 Lamenting some enforced chastity!

Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter King of Fairies.

Ob. I wonder, if *Titania* be awak'd:
 Then what it was that next came in her eye,
 Which she must doat on in extremity.

Enter

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger! how now, mad sprite,
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon *Athenian* stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great *Theseus'* nuptial day.
The shallow'st thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who *Pyramus* presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake;
When I did him at this advantage take,
An Ass's nose I fixed on his head;
Anon, his *Thisby* must be answered,
And forth my minnock comes: when they him spy,
As wild geese, that the creeping fowler eye,
Or ruffet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from *Athens* calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong.
For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch,
Some sleeves, some hats; from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet *Pyramus* translated there:
When in that moment (so it came to pass),
Titania wak'd, and straitway lov'd an ass.

Ob. This falls out better, than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd the *Athenian's* eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping; that is finish'd too;
And the *Athenian* woman by his side,
That, when he wakes, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ob. Stand close, this is the same *Athenian*.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse;
For thou, I fear, hast giv'n me cause to curse:
If thou hast slain *Lysander* in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me. Would he have stol'n away
From sleeping *Hermia*? I'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the moon
May through the center creep, and so displease
Her brother's noon-tide with th' *Antipodes*.
It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look, so dread, so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look; and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you the murderer look as bright, and clear,
As yonder *Venus* in her glimm'ring sphere.

Her. What's this to my *Lysander*? where is he?
Ah, good *Demetrius*, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I'd rather give his carcass to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the
bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men.
O! once tell true, and even for my sake,
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake?
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder do so much?
An adder did it, for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood;
I am not guilty of *Lysander's* blood,
Nor is he dead, for ought that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem.

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Dem. And if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege never to see me more;
And from thy hated presence part I so:
See me no more, whether he's dead or no. [Exit.

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein,
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain:
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow,
For debt, that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his Tender here I make some stay. [Lies down.

Ob. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid thy love-juice on some true love's sight:
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules, that one man holding troth
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Ob. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And *Helena* of *Athens*, see, thou find.
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer;
With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood dear
By some illusion, see, thou bring her here;
I'll charm his eyes, against she doth appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look, how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the *Tartar's* bow. [Exit.

Ob. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with *Cupid's* archery,
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the *Venus* of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

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Ob. Stand aside : the noise, they make,
Will cause *Demetrius* to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one ;
That must needs be sport alone.
And those things do best please me,
That befall prepost'rously.

Enter Lyfander and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think, that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears.
Look, when I vow, I weep ; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears :

How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true ?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more ;
When truth kills truth, O devilish, holy, fray !
These vows are *Hermia's* : will you give her o'er ?

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh ;
Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lys. *Demetrius* loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [*awaking*] O *Helen*, goddess, nymph, perfect,
divine,

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne ?
Crystal is muddy ; O how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow !
That pure congealed white, high *Taurus'* snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
When thou hold'st up thy hand. O let me kiss
This Princess of pure white, this seal of bliss.

Hel. O spight, O hell ! I see, you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment :
If you were civil, and knew courtesie,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too ?
If you are men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so :

To vow and swear, and super-praise my parts;
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love *Hermia*,
And now both rivals to mock *Helena*.

A trim exploit, a manly enterprize, (17)
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! none of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, *Demetrius*; be not so;
For you love *Hermia*; this, you know, I know.
And here with all good will, with all my heart,
In *Hermia*'s love I yield you up my part;
And yours of *Helena* to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. *Lysander*, keep thy *Hermia*, I will none;
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her but, as guest-wife, sojourn'd;
And now to *Helen* it is home return'd,
There ever to remain.

Lys. It is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith, thou dost not know,
Lest to thy peril thou abide it dear.
Look, where thy love comes, yonder is thy dear.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes:
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not by mine eye, *Lysander*, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

(17) *A trim Exploit, a manly Enterprize.*] This Reproach, in the Form of it, seems extreamly to have the Cast of That, in the 1st *Ætid*;

*Egregiam verò Laudem, & spolia ampla refertis,
Una dolo Divûm, &c.*

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Her. What love could press *Lysander* from my side?

Lys. *Lysander's* love, that would not let him bide,
Fair *Helena*; who more engilds the night,
Than all yon fiery O's and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate, I bear thee, made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not, as you think: it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confed'racy;
Now, I perceive, they have conjoin'd all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious *Hermia*, most ungrateful maid,
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us; O! and is all forgot?
All school-days friendship, childhood innocence?
We, *Hermia*, like two artificial gods,
Created with our needles both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion;
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds
Had been incorp'rate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition;
Two lovely berries molded on one stem,
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry, (18)
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly;
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

(18) *Two of the first Life, coats in Heraldry, Due but to One, and crowned with one Crest.*] The true Correction of this Passage I owe to the Friendship and Communication of the ingenious *Martin Folks, Esq;* ——— Two of the *first, second, &c.* are Terms peculiar in *Heraldry* to distinguish the different *Quarterings* of *Coats*.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words:
I scorn you not; it seems, that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set *Lysander*, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, *Demetrius*,
(Who, even but now, did spurn me with his foot)
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? wherefore speaks he this,
To her he hates? and wherefore doth *Lysander*
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection;
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate;
But miserable most, to love unlov'd?
This you should pity, rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me, when I turn my back;
Wink each at other, hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument:
But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine own fault,
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle *Helena*; hear my excuse;
My love, my life, my soul, fair *Helena*.

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel, no more than she entreat:
Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak
Prayers. (19)

(19) *Thy Threats have no more Strength than her weak Praise.*]
This Line is certainly but an Enlargement upon, or rather a Variation
in Terms of the Sense of the preceding Line. But, in That, there is a
design'd *Antithesis* betwixt *compel* and *entreat*: this Contrast of Terms is
wanting, in *Threats* and *Praise*: wherefore We need make no Diffi-
culty of substituting *Prayers*. Indeed, my Suspicion is, the Poet might
have coin'd a Substantive plural, (from the verb, to *pray*) *Prays*; i. e.
Prayings, Entreaties, Beseechings; and the Identity of Sound might give
Birth to the Corruption of it into *praise*. But I have chosen the known
and familiar Word.

Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do;
I swear, by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that says, I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come. —

Her. *Lysander*, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you *Ethiope*!

Dem. No, no, he'll seem

To break away; take on as he would follow,
But yet come not; you are a tame man, go.

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr; vile thing, let loose;
Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this?
Sweet love!

Lys. Thy love? out, tawny *Tartar*, out;
Out, loathed medicine: hated poison, hence.

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes, sooth, and so do you.

Lys. *Demetrius*, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would, I had your bond; for, I perceive,
A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harm, than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?

Am not I *Hermia*? are not you *Lysander*?

I am as fair now, as I was ere-while.

Since night, you lov'd me; yet, since night, you left me;
Why then you left me — (O the gods forbid!)

In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my life;

And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore be out of hope, of question, doubt;

Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest;

That I do hate thee, and love *Helena*.

Her. O me, you jugler; oh, you canker-blossom,
You thief of love; what, have you come by night,
And stoll'n my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, i'faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? what, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie, you counterfeit; you puppet, you.

Her. Puppet! why, so: ay, that way goes the game.
Now, I perceive, that she hath made compare
Between our statures; she hath urg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak,
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid, for my cowardice:
Let her not strike me. You, perhaps, may think,
Because she's something lower than my self,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again. ———

Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be so bitter with me;
I evermore did love you, *Hermia*,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood:
He follow'd you, for love I follow'd him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay to kill me too;
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To *Athens* will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further. Let me go.
You see, how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone; who is't, that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with *Lysander*?

Hel. With *Demetrius*.

Lys. Be not afraid, she shall not harm thee, *Helena*.

Dem. No, Sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd;
She was a vixen, when she went to school;
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little, again? nothing but low, and little?
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf,
You *Minimus*, of hind'ring knot-grass made, (20)
You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone, speak not of *Helena*,
Take not her part: for if thou dost intend
Never so little shew of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.

Lys. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'st; to try whose right,
Or thine, or mine, is most in *Helena*.

Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee cheek by jowl.
[*Exeunt Lysander and Demetrius.*]

Her. You, mistress, all this coyl is long of you:
Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I;
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer, though, to run away.

[*Exeunt: Herm. pursuing Helena.*]

Enter Oberon and Puck.

Ob. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries willingly.

(20) *You Minimus, ———*] This is no Term of Art, that I can find;
and I can scarce be willing to think, that *Shakespeare* would use the
Masculine of an Adjective to a Woman. He was not so deficient in
Grammar. I have not ventur'd to disturb the Text; but the Author,
perhaps, might have wrote;

You, Minim, you, ———

i. e. You *Diminutive* of the Creation, you *Reptile*.

In this Sense, to use a more recent Authority, *Milton* uses the Word
in the 7th Book of *Paradise Lost*.

*These as a Line their long Dimension drew,
Streaking the Ground with sinuous Trace; not all
Minims of Nature:*

Puck.

Puck. Believe me, King of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me, I should know the man
By the *Athenian* garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprize,
That I have 'nointed an *Athenian's* eyes;
And so far am I glad it did so sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Ob Thou see'st, these lovers seek a place to fight;
Hie therefore, *Robin*, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as *Acheron*;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to *Lysander*, sometime, frame thy tongue,
Then stir *Demetrius* up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou, like *Demetrius*;
And from each other, look, thou lead them thus;
'Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep;
Then crush this herb into *Lysander's* eye,
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with its might;
And make his eye-balls rowl with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;
And back to *Athens* shall the lovers wend
With league, whose date 'till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my Queen, and beg her *Indian* boy;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines *Aurora's* harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts wandring here and there
Troop home to church-yards; damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They

They willfully exile themselves from light;
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Ob. But we are spirits of another sort;
I with the morning-light have oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Ev'n 'till the eastern gate, all fiery red,
Opening on *Neptune* with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay;
We may effect this business yet ere day. [*Exit Oberon.*

Puck. Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town.
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Enter Lyfander.

Lyf. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius*? speak thou
now.

Puck. Here, villain, drawn and ready. Where art
thou?

Lyf. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then
To plainer ground. [*Lyf. goes out, as following Dem.*

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. *Lyfander*, speak again;
Thou run-away, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak in some bush: where dost thou hide thy head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? come, recreant; come, thou child,
I'll whip thee with a rod; he is defil'd,
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice, we'll try no manhood here.

[*Exeunt.*

Lyfander comes back.

Lyf. He goes before me, and still dares me on;
When I come where he calls me, then he's gone.

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The villain is much lighter-heel'd, than I :
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly ;
That fall'n am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day :

[*Lyes down.*

For if but once thou shew me thy gray light,
I'll find *Demetrius*, and revenge this spight.

Enter Puck and Demetrius.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho, coward, why com'st thou not ?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st : for well I wot,
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place ;
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face,
Where art thou ?

Puck. Come thou hither, I am here.

Dem. Nay, then thou mock'st me ; thou shalt buy
this dear,

If ever I thy face by day-light see.

Now, go thy way ; faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.

By day's approach look to be visited. [*Lyes down.*

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours ; shine, comforts, from the East ;
That I may back to *Athens* by day-light,
From these, that my poor company detest ;
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company. [*Sleeps.*

Puck. Yet but three ? come one more,
Two of both kinds make up four.

Here she comes, curst and sad :

Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briars,
I can no further crawl, no further go ;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires :

Here

Here will I rest me, 'till the break of day.

Heav'ns shield *Lysander*, if they mean a fray! [*Lyes down.*

Puck. On the ground, sleep sound,
I'll apply, to your eye, gentle lover, remedy.

[*Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eye.*

When thou wak'st, thou tak'st

True delight, in the sight, of thy former lady's eye;

And the country proverb known,

That every man should take his own,

In your waking shall be shown.

Jack shall have *Fill*, naught shall go ill,

The man shall have his mare again, and all be well.

[*Exit Puck.* [*They sleep.*

A C T IV.

SCENE, continued, the Wood.

Enter Queen of Fairies, Bottom, Fairies attending, and the King behind them.

QUEEN.

COME, sit thee down upon this flow'ry bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek, smooth'd head;
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's *Peaseblossom*?

Pease. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, *Peaseblossom*. Where's monsieur *Cobweb*?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur *Cobweb*, good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipt humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret your self too much

in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care, the honey-bag break not; I should be loth to have you over-flown with a honey-bag, signior. Where's monsieur *Mustardseed*?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me thy neafe, monsieur *Mustardseed*; pray you, leave your curtesie, good monsieur.

Must. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help *Cavalero Cobweb* to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face. And I am such a tender afs, if my hair doth but tickle me, I must scratch.

Queen. What, wilt thou hear some musick, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in musick; let us have the tongs and the bones.

Rural Musick: Tongs, &c.

Queen. Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay hath no fellow.

Queen. I have a venturous Fairy that shall seek the squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried pease. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Queen. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms; Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away: (21)

So doth the woodbine, the sweet honey-suckle, (22)

Gently

(21] ——— and be always away.] What! was She giving her Attendants an everlasting Dismission? No such Thing; they were to be still upon Duty. I am convinc'd, the Poet meant;

————— and be all ways away.

i. e. disperse your selves; and scout out severally, in your *Watch*, that Danger approach us from no Quarter.

(22) So doth the Woodbine the sweet Honey-suckle

Gently entwist; the female ivy so

Inring-

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Gently entwist the Maple; ivy so
 Enrings the barky fingers of the Elm.
 O, how I love thee! how I doat on thee!

Enter Puck.

Ob. Welcome, good *Robin*; Seest thou this sweet
 fight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity;
 For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
 Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,
 I did upbraid her, and fall out with her;
 For she his hairy temples then had rounded
 With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
 And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
 Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls;
 Stood now within the pretty flouriet's eyes,
 Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
 When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
 And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,
 I then did ask of her her changeling child,
 Which strait she gave me, and her Fairy sent
 To bear him to my bower in Fairy-land.
 And now I have the boy, I will undo
 This hateful imperfection of her eyes:
 And, gentle *Puck*, take this transformed scalp
 From off the head of this *Athenian* swain;
 That he, awaking, when the others do,
 May all to *Athens* back again repair;
 And think no more of this night's accidents,
 But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
 But, first, I will release the Fairy Queen;

*Be, as thou wast wont to be;
 See, as thou wast wont to see:*

Enrings the barky Fingers of the Elm.] What does the *Woodbine* entwist? Why, the *Honeysuckle*. But ever till now the *Honeysuckle* and the *Woodbine* were but two Names for the same Plant. But We have now found a Support for the *Woodbine*, as well as for the *Ivy*. The Corruption might happen thus; the first Blunderer in writing might leave the *p* out of *Maple*, and make it *Male*; upon which the acute Editors turn'd it into *Female*, and tack'd it as an Epithet to *Ivy*.

Mr. Warburton
 Dian's

*Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power. (23)*

Now, my *Titania*, wake you, my sweet Queen.

Queen. My *Oberon*! what visions have I seen!
Methought, I was enamour'd of an ass.

Ob. There lies your love.

Queen. How came these things to pass?

Oh, how mine eyes do loath this visage now!

Ob. Silence, a while; *Robin*, take off his head;

Titania, musick call; and strike more dead (24)

Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

Queen. Musick, ho, musick; such as charmeth sleep.

Still Musick.

Puck. When thou awak'st, with thine own fool's
eyes peep.

Ob. Sound, musick; come, my Queen, take hand
with me,

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity;

And will to morrow midnight solemnly

(23) *Dian's Bud*, or *Cupid's flower*.] Thus all the Editions had stupidly exhibited this Passage. The ingenious *Dr. Thirlby* gave me the Correction, which I have inserted in the Text, and which, doubtless, restores us the Author. *Oberon* in Act the 2d, where he first proposes to enchant his Queen's Eyes and Sense, tells us, he has an Antidote to take off the Charm.

And e'er I take this Charm from off her Sight,

As I can take it with another Herb, &c.

And again, towards the End of the 3d Act, where he is giving *Puck* directions for disenchanting *Lysander*, he says;

Then crush this Herb into Lysander's Eye,

Whose Liquor hath this virtuous Property,

To take from thence all Error with its Might,

And make his Eye balls rowl with wonted Sight.

(24) *Titania*, *Musick call*, and *strike more dead*

Than common Sleep. Of all these five the Sense.] This, most certainly, is both corrupt in the Text, and Pointing. Would Musick, that was to strike them into a deeper Sleep than ordinary, contribute to fine (or, refine) their Senses? My Emendation, I am persuaded, needs no Justification. The five, that lay asleep on the Stage, were, *Demetrius*, *Lysander*, *Hermia*, *Helena*, and *Bottom*.—I ought to acknowledge, that *Dr. Thirlby* likewise started and communicated this very Correction.

Dance

Dance in Duke *Theseus*' house triumphantly,
 And bless it to all fair posterity:
 There shall these pairs of faithful lovers be
 Wedded, with *Theseus*, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy King, attend and mark;
 I do hear the morning lark.

Ob. Then, my Queen, in silence fade; (25)
 Trip we after the night's shade;
 We the globe can compass soon,
 Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Queen. Come, my lord, and in our flight
 Tell me how it came this night,
 That I sleeping here was found, [Sleepers lye still.
 With these mortals on the ground. [Exeunt.
 [Wind horns within.

Enter Theseus, Egeus, Hippolita, and all his train.

The. Go one of you, find out the forester,
 For now our observation is perform'd,
 And since we have the vaward of the day,
 My love shall hear the musick of my hounds.
 Uncouple in the western valley, go,
 Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.
 We will, fair Queen, up to the mountain's top,
 And mark the musical confusion
 Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
 When in a wood of *Creet* they bay'd the bear
 With hounds of *Sparta*; never did I hear
 Such gallant chiding. For besides the groves,
 The skies, the fountains, ev'ry region near, (26)
 Seem'd

(25) *Then, my Queen, in silence fade,*] Why, *fade*? Fairies, according to the receiv'd Notion, are pleas'd to follow Night. For that Reason, and for bettering the Rhyme, I think it very probable that our Author wrote; — *in silence fade*; i. e. vanish, retreat. In which Sense our Author has elsewhere employ'd this Word. As in *Hamlet*, speaking of the *Ghost's* disappearing.

It faded at the Crowing of the Cock.

(26) *The Skies, the Fountains, ev'ry Region near,*
Seem'd all one mutual Cry.] It has been propos'd to Me, that the Author probably wrote *Mountains*, from whence an Echo rather proceeds—

Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

Thes. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kind,
So flew'd, so fanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd, like *Thessalian* bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never hallo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In *Creet*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Thessaly* :
Judge, when you hear. But soft, what nymphs are these?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep,
And this *Lysander*, this *Demetrius* is,
This *Helena*, old *Nedar's Helena* ;
I wonder at their being here together.

Thes. No doubt, they rose up early to observe
The Rite of *May* ; and hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.
But speak, *Egeus*, is not this the day,
That *Hermia* should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

Thes. Go bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

proceeds than from *Fountains* : but as we have the Authority of the Authorities for *Lakes*, *Rivers*, and *Fountains* returning a Sound, I have been diffident to disturb the Text. To give a few Instances, that occur at present.

Ovid *Metam.* l. 3. ver. 500.

*Ultima Vox solitam fuit hæc Spectantis in undam,
" Heu frustra dilecte puer!" totidemq; remisit
Verba lacus.*

For so *Burmann* has corrected it: the common Editions have *locus*.

Virgil *Æneid* : 12. vers. 886,

*Tum verò exoritur Clamor, ripæque lacusque
Responfant circà, & cælum tonat omne tumultu.*

Auson. in *Mosellâ*. vers. 167.

————— adstrepit *ollis*

Et rupes, & sylva tremens, & concavus Amnis.

And again, vers. 296.

————— *Resonantia utrimque*

Verba refert, mediis concurret fluctibus Echo.

Propert. lib. 1. *Eleg.* 20. vers. 49.

*Cui procul Alcides iterat responsa ; sed illi
Nomen ab extremis fontibus aura refert.*

*Horns, and Shout within; Demetrius, Lysander, Hermia,
and Helena, wake and start up.*

Thes. Good morrow, friends; Saint *Valentine* is past:
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord.

Thes. I pray you all, stand up:
I know, you two are rival enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking. But as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here:
But as I think, (for truly would I speak,)
And now I do bethink me, so it is;
I came with *Hermia* hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from *Athens*, where we might be
Without the peril of th' *Athenian* law.

Ege. Enough, enough; my lord, you have enough;
I beg the law, the law upon his head:
They would have stoll'n away, they would, *Demetrius*,
Thereby to have defeated you and me;
You, of your wife; and me, of my consent;
Of my consent, that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair *Helena* told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them;
Fair *Helena* in fancy following me:
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
But by some power it is, my love to *Hermia*
Is melted as the snow; seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gaude,
Which in my childhood I did doat upon:
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only *Helena*. To her, my lord,
Was I betrothed ere I *Hermia* saw;
But like a sickness did I loath this food;

But,

But, as in health come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it;
And will for evermore be true to it.

Thef. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we shall hear more anon.

Egeus, I will over-bear your will;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit;
And for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.

Away, with us to *Athens*; three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.

Come, *Hippolita*. [Exe. Duke, Hippol. and Train.

Dem. These things seem small and undistinguishable,
like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks, I see these things with parted eye;
When every thing seems double.

Hel. So, methinks;

And I have found *Demetrius* like a Gemell, (27)

Mine

(27) *And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,*

Mine own, and not mine own.] *Hermia* had said, Things appear'd double to her. *Helena* says, So, methinks; and then subjoins, *Demetrius* was like a Jewel, her own and not her own. According to common Sense and Construction, *Demetrius* is here compar'd to something that has the Property of appearing the same, and yet not being the same: and this was a Thought natural enough, upon her declaring her Approbation of what *Hermia* had said, that every thing seems double. But now, how has a Jewel, or any precious Thing, the Property, rather than a more worthless one, of appearing to be the same and yet not the same? This, I believe, won't be easily found out. I make no doubt therefore, but the true Reading is;

And I have found Demetrius like a Gemell,

Mine own, and not mine own.

from *Gemellus*, a *Twin*. For *Demetrius* acted that Night two such different Parts, that she could hardly think him one and the same *Demetrius*: but that there were two *Twin-Demetrius's* to the acting this Farce, like the two *Socia's*. This makes good and pertinent Sense of the Whole; and the Corruption from *Gemell* to *Jewel* was so easy from the similar Trace of the Letters, and the Difficulty of the Transcribers understanding the true Word, that, I think, it is not to be question'd.

Mr. Warburton.

If some over-nice Spirits should object to *Gemell* wanting its Authorities as an *English* Word, I think fit to observe, in Aid of my Friend's fine Conjecture, that it is no new Thing with *Shakespeare* to coin and

Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. It seems to me,
That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think,
The Duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea, and my father.

Hel. And *Hippolita*.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake; let's follow him;
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*

As they go out, Bottom wakes.

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer. My next is, Most fair *Pyramus* — hey, ho, — *Peter Quince*, Flute the bellows-mender! *Snowt* the tinker! *Starveling*! god's my life! stoll'n hence, and left me asleep? I have had a most rare vision. I had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was, there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had, — But man is but a patch'd fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen; man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report what my dream was. I will get *Peter Quince* to write a ballad of this dream; it shall be call'd *Bottom's Dream*, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play before the

enfranchise Words fairly deriv'd; and some such as have by the Gram-
marians been call'd ἀπαξ λεγόμενα, or Words used but once. Again,
tho' *Gemell* be not adopted either by *Chaucer*, or *Spenser*; nor acknow-
ledg'd by the Dictionaries; yet both *Blount* in his *Glossography*, and
Philips in his *World of Words* have *Geminels*, which they interpret *Twins*.
And lastly, in two or three other Passages, *Shakespeare* uses the same
Manner of Thought. In the *Comedy of Errors*, where *Adriana* sees
her Husband and his Twin-brother, she says;

I see two Husbands, or my Eyes deceive me.

One of them, therefore, seem'd to be her own, but was not. And in his
Twelfth-night, when *Viola* and *Sebastian*, who were Twins, appear to-
gether, they bear so strict a Resemblance, that the Duke cries;

One Face, one Voice, one Habit, and two Persons;

A nat'ral Perspective, that is, and is not.

Duke;

Duke; (28) peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it after Death. [Exit.

S C E N E *changes to the Town.*

Enter Quince, Flute, Snowt, and Starveling.

Quin. **H**AVE you sent to *Bottom's* house? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

Flute. If he come not, then the play is marr'd. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible; you have not a man, in all *Athens*, able to discharge *Pyramus*, but he.

Flute. No, he hath simply the best wit of any handy-craft man in *Athens*.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flute. You must say, paragon; (29) a paramour is (God bless us!) a thing of naught.

Enter Snug.

Snug. Masters, the Duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more

(28) *Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her Death.*] At *her* Death? At *whose*? In all *Bottom's* Speech there is not the least mention of any She-Creature, to whom this Relative can be coupled. I make not the least Scruple, but *Bottom*, for the sake of a Jest, and to render his *Voluntary*, as we may call it, the more gracious and extraordinary, said;— *I shall sing it after Death.* He, as *Pyramus*, is kill'd upon the Scene; and so might promise to rise again at the Conclusion of the Interlude, and give the Duke his Dream by way of Song. ——— The Source of the Corruption of the Text is very obvious. The *f* in *after* being sunk by the vulgar Pronunciation, the Copyist might write it from the Sound, — *a'ter*: which the wise Editors not understanding, concluded, two Words were erroneously got together; so splitting them, and clapping in an *b*, produced the present Reading ——— *at her*.

[29] *A Paramour is (god bless us) a thing of nought.*] This is a Reading, I am sure, of *Nought*. My Change of a single Letter gives a very important Change to the Humour of the Passage. — A Thing of *naught*, means, a *naughty* Thing, little better than downright *Bawdry*. So, in *Hamlet*, *Ophelia*, when He talks a little grossly to her, replies;

You're naught, you're naught, my Lord; &c.

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married; if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flute. O sweet bully *Bottom!* thus hath he lost six-pence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scap'd six-pence a-day; an the Duke had not given him six-pence a-day for playing *Pyramus*, I'll be hang'd: he would have deserv'd it. Six-pence a-day, in *Pyramus*, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom! — O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian*. I will tell you every thing as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet *Bottom!*

Bot. Not a word of me; all I will tell you, is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace, every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, (30) our play is preferred: in any case, let *Thisby* have clean linnen; and let not him; that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lions claws; and, most dear actors! eat no onions, nor garlick, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away; go, away. [*Exeunt.*

(30) *Our play is preferr'd:]* This Word is not to be taken in its most common Acceptation here, as if their Play was *chosen* in *Preference* to the others; (for that appears afterwards not to be the Fact;) but means, that it was given in, among others, for the Duke's Option: And, in this Sense, we say, — *prefer* a Petition; i. e. give it in, lodge it, for the Judge's Answer. So, in *Julius Cæsar*, *Decius* says;

*Where is Metellus Cimber? let him go,
And presently prefer his Suit to Cæsar.*

A C T V.

SCENE, *the Palace.*

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Egeus, and his Lords.

HIPPOLITA.

TIS strange, my *Theseus*, what these lovers speak
of.

Thes. More strange than true. I never may
believe

These antick fables, nor these Fairy toys;
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
The madman. While the lover, all as frantick,
Sees *Helen's* beauty in a brow of *Egypt*.
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rowling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heav'n;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That if he would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or in the night imagining some fear,
How easie is a bush suppos'd a bear?

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy;
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

K 4

Enter

Enter Lyfander, Demetrius, Hermia *and* Helena.

Thes. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.
Joy, gentle friends; joy and fresh days of love
Accompany your hearts.

Lys. More than to us,
Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed.

Thes. Come now, what masks, what dances shall we
have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call *Philostrate*.

Enter Philostrate.

Philost. Here, mighty *Theseus*.

Thes. Say, what abridgment have you for this
evening?
What masque? what musick? how shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Philost. There is a brief, how many sports are ripe: (31)
Make choice of which your Highness will see first.
[Giving a Paper.

Thes. reads.] *The battel with the Centaurs, to be sung* (32)
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.

(31) ———— *how many Sports are ripe:*] I have chosen to restore from one of the old Quarto's printed in 1600, *ripe*, as the most proper Word here: *ripe*, signifying any thing ready for Use; *rise*, only the great Increase of any thing.

(32) *Lys.* *The battel with the Centaurs*—] Here the sixteen Lines, that follow, from the Time of the first Folio Edition put out by the Players, have impertinently been divided, by two Verses alternately, betwixt *Theseus* and *Lyfander*. But what has *Lyfander* to do in the Affair? He is no Courtier of *Theseus*'s, but only an occasional Guest; and just come out of the Woods, so not likely to know what Sports were in Preparation. I have taken the old Quarto's for my Guides, in regulating this Passage. *Theseus* asks after Entertainment. *Philostrate*, who is his Master of the Revels, gives him in a List of what Sports are ready: upon which, *Theseus* reads the Titles of them out of the List, and then alternately makes his Remarks upon them. And this, I dare say, was the Poet's own Design and Distribution.

We'll none of that. That I have told my love,
In glory of my kinsman *Hercules*.

*The riot of the tipsie Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.*
That is an old device; and it was plaid,
When I from *Thebes* came last a conqueror.
*The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.*

That is some satyr, keen and critical;
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

*A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.*
Merry and tragical? tedious and brief?

That is hot Ice, and wondrous strange Snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Philost. A play there is, my lord, some ten words
long;

Which is as brief, as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is:

For *Pyramus* therein doth kill himself.
Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

Thef. What are they, that do play it?

Philost. Hard-handed men, that work in *Athens* here,
Which never labour'd in their minds 'till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this same play against your nuptials.

Thef. And we will hear it.

Philost. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you. I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

Thef. I will hear that play:
For never any thing can be amiss,

When

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When simpleness and duty tender it.

Go, bring them in, and take your places, ladies.

[*Exit. Phil.*]

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.

Thef. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing,

Hip. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

Thef. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing,
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake;
And what poor [willing] duty cannot do, (33)
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purpos'd
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome:
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of sawcy and audacious eloquence.
Love therefore, and tongue-ty'd simplicity,
In least, speak most, to my capacity.

Enter Philostrate.

Phil. So please your Grace, the prologue is address'd.

Thef. Let him approach.

[*Flor. Trum.*]

Enter Quince, for the prologue.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.

That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To shew our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.

(33) *And what poor duty cannot do, noble Respect.*

Takes it in Might, not Merit.] What Ears have these poetical Editors, to palm this first Line upon us as a Verse of *Shakespeare*? 'Tis certain, an Epithet had slipt out, and I have ventur'd to restore such a one as the Sense may dispense with; and which makes the two Verses flowing and perfect.

Consider

Consider then, we come but in despight.

We do not come, as minding to content you, (34)
Our true intent is. — all for your delight,

We are not here. — that you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand; — and by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.

Thes. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt;
he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord. It
is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on his prologue, like a
child on the recorder; a sound, but not in govern-
ment.

Thes. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing
impair'd, but all disorder'd. Who is the next?

*Enter Pyramus, and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and
Lion, as in dumb show.*

Pro. Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this show,
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

This man is *Pyramus*, if you would know;

This beauteous lady, *Thisby* is, certain.

This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present

Wall, the vile wall, which did these lovers sunder:
And through wall's chink, poor souls; they are content

To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.

This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,

Presenteth Moon-shine: For, if you will know,

By moon-shine did these lovers think no scorn

To meet at *Ninus'* tomb, there, there to woo.

(34) *We do not come as minding to content you,*

Our true Intent is all for your Delight,

We are not here that you should here repent you,

The Actors are at hand; &c.] Thus the late accurate Editor, deviating from all the Old Copies, has, by a certain peculiar Fatality, pointed this Passage. The whole Glee and Humour of the Prologue is in the Actor's making false Rests, and so turning every Member of the Sentences into flagrant Nonsense. And Mr. *Pope* seems very cruel to our Author, (considering, how many Passages, which should have been pointed *right*, he has pointed *wrong*;) that here, when he should point *wrong*, with a strange Perverseness, and unusual Appetite for Sense, he will point *right*.

This

This grisly beast, which by name *Lion* hight, (35)
 The trusty *Thisbe*, coming first by night,
 Did scare away, or rather did affright:
 And as she fled, her mantle she let fall;

Which *Lion* vile with bloody mouth did stain.
 Anon comes *Pyramus*, sweet youth and tall,
 And finds his trusty *Thisbe's* mantle slain;
 Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade
 He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast.

And *Thisby*, tarrying in the mulberry shade,
 His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
 Let *Lion*, *Moon-shine*, *Wall*, and lovers twain,
 At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt all but Wall.*

Thef. I wonder, if the *Lion* be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord; one *Lion* may, when
 many asses do.

Wall. In this same Interlude, it doth befall,
 That I, one *Snout* by name, present a Wall: (36)
 And such a wall, as I would have you think,
 That had in it a crannied hole or chink;
 Through which the lovers, *Pyr'mus* and *This-be*,
 Did whisper often very secretly.

This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth shew,
 That I am that same wall; the truth is so.

And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
 Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

Thef. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition, that ever I heard dis-
 course, my lord.

Thef. *Pyramus* draws near the wall: silence!

(35) ——— which *Lion* hight by name,] As all the other Parts of
 this Speech are in *alternate Rhyme*, excepting that it closes with a *Cou-
 plet*; and as no Rhyme is left to, name; we must conclude, either a
 Verse is slipt out, which cannot now be retriev'd: or, by a Transposition
 of the Words, as I have placed them, the Poet intended a *Triplet*.

(36) *That I, one Flute by name,*] Thus Mr. *Pope* gives it us, either
 from the old *Quarto's*, or by Accident. But Accident, or Authority,
 happens to be wrong in it: and we must restore, *Snout*, with the old
Folio's; for it appears in the first Act, that *Flute* was to perform *Thisbe*.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!
O night which ever art, when day is not!

O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
I fear, my *Thisbe's* promise is forgot.

And thou, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,

That stands between her father's ground and mine;

Thou wall, O Wall, O sweet and lovely wall,

Shew me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne.

Thanks, courteous wall; *Jove* shield thee well for this!

But what see I? no *Thisbe* do I see.

O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss;

Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me.

Thisbe. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should
curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, Sir, he should not. *Deceiving*
me, is *Thisbe's* cue; she is to enter, and I am to spy her
through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I
told you. Yonder she comes.

Enter Thisbe.

Thisbe. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair *Pyramus* and me.

My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;

Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. I see a voice; now will I to the chink;

To spy, an I can hear my *Thisbe's* face.

Thisbe!

Thisbe. My love! thou art, my love, I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace.

And like *Limander* am I trusty still.

Thisbe. And I like *Helen*, till the fates me kill.

Pyr. Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus* was so true.

Thisbe. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.

Pyr. O kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.

Thisbe. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

Pyr. Wilt thou at *Ninny's* tomb meet me straightway?

Thisbe. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.

Wall.

Wall. Thus have I *Wall* my part discharged so:
And, being done, thus *Wall* away doth go. [Exit.

Thef. Now is the Mural down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard.

Thef. The best in this kind are but shadows, and the worst are no worse if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

Thef. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in a moon and a lion. (37)

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When Lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

Then know that I, one *Snug* the joiner, am
No Lion fell, nor else no Lion's dam:
For if I should as Lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity of my life.

Thef. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This Lion is a very fox for his valour.

Thef. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion, and the fox carries the goose.

(37) *Here come two noble Beasts in a Man and a Lion.*] I don't think the Jest here is either compleat, or right. It is differently pointed in several of the Old Copies, which, I suspect, may lead us to the true Reading, viz.

Here come two noble Beasts, — in a Man and a Lion.

immediately upon *Theseus* saying this, enter *Lion* and *Moonshine*. It seems very probable therefore, that our Author wrote

————— in a Moon and a Lion.

the one having a *Crescent* and a *Lanthorn* before him, and representing the *Man in the Moon*; the other in a *Lion's* hide.

Thef.

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Thes. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us hearken to the moon.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon present:

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

Thes. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned Moon present: My self the man i'th' moon doth seem to be.

Thes. This is the greatest error of all the rest; the man should be put into the lanthorn: how is it else the man i'th' moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for you see, it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am weary of this moon; would he would change.

Thes. It appears by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet in courtesie, in all reason we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, *Moon*.

Moon All that I have to say, is to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lanthorn; for they are in the moon. But, silence; here comes *Thisby*.

Enter Thisbe.

This. This is old *Ninny's* tomb; where is my love?

Lion. Oh.— [*The Lion roars, Thisbe runs off.*]

Dem. Well roar'd, *Lion*.

Thes. Well run, *Thisbe*.

Hip. Well shone, *Moon*.

Truly, the *Moon* shines with a good grace.

Thes. Well mouz'd, *Lion*.

Dem. And then came *Pyramus*.

Lys. And so the *Lion* vanish'd.

Enter

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright;
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,
I trust to taste of truest *Thisbe's* sight.

But stay: O spight!

But mark, poor Knight,

What dreadful dole is here?

Eyes, do you see!

How can it be!

O dainty duck! O deer!

Thy mantle good;

What, stain'd with blood!

Approach, you furies fell:

O fates! come, come:

Cut thread and thrum;

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell.

Thef. This passion, and the death of a dear friend
Would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. O wherefore, nature, didst thou Lions frame?

Since Lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear:

Which is — no, no — which was the fairest dame,
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with
cheer.

Come tears, confound: out sword, and wound

The pap of *Pyramus*.

Ay, that left pap, where heart doth hop:

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead, now am I fled, my soul is in the sky;

Tongue, lose thy light: moon, take thy flight;

Now die, die, die, die, die.

Dem. No die, but an ace for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is
nothing.

Thef. With the help of a Surgeon he might yet re-
cover, and prove an ass.

Hip. How chance the *Moonshine* is gone, before
Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

Enter

Enter Thisbe.

Thisbe. She will find him by star-light.

Here she comes; and her passion ends the Play.

Hippolyta. Methinks, she should not use a long one for such a *Pyramus*: I hope, she will be brief.

Demetrius. A moth will turn the ballance, which *Pyramus*, which *Thisbe* is the better.

Lysander. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Demetrius. And thus she moans, *videlicet.* ——— (38)

Thisbe. Asleep, my love?

What dead, my dove?

O *Pyramus*, arise:

Speak, speak. Quite dumb?

Dead, dead? a tomb

Must cover thy sweet eyes.

These lilly brows, (39)

This cherry nose,

These yellow cowslip cheeks;

Are gone, are gone:

Lovers, make moan!

His eyes were green as leeks:

O sisters three,

Come, come to me,

With hands as pale as milk;

Lave them in gore,

Since you have shorn

With sheers his thread of silk:

(38) *And thus she means* —] Thus all the Editions have it, I think, without any *Meaning*. It should be, thus she *moans*; i. e. laments over her dead *Pyramus*. It is said a little above, *And her Passion ends the Play*.

(39) *These lilly Lips, this cherry Nose.*] All *Thisbe's* Lamentation, till now, runs in regular Rhyme and Metre. But Both, by some Accident, are in this single Instance interrupted. I suspect, the Poet wrote;

These lilly Brows,
This cherry Nose,

Now *black* Brows being a Beauty, *lilly* Brows are as ridiculous as a *cherry* Nose, *green* Eyes, or *cowslip* Cheeks.

Tongue, not a word:
 Come, trusty sword;
 Come, blade, my breast imbrue:
 And farewell, friends,
 Thus *Thisbe* ends;
 Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Thes. Moon-shine and *Lion* are left to bury the dead.
Dem. Ay, and *Wall* too.

Bot. No, I assure you, the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a bergomask dance, between two of our company?

Thes. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blam'd. Marry, if he, that writ it, had play'd *Pyramus*, and hung himself in *Thisbe's* garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly, and very notably discharg'd. But come, your bergomask; let your epilogue alone.

[*Here a dance of clowns.*]

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.
 Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost *fairy* time.
 I fear, we shall out-sleep the coming morn,
 As much as we this night have over-watch'd.
 This palpable gross Play hath well beguil'd
 The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed.
 A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
 In nightly revel and new jollity.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
 And the wolf beholds the moon: (40)
 Whilst the heavy ploughman snoars,
 All with weary task fore-done.

Now

(40) *And the Wolf beholds the moon:*] As 'tis the Design of these Lines to characterize the Animals; as they present themselves at the Hour of Midnight; and as the Wolf is not justly characteriz'd by saying he *beholds* the Moon; which all other Beasts of Prey, then awake, do: and as the Sounds these Animals make at that Season, seem also

Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch'ing loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.

Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his spright,
In the church-way paths to glide;
And we *Fairies*, that do run
By the triple *Hecate's* team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolick; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house.
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter King and Queen of Fairies, with their train.

Ob. Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowfie fire,

also intended to be represented; I make no Question but the Poet wrote;

And the Wolfe behowls the Moon.

For so the Wolf is exactly characteriz'd, it being his peculiar Property to howl at the Moon. (*Behowl, as beman, beseem, betrim, and an hundred others.*)
Mr. Warburton.

So, again, in *As you like it.*

Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish Wolves against the Moon.

So in *Beaumont and Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdes.*

————— or the Owl,
*Or our great Enemy, that still doth howl
Against the Moon's pale Beams.*

For this is spoken of the Wolfe, and by a Shepherd, to whom that Beast was an Enemy, with regard to his Flock. And so in *Marston's Antonio and Mellida*, where the whole Passage seems to be copied from this of our Author.

*Now barks the Wolf against the full-cheek'd Moon;
Now Lyons half-clam'd Entrails roar for Food;
Now croaks the Toad, and night-crows shriek aloud,
Fluttring 'bout Casements of departing Souls:
Now gape the Graves, and thro' their Tawns let loose
Imprison'd Spirits to revisit Earth.*

Every elf, and fairy sprite,
 Hop as light as bird from brier;
 And this ditty after me
 Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Queen. First rehearse this song by roat,
 To each word a warbling note.
 Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
 Will we sing, and bless this place.

The S O N G.

*Now, until the break of day,
 Through this house each Fairy stray.
 To the best bride-bed will we,
 Which by us shall blessed be:
 And the issue, there create,
 Ever shall be fortunate;
 So shall all the couples three
 Ever true in loving be:
 And the blots of nature's hand
 Shall not in their issue stand;
 Never mole, hair-lip, nor scar,
 Nor mark prodigious, such as are
 Despised in nativity,
 Shall upon their children be.
 With this field-dew consecrate,
 Every Fairy take his gate,
 And each several chamber bless,
 Through this palace with sweet peace.
 Ever shall it safely rest,
 And the owner of it blest.
 Trip away, make no stay;
 Meet me all by break of day.*

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
 Think but this, and all is mended;
 That you have but slumbred here,
 While these visions did appear.
 And this weak and idle theam
 No more yielding but a dream,

Gentles, do not reprehend;
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I am honest *Puck*,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long:
Else the *Puck* a liar call:
So good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends;
And *Robin* shall restore amends. [*Exeunt omnes.*



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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PHILOSOPHY 101

LECTURE NOTES

BY

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101

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THE TWO
GENTLEMEN
OF
VERONA.

Dramatis Personæ.

DUKE of Milan, *Father to Silvia.*

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

Anthonio, *Father to Protheus.*

Thurio, *a foolish Rival to Valentine.*

Eglamore, *Agent for Silvia in her Escape.*

Host, *where Julia lodges in Milan.*

Out-laws.

Speed, *a clownish Servant to Valentine.*

Launce, *the like to Protheus.*

Panthion, *Servant to Anthonio.*

Julia, *a Lady of Verona, beloved of Protheus.*

Silvia, *the Duke of Milan's Daughter, beloved of Valentine.*

Lucetta, *Waiting-woman to Julia.*

Servants, Musicians.

The SCENE, sometimes in Verona; sometimes in Milan; and on the Frontiers of Mantua.




T H E
T W O G E N T L E M E N
O F
(1) V E R O N A.

A C T I.

SCENE, *an open Place in Verona.*

Enter Valentine and Protheus.

VALENTINE.

EASE to persuade, my loving *Protheus*;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits;
Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would intreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad;
Than (living dully sluggardiz'd at home)
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein;
Ev'n as I would, when I to love begin.

(1) Mr. *Pope* has observ'd, that the Stile of this Comedy is less figurative, and more natural and unaffected, than the greater Part of our Author's Plays, tho' suppos'd to be one of the First he wrote. I must observe, too, that as I take it to be One of his very worst, it happens to be freest from accidental Corruptions of the Editors: which is the Reason, that my Notes are fewer on This; than on any One of his other Pieces.

Pro.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? sweet *Valentine*, adieu;
 Think on thy *Protheus*, when thou, haply, seest
 Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
 Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
 When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger,
 If ever danger do environ thee,
 Commend thy grievance to my holy Prayer;
 For I will be thy bead's-man, *Valentine*.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success?

Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
 How young *Leander* cross'd the *Hellefont*.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;
 For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
 And yet you never swom the *Hellefont*.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots. (2)

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

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;
 Coy looks, with heart-fore sighs; one fading moment's
 mirth,

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights.

If haply won, perhaps, an hapless gain:

If lost, why then a grievous labour won;

However, but a folly bought with wit;

Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

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

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

Val. Love is your master; for he masters you.

And he that is so yoaked by a fool,

Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud

The eating canker dwells; so eating love

Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

(2) *nay, give me not the Boots.*] A proverbial Expression, tho' now difus'd, signifying, don't make a laughing Stock of me; don't play upon me. The *French* have a Phrase, *Bailler foin en Corne*; which *Cotgrave* thus interprets, *To give one the Boots*; to sell him a Bargain.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker, ere it blow ;
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the bud ;
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire ?
Once more, adieu : my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

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

Val. Sweet *Protheus*, no : now let us take our leave.
At *Milan*, let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy success in love ; and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend :
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in *Milan* !

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

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love ;
He leaves his friends to dignify them more ;
I leave my self, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, *Julia*, thou hast metamorphos'd me ;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought ;
Made wit with musing weak ; heart sick with thought.

Enter *Speed*.

Speed. Sir *Protheus*, save you ; saw you my master ?

Pro. But now he parted hence, t'imbarck for *Milan*.

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

Pro. Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd
then, and I a sheep ?

Pro. I do.

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

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro.

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Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

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

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

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me; therefore I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follows the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee; therefore thou art a sheep.

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

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

Speed. Ay, Sir, I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a lac'd mutton (23); and she, a lac'd mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

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

Pro. Nay, in that you are a stray (4); 'twere best pound you.

Speed.

(3) *I, a lost Mutton, gave your Letter to her, a lac'd Mutton;*] *Laune* calls himself a *lost Mutton*, because he had lost his Master, and because *Proteus* had been proving him a *Sheep*. But why does he call the Lady a *lac'd Mutton*? Your notable Wenchers are to this day call'd *Mutton-mongers*: and consequently the Object of their Passion must, by the Metaphor, be the *Mutton*. And *Cotgrave*, in his *English-French Dictionary* explains *Lac'd Mutton*, *Une Garse, putain, fille de Joye*. And *Mr. Motteux* has render'd this Passage of *Rabelais*, in the Prologue of his fourth Book, *Cailles coiphées mignonnement chantans*, in this manner; *Coate. Quails and laced Mutton waggishly singing*. So that *lac'd Mutton* has been a sort of standard Phrase for *Girls of Pleasure*. (I shall explain *Caille coiphées* in its proper Place, upon a Passage of *Troilus and Cressida*.) The *lac'd Mutton* was a Term in Vogue before our Author appear'd in Writing, I find from an old Play, printed in Black Letter in the Year 1578 call'd *Promos and Cassandra*: in which a Courtezan's Servant thus speak to her;

*Prying abroad for Playefellowes, and such,
For you, Mistresse, I hearde of one Phallax,
A Man esteemde of Promos verie much:
Of whose Nature I was so bolde to axe,
And I smealte, he lov'd lase mutton well.*

(4) *Nay, in that you are astray.*] For the Reason *Proteus* gives, *Di*
Thirle

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Speed. Nay, Sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake: I mean the pound, a pin-fold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over, 'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she; did she nod? [*Speed nods.*]

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod-I? why, that's noddy.

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

Pro. And that set together, is noddy.

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

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

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

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

Speed. Marry, Sir, the letter very orderly; Having nothing but the word noddy for my pains.

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

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

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

Speed. Open your purse, that the mony and the matter may be both at once deliver'd.

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

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

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

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; No, not so much as a ducket for delivering your letter. And being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear, she'll prove as hard to you in telling her mind. Give her no token but stones; for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What, said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as — take this for thy pains: To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd me:

Thirlby advises that We should read, *a Stray*; i. e. a stray Sheep; which continues *Proteus's* Banter upon *Speed.*

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In requital whereof, henceforth carry your letter your self: and so, Sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, begone, to save your ship from wrack,
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.

I must go send some better messenger:

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

[*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E *changes to JULIA'S chamber.*

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. **B**UT say, *Lucetta*, now we are alone,
Would'st thou then counsel me to fall in love?

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

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That ev'ry day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you, repeat their names; I'll shew my
mind,

According to my shallow simple skill.

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

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

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

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

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

Luc. Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now? what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing shame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

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

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

Jul. Your reason?

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

Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc.

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

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

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

Jul. His little speaking shews his love but small.

Luc. The fire, that's closest kept, burns most of all.

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

Luc. Oh, they love least, that let men know their love.

Jul. I would, I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

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

Luc. That the contents will shew.

Jul. Say, say; who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir *Valentine's* page; and sent, I think, from
Protheus.

He would have giv'n it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

To whisper and conspire against my youth?

Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth;

And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the paper; see, it be return'd;

Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will ye be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminare.

[*Exit.*

Jul. And yet I would, I had o'er-look'd the letter.

It were a shame to call her back again,

And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.

What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,

And would not force the letter to my view?

Since maids, in modesty, say *no*, to that

Which they would have the profferer construe, *ay*.

Fie, fie; how wayward is this foolish love,

That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,

And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod?

How churlishly I chid *Lucetta* hence,

When willingly I would have had her here!

How angerly I taught my brow to frown,

When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!

My

My penance is to call *Lucetta* back,
 And ask remission for my folly past.
 What ho! *Lucetta!*

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is't near dinner-time?

Luc. I would it were;

That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
 And not upon your maid.

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

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop then?

Luc. To take a paper up, that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

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

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

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune;
 Give me a note; your ladyship can set.

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible,
 Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love.*

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

Jul. Heavy? belike, it hath some burthen then.

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

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song:

How now, minion?

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

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam, 'tis too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too sawcy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat;
 And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:
 There wanteth but a mean, to fill your song.

Jul.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for *Protheus*. (5)

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.

Here is a coil with protestation! [Tears it.

Go, get you gone; and let the papers lye:

You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange, but she would be best pleas'd

To be so anger'd with another letter. [Exit.

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!

Oh hateful hands, to tear such loving words;

Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,

And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!

I'll kiss each several paper for amends:

Look, here is writ *kind Julia*; Unkind *Julia*!

As in revenge of thy ingratitude,

I throw thy name against the bruising stones;

Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.

Look, here is writ, *Love-wounded Protheus*.

Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,

Shall lodge thee, 'till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;

And thus I search it with a sov'raign kiss.

But twice, or thrice, was *Protheus* written down:

Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,

'Till I have found each letter in the letter,

Except mine own name: That some whirl-wind bear

Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,

And throw it thence into the raging sea!

Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ:

Poor forlorn Protheus, passionate Protheus,

To the sweet Julia: that I'll tear away;

And yet I will not, smil'g so prettily

He couples it to his complaining names:

Thus will I fold them one upon another;

Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

(5) I bid the Base for Protheus] *Lucetta* here alters the Allegory from the *Base* in *Musick* to a Country Exercise, call'd in the North, *Bid-the-Base*; in which Some pursue, to take the Others Prisoners. So that *Lucetta* would intend to say, " Indeed, I take Pains to make you a
" Captive for *Proteus*.
Mr. Warburton.

Enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam, dinner is ready, and your father stays,

Jul. Well, let us go.

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

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

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

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

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

Jul. Come, come, will't please you go? [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *Antonio's House.*

Enter Antonio and Panthion.

Ant. TELL me, *Panthion*, what sad talk was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the
cloister?

Pant. 'Twas of his nephew *Protheus*, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pant. He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men of slender reputation
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out: (6)
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover Islands far away;
Some, to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that *Protheus* your son was meet:
And did request me to importune you,
To let him spend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachment to his age,

(6) *Put forth their sons.*] In *Shakespeare's Time*, Voyages for the Discovery of the *West-Indies* were all in Vogue. And we find, in the Journals of Travellers of that Time, that the Sons of Noblemen, and of others of the best Quality in *England*, went commonly on those Adventures. To which prevailing Fashion, 'tis evident, the Poet frequently alludes in this Play; not without high Commendations of it.

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In having known no travel in his youth.

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

Pant. I think, your lordship is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful *Valentine*,
Attends the Emperor in his royal court. (7)

Ant. I know it well.

Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him
thither;
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd:
And that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known;
Ev'n with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the Emperor's court.

Pant. To morrow, may it please you, *Don Alphonso*,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the Emperor;
And to commend their service to his will.

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

(7) *Attends the Emperor in his royal Court.*] The Emperor's Royal Court is properly at *Vienna*, but *Valentine*, 'tis plain, is at *Milan*; where, in most other Passages, 'tis said he is attending the Duke, who makes one of the Characters in the *Drama*. This seems to convict the Author of a Forgetfulness and Contradiction; but, perhaps, it may be solv'd thus, and *Milan* be call'd the Emperor's Court, as, since the Reign of *Charlemagne*, this Dukedom and its Territories have belong'd to the Emperors. I wish, I could as easily solve another Absurdity, which encounters us; of *Valentine's* going from *Verona* to *Milan*, both Inland places, by Sea.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Sweet love, sweet lines, sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
O that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents.
Oh heav'nly *Julia!*

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendation sent from *Valentine*;
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

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

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sort'd with his wish:
Muse not, that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will; and there's an end.
I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time
With *Valentino* in the Emp'r's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me:
To morrow be in readiness to go.
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
Please to deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st, shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay; to morrow thou must go.
Come on, *Panthion*; you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition. [*Exe. Ant. and Pant.*]

Pro. Thus have I shun'd the fire, for fear of burning;
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to shew my father *Julia's* letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse,

Hath

Hath he excepted most against my love.
Oh, how this spring of love resembleth (8)
Th' uncertain glory of an *April* day;
Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,
And, by and by, a cloud takes all away!

Enter Panthion.

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

Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thousand times it answers, no. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

S C E N E *changes to* Milan.

An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

S P E E D.

S I R, your glove ———

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

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

Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine:
Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine!

Ah *Silvia!* *Silvia!*

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

Val. How now, Sirrah?

(8) *Oh, how this Spring of Love resembleth well*] This Monosyllable was foisted in by Mr. *Pope*, to support, as he thought, the Versification in the Close. But it was done for Want of observing *Shakespeare's* Licences in his *Measures*: which 'tis proper, once for all, to take notice of. *Resembleth*, he design'd here should in pronunciation make four Syllables; as *witnesse*, afterwards in this Play, and as *Fidler*, (in the *Taming a Shrew*) and *angry* (twice in *Timon of Athens*) are made *Trisyllables*; and as *fire* and *hour* are almost for ever protracted by him to two Syllables.

Speed. She is not within hearing, Sir.

Val. Why, Sir, who bad you call her?

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

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

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

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

Speed. She, that your worship loves?

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

Speed. Marry, by these special marks; first, you have learn'd, like Sir *Protheus*, to wreath your arms like a male-content; to relish a love-song, like a *Robin-red-breast*; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his *A. B. C.*; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at *Hallowmas*. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you look'd sadly, it was for want of mony: and now you are metamorphos'd with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

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

Speed. They are all perceiv'd *without* ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain; for without you were so simple, none else would: But you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady.

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

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

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

Speed. Why, Sir, I know her not.

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

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

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

Speed.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

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

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite,

But her Favour infinite.

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

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, Sir, so painted to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

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

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

Val. How long hath she been deform'd?

Speed. Ever since you lov'd her.

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

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

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes, or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir *Protheus* for going un-garter'd!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: For he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love: for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

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

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

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

Val. Last night she enjoin'd me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

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Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

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

Enter Silvia.

Speed. Oh excellent motion! oh exceeding puppet!
Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good morrows.

Speed. Oh! 'give ye good ev'n; here's a million of manners.

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

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

Val. As you injoin'd me, I have writ your letter,
Unto the secret, nameless, friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant; 'tis very clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off:
For being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance, you think too much of so much pains?

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

Sil. A pretty period; well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it, and yet I care not;
And yet take this again, and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet, another yet. [*Aside.*]

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes, the lines are very quaintly writ;
But since unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, Sir, at my request;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Sil.

Sil. And when it's writ, for my sake read it over;
And if it please you, so; if not, why so.

Val. If it please me, Madam, what then?

Sil. Why if it please you, take it for your labour;
And so good morrow, servant. [Exit.]

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invis-ible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a
steeple!

My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor:
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better?
That my master, being the scribe, to himself should write
the letter?

Val. How now, Sir? what are you reasoning with
your self?

Speed. Nay, I was rhiming; 'tis you that have the
reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokes-man from Madam *Silvia*.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To your self; why, she woos you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she,
When she hath made you write to your self?
Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you, indeed, Sir: but did you
perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there's
an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:

“ For often have you writ to her, and she in modesty,

“ Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;

“ Or

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“ Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind
 “ discover,
 “ Her self hath taught her love himself to write unto
 “ her lover.

All this I speak in print; for in print I found it. —
 Why muse you, Sir? 'tis dinner time.

Val. I have din'd.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, Sir; tho' the *Cameleon* love
 can feed on the air, I am one that am nourish'd by my
 victuals; and would fain have meat: oh, be not like
 your mistress; be moved, be moved. [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to Julia's house at Verona.

Enter Protheus and Julia.

Pro. H A V E patience, gentle *Julia*.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner:
 Keep this remembrance for thy *Julia's* sake.

[Giving a ring.]

Pro. Why then we'll make exchange; here, take
 you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
 And when that hour o'erflips me in the day,
 Wherein I sigh not, *Julia*, for thy sake;
 The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
 Torment me, for my love's forgetfulness!
 My father stays my coming; answer not:
 The tide is now; nay, not thy tide of tears;
 That tide will stay me longer, than I should: [Exit *Julia*.
Julia, farewell. — What! gone without a word?

Pro. Ay, so true love should do; it cannot speak;
 For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

Enter Panthion.

Pan. Sir *Protheus*, you are staid for.

Pro. Go; I come.

Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE changes to a Street.

Enter Launce, with his dog Crab.

Laun. **N**AY, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the *Launces* have this very fault: I have receiv'd my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir *Protheus* to the Imperial's court. I think, *Crab* my dog be the fowrest-natur'd dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity; yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear! he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a *Jew* would have wept, to have seen our parting; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it: this shoe is my father; no, this left shoe is my father; no, no, this left shoe is my mother; nay, that cannot be so neither; yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole; this shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; a vengeance on't, there 'tis: now, Sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lilly, and as small as a wand; this hat is *Nan*, our maid; I am the dog; no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog: oh, the dog is me, and I am my self; ay, so, so; now come I to my father; father, your blessing; now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on; now come I to my mother; oh that she could speak now (9) like a wood woman! well,
I

(9) *Like an ould Woman!*] These mere poetical Editors can do Nothing towards an Emendation, even when 'tis chalk'd out to their hands. The first *Folio's* agree in *would-woman*; for which, because it was a Mystery to Mr. *Pope*, he has unmeaningly substituted *ould Woman*. But it must be writ, or at least understood, *wood Woman*, i. e. crazy, frantick with Grief; or, distracted, from any other Cause. The Word is very frequently used in *Chaucer*; and sometimes writ, *wood*; sometimes, *wode*.

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I kiss her; why, there 'tis? here's my mother's breath up and down: now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes: now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see, how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter Panthion.

Pant. *Launce*, away, away, aboard; thy master is shipp'd, and thou art to post after with oars: what's the matter? why weep'st thou, man? away, ass, you will lose the tide if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the ty'd were lost, for it is the unkindest ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

Pant. What's the unkindest tide?

Laun. Why, he that's ty'd here; *Crab*, my dog.

Pant. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood; and in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and in losing thy master, lose thy service; and in losing thy service, —— why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

Pant. Where should I lose my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pant. In thy tail? —

Laun. Lose the flood, and the voyage, and the

What should he study, or make himself wood?

In his *Character of the Monk*,

They told ev'ry Man that he was wode,

He was aghasté so of Noë's flode.

In his *Miller's Tale*. And he likewise uses *Wodenefs*, for *Madness*. *Vid.* *Spelman's Saxon Glossary* in the Word *Wod*. As to the Reading in the old Editions, *Would woman*, perhaps, this may be a design'd Corruption, to make *Launce* purposely blunder in the Word; as he a little before very humourously calls the *Prodigal Son*, the *Prodigious Son*. —— I ought to take notice, that my ingenious Friend Mr. *Warburton* sent me up this same Emendation, unknowing that I had already corrected the Place.

I had like to have forgot, that *Wood* is a Term likewise used by our own Poet. *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Act 2.

And here am I, and wood within this Wood.

Which Mr. *Pope* has there rightly expounded, by *mad, wild, raving*.

And, again, *Shakespeare*, in one of his Poems, has this Line:

Then to the Woods stark wood in Rage she byes her.

master,

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master, and the service, and the tide? why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pant. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou dar'st.

Pant. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to Milan.*

An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, and Speed.

Sil. SERVANT, ———

Val. Mistress?

Speed. Master, Sir *Thurio* frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress then.

Speed. 'Twere good, you knockt him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply, I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I, that I am not?

Val. Wife.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What angry, Sir *Thurio*? do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of *Cameleon*.

Thu.

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Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood,
than live in your air.

Val. You have said, Sir.

Thu. Ay, Sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, Sir; you always end, ere you
begin.

Sil. A fine volly of words, gentlemen, and quickly
shot off.

Val. 'Tis, indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Your self, sweet lady, for you gave the fire:
Sir *Thurio* borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks,
and spends, what he borrows, kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I
shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, Sir; you have an exchequer of
words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your fol-
lowers: for it appears, by their bare liveries, that they
live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more: Here comes
my father.

Enter the Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter *Silvia*, you are hard beset.
Sir *Valentine*, your father's in good health:
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you *Don Anthonio*, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth and worthy estimation;
And, not without desert, so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord, a son that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him, as my self; for from our infancy
We have convers'd, and spent our hours together:
And tho' my self have been an idle truant,

Omitting

Omitting the sweet benefit of time,
To cloathe mine age with angel-like perfection;
Yet hath Sir *Protheus*, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises, that I now bestow;)
He is compleat in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, Sir, but if he makes this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love,
As meet to be an Emperor's counsellor:
Well, Sir, this gentleman is come to me,
With commendations from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time a while.
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth:

Silvia, I speak to you; and you, Sir *Thurio*;

For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it:

I'll send him hither to you presently. [*Exit Duke*.]

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship,
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lockt in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think, she holds them pris'ners still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say, that love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, *Thurio*, as your self:
Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter Protheus.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear *Protheus*: mistress, I beseech you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,

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If this be he, you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is: Sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant,
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability:
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:
Servant, you're welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but your self.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. That you are worthless.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, my lord your father would speak
with you. (10)

Sil. I'll wait upon his pleasure: [*Exit Serv.*] Come,
Sir *Thurio*,

Go with me. Once more, my new servant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Ex. Sil. and Thu.*

Val. Now tell me, how do all from whence you
came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much
commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know, you joy not in a love-discourse.

(10) *Thur. Madam, my Lord your Father*] This Speech in all the Editions is assign'd improperly to *Thurio*; but he has been all along upon the Stage, and could not know that the Duke wanted his Daughter. Besides, the first Line and half of *Silvia's* Answer is evidently address'd to two Persons. A Servant, therefore, must come in and deliver the Message; and then *Silvia* goes out with *Thurio*.

Val.

Val. Ay, *Protheus*, but that life is alter'd now ;
I have done penance for contemning love ;
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans ;
With nightly tears, and daily heart-fore sighs.
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chac'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O gentle *Protheus*, love's a mighty lord ;
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no wo to his correction ;
Nor to his service, no such joy on earth.
Now no discourse, except it be of love ;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough : I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol, that you worship so ?

Val. Even she ; and is she not a heav'nly saint ?

Pro. No ; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me ; for love delights in praise.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills ;
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her ; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sov'raign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any ;

Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own ?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too :
She shall be dignify'd with this high honour,
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss ;
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower ;
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, *Valentine*, what bragadism is this ?

Val. Pardon me, *Protheus* ; all I can, is nothing

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To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone ———

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou see'st me doat upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along, and I must after;
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd; nay more, our marriage
hour,

With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of; how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords, and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness.
Good *Proteus*, go with me to my Chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall enquire you forth.
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use;
And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will.

[*Exit Val.*

Ev'n as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another;
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine Eye, or *Valentino's Praise*, (11)

Hér

(11) *Is it mine then, or Valentino's Praise,*] This supplemental Word, *th'n*, was first clapt in by Mr. *Rowe* to help the lab'ring Verse, and since embrac'd by Mr. *Pope*. But let us see, what Sense results from it. What! is *Proteus* questioning with himself, whether it is his own Praise, or *Valentine's*, that makes him fall in Love? But *Proteus* had not prais'd *Silvia* any farther than giving his Opinion of her in three Words, when his Friend demanded it. In all the old Editions, we find it thus;

Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She's fair; and so is *Julia*, that I love;
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impressiō of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to *Valentine* is cold;
And that I love him not, as I was wont.
O! but I love his lady too, too, much;
And that's the reason, I love him so little.
How shall I doat on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazled so my reason's light:
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason, but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [Exit.

SCENE changes to a Street.

Enter Speed and Launce.

Speed. LAUNCE, by mine honesty, welcome to
† Milan.

Laun. Forswear not thy self, sweet youth; for I
am not welcome: I reckon this always, that a man is
never undone, 'till he be hang'd; nor never welcome
to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and the
hostess say, welcome.

Is it mine, or Valentine's Praise.

The Verse halts so, that some one Syllable must be wanting; and that
Mr. Warburton has very ingeniously, and, as I think, with Certainty
supply'd, as I have restor'd in the Text. *Proteus* had just seen *Valen-*
tine's Mistress; *Valentine* had prais'd her so lavishly, that the Descrip-
tion heighten'd *Proteus's* Sentiments of her from the Interview; so that it
was the leis Wonder that he should not know certainly, at first, which
made the strongest Impression, *Valentine's* Praises, or his own View of the
Original.

† ——— It is Padua in the former editions. See the note on Act 3.
Mr. Pope.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap; I'll to the ale-house with you presently, where, for one shot of five-pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, Sirrah, how did thy master part with madam *Julia*?

Laun. Marry, after they clos'd in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus: when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou? I understand thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canst not? My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Laun. Ay, and what I do too? look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee indeed.

Laun. Why, stand-under, and understand, is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well, that I get it so; but, *Launce*, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable Lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whorson ass, thou mistak'st me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Laun.

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Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not tho' he burn himself in love: If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so; if not, thou art an *Hebrew*, a *Jew*, and not worth the name of a *Christian*.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the ale-house with a *Christian*: wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Protheus solus.

Pro. To leave my *Julia*, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair *Silvia*, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn:
And ev'n that pow'r, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bad me swear, and love bids me forswear:
O sweet-suggesting love! if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit that wants resolved will,
To learn his wit t'exchange the bad for better.
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose Sov'raignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do:
But there I leave to love, where I should love:
Julia I lose, and *Valentine* I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose my self:
If I lose them, this find I by their loss,
For *Valentine*, my self; for *Julia*, *Silvia*: ———
I to my self am dearer than a friend;
For love is still most precious in its self:
And *Silvia*, (witness heav'n, that made her fair!)
Shews *Julia* but a swarthy *Ethiope*.
I will forget that *Julia* is alive,
Remembering that my love to her is dead:
And *Valentine* I'll hold an enemy,

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Aiming at *Silvia* as a sweeter friend.

I cannot now prove constant to my self,

Without some treachery us'd to *Valentine* :

This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder

To climb celestial *Silvia's* chamber-window ;

My self in counsel his competitor.

Now presently I'll give her father notice

Of their disguising, and pretended flight ;

Who, all enrag'd, will banish *Valentine* :

For *Thurio*, he intends, shall wed his daughter.

But, *Valentine* being gone, I'll quickly cross,

By some fly trick, blunt *Thurio's* dull proceeding.

Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,

As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [Exit.

SCENE changes to *Julia's House in Verona.*

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. COUNSEL, *Lucetta* ; gentle girl, assist me ;
 And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,
 Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
 Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,
 To lesson me ; and tell me some good mean,
 How with my honour I may undertake
 A journey to my loving *Protheus*.

Luc. Alas ! the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
 To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps ;
 Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly ;
 And when the flight is made to one so dear,
 Of such divine perfection as Sir *Protheus*.

Luc. Better forbear, 'till *Protheus* make return.

Jul. Oh, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's
 food ?

Pity the dearth, that I have pined in,
 By longing for that food so long a time.
 Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
 Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
 As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc.

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Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualifie the fire's extream rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it
burns :

The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage ;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet musick with th' enamel'd stones ;
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage :
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course ;
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
'Till the last step have brought me to my love ;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in *Elysium*.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along ?

Jul. Not like a woman ; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men :
Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why then your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl ; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love-knots :
To be fantastick, may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall shew to be.

Luc. What fashion, Madam, shall I make your breeches ?

Jul. That fits as well, as — “ tell me, good my
lord,

“ What compass will you wear your farthingale ?

Why, even what fashion thou best like'st, *Lucetta*.

Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-piece,
Madam.

Jul. Out, out, *Lucetta* ! that will be ill-favour'd.

Luc. A round hose, Madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

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Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
 What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly :
 But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
 For undertaking so unstaïd a journey?
 I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
 If *Protheus* like your journey, when you come,
 No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone :
 I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

Jul. That is the least, *Lucetta*, of my fear :
 A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
 And instances as infinite of love,
 Warrant me welcome to my *Protheus*.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect !
 But truer stars did govern *Protheus*' birth ;
 His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles ;
 His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate ;
 His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart ;
 His heart as far from fraud, as heav'n from earth.

Luc. Pray heav'n he prove so, when you come to him !

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
 To bear a hard opinion of his truth ;
 Only deserve my love, by loving him ;
 And presently go with me to my chamber,
 To take a note, of what I stand in need of,
 To furnish me upon my longing journey :
 All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
 My goods, my lands, my reputation ;
 Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence :
 Come, answer not ; but to it presently :
 I am impatient of my tarrance.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T

A C T III.

SCENE, the Duke's Palace, in Milan.

Enter Duke, Thurio, and Protheus.

D U K E.

SIR *Thurio*, give us leave, I pray, a while ;
We have some secrets to confer about. [*Exit Thur.*
Now tell me, *Protheus*, what's your will with me ?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal ;
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that,
Which, else, no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy Prince, Sir *Valentine* my friend
This night intends to steal away your daughter :
My self am one made privy to the plot.
I know, you have determin'd to bestow her
On *Thurio*, whom your gentle daughter hates :
And should she thus be stoll'n-away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift ;
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
If unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. *Protheus*, I thank thee for thine honest care ;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs my self have often seen,
Haply, when they have judg'd me fast asleep ;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir *Valentine* her company, and my Court :
But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
And so unworthily disgrace the man,
(A rashness, that I ever yet have shunn'd ;)

I gave him gentle looks ; thereby to find
 That which thy self hast now disclos'd to me.
 And that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
 Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
 I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
 The key whereof my self have ever kept ;
 And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
 How he her chamber-window will ascend,
 And with a corded ladder fetch her down ;
 For which the youthful lover now is gone,
 And this way comes he with it presently :
 Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
 But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
 That my discov'ry be not aimed at ;
 For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
 Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
 That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord : Sir *Valentine* is coming.

[*Exit Pro.*]

Enter Valentine.

Duke. Sir *Valentine*, whither away so fast ?

Val. Please it your Grace, there is a messenger
 That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
 And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import ?

Val. The Tenour of them doth but signifie
 My health, and happy being at your Court.

Duke. Nay then, no matter ; stay with me a while ;
 I am to break with thee of some affairs,
 That touch me near ; wherein thou must be secret.
 'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
 To match my friend, Sir *Thurio*, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord ; and, sure, the match
 Were rich and honourable ; besides, the gentleman
 Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
 Befeeing such a wife as your fair daughter.
 Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him ?

Duke.

Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, fullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me, and my possessions, she esteems not.

Val. What would your Grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady, † Sir, in *Milan* here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now therefore would I have thee to my tutor;
(For long ago I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd,)
How, and which way, I may bestow my self,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respects not words;
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present, that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents
her;

Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For, get you gone, she doth not mean away:

† Sir, in *Milan* here. *It ought to be thus, instead of — in Verona here — for the Scene apparently is in Milan, as is clear from several passages in the first Act, and in the beginning of the first Scene of the fourth Act. A like mistake has crept into the eighth Scene of Act II. where Speed bids his fellow-servant Launce, welcome to Padua.* Mr. Pope.

Flatter,

Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
 Tho' ne'er so black, say, they have angels faces.
 That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
 If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean, is promis'd by her friends
 Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
 And kept severely from resort of men,
 That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lockt, and keys kept safe,
 That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets, but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
 And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
 Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then a ladder quaintly made of cords,
 To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
 Would serve to scale another *Hero's* tower,
 So bold *Leander* would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
 Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, Sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
 That longs for ev'ry thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven a clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But hark thee: I will go to her alone;
 How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
 Under a cloak that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak;
 I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?
 I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.
 What letter is this same? what's here? To *Silvia*?
 And here an engine fit for my proceeding?
 I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Duke reads.*

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*My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly,
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying :
Oh, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge, where senseless they are lying :
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them,
While I, their King, that thither them importune,
Do curse the grace, that with such grace hath blest them,
Because my self do want my servant's fortune :
I curse my self, for they are sent by me ;
That they should harbour, where their lord would be.*

What's here? *Silvia*, this night will I enfranchise thee :
'Tis so ; and here's the ladder for the purpose.
Why, *Phaëton*, for thou art *Merops*' son,
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heav'nly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world ?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee ?
Go, base intruder ! over-weening slave !
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates ;
And think, my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence :
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,
Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories.
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal Court,
By heav'n, my wrath shall far exceed the love,
I ever bore my daughter or thy self :
Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuse,
But as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence. [*Exit.*]
Val. And why not death, rather than living torment ?
To die, is to be banish'd from my self,
And *Silvia* is my self ; banish'd from her,
Is self from self : a deadly banishment !
What light is light, if *Silvia* be not seen ?
What joy is joy, if *Silvia* be not by ?
Unless it be to think, that she is by ;
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by *Silvia* in the night,
There is no musick in the nightingale ;
Unless I look on *Silvia* in the day,

There

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There is no day for me to look upon:
 She is my essence, and I leave to be,
 If I be not by her fair influence
 Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
 I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom;
 Tarry I here, I but attend on death:
 But fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter Protheus and Launce.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Laun. So-ho! so-ho! ———

Pro. What see'st thou?

Laun. Him we go to find:

There's not an hair on's head, but 'tis a *Valentine*.

Pro. *Valentine*, ———

Val. No.

Pro. Who then; his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Laun. Can nothing speak? master, shall I strike?

Pro. Whom would'st thou strike?

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Laun. Why, Sir, I'll strike nothing; I pray you, —

Pro. I say, forbear: friend *Valentine*, a word.

Val. My ears are stopt, and cannot hear good news,
 So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine;
 For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is *Silvia* dead?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.

Val. No *Valentine*, indeed, for sacred *Silvia*!
 Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.

Val. No *Valentine*, if *Silvia* have forsworn me!
 What is your news?

Laun. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are
 vanish'd.

Pro. That thou art banish'd; oh, that is the news,
 From

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From hence, from *Silvia*, and from me thy friend.

Val. Oh, I have fed upon this woe already;
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.

Doth *Silvia* know that I am banished?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom,
Which unrevers'd stands in effectual force,
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd,
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for wo.

But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate Sire;
But *Valentine*, if he be ta'en, must die.

Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.

Val. No more; unless the next word, that thou speak'st,
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.

Time is the nurse and breeder of all good:
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.

Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that;
And manage it against despairing thoughts.

Thy letters may be here, tho' thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Ev'n in the milk-white bosom of thy love.

The time now serves not to expostulate;
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:

As thou lov'st *Silvia*, tho' not for thy self,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, *Launce*, an if thou see'st my boy,

Bid

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Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north-gate.

Pro. Go, Sirrah, find him out: come, *Valentine*.

Val. O my dear *Silvia*! hapless *Valentine*!

[*Exeunt Val. and Pro.*

Laun. I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love, yet I am in love; but a Team of horse shall not pluck that from me, nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman I will not tell my self; and yet 'tis a milk-maid; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips; yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid and serves for wages: she hath more qualities than a water-spaniel, which is much in a bare christian. Here is the cat-log [*Pulling out a paper*] of her conditions; *imprimis*, she can fetch and carry; why, a horse can do no more; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade. *Item*, she can milk; look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter Speed.

Speed. How now, signior *Launce*? what news with your mastership?

Laun. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea. (12)

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word: what news then in your paper?

Laun. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

(12) *With my Mastership? why, it is at Sea.*] These poetical Editors are pleasant Gentlemen to let this pass without any Suspicion. For how does *Launce* mistake the Word? *Speed* asks him about his Mastership, and he replies to it *litteratim*. But then how was his Mastership at Sea, and on Shore too? The Addition of a Letter and a Note of *Apostrophe* make *Launce* both mistake the Word, and sets the Pun right: It restores, indeed, but a mean Joke; but, without it, there is no Sense in the Passage. Besides, it is in Character with the rest of the Scene; and I dare be confident, the Poet's own Conceit.

Laun.

Laun. Fie on thee, jolt-head, thou can'st not read.

Speed. Thou lyest, I can.

Laun. I will try thee; tell me this, who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grand-father.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer, it was the son of thy grand-mother; this proves, that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come, try me in thy paper.

Laun. There, and S. *Nicholas* be thy speed!

Speed. *Imprimis*, she can milk.

Laun. Ay, that she can.

Speed. *Item*, she brews good ale.

Laun. And thereof comes the proverb, *Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.*

Speed. *Item*, she can sowe.

Laun. That's as much as to say, *can she so?*

Speed. *Item*, she can knit.

Laun. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock!

Speed. *Item*, she can wash and scour.

Laun. A special virtue, for then she need not to be wash'd and scour'd.

Speed. *Item*, she can spin.

Laun. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. *Item*, she hath many nameless virtues.

Laun. That's as much as to say, *Bastard Virtues*; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. *Item*, she is not to be kist fasting, in respect of her breath.

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast: read on.

Speed. *Item*, she hath a sweet mouth.

Laun. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. *Item*, she doth talk in her sleep.

Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. *Item*, she is slow in words.

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Laun. O villain! that set down among her vices! to be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't, and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, she is proud.

Laun. Out with that too: it was *Eve's* legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, she hath no teeth.

Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. Item, she is curst.

Laun. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, She will often praise her liquor.

Laun. If her liquor be good, she shall; if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. Item, she is too liberal.

Laun. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ down, she is slow of; of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut; now of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, she hath more hairs than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.

Laun. Stop here; I'll have her; she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that article. Rehearse that once more.

Speed. Item, she hath more hair than wit.

Laun. More hair than wit, it may be; I'll prove it: the cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair, that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed. And more faults than hairs.

Laun. That's monstrous: oh, that that were out!

Speed. And more wealth than faults.

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious: well, I'll have her; and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible——

Speed. What then?

Laun. Why then will I tell thee, that thy master stays for thee at the north-gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun.

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Laun. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath staid for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Laun. Thou must run to him; for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? pox on your love-letters!

Laun. Now will he be swing'd for reading my letter: an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets. — I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [Exeunt.

Enter Duke and Thurio.

Duke. Sir *Thurio*, fear not, but that she will love you, Now *Valentine* is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most, Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak Impress of love is as a figure Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form. A little time will melt her frozen thoughts, And worthless *Valentine* shall be forgot.

Enter Protheus.

How now, Sir *Protheus*? Is your countreyman, According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going heavily.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but *Thurio* thinks not so.

Protheus, the good conceit I hold of thee, (For thou hast shown some sign of good desert) Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your Grace, Let me not live to look upon your Grace.

Duke. Thou know'st, how willingly I would effect The match between Sir *Thurio* and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I do think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when *Valentine* was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of *Valentine*, and love Sir *Thurio*?

Pro. The best way is to slander *Valentine*
With falshood, cowardice, and poor descent:
Three things, that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think, that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must, with circumstance, be spoken
By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do;
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Especially, against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,
By ought that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say, this weed her love from *Valentine*, (13)
It follows not, that she will love Sir *Thurio*.

Thu. Therefore as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me:
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir *Valentine*.

Duke. And, *Protheus*, we dare trust you in this kind,
Because we know, on *Valentine's* report,
You are already love's firm votary;
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant, shall you have access,

[13] *But say, this weed her Love* —] This Cast of Reasoning very
near resembles That of *Darus* in the *Andria* of *Terence*, Act 2. Sc. 2.

————— *Ridiculum Caput!*

Quasi necesse sit, si huic non dat, te illam uxorem ducere.

Where you with *Silvia* may confer at large:
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young *Valentine*, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect,
But you, Sir *Thurio*, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime, to tangle her desires,
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhimes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Much is the force of heav'n-bred poesie.

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Write, 'till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity:
For *Orpheus'* lute was strung with poets sinews;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tygers tame, and huge *Leviathans*
Forsoke unfounded deeps, to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet consort: to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shews, thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice;
Therefore, sweet *Protheus*, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in musick;
I have a sonnet, that will serve the turn,
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your Grace, 'till after supper;
And afterwards determine our proceedings.

Duke. Ev'n now about it. I will pardon you. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

SCENE, *a Forest, leading towards Mantua.**Enter certain Out-laws.*

I O U T - L A W .

FELLOWS, stand fast: I see a passenger.
 2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down
 with 'em.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

3 *Out.* Stand, Sir, and throw us what you have about you; if not, we'll make you, Sir, and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone; these are the villains, that all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends, ———

1 *Out.* That's not so, Sir; we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace; we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a proper man.

Val. Then know, that I have little Wealth to lose;
 A man I am, cross'd with adversity;
 My riches are these poor habiliments,
 Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
 You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

1 *Out.* Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

3 *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there?

Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might have staid,

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

2 *Out.*

2 Out. For what offence?

Val. For that, which now torments me to rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage or base treachery.

1 Out. Why ne'er repent it, if it were done so.
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1 Out. Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or else I often had been miserable.

3 Out. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,
This fellow were a King for our wild faction.

1 Out. We'll have him. Sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them: it's an honourable
kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain.

2 Out. Tell us this; have you any thing to take to?

Val. Nothing, but my fortune.

3 Out. Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men:
My self was from Verona banished,
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near ally'd unto the Duke. (14)

O 4

2 Out.

(14) *An Heir and niece ally'd unto the Duke.*] Thus all the Impressions, from the first downwards. But our Poet would never have express'd himself so stupidly; as to tell us, this Lady was the Duke's *Neice*, and *ally'd* to him: For her Alliance was, certainly, sufficiently included in the first Term. Our Author meant to say, she was an *Heiress*, and *near ally'd* to the Duke: an Expression the most natural that can be for the Purpose, and very frequently used by the Stage-Poets.

So in *Romeo and Juliet*.

This Gentleman, the Prince's near Ally.

So in *Beaumont and Fletcher's Sea-Voyage*.

————— yet that *We may learn*
Whether they are the same, or near ally'd
To Those, that forc'd me to this cruel Course.

So in *B. Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour*.

————— *some such cross-wooing, with a Clown to their Servingman,*
better than to be thus near and familiarly ally'd to the Time.

So

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2 *Out.* And I from *Mantua*, for a gentleman
Whom, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

1 *Out.* And I for such like petty crimes as these.
But, to the purpose; for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives;
And, partly, seeing you are beautify'd
With goodly shape, and by your own report
A linguist; and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality much want;—

2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you;
Are you content to be our General?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in the wilderness?

3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our con-
fort?

Say, ay; and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee;
Love thee as our commander, and our King.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesie, thou dy'st.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have
offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided, that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And shew thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with our selves, shall rest at thy dispose.

[*Exeunt.*]

So in *Law-Tricks*, by *John Day*.

*That notwithstanding my Wife's near Allyance
Unto the Duke, I purchas'd a Divorce.*

And so in *Soliman and Perseda*;

*Fly, ere the Governour have any News,
Whose near Ally he was, and chief Delight.*

And in a Number of Passages more, that might be quoted.

S C E N E

SCENE changes to an open Place, under
Silvia's Apartment, in Milan.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. **A**lready I've been false to *Valentine*,
And now I must be as unjust to *Thurio*.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer:
But *Silvia* is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falshood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think, how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with *Julia* whom I lov'd.
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes *Thurio*: now must we to her window,
And give some evening musick to her ear.

Enter Thurio and Musicians.

Thu. How now, Sir *Protheus*, are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle *Thurio*; for, you know, that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but I hope, Sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Whom, *Silvia*?

Pro. Ay, *Silvia*, for your sake.

Thu. I thank you, for your own: now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily a while.

Enter Host, and Julia in boy's cloaths.

Host. Now, my young guest, methinks, you're al-
lycholly: I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine Host, because I cannot be merry.

Host.

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Host. Come, we'll have you merry; I'll bring you where you shall hear musick, and see the gentleman that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be musick.

Host. Hark, hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay; but peace, let's hear 'em.

S O N G.

*Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair and wise is she,
The heav'n such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.*

*Is she kind, as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness...
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness:
And being help'd, inhabits there.*

*Then Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.*

Host. How now? are you sadder than you were before? how do you, man? the musick likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How, out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a slow heart.

Host.

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Hof. I perceive, you delight not in mufick.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars fo.

Hof. Hark, what fine change is in the mufick.

Jul. Ay; that change is the fpight.

Hof. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing. But, hof, doth this Sir *Protheus*, that we talk on, Often refort unto this gentlewoman?

Hof. I tell you what *Launce*, his man, told me, he lov'd her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is *Launce*?

Hof. Gone to feek his dog, which to morrow, by his master's command, he muft carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace, ftand afide, the company parts.

Pro. Sir *Thurio*, fear not you; I will fo plead, That you fhall fay, my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At St. *Gregory's* well.

Thu. Farewel.

[*Ex. Thu. and Mufick.*]

Silvia, above, at her Window.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyfhip.

Sil. I thank you for your mufick, gentlemen: Who is that, that fpake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth, You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir *Protheus*, as I take it.

Pro. Sir *Protheus*, gentle lady, and your fervant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compafs yours.

Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this, That prefently you hie you home to bed.

Thou fubtle, perjur'd, falfe, difloyal man!

Think'ft thou, I am fo shallow, fo conceitless,

To be feduced by thy flattery,

That haft deceiv'd fo many with thy vows?

Return, return, and make thy love amends.

For me, by this pale Queen of night, I fwear,

I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;
And, by and by, intend to chide my self,
Ev'n for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.

Jul. [*Aside.*] 'Twere false, if I should speak it;
For, I am sure, she is not buried.

Sil. Say, that she be; yet *Valentine*, thy friend,
Survives; to whom, thy self art witness,
I am betroath'd; and art thou not ashamed
To wrong him with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewise hear, that *Valentine* is dead.

Sil. And so, suppose, am I; for in his grave,
Assure thy self, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave and call her thence,
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.

Jul. [*Aside.*] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:
For since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. [*Aside.*] If 'twere a substance, you would, sure,
deceive it,

And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I'm very loath to be your Idol, Sir;
But since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes;
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it;
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exe. Pro. and Sil.*

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my hallidom, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir *Protheus*?

Host.

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Hof. Marry, at my house: trust me, I think, 'tis almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. This is the hour that madam *Silvia*
Entreated me to call, and know her mind:
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.
Madam, madam!

Silvia above, at her Window.

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your servant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir *Eglamour*, a thousand times good morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to your self:
According to your ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. Oh *Eglamour*, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not I flatter, for, I swear, I do not,)
Valiant and wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd;
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd *Valentine*;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain *Thurio*, whom my very soul abhorr'd.
Thy self hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love dy'd;
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir *Eglamour*, I would to *Valentine*,
To *Mantua*, where, I hear, he makes abode:
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company;
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, *Eglamour*;
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the justice of my flying hence;
To keep me from a most unholy match,

Which

Which heav'n and fortune still reward with plagues :
 I do desire thee, even from a heart
 As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
 To bear me company, and go with me :
 If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
 That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances ;
 Which, since, I know, they virtuously are plac'd,
 I give consent to go along with you ;
 Recking as little what betideth me,
 As much I wish all good befortune you.
 When will you go ?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you ?

Sil. At friar *Patrick's* cell ;
 Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship :
 Good morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir *Eglamour*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Launce with his dog.

When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard : one that I brought up of a puppy, one that I sav'd from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it ! I have taught him, even as one would say precisely, thus I would teach a dog. (15) I went to deliver him, as a present to mistress *Silvia* from my master ; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies ! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were,

(15) *I was sent to deliver him as a present.—*] Honest *Launce* is here all along characterizing his Dog *Crab* ; but That he was not sent to deliver as a Present to *Silvia*. The Poet therefore could not be so forgetful to make this Blunder. *Launce* had lost his Master's Dog, and was gone in Quest of him, as we have heard from the *Host* : and we find *Launce* himself presently confessing, that it was stolen by the Hangman's boy. So having lost the intended Present, he went to tender his own Dog instead of the other.

a dog at all things. If I had no more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily, he had been hang'd for't; sure as I live, he had suffer'd for't; you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs, under the Duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. Out with the dog, says one; what cur is that? says another; whip him out, says the third; hang him up, says the Duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was *Crab*, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs; Friend, quoth I, you mean to whip the dog? Ay, marry, do I, quoth he. You do him the more wrong, quoth I; 'twas I did the thing you wot of. He makes no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for their servant? nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for the puddings he hath stoll'n, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory for the geese he hath kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for't. Thou think'st not of this now. Nay, I remember the trick you serv'd me, when I took my leave of *Madam Silvia*; did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? when didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter Protheus and Julia.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well;
And will imploy thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please: I'll do, Sir, what I can.

Pro. I hope, thou wilt. — How now, you whoreson
peasant,

Where have you been these two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, Sir, I carry'd mistress *Silvia* the dog,
you bad me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and
tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a
present.

Pro.

Pro. But she receiv'd my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, she did not: here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, Sir; the other squirrel was stoll'n from me by the hangman's boy in the market-place; and then I offer'd her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again, Or ne'er return again into my sight:

Away, I say; stay'st thou to vex me here?

A slave, that, still an end, turns me to shame.

[*Exit Laun.*]

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth;
That can with some discretion do my business:
(For 'tis no trusting to yon foolish lowt:)
But, chiefly, for thy face and thy behaviour;
Which, if my augury deceive me not,
Witness good bringing up, fortune and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee;
Deliver it to Madam *Silvia*.
She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems, you lov'd not her, to leave her token:
She's dead, belike.

Pro. Not so: I think, she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why do'st thou cry, alas?

Jul. I cannot chuse but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well
As you do love your lady *Silvia*:

She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;
You doat on her, that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity, love should be so contrary;
And, thinking on it, makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and give therewithal
This letter; that's her chamber: tell my lady,
I claim the promise for her heav'nly picture.

Your

Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary. [*Ex. Pro.*]

Jul. How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor *Protheus*, thou hast entertain'd
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs:
Alas, poor fool, why do I pity him,
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him:
This Ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will.
And now I am, unhappy messenger,
To plead for that, which I would not obtain;
To carry that, which I would have refus'd;
To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.
I am my master's true confirmed love,
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to my self.
Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly,
As, heav'n it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter Silvia.

Lady, good day; I pray you, be my Mean
To bring me where to speak with Madam *Silvia*.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Jul. If you be she, I do intreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master Sir *Protheus*, Madam.

Sil. Oh! he sends you for a picture?

Jul. Ay, Madam.

Sil. *Ursula*, bring my picture there.

Go, give your master this: tell him from me,
One *Julia*, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, may't please you to peruse this letter.
Pardon me, Madam, I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not;
This is the letter to your ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be; good Madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold;

I will not look upon your master's lines;
I know, they're stufft with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break,
As easily as I do tear his paper.

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him, that he sends it me;
For, I have heard him say a thousand times,
His *Julia* gave it him at his departure:
Tho' his false finger have prophan'd the ring,
Mine shall not do his *Julia* so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou?

Jul. I thank you, Madam, that you tender her;
Poor gentlewoman, my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her?

Jul. Almost as well, as I do know my self.
To think upon her woes, I do protest,
That I have wept an hundred several times.

Sil. Belike, she thinks, that *Protheus* hath forsook her.

Jul. I think, she doth; and that's her cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, Madam, than she is:
When she did think, my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you.
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling masque away;
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lilly-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature: for at *Pentecost*,
When all our pageants of delight were plaid,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trim'd in Madam *Julia*'s gown;
Which served me as fit, by all mens judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me;
There ore, I know, she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep a-good,

For I did play a lamentable Part.
Madam, 'twas *Ariadne*, passioning
For *Theseus*' perjury and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth.
Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!
I wept my self, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewel. [Exit *Silvia*.]

Ful. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know
her.

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful.
I hope, my master's suit will be but cold;
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas! how love can trifle with it self!
Here is her picture; let me see; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the Painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with my self too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow.
If that be all the diff'rence in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd perriwig.
Her eyes are grey as *Glass*, and so are mine; (16)
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine is high.
What should it be, that he respects in her,
But I can make respective in my self,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come; and take this shadow up;
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worship'd, kiss'd, lov'd and ador'd;

(16) *Her Eyes are grey as Glass.*] Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope's* Editions, for what Reason I know not, vary from the old Copies, which have it rightly, *Glass*. So *Chaucer*, in the Character of his Priores; Full semely her Wimple pinchid was,

Her Nose was tretes, her Eyen grey as Glass.

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And were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That us'd me so; or else, by *Jove* I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee. [Exit.

A C T V.

SCENE, *near the Friar's Cell, in Milan.*

Enter Eglamour.

EGLAMOUR.

THE sun begins to gild the western sky,
And now it is about the very hour
Silvia, at *Friar Patrick's* cell, should meet me.
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time:
So much they spur their expedition.
See, where she comes. Lady, a happy evening.

Enter Silvia.

Sil. Amen, Amen! Go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the Abby-wall;
I fear, I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not; the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we're sure enough. [Exit.

SCENE *changes to an Apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter Thurio, Protheus, and Julia.

Thu. Sir Protheus, what says Silvia to my suit?

Pro. Oh, Sir, I find her milder than she was,
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu.

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Thu. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No; that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a boot to make it somewhat rounder.

Pro. But love will not be spurr'd to what it loaths.

Thu. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says, it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,

“Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies eyes.

Jul. 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies eyes;
For I had rather wink, than look on them. [Aside.

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?

Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.

Thu. What says she to my valour?

Pro. Oh, Sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool.

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. Oh, ay, and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. That such an ass should own them.

Pro. That they are out by lease.

Jul. Here comes the Duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, Sir *Protobus*? how now, *Thurio*?
Which of you saw Sir *Eglamour* of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why then

She's fled unto that peasant *Valentine*;

And *Eglamour* is in her company.

'Tis true; for Friar *Laurence* met them both,

As he in penance wander'd through the forest:

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Him he knew well and guess'd that it was she;
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it.

Besides, she did intend confession

At *Patrick's* cell this Ev'n, and there she was not:
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.

Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,

But mount you presently, and meet with me

Upon the rising of the mountain-foot

That leads tow'rds *Mantua*, whither they are fled.

Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit Duke.*]

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,

That flies her fortune where it follows her:

I'll after, more to be reveng'd of *Eglamour*,

Than for the love of reckless *Silvia*.

Pro. And I will follow, more for *Silvia's* love,

Than hate of *Eglamour* that goes with her.

Ful. And I will follow, more to cross that love,

Than hate for *Silvia*, that is gone for love. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to the FOREST.*

Enter Silvia and Out-laws.

Out. COME, come, be patient; we must bring you
to our Captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances, than this one,
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.

1 *Out.* Where is the gentleman, that was with her?

3 *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us;
But *Moyfes* and *Valerius* follow him.

Go thou with her to th'west end of the wood,

There is our captain: follow him, that's fled.

The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.

1 *Out.* Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave,

Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,

And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O *Valentine!* this I endure for thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, the Out-law's Cave in the FOREST.

Enter Valentine.

Val. **H**OW use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O thou, that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was.
Repair me with thy presence, *Silvia*;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain.
What hallo'ing, and what stir is this to day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase.
They love me well, yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, *Valentine*: who's this comes here?

Enter Protheus, Silvia, and Julia.

Pro. Madam, this service have I done for you.
(Tho' you respect not ought your servant doth)
To hazard life, and rescue you from him,
That wou'd have forc'd your honour and your love.
Vouchsafe me for my meed but one fair look:
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I'm sure, you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this, I see, and hear?
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [Aside.]

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy were you, Madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your presence.
[Aside.]

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false *Protheus* rescue me.
Oh, heav'n be judge, how I love *Valentine*,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul;
And full as much, for more there cannot be,
I do detest false perjur'd *Protheus*:
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

Pro. What dang'rous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?
Oh, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love, where they're belov'd.

Sil. When *Protheus* cannot love, where he's belov'd,
Read over *Julia's* heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou then didst rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou'dst two,
And that's far worse than none: better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one.
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love,
Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but *Protheus*.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form;
I'll move you like a soldier, at arms end,
And love you 'gainst the nature of love; force ye.

Sil. Oh heav'n!

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. *Valentine!*—

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love;
For such is a friend now: thou treach'rous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say,
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted now, when the right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom? *Protheus*,

I'm sorry, I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest. Oh time, most accurst!
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confound me :
Forgive me, *Valentine*; if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender't here; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid :
And once again I do receive thee honest.
Who by repentance is not satisfy'd,
Is nor of heav'n, nor earth; for these are pleas'd ;
By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeas'd.
And that my love may appear plain and free,
All, that was mine in *Silvia*, I give thee.

Jul. Oh me unhappy! [Swoons.

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! how now? what's the matter?
look up; speak.

Jul. O good Sir, my master charg'd me to deliver
a ring to Madam *Silvia*, which, out of my neglect, was
never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it.

Pro. How? let me see :

This is the ring I gave to *Julia*.

Jul. Oh, cry you mercy, Sir, I have mistook ;
This is the ring you sent to *Silvia*.

Pro. How cam'st thou by this ring? at my depart,
I gave this unto *Julia*.

Jul. And *Julia* her self did give it me.
And *Julia* her self hath brought it hither.

Pro. How, *Julia*?

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart :
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root ?
Oh *Protheus*, let this habit make thee blush !
Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest rayment : if shame live

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In a disguise of love. ———

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,

Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds? 'tis true; oh heav'n!
were man

But constant, he were perfect; that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all sins:
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins.

What is in *Silvia's* face, but I may spy
More fresh in *Julia's* with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy Close;
'Twere pity, two such friends should long be foes.

Pro. Bear witness, heav'n, I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

Enter Out-laws, with Duke and Thurio.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear, forbear, it is my lord the *Duke*.
Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
The banish'd *Valentine*.

Duke. Sir *Valentine*?

Thu. Yonder is *Silvia*: and *Silvia's* mine.

Val. *Thurio*, give back; or else embrace thy death:
Come not within the measure of my wrath.
Do not name *Silvia* thine; if once again, ———

Milan shall not behold thee. Here she stands, (17)
Take but possession of her with a touch;
I dare thee but to breath upon my love, ———

Thu. Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I.
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not.
I claim her not; and therefore she is thine.

(17) *Verona shall not hold thee.*] Thus all the Editions, but, whether thro' the Mistake of the first Editors, or the Poet's own Carelessness, this Reading is absurdly faulty. For the Threat here is to *Thurio*, who is a *Milanese*; and has no Concerns, as it appears, with *Verona*. Besides, the Scene is betwixt the Confines of *Milan*, and *Mantua*, to which *Silvia* follows *Valentine*, having heard that he had retreated thither. And, upon these Circumstances, I ventur'd to adjust the Text, as, I imagine, the Poet must have intended: i. e. *Milan, thy Country, shall never see thee again: thou shalt never live to go back thither.*

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Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, *Valentine*,
And think thee worthy of an' emprefs' love:
Know then, I here forget all former griefs;
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new state in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe: Sir *Valentine*,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy *Silvia*, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your Grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile.
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd, I pardon them and thee;
Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go; we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and all solemnity.

Val. And as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your Grace to smile.
What think you of this Page, my lord?

Duke. I think, the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.
Come, *Protheus*, 'tis your penance but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours,
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE
MERRY WIVES
OF
WINDSOR.

Dramatis Personæ.

SIR John Falstaff.

Fenton, *a young Gentleman of small Fortune, in Love with Mrs. Anne Page.*

Shallow, *a Country Justice.*

Slender, *Cousin to Shallow, a foolish Country Squire.*

Mr. Page, }
Mr. Ford, } *two Gentlemen, dwelling at Windsor.*

Sir Hugh Evans, *a Welch Parson.*

Dr. Caius, *a French Doctor.*

Host of the Garter, *a merry talking Fellow.*

Bardolph, }
Pistol, } *Sharppers, attending on Falstaff.*
Nym, }

Robin, *Page to Falstaff.*

William Page, *a Boy, Son to Mr. Page.*

Simple, *Servant to Slender.*

Rugby, *Servant to Dr. Caius.*

Mrs. Page, *Wife to Mr. Page.*

Mrs. Ford, *Wife to Mr. Ford.*

Mrs. Anne Page, *Daughter to Mr. Page, in Love with Fenton.*

Mrs. Quickly, *Servant to Dr. Caius.*

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE, *Windsor* : and the Parts adjacent.



T H E

(1) MERRY WIVES of *Windsor*.

A C T I.

SCENE, *before Page's House in Windsor.*

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

S H A L L O W.



I R *Hugh*, perfwade me not; I will make a *Star-Chamber* matter of it: if he were twenty *Sir John Falstaffs*, he shall not abuse *Robert Shallow*, Esq;

Slen. In the county of *Gloucester*, justice of peace, and *Coram*.

Shal. Ay, cousin *Slender*, and *Custalorum*.

(1) *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.] *Queen Elizabeth* was so well pleas'd with the admirable Character of *Falstaff* in the Two Parts of *Henry IV*, that, as *Mr. Rowe* informs us, She commanded *Shakespeare* to continue it for one Play more, and to shew him in Love. To this Command We owe this Comedy of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: which, *Mr. Gildon* says, he was very well assur'd, our Author finish'd in a Fortnight. But this must be meant only, as *Mr. Pope* has observ'd, of the first imperfect Sketch of this Comedy, printed in 1619. The Notice of a Play, publish'd seventeen years after *Queen Elizabeth's* Death, does no ways come in Support of the Tradition, that it was perform'd for that Princess's Entertainment. But I have another old Quarto Edition of this Comedy, (which, I presume, *Mr. Pope* never saw;) printed in 1602; which says in the Title-page — *As it hath been diverse times acted both before her Majesty and elsewhere*. The Reader will find the Title of this old Play at length, in my Catalogue of Editions prefix'd to this Work.

Slen.

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Slèn. Ay, and *Rato-lorum* too; and a gentleman born; master parson, who writes himself *Armigero* in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *Armigero*.

Shal. Ay, that I do, and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slèn. All his successors, gone before him, have don't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may; they may give the dozen white luses in their Coat.

Shal. It is an old Coat.

Eva. The dozen white lowfes do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

Shal. The luce is the fresh-fish, the salt-fish is an old Coat.

Slèn. I may quarter, coz.

Shal. You may by marrying.

Eva. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, per-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for your self, in my simple conjectures; but that is all one: if Sir *John Falstaff* have committed disparagements upon you, I am of the Church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

Sal. The Council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet, the Council hear of a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it; and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings good discretions with it: there is *Anne Page*, (2) which is daughter to master *George Page*, which is pretty virginity.

(2) — *which is Daughter to Master Thomas Page,*] The whole Set of Editions have negligently blunder'd one after another in *Page's* Christian Name in this place; tho' Mrs. *Page* calls him *George* afterwards in at least six several Passages.

Slen. Mistress *Anne Page*? she has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Eva. It is that ferry person for all the world, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold and silver, is her grandfire upon his death's-bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrection) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a good motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between master *Abraham* and mistress *Anne Page*.

Slen. Did her grand-fire leave her seven hundred pounds?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.

Shal. Well; let us see honest Mr. *Page*: is *Falstaff* there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false; or as I despise one that is not true. The Knight, Sir *John*, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-wishers. I will peat the door [*Knocks.*] for master *Page*. What, ho? Got bless your house here.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and Justice *Shallow*; and here's young master *Slender*; that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well. I thank you for my venison, master *Shallow*.

Shal. Master *Page*, I am glad to see you; much good do it your good heart: I wish'd your venison better; it was ill kill'd. How doth good mistress *Page*? and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

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Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good master *Slender*.

Slen. How do's your fallow greyhound, Sir? I heard say, he was out-run on *Cotfale*.

Page. It could not be judg'd, Sir.

Slen. You'll not confes, you'll not confes.

Shal. That he will not, 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault; 'tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more said? he is good and fair. Is Sir *John Falstaff* here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would, I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke, as a christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, master *Page*.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confes it.

Shal. If it be confes'd, it is not redres'd; is not that so, master *Page*? he hath wrong'd me; indeed, he hath; at a word, he hath; believe me, *Robert Shallow* Esquire faith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes Sir *John*.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym and Pistol.

Fal. Now, master *Shallow*, you'll complain of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kifs'd your keeper's daughter.

Shal. Tut, a pin; this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it strait: I have done all this. That is now answer'd.

Shal. The Council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you, if 'twere not known in Council; you'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. *Pauca verba*, Sir *John*, good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good cabbage. *Slender*, I broke your head: what matter have you against me?

Slen. Varry, Sir, I have matter in my head against you, and against your cony-catching rascals, *Bardolph*, *Nym*, and *Pistol*.

Bar.

Bar. You Banbury cheese!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, *Mephostophilus*?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say; *pauca, pauca*: slice, that's my humour.

Slen. Where's *Simple*, my man? can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace: I pray you: now let us understand; there is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, master *Page*; *fidelicet*, master *Page*; and there is my self; *fidelicet*, my self; and the three party is; lastly and finally, mine Host of the Garter.

Mr. *Page*. We three to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Ferry goot; I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. *Pistol*, —

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, he hears with ear? why, it is affectations.

Fal. *Pistol*, did you pick master *Slender*'s purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves; did he; (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else,) of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two *Edward* shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece, of *Yead Miller*, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, *Pistol*?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain foreigner! — Sir *John*, and master mine,

I Combat challenge of this latten bilboe: (3)

Q 2

Word

(3) *I combat challenge of this Latin bilboe*] Our modern Editors have distinguish'd this Word, *Latin*, in *Italic* Characters, as if it was address'd to Sir *Hugh*, and meant to call him *pedantic Blade*, on account of his being a Schoolmaster, and teaching *Latin*. But I'll be bold to say, in This they do not take the Poet's Conceit. *Pistol* barely calls Sir *Hugh* Mountain-foreigner, because he had interpos'd in the Dispute: but then immediately demands the Combat of *Slender*, for having charg'd him with picking his Pocket. The old *Quarto's* write it *Latten*, as it should

should be, in the common Characters: And, as a Proof that the Author design'd This should be address'd to *Slender*, Sir *Hugh* does not there interpose one Word in the Quarrel. But what then signifies — *latten Bilbo*? Why, *Pistol* seeing *Slender* such a slim, puny, Wight; would intimate, that he is as thin as a Plate of that compound Metal, which is call'd *latten*: and which was, as we are told, the Old *Orichalc*. Monsieur *Dacier*, upon this Verse in *Horace's* Epistle *de Arte Poeticâ*,

Tibia non ut nunc Orichalco vincita, &c.

says, *Est une espece de Cuivre de montagne, come son nom mesme le temoigne; c'est ce que nous appellons aujourd'huy du leton.* "It is a sort of Mountain-Copper, as its very Name imports, and which we at this time of Day call *Latten*." *Scaliger* upon *Festus* had said the same Thing. The Metallists tell us, it is Copper mingled with *Lapis Calamianaris*. The learned Part of my Readers will forgive me, if I attempt the Correction of a Passage in *Hesychius*, upon the Subject of *Orichalc*, which has been tamper'd with, but not cur'd, I think, to Satisfaction. Ὀρείχαλκος, χαλκός. χρυσῶ ἔοικῶς, ἢ κρήνη ἀρχίχαλκος. (In the first place, the Series and Order of *Hesychius* shew he meant to write his Theme, Ὀείχαλκος, without the Diphthong.) *Sopringius* has conjectur'd, the last Word should be ἀείχαλκος. But what then has κρήνη to do here? *Orichalcum* does not signify a Fountain; nor does *Vibius Sequester*, or any body else to my Knowledge, tell us of any Fountain, Lake, or Spring, that bore such a Name. Perhaps, the whole should be thus pointed and reform'd: Ὀείχαλκος, χαλκός χρυσῶ ἔοικῶς. ἢ κρέμα τι ἀρχή, χαλκός. *Orichalcum, as auri æmulum: vel, Compositum quoddam; principium cujus, Æs.* *Orichalc*, a sort of Brass like Gold; or a Compound Metal, the Foundation of which was Brass. *Stephanus, de Urbibus*, tells us of a Stone produc'd at *Andeira*, which, mingled with Brass, became *Orichalc*. ΚΡΑΘΕΪΣ χαλκῶ, Ὀρείχαλκος γίγνεται. *Strabo* is the Foundation for what *Stephanus* says; who, speaking of this Stone, adds, If it be burnt with a certain Earth, it melts to a counterfeit Silver: which Earth, having Brass mingled with it, comes to that compounded Metal which some call *Orichalc*. ἢ πρὸς λαβῆσα χαλκὸν τὸ καλέμενον γίνε.) ΚΡΑΜΑ ὅτινες Ὀρείχαλκον καλέσι. The old Glossaries likewise have, *Aurichalca, κρηματινα*: which *Junius* in his Book, *De Picturâ Veterum*, corrects to ΚΡΑΜΑ ΤΙ: But *Martinius*, I find, disapproves of the Correction. These Quotations, I think, are somewhat in Support of the Conjecture I have offer'd. A Word to the Passage quoted from *Strabo*, and I shall dismiss this Criticism. *Casaubon* very justly objects to the Tautology of τὸ καλέμενον, & ὅτινες καλέσι. He thinks, either something is wanting after καλέμενον: or that it should be expung'd. If I am not mistaken, *Strabo* might have wrote, with the Change only of one Letter, τὸ καλὸν μὲν ὄν γίνε.) κρέμα, *perpulchra quidem fit Mixtura: i. e.* a most beautiful Compound is produced. The *Orichalc*, we know, was so bright a Metal, that, as *Isidore* says, it had the Splendor of Gold, and the Hardness of Brass: and *Pliny* tells us, It was put under some *Chrysolites*, as a *Foil*, to assist their Lustre.

Word of denial in thy *Labra's* here ;
Word of denial ; froth and scum, thou ly'st.

Slen. By these gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be advis'd, Sir, and pass good humours: I will say marry trap with you, if you run the base humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it; for tho' I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, *Scarlet* and *John* ?

Bard. Why, Sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses: fie, what the Ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap, Sir, was, as they say, cashier'd; and so conclusions past the car-eires.

Slen. Ay, you spake in *Latin* then too; but 'tis no matter; I'll never be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got udg me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters deny'd, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Mistress Anne Page, with wine.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [Exit Anne Page.]

Slen. Oh heav'n! this is mistress *Anne Page*.

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Page. How now, mistress *Ford* ?

Fal. Mistress *Ford*, by my troth, you are very well met; by your leave, good mistress. [Kissing her.]

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome: come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen; I hope, we shall drink down all unkindness.

[Ex. Fal. Page, &c.]

Manent Shallow, Evans, and Slender.

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of songs and sonnets here.

Enter Simple.

How now, *Simple*, where have you been? I must wait on my self, must I? you have not the book of riddles about you, have you?

Simp. Book of riddles! why, did you not lend it to *Alice Shortcake* (4) upon *All-hallowmas* last, a fortnight afore *Martlemas*?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you: a word with you, coz: marry this, coz; there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by *Sir Hugh* here; do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, Sir, you shall find me reasonable: if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, Sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, Mr. *Slender*: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do, as my cousin *Shallow* says: I pray you, pardon me; he's a Justice of peace in his country, simple tho' I stand here.

Eva. But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, Sir.

Eva. Marry, is it; the very point of it, to Mrs. *Anne Page*.

(4) Upon *Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas.*] Sure, *Simple's* a little out in his Reckoning. *Allhallowmas* is almost five Weeks after *Michaelmas*. But may it not be urg'd, it is design'd, *Simple* should appear thus ignorant, to keep up Character? I think, not. The simplest Creatures (nay, even Naturals) generally are very precise in the Knowledge of Festivals, and marking how the Seasons run: And therefore I have ventur'd to suspect, our Poet wrote *Martlemas*, as the Vulgar call it; which is near a fortnight after *All-Saints Day*, i. e. eleven Days, both inclusive.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mind: therefore precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin *Abrabam Slender*, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, Sir; I will do, as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must: will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do, is to pleasure you, coz: can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, Sir, at your request: but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heav'n may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are marry'd, and have more occasion to know one another: (5) I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, marry her, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a ferry discretion answer; save, the fall is in th' ort *dissolutely*: the ort is, according to our meaning, *resolutely*; his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think, my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hang'd, la.

(5) *I hope, upon Familiarity will grow more Content.*] Certainly, the Editors in their Sagacity have murther'd a Jest here. It is design'd, no Doubt, that *Slender* should say *decrease*, instead of *increase*; and *dissolved* and *dissolutely*, instead of *resolved* and *resolutely*: but to make him say, on the present Occasion, that upon Familiarity will grow more *Content*, instead of *Contempt*, is disarming the Sentiment of all its *Salt* and *Humour*, and disappointing the Audience of a reasonable Cause for Laughter.

Enter Mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress *Anne*: would I were young for your sake, mistress *Anne*.

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worship's company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress *Anne*.

Eva. Od's plessed will, I will not be absence at the Grace. [*Ex. Shallow and Evans.*]

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, Sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, Sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. Go, Sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin *Shallow*: [*Ex. Simple.*] a Justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, 'till my mother be dead; but what though, yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship; they will not fit, 'till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, Sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruis'd my shin th'other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, three veney's for a dish of stew'd prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there Bears i'th' town?

Anne. I think, there are, Sir; I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the sport well, but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in *England*. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed; Sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now; I have seen *Sackerson* loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cry'd and shriek'd at it, that it past: but women, indeed,

indeed, cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Come, gentle Mr. *Slender*, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, Sir.

Page. By cock and pye, you shall not chuse, Sir; come; come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, Sir.

Slen. Mistress *Anne*, your self shall go first.

Anne. Not I, Sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first, truly-la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, Sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly, than troublesome; you do your self wrong, indeed-la. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Evans and Simple.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor *Cains'* house which is the way; and there dwells one mistress *Quickly*, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Simp. Well, Sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet; give her this letter; for it is a o'man that altogethers acquaintance with mistress *Anne Page*; and the letter is to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to mistress *Anne Page*: I pray you, be gone; I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E *changes to the Garter-Inn.*

Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol and Robin.

Fal. **M**INE host of the garter,——

Host. What says my bully rock? speak schollarly, and wisely. *Fal.*

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Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully *Hercules*, cashier; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an Emperor, *Cæsar*, *Keisar* and *Pheazar*. I will entertain *Bardolph*, he shall draw, he shall tap; said I well, bully *Hector*?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke, let him follow; let me see thee froth, and live: I am at a word; follow.

[*Exit Host.*

Fal. *Bardolph*, follow him; a tapster is a good trade; an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wither'd serving-man, a fresh tapster; go, adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desir'd: I will thrive.

[*Exit Bard.*

Pist. O base *Hungarian* wight, wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink, is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroick, and there's the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad, I am so quit of this tinderbox; his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful finger, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minute's rest.

Pist. Convey, the *Wife* it call: steal? foh; a fico for the phrase!

Fal. Well, Sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why then, let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I must conycatch, I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight, he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards and more.

Fal.

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Fal. No quips now, *Pistol*: indeed, I am in the waste two yards about; but I am now about no waste, I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to *Ford's* wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourages, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation; I can construe the action of her familiar stile, and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be english'd right, is, *I am Sir John Falstaff's*.

Pist. He hath study'd her well, and translated her well; out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep; will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse: she hath a legion of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain; and to her, boy, say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good; humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to *Page's* wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with most judicious *Iliads*; sometimes, the beam of her view guilded my foot; sometimes, my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dung-hill shine. [*Aside.*]

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass. Here's another letter to her; she bears the purse too; (6) she is a region in *Guiana*, all gold and bounty. I will be Cheater to them both, and they shall be *Exchequers* to

(6) *She is a Region in Guiana, all Gold and Bounty.*] If the Tradition be true, (as, I doubt not, but it is;) of this Play being wrote at Queen *Elizabeth's* Command; this Passage, perhaps, may furnish a probable Conjecture that it could not appear till after the Year 1598. The mention of *Guiana*, then so lately discover'd to the *English*, was a very happy Compliment to Sir *W. Raleigh*, who did not begin his Expedition for South *America* till 1595, and return'd from it in 1596, with an advantageous Account of the great Wealth of *Guiana*. Such an Address of the Poet was likely, I imagine, to have a proper Impression on the People, when the Intelligence of such a golden Country was fresh in their Minds, and gave them Expectations of immense Gain.

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me ; they shall be my *East* and *West-Indies*, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to mistress *Page* ; and thou this to mistress *Ford* : we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become ;
And by my side wear steel ? then, *Lucifer* take all !

Nym. I will run no base humour ; here, take the humour-letter, I will keep the haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, Sirrah, bear you these letters tightly,
Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores. [*To Robin Rogues*, hence, avaunt ! vanish like hail-stones, go ;
Trudge, plod away o'th' hoof, seek shelter, pack !
Falstaff will learn the humour of the age, (7)

French thrift, you rogues ; my self, and skirted *Page*.

[*Ex. Falstaff and Boy.*

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts ; for gourd, and

Fullam holds :

And high and low beguiles the rich and poor.
Tester I'll have in pouch when thou shalt lack,
Base *Phrygian Turk* !

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge ?

Nym. By welkin, and her star.

Pist. With wit, or steel ?

Nym. With both the humours, I :

I will discuss the humour of this love to *Ford*.

Pist. And I to *Page* shall eke unfold,

How *Falstaff*, varlet vile,

His dove will prove, his gold will hold,

And his soft couch defile.

(7) *Falstaff will learn the Honour of the Age,*] What was this *Honour*, which he was to learn ? Frugality ; the retrenching his Expences, and keeping only a *Boy* to wait on him. Had the Editors been cut out for *Collators*, they might have observ'd the old Quarto's read, *the Humour of the Age*, i. e. the frugal Fashion of the Times. So in *Much Ado about Nothing*.

The Fashion of the World is to avoid Cost, and you encounter it.
And *Honour* and *Humour*, I have observ'd, are very often reciprocally mistaken for one another in old *English Plays*.

Nym.

Nym. My humour shall not cool; I will incense *Ford* to deal with poison; (8) I will possess him with yellowness; for the Revolt of *Mien* is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the *Mars* of male-contents: I second thee; troop on. [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to *Dr. Caius's House.*

Enter mistress Quickly, Simple, and John Rugby.

Quic. WHAT, *John Rugby!* I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, master Doctor *Caius*, coming; if he do, i'faith, and find any body in the house, here will be old abusing of God's patience, and the King's *English*.

Rug. I'll go watch. [Exit Rugby.]

Quic. Go, and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor

(8) *I will possess him with jealousies, for this revolt of mine is dangerous:]* This is the Reading of the modern Editions; the old Copies have it, *Yellowness*; i. e. the Symptom of Jealousy. So *Beatrice*, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, speaking of *Claudio's* having jealous Suspicions, says;

The Count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil, Count; civil, as an Orange; and something of that jealous Complexion.

Again, *This revolt of mine, &c.* If *Nym* speaks this of himself, he speaks very improperly, to call it a *Revolt*, when he is discarded by his Master. The old Copies read, as I have restor'd in the Text; and the *Revolt of mine*, I take to signify the *Change of Complexion*. And then *Nym* must mean, I will make him so jealous, till he changes Colour with its Working; and then it will break out into some violent Effects, that will be dangerous to *Falstaff*. For *Mine* (or *Mien*, as it is more generally written,) does not only signify, the *Air, Gesture, and Bearing* of any Person; but likewise the *Look and Turn of Countenance*; *Oris Species; nativa vultus Compositio: — Visage bon, ou mauvais, qu'on fait paroître aux gens selon qu'ils nous plaisent, &c.* as *Richelet* explains it: that *Look, or Turn of Countenance*, which we shew to People, according as they please us, or not. Our Author, in other places, takes notice of the *Change of Colour* to be a Symptom of Anger, Envy, &c. as it certainly is in Nature, according to the Spring of that Passion which excites it.

no breed-bate; his worst fault is, that he is given to pray'r; he is something peevish that way; but no body but has his fault; but let that pass. *Peter Simple*, you say, your name is.

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.!

Quic. And master *Slender's* your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quic. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth; he hath but a little wee-face, with a little yellow beard, (9) a *Cain-colour'd* beard.

Quic. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth; but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head: he hath fought with a warrener.

Quic. How say you? oh, I should remember him; does he not hold up his head, as it were? and strut in his gate?

Sim. Yes; indeed, does he.

Quic. Well, heav'n send *Anne Page* no worse fortune! Tell master parson *Evans*, I will do what I can for your master: *Anne* is a good girl; and I wish—

Enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quic. We shall all be shent; run in here, good young man; go into this closet; [*shuts Simple in the closet.*] He will not stay long. What, *John Rugby!* *John!* what, *John*, I say; go, *John*, go enquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home: and down, down, a-down-a, &c. [*Sings.*

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like des toys; pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier verd*; a

(9) *A cane-colour'd beard.*] Thus the latter Editions. I have restor'd with the old Copies. *Cain* and *Judas*, in the Tapestries and Pictures of old, were represented with yellow Beards.

box, a green-a box; do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quic. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you.

I am glad, he went not in himself; if he had found the man, he would have been horn-mad. [*Aside.*

Caius. *Fe, fe, fe, fe, ma foi, il fait fort chaud; je me'n vaie à la Cour — la grande affaire.*

Quic. Is it this, Sir?

Caius. Ouy, mettez le au mon pocket; *Depêchez*, quickly; ver is dat knave *Rugby*?

Quic. What, *John Rugby*! *John*!

Rug. Here, Sir.

Caius. You are *John Rugby*, and you are *Jack Rugby*; come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to the Court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, Sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long: od's me: *Que ay je oublié?* dere is some simples in my closet, dat I will not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quic. Ay-me, he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. O *Diable, Diable!* vat is in my closet? *villaine, Larron!* *Rugby*, my rapier. [*Pulls Simple out of the closet.*

Quic. Good master, be content.

Caius. Wherefore shall I be content-a?

Quic. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. What shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man, dat shall come in my closet.

Quic. I beseech you, be not so flegmatick; hear the truth of it. He came of an errand to me from parson *Hugh*.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to ———

Quic. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue, speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistress *Anne Page* for my master in the way of marriage.

Quic. This is all, indeed-la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a-you? *Rugby*, (10) *baillez* me some paper; tarry you a little-a-while.

Quic. I am glad, he is so quiet; if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy: but notwithstanding, man, I'll do for your master what good I can; and the very yea and the no is, the *French Doctor* my master, (I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house, and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all my self.)

Simp. 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

Quic. Are you a-vis'd o' that? you shall find it a great charge; and to be up early and down late. But notwithstanding, to tell you in your ear, I would have no words of it, my master himself is in love with mistress *Anne Page*; but, notwithstanding that, I know *Anne's* mind, that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape; give a this letter to Sir *Hugh*; by gar, it is a shallenge: I will cut his troat in de parke, and I will teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make ——— you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here; by gar, I will cut all his two stones; by gar he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog. [*Exit Simple.*

Quic. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter'a ver dat: do you not tell-a-me, dat I shall have *Anne Page* for my self? by gar, I will kill de jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of *de Jarterre* to measure our weapon; by gar, I will my self have *Anne Page*.

(10) *Ballow me some Paper;*] Thus all the Editions hitherto: and, I suppose, the Editors thought this a design'd Corruption of the Word *borrow*. But are we to imagine the Poet's *Doctor* had not a Scrap of Paper in his House, but must send out to borrow some? As *Caius* is represented a *Frenchman*, and generally speaks half *French*, half *English*, it is much more probable to believe, our Author wrote, *Baillez* me some Paper, *i. e.* fetch, bring, give me some. So the *French* say, *Baillez la main*, Give me your hand; *Bailler une oeillade*, to give One the Wink, &c.

Quic.

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Quic. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate; what, the good-ger!

Caius. *Rugby*, come to the Court with me; — by gar, if I have not *Anne Page*, I shall turn your head out of my door; — follow my heels, *Rugby*.

[*Ex.* *Caius and Rugby.*]

Quic. You shall have *An* fools-head of your own! No, I know *Anne's* mind for that; never a Woman in *Windsor* knows more of *Anne's* mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heav'n.

Fent. [within.] Who's within there, ho?

Quic. Who's there, I trow? come near the house, I pray you.

Enter Mr. Fenton:

Fent. How now, good woman, how dost thou?

Quic. The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty mistress *Anne*?

Quic. In truth, Sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praise heav'n for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'st thou? shall I not lose my suit?

Quic. Troth, Sir, all is in his hands above; but notwithstanding, master *Fenton*, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you: have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; and what of that?

Quic. Well, thereby hangs a tale; good faith, it is such another *Nan*; but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread; we had an hour's talk of that wart: I shall never laugh but in that maid's company! but, indeed, she is given too much to allieholly and musing; but for you — Well — go to —

Fent. Well, I shall see her to day; hold, there's mony for thee: let me have thy voice in my behalf; if thou see'st her before me, commend me —

Quic. Will I? ay, faith, that we will: and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other wooers.

Fen. Well, farewell, I am in great haste now. [*Exit.*]

Quic. Farewel to your worship. Truly, an honest gentleman, but *Anne* loves him not; I know *Anne's* mind as well as another does. Out upon't, what have I forgot? [*Exit.*]

A C T II.

S C E N E, *before Page's house.*

Enter Mrs. Page, with a letter.

Mrs. P A G E.

WHAT, have I 'scap'd love-letters in the holy-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? let me see:

Ask me no reason, why I love you; for tho' love use reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counsellor: you are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; ha! ha! then there's more sympathy; you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? let it suffice thee, mistress Page, at the least if the love of a soldier can suffice, that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me:

*By me, thine own true Knight, by day or night,
Or any kind of light, with all his might,
For thee to fight.*

John Falstaff.

What a *Herod of Jury* is this? O wicked, wicked world! one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! what unweigh'd behaviour

haviour hath this *Flemish* drunkard pickt, i'th' devil's name, out of my conversation; that he dares in this manner assay me? why, he hath not been thrice in my company: what should I say to him? I was then frugal of my mirth, heav'n forgive me: why, I'll exhibit (11) a Bill in the Parliament for the putting down of fat men: how shall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress *Page*, trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And trust me, I was coming to you; you look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to shew to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet I say, I could shew you to the contrary: O mistress *Page*, give me some counsel.

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman! if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour.

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman, take the honour; what is it? dispense with trifles; what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What, thou liest! Sir *Alice Ford*! these Knights will hack, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

(11) — a bill in the Parliament for the putting down of Men: What, *Mrs. Page*, put down the whole Species *Unius ob noxam*, for a single Offender's Trespass? Don't be so unreasonable in your Anger. But 'tis a false Charge against You. I am persuaded, a short Monosyllable is dropt out, which, once restor'd, would qualify the Matter. We must necessarily read, — for the putting down of fat Men. — *Mrs. Ford* says in the very ensuing Scene, *I shall think the worse of fat Men, as long as I have an Eye, &c.* And in the old Quarto's, *Mrs. Page*, so soon as she has read the Letter, says, *Well, I shall trust fat Men the worse, while I live, for his sake:* And he is call'd, the fat Knight, the greasie Knight, by the Women, throughout the Play.

Mrs. *Ford*. We burn day-light ; here, read, read ; perceive, how I might be knighted : I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking ; and yet he would not swear ; prais'd women's modesty ; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words ; but they do no more adhere, and keep place together, than the hundredth Psalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves*. What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tun of oyl in his belly, a'shore at *Windsor* ? how shall I be reveng'd on him ? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, 'till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like ?

Mrs. *Page*. Letter for letter, but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs. To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter ; but let thine inherit first, for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank-space for different names ; nay, more ; and these are of the second edition : he will print them out of doubt, for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lye under mount *Pelion*. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. *Ford*. Why, this is the very same, the very hand, the very words ; what doth he think of us ?

Mrs. *Page*. Nay, I know not ; it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain my self like one that I am not acquainted withal ; for, sure, unless he knew some Strain in me, that I know not my self, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. *Ford*. Boarding, call it you ? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. *Page*. So will I ; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be reveng'd on him ; let's appoint him a meeting, give him a show of comfort

fort in his suit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, 'till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mrs. *Ford*. Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not fully the chariness of our honesty : oh, that my husband saw this letter ! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. *Page*. Why, look, where he comes, and my good man too ; he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause ; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. *Ford*. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. *Page*. Let's consult together against this greasie Knight. Come hither. [They retire.]

Enter Ford with Pistol, Page with Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtal-dog in some affairs.

Sir *John* affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, Sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor,

Both young and old, one with another, *Ford* ;
He loves thy gally-mawfry, *Ford*, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife ?

Pist. With liver burning hot : prevent, or go thou, like Sir *Asteon*, he, with Ring-wood at thy heels — O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name, Sir ?

Pist. The horn, I say : farewell.

Take heed, have open eye ; for thieves do foot by night.
Take heed ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds affright.
Away, Sir corporal *Nym*. ———

Believe it, *Page*, he speaks sense. [Exit Pistol.]

Ford. I will be patient ; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true : I like not the humour of lying ; he hath wrong'd me in some humours : I should have born the humour'd letter to her ; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife ; there's the short and the long. My

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name is Corporal *Nym*; I speak, and I avouch; 'tis true: my name is *Nym*, and *Falstaff* loves your Wife. Adieu; I love not the humour of bread and cheefe: adieu.

[Exit *Nym*.

Page. The humour of it, quoth a'! here's a fellow, frights humour out of its wits.

Ford. I will seek out *Falstaff*.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it: well.

Page. (12) I will not believe such a *Cataian*, tho' the priest o'th' town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: well.

Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford come forwards.

Page. How now, *Meg*?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, *George*? hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet *Frank*, why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head. Now, will you go, mistress *Page*?

(12) *I will not believe such a Cataian, tho', &c.*] This is a Piece of Satire, that did not want its Force at the time of this Play's appearing; tho' the History, on which it is grounded, is become obsolete, and lost to general Knowledge. In the Year 1575, Captain *Martin Frobisher* (who was afterwards knighted, for Services against the *Spanish Armada*;) being furnish'd with Adventurers to the Project, set out upon his Discovery of a Passage to *Cataia*, near *China*, by the North-west Seas. Having sail'd sixty Degrees North-west beyond *Frieland*, he came to Land upon a Place inhabited by Savages, from whence he brought a piece of black Stone, like Sea-Coal, which, upon his Return, being assay'd by the Goldsmiths, was judg'd to be very rich in Gold-Ore. This encourag'd him to a second Voyage thither the next Season; when he freighted two Vessels home with this black Stone: and in 1578, his Project was so risen in Credit, that he set sail a third time with fifteen good Ships; and freighted them all, homewards, out of the same Mines. But, to see the odd Fate that too often attends such Discoveries! Tho' the Prospect of immense Treasures was at first so plausible, that it was given out with Certainty, *Cataia* was *Solomon's Ophir*; yet, on a severe Trial, this boasted Gold-Ore prov'd to be meer Dross: and that falling short of the expected Value, and the Adventurers of their expected Gains, the Project fell so low in Repute, that *Cataians* and *Frobishers* became By-words for such vain Boasters, as promis'd more than they could make out, and therefore deserv'd not to be credited.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Page*. Have with you. You'll come to dinner, *George*? Look, who comes yonder; she shall be our messenger to this paultry Knight.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Mrs. *Ford*. Trust me, I thought on her, she'll fit it.

Mrs. *Page*. You are come to see my daughter *Anne*?

Quic. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good mistress *Anne*?

Mrs. *Page*. Go in with us, and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Ex. Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quic.*

Page. How now, master *Ford*?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves; I do not think, the Knight would offer it; but these, that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoak of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. Does he lye at the *Garter*?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend his voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lye on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife, but I would be loth to turn them together; a man may be too confident; I would have nothing lye on my head; I cannot be thus satisfy'd.

Page. Look, where my ranting Host of the *Garter* comes; there is either liquor in his pate, or mony in his purse, when he looks so merrily. How now, mine Host?

Enter Host and Shallow

Host. How now, bully *Rock*? thou'rt a gentleman, cavaliero-justice, I say.

Shal. I follow, mine *Host*, I follow. Good even, and twenty, good master *Page*. Master *Page*, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavaliero-justice; tell him, bully *Rock*.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir *Hugh* the *Welch* priest, and *Caius* the *French* doctor.

Ford. Good mine *Host* o'th' *Garter*, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, bully *Rock*?

Shal. Will you go with us to behold it? my merry *Host* hath had the measuring of their weapons, and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear, the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my Knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest; but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, (13) and tell him, my name is *Brook*; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be *Brook*. It is a merry Knight. (14) Will you go an-heirs?

Shal.

(13) *And tell him, my Name is Brook;*] Thus both the old *Quarto's*; and thus most certainly the Poet wrote. We need no better Evidence, than the *Pun* that *Falstaff* anon makes on the Name, when *Brook* sends him some burnt Sack.

Such Brooks are welcome to me, that overflow with such Liquor.

The Players, in their Editions, alter'd the Name to *Broom*: But how far that Name will sort with that Jest, is submitted to common Sense. Their Successors; however, of the Stage (like the old Priest, who had read *Mumpsimus* in his Breviary, instead of *Sumpsimus*, too long to think of altering it;) continue to this day to call him, Master *Broom*.

(14) *Will you go an-heirs?* I can make Nothing of this Reading, which hath possess'd all the Editions. The Word is not to be traced; and, consequently, I am apt to suspect, must be corrupted. I should think, the *Host* meant to say, either,

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard, the *Frenchman* hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, Sir, I could have told you more; in these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, master *Page*; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here: shall we wag?

Pag. Have with you; I had rather hear them scold than fight. [Exeunt *Host*, *Shallow* and *Page*.

Ford. Tho' *Page* be a secure fool, (15) and stand so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily. She was in his company at *Page's* house; and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't; and I have a disguise to sound *Falstaff*: if I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestow'd. [Exit.

SCENE changes to the Garter-Inn.

Enter *Falstaff* and *Pistol*.

Fal. I Will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why then the world's mine oyster, which I with sword will open.—I will retort the Sum in Equipage.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, Sir, you

Will you go on, here?

Pointing out the Way, which was to lead them to the Combatants; as he afterwards says, *Here, boys, here, here: shall we wag? Or,*

Will you go, myn-heers?

i. e. my Masters; Both these make plain Sense; and are not remote from the Traces of the Text: but, without some such Alteration, the Passage seems utterly unintelligible to me.

(15) *And stand so firmly on his Wife's Frailty,*] No, surely; *Page* stood tightly to the Opinion of her Honesty, and would not entertain a Thought of her being *frail*. I have therefore ventur'd to substitute a Word correspondent to the Sense requir'd; and one, which our Poet frequently uses, to signify *conjugal Faith*.

should

should lay my countenance to pawn; I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you, and your couch-fellow, *Nim*; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd in hell for swearing to gentlemen, my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows. And when mistress *Bridget* lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour, thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: think'st thou, I'll endanger my soul *gratis*? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you: (16) go, a short knife, and a throng, to your manor of *Pickt-hatch*; go, you'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you stand upon your honour! why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the term of my honour precise. I, I, I my self sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge and to lurch; and yet you rogue will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lettice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! you will not do it, you!

Pist. I do relent; what wouldst thou more of Man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quick. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, and't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

(16) *Go, a short knife, and a throng,*] All the old Copies have it, *throng*: as I believe, the Author design'd; i. e. a short knife and a Croud, the two Requisites for a Pick-pocket. *Pickt-hatch*, as we may find by many places in *B. Jonson*, was a noted Harbour for *Thieves* and *Strumpets*.

Quic. I'll be sworn, as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer: what with me?

Quic. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman, and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quic. There is one mistress *Ford*, Sir: I pray, come a little nearer this ways: I my self dwell with Mr. Doctor *Caius*.

Fal. Well, on: mistress *Ford*, you say,—

Quic. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, no body hears: mine own people, mine own people.

Quic. Are they so? heav'n bless them, and make them his servants.

Fal. Well: mistress *Ford*, what of her?

Quic. Why, Sir, she's a good Creature. Lord, lord, your worship's a wanton; well, heav'n forgive you, and all of us, I pray—

Fal. Mistress *Ford*, come, Mistress *Ford*—

Quic. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries, as 'tis wonderful: the best Courtier of them all, when the Court lay at *Windsor*, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, smelling so sweetly; all musk; and so rusling, I warrant you, in silk and gold, and in such alligant terms, and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her. I had my self twenty angels given me this morning; but I defie all angels, in any such sort as they say, but in the way of honesty; and I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been Earls, nay, which is more, Pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good She-Mercury.

Quic. Marry, she hath receiv'd your letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notifie, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quic. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of: master *Ford*, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him, he's a very jealousie-man; she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: woman, commend me to her, I will not fail her.

Quic. Why, you say well: But I have another messenger to your worship; mistress *Page* has her hearty commendations to you too; and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in *Windsor*, who'er be the other; and she bad me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home, but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so doat upon a man; surely, I think you have Charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other Charms.

Quic. Blessing on your heart for't.

Fal. But I pray thee, tell me this; has *Ford's* wife, and *Page's* wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quic. That were a jest, indeed; they have not so little grace, I hope; that were a trick, indeed! but mistress *Page* would desire you to send her your little *Page*, of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little *Page*; and, truly, master *Page* is an honest man. Never a wife in *Windsor* leads a better life, than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it;

it; for if there be a kind woman in *Windsor*, truly, she is one. You must send her your Page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quic. Nay, but do so then; and, look you, he may come and go between you both, and in any case have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind: and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good, that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well; commend me to them both: there's my purse, I am yet thy debtor. Boy, go along with this woman. This news distracts me.

[*Ex.* *Quick.* and *Robin.*]

Pist. This punk is one of *Cupid's* carriers:
Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights;
Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!

[*Exit Pistol.*]

Fal. Say'st thou so, old *Jack*? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body, than I have done; will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expence of so much mony, be now a gainer? good body, I thank thee; let them say, 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir *John*, there's one master *Brook* below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. *Brook*, is his Name?

Bard. Ay, Sir.

Fal. Call him in; [*Ex.* *Bardolph.*] such *Brooks* are welcome to me, that o'erflow with such liquor. Ah! ah! mistress *Ford* and mistress *Page*, have I encompass'd you? go to, *via!*

Re-enter Bardolph, with Ford disguis'd.

Ford. Bless you, Sir.

Fal. And you, Sir; would you speak with me?

Ford.

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Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome; what's your will? give us leave, drawer. [Ex. Bardolph.]

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is *Brook*.

Fal. Good master *Brook*, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir *John*, I sue for yours; not to charge you; for I must let you understand, I think my self in better plight for a lender than you are, the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseason'd intrusion; for they say, if mony go before, all ways do lye open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, Sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of mony, here, troubles me; if you will help me to bear it, Sir *John*, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, Sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good master *Brook*, I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear, you are a scholar; (I will be brief with you;) and you have been a man long known to me, tho' I had never so good means, as desire, to make my self acquainted with you: I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own Imperfections; but good Sir *John*, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier; sith you your self know, how easie it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well: Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is *Ford*.

Fal. Well, Sir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her; and, I protest to you, bestow'd much on her; follow'd her with a doating observance; ingross'd opportunities to meet her; see'd every

every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many Presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursu'd me, which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means; meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel; That I have purchas'd at an infinite rate, and That hath taught me to say this;

*“ Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;
“ Pursuing That that flies, and flying what pursues.*

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built on another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that tho' she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir *John*, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentick in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it; there is mony, spend it, spend it; spend more, spend all I have, only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this *Ford's* wife; use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemence of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? methinks, you prescribe to your self very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift; she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present it self; she is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattel'd against me. What say you to't, Sir *John*?

Fal. Master *Brook*, I will first make bold with your mony; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy *Ford's* wife.

Ford. O good Sir!

Fal. Master *Brook*, I say, you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir *John*, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no mistress *Ford*, master *Brook*, you shall want none; I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment. Even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me; I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth; come you to me at night, you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance: do you know *Ford*, Sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave, I know him not: yet I wrong him, to call him poor; they say, the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of mony, for the which his wife seems to me well-favour'd. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly-rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, Sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical-salt-butter rogue; I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it shall hang like a meteor o'er the Cuckold's horns. Master *Brook*, thou shalt know, I will predominate over the peasant; and thou shalt lye with his wife: Come to me soon at night; *Ford's* a knave, and

I will aggravate his stile: thou, master *Brook*, shalt know him for knave and cuckold: come to me soon at night. [Exit.]

Ford. What a damn'd *Epicurean* rascal is this! my heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says, this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixt, the match is made; would any man have thought this? see the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abus'd, my coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me the wrong. Terms, names; *Amaimon* sounds well, *Lucifer*, well; *Barbason*, well; yet they are devils additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold, wittol, cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. *Page* is an ass, a secure ass, he will trust his wife; he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a *Fleming* with my butter, parson *Hugh* the *Welchman* with my cheese, an *Irish-man* with my *Aquavita* bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with her self: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises: and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heav'n be prais'd for my jealousy! Eleven o'clock the hour; I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on *Falstaff*, and laugh at *Page*: I will about it: better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie; cuckold, cuckold, cuckold! [Exit.]

SCENE changes to Windsor-Park.

Enter Caius and Rugby.

Caius. JACK Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, Sir, that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his pible well, dat he is no come:

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by gar, *Jack Rugby*, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, Sir; he knew, your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is not so dead as me vill make him. Take your rapier, *Jack*; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, Sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villany, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender and Page.

Host. 'Bless thee, bully-doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, Mr. Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Now, good Mr. Doctor.

Slen. Give you good morrow, Sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foigne, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there, to see thee pass thy puncto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my *Ethiopian*? Is he dead, my *Francisco*? ha, bully? what says my *Æsculapius*? my *Galen*? my heart of elder? ha? is he dead, bully-stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward *Jack*-priest of de world; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a *Castalion-king-Urinal*: *Hector* of Greece, my boy.

Caius. I pray you bear witness, that me have stay six or seven, two tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, Mr. Doctor; he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies: if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions: Is it not true, master *Page*?

Page. Master *Shallow*, you have your self been a great fighter, tho' now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins, Mr. *Page*, tho' I now be old, and of peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one; tho' we are justices, and doctors, and church-

church-men, Mr. *Page*, we have some falt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Mr. *Page*.

Page. 'Tis true, Mr. *Shallow*.

Shal. It will be found so, Mr. *Page*. Mr. Doctor *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home; I am sworn of the peace; you have shew'd your self a wise physician; and Sir *Hugh* hath shown himself a wise and patient church-man: you must go with me, Mr. Doctor.

Hofst. Pardon, guest-justice; a word, monsieur mock-water.

Caius. Mock-water? vat is dat?

Hofst. Mock-water, in our *English* tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much mock-water as de *Englishman*, scurvy-jack-dog-priest; by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Hofst. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

Hofst. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me; for by gar, me vill have it.

Hofst. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Hofst. And moreover, bully: but first, Mr. *Guest*, and Mr. *Page*, and eek *Cavaliero Slender*, go you through the town to *Frogmore*.

Page. Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?

Hofst. He is there; see, what humour he is in; and I will bring the Doctor about the fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

All. Adieu, good Mr. Doctor.

[*Ex. Page, Shal. and Slen.*

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to *Anne Page*.

Hofst. Let him die; but, first, sheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler; go about the fields with me through *Frogmore*; I will bring thee where mistress *Anne Page* is, at a farm-house a feasting;

and thou shalt woo her. (17) Try'd Game, said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you vor dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure 'a you de good guest; de Earl, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

Hofst. For the which I will be thy adversary toward *Anne Page*: said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Hofst. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, *Jack Rugby*. [Exeunt.]

A C T III.

SCENE, Frogmore near Windsor.

Enter Evans, and Simple.

EVA NS.

I Pray you now, good master *Slender's* servingman, and friend *Simple* by your name, which way have you look'd for master *Caius*, that calls himself *Doctor of Physick*?

Simp. Marry, Sir, the *Pitty-wary*, the *Park-ward*, every way, old *Windsor* way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I most feheemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Simp. I will, Sir.

(17) *And thou shalt woo her.* Cride-Game,] Thus the old *Folio's*. The *Quarto's* with a little Difference. *And thou shalt wear her cry'd Game.* *Said I well?* Neither of the Readings furnish any Idea; nor can be genuine. *Try'd Game*, as I have restor'd it, may well signify, 'Thou old Cock of the Game; thou experienced Sinner: and might be reasonably apply'd to *Caius*, who was an old Batchellor, and had Dame *Quickly* for his Housekeeper.

Eva.

Eva. 'Pless my soul, how full of chollars I am, and trempling of mind! I shall be glad, if he have deceiv'd me; how melanchollies I am! I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the orke: 'Pless my soul!

[Sings, being afraid.

By shallow rivers, to whose falls (18)
Melodious birds sing madrigalls;
There will we make our peds of roses;
And a thousand fragrant posies.

By shallow—— 'Mercy on me, I have a great dispositions to cry. *Melodious birds sing madrigalls*——*When as I sat in Pabilon;*—— *and a thousand vagrant posies.*——
By shallow, &c.

Simp. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

Eva. He's welcome. *By shallow rivers, to whose falls*——

Heav'n prosper the right: what weapons is he?

Simp. No weapons, Sir; there comes my master, Mr. Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown, or else keep it in your arms.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Shal. How now, master Parson? good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good Sir Hugh.

Eva. 'Pless you from his mercy-fake, all of you.

Shal. What? the sword and the word? do you study them both, Mr. Parson?

(18) *By shallow Rivers,*] The Stanza, which Sir Hugh repeats here, is part of a sweet little Sonnet of our Author's, and printed among his Poems, call'd, *The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.* MILTON was so enamour'd with this Poem, and the *Nymph's Reply* to it, that he has borrow'd the Close of his *L' Allegro*, and *Il Penseroso* from them—— I don't know, whether it has been generally observ'd, but it is with wonderful Humour, in his singing, that Sir Hugh intermixes with his Madrigal the first Line of the 137th singing Psalm.

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw-rheumatick day?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, Mr. Parson.

Eva. Ferry well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike, having receiv'd wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have liv'd fourscore years, and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think, you know him; Mr. Doctor *Caius*, the renowned *French* physician.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you should tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*; and he is a knave, besides; a cowardly knave as you would desire to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Shen. O, sweet *Anne Page*!

Enter Host, Caius, and Rugby.

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons: keep them a-funder; here comes Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Nay, good Mr. Parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good Mr. Doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our *English*.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word with your ear: wherefore vill you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de *Jack* dog, *John* ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stocks to other mens humours: I desire you in friendship, and will
one

one way or other make you amends; I will knog your urinal about your knave's cogs-comb, for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. *Diable!* *Jack Rugby*, mine *Host de Farteer*, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a christian's soul, now look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine *Host of the Garter*.

Host. Peace, I say, *Gallia* and *Gaul*, *French* and *Welch*, soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good, excellent.

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine *Host of the Garter*. Am I politiek? am I subtle? am I a *Machiavel*? shall I lose my *Doctor*? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my *Parson*? my *Priest*? my *Sir Hugh*? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs. Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so: Give me thy hand, celestial; so. Boys of art, I have deceiv'd you both: I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burn'd sack be the Issue. Come, lay their swords to pawn. Follow me, lad of peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host. Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O sweet *Anne Page*!

[*Ex.* *Shal.* *Slen.* *Page* and *Host.*

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make a-de-sot of us, ha, ha?

Eva. This is well, he has made us his vlouting-stog. I desire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scald-scurvy-cogging companion, the *Host of the Garter*.

Caius. By gar, with all my heart; he promise to bring me where is *Anne Page*; by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles; pray you, follow.
[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E, *The Street, in Windsor.**Enter Mistress Page, and Robin.*

Mrs. Page. **N**A Y, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O, you are a flattering boy; now you'll be a Courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, mistress Page; whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, Sir, to see your wife; is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company; I think if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of: what do you call your Knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff?

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name; there is such a league between my good man and he. Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, Sir; I am sick, 'till I see her.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin.*]

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve-score; he pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage; and now she's going to my wife,

wife, and *Falstaff's* boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind: and *Falstaff's* boy with her! good plots; they are laid, and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife; pluck the borrowed vail of modesty from the so seeming mistress *Page*, divulge *Page* himself for a secure and wilful *Ateon*, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find *Falstaff*: I shall be rather praised for this, than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that *Falstaff* is there: I will go.

To him, Enter *Page*, *Shallow*, *Slender*, *Host*, *Evans*, and *Caius*.

Shal. *Page*, &c. Well met, Mr. *Ford*.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home, and, I pray you, all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse my self, Mr. *Ford*.

Slen. And so must I, Sir; we have appointed to dine with Mrs. *Anne*, and I would not break with her for more mony than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match between *Anne Page* and my cousin *Slender*, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope, I have your good will, father *Page*.

Page. You have, Mr. *Slender*; I stand wholly for you; but my wife, master Doctor, is for you altogether.

Cai. Ay, by gar, and de maid is love-a-me: my nursh-a-*Quickly* tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young Mr. *Fenton*? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holy-day, he smells *April* and *May*; he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you: the Gentleman is of no Having, he kept company with the wild Prince and *Poinz*: he is of too high a region, he knows too much; no, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance. If he take her,

let

let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner; besides your cheer you shall have sport; I will shew you a monster. Mr. Doctor, you shall go; so shall you, Mr. *Page*; and you, Sir *Hugh*.

Shal. Well, fare you well: we shall have the freer wooing at Mr. *Page*'s.

Caius. Go home, *John Rugby*, I come anon.

Host. Farewel; my hearts; I will to my honest Knight *Falstaff*, and drink canary with him.

Ford. I think, I shall drink in Pipe-wine first with him: I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this monster. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to Ford's House.*

Enter Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Page, and Servants with a basket.

Mrs. Ford. WHAT, *John*, what, *Robert*!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly: is the buck-basket —

Mrs. Ford. I warrant. What, *Robin*, I say.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge, we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, *John* and *Robert*, be ready here hard-by in the brew-house, and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and without any pause or staggering take this basket on your shoulders; that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in *Datchet-Mead*, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the *Thames*-side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

Mrs. Page. Here comes little *Robin*.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my Eyas-musket, what news with you?

Rob. My master Sir *John* is come in at your back-door, mistress *Ford*, and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn; my master knows not of your being here, and hath threaten'd to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he swears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so; go tell thy master, I am alone; mistress *Page*, remember you your cue. [*Exit Robin.*

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit Mrs. Page.*

Mrs. Ford. Go to then; we'll use this unwholsome humidity, this gross watry pumpion——we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heav'nly jewel? why, now let me die; for I have liv'd long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir *John*!

Fal. *Mrs. Ford*, I cannot cog; I cannot prate, mistress *Ford*: now shall I sin in my wish. I would, thy husband were dead; I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir *John*? alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the Court of *France* shew me such another; I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any *Venetian* attire.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief; Sir *John*: my brows become nothing else, nor that well neither.

Fal.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to say so; thou would'st make an absolute Courtier; and the firm fixure of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gate, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert; if fortune thy foe were not, nature is thy friend: come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee. There's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like a-many of these lipping haw-thorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like *Bucklers-Berry* in simpling time; I cannot: but I love thee, none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, Sir; I fear, you love mistress *Page*.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the *Counter-gate*, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heav'n knows how I love you, and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*within.*] Mistress *Ford*, mistress *Ford*, here's mistress *Page* at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so; she's a very tattling woman. [*Falstaff* hides himself.]

Enter Mistress Page.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O mistress *Ford*, what have you done? you're sham'd, y'are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good mistress *Page*?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress *Ford*, having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion.

Mrs.

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion? out upon you! how am I mistook in you?

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in *Windsor*, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. Speak louder— [*Aside*] 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heav'n it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain, your husband's coming with half *Windsor* at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you: if you know your self clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your senses to you, defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do? there is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril. I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame, never stand *you had rather*, and *you had rather*; your husband's here at hand; be-think you of some conveyance, in the house you cannot hide him. Oh, how have you deceiv'd me? look, here is a basket, if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here, and throw foul linnen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or it is whiting time, send him by your two men to *Datchet*-mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: what shall I do?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't, O let me see't; I'll in, I'll in; follow your friend's counsel; I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! Sir *John Falstaff*? are these your letters, Knight?

Fal. I love thee, help me away; let me creep in here: I'll never ———

[*He goes into the basket, they cover him with foul linnen.*

Mrs.

270 *The Merry Wives of Windsor.*

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy: call your men, mistress *Ford*. You dissembling Knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, *John, Robert, John*, go take up these cloaths here, quickly. Where's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble: carry them to the landress in *Datchet*-mead; quickly, come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Evans.

Ford. Pray you, come near; if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest, I deserve it. How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the landress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash my self of the buck: buck, buck, buck? ay, buck: I warrant you, buck, and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dream'd to night, I'll tell you my dream: here, here, here be my keys; ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out. I'll warrant, we'll unkennel the fox. Let me stop this way first. So, now uncape.

Page. Good master *Ford*, be contented: you wrong your self too much.

Ford. True, master *Page*. Up, gentlemen, you shall see sport anon; follow me, gentlemen.

Eva. This is ferry fantastical humours and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no the fashion of *France*; it is not jealous in *France*——

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen, see the issue of his search. [*Exeunt.*]

Manent Mistress Page and Mistress Ford.

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceiv'd, or Sir *John*.

Mrs.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband ask'd who was in the basket?

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid, he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal; I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think, my husband hath some special suspicion of *Falstaff's* being here! I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that, and we will yet have more tricks with *Falstaff*: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress *Quickly*, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be sent for to morrow by eight a clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, &c.

Ford. I cannot find him; may be, the knave bragg'd of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. I, I; peace:— You use me well, master *Ford*, do you?

Ford. Ay, ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heav'n make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do your self mighty wrong, Mr. *Ford*.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heav'n forgive my sins at the day of Judgment.

Caius. By gar, nor I too; there is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Mr. *Ford*, are you not asham'd? what spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not ha' your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of *Windsor Castle*.

Ford.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Mr. *Page* : I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience; your wife is as honest a o'mans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well, I promis'd you a dinner; come, come, walk in the park. I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this. Come, wife; come, mistress *Page*; I pray you, pardon me: pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a the turd.

Sir *Hugh.* In your Teeth, for Shame.

Ford. Pray you go, Mr. *Page*.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to morrow on the lousie knave, mine Host.

Caius. Dat is good, by gar, with all my heart.

Eva. A lousie knave, to have his gibes, and his mockeries. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to *Page's House.*

Enter Fenton and Mistress Anne Page.

Fent **I** See, I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet

Nan.

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thy self.

He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that my state being gall'd with my expence,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth.

Besides these, other bars he lays before me,

My

My riots past, my wild societies :
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, heav'n so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, *Anne* :
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or fums in sealed bags ;
And 'tis the very riches of thy self
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Mr. *Fenton*,
Yet seek my father's love : still seek it, Sir ;
If opportunity and humblest suit (19)
Cannot attain it, why then —— hark you hither.

[*Fenton and Mrs. Anne go apart.*]

Enter Shallow, Slender, and Mistress Quickly.

Sal. Break their talk, mistress *Quickly* ; my kinsman
shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't : 'd'slid, 'tis but
venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me : I care not for
that, but that I am affeard.

Quic. Hark ye, Mr. *Slender* would speak a word
with you.

Anne. I come to him. — This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Look handsome in three hundred pounds a year !

Quic. And how does good master *Fenton* ? pray you,
a word with you.

Shal. She's coming ; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst
a father !

(19) *If opportunity and humblest Suit*] Dr. *Thirlby* imagines, that
our Author with more Propriety wrote ;

If Importunity and humblest Suit

I have not ventur'd to disturb the Text, because, tho' an equal Exact-
ness be not maintain'd in the Expression, it may mean, " If the frequent
" Opportunities you find of soliciting my Father, and your Obsequi-
" ousness to him, cannot get him over to your Party, &c.

Slen. I had a father, Mrs. *Anne*; my uncle can tell you good jests of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mrs. *Anne* the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress *Anne*, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do, as well as I love any woman in *Gloucestershire*.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will; come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a Squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good master *Shallow*, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that. Good comfort; she calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, master *Slender*.

Slen. Now, good mistress *Anne*.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My Will? od's-heart-lings, that's a pretty jest, indeed, I ne'er made my Will yet, I thank heav'n; I am not such a fickly creature, I give heav'n praise.

Anne. I mean, Mr. *Slender*, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for my own part, I would little or nothing with you; your father and my uncle have made motions; if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! they can tell you how things go, better than I can; you may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter Page, and Mistress Page.

Page. Now, master *Slender*: love him, daughter

Anne.

— Why how now? what does master *Fenton* here? You wrong me, Sir, thus still to haunt my house: I told you, Sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, master *Page*, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good Master *Fenton*, come not to my child.

Page.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master Fenton.

Come, master Shallow; come, son Slender, in.

Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.

[Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.]

Quic. Speak to mistress Page.

Fent. Good mistress Page, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire. Let me have your good Will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yon fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not, I seek you a better husband.

Quic. That's my master, master Doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i'th' earth,
And bowl'd to death with turneps.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not your self; good master Fenton,

I will not be your friend nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected.
'Till then, farewell, Sir; she must needs go in;
Her father will be angry. [Ex. Mrs. Page and Anne.]

Fent. Farewel, gentle mistress; farewell, Nan.

Quic. This is my doing now. Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool; and a physician? look on master Fenton: this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to night Give my sweet Nan this ring: there's for thy pains.

[Exit.]

Quic. Now heav'n send thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath, a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my master had mistress Anne, or I would Mr. Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Mr. Fenton had her. I will do what I can for them all three, for so I have promis'd; and I'll be as good as my word, but speciously

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for Mr. *Fenton*. Well, I must of another errand to Sir *John Falstaff* from my two mistresses; what a beast am I to slack it? [Exit.]

S C E N E *changes to the Garter-Inn.*

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. **B**ardolph, I say.
Bard. Here, Sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack, put a toast in't. [Ex. Bard.] Have I liv'd to be carry'd in a basket, like a barrow of butchers offal, and to be thrown into the *Thames*? well, if I be serv'd such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river, with as little remorse (20) as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' th' litter; and you may know, by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking: if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man: and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swell'd? I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Enter Bardolph.

Now, is the Sack brew'd?

Bard. Here's Mrs. *Quickly*, Sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the *Thames*-water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallow'd

(20) *As they would have drown'd a blind bitch's puppies,*] I have ventur'd to transpose the Adjective here, against the Authority of the printed Copies. I know, in *Horfes*, a Colt from a blind Stallion loses much of the Value it might otherwise have; but are puppies ever drown'd the sooner, for coming from a *blind Bitch*? Two other Passages in our Author countenance the Transposition I have made.

Launce, in 2 *Gent. of Verona*.¹

— One, that I sav'd from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it.

And *Jago*, in *Othello*:

Come, be a Man; drown thy self? drown Cats and blind Puppies.

Now-

snow-balls, for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quic. By your leave: I cry you mercy. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these challices: go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, Sir?

Fal. Simple of it self: I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. How now?

Quic. Marry, Sir, I come to your worship from mistress *Ford*.

Fal. Mistress *Ford*? I have had *Ford* enough; I was thrown into the *Ford*; I have my belly full of *Ford*.

Quic. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build on a foolish woman's promise.

Quic. Well, she laments, Sir, for it, that it would yern your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly; she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her; tell her so, and bid her think, what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quic. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quic. Eight and nine, Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone; I will not miss her.

Quic. Peace be with you, Sir. [Exit.]

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of master *Brook*; he sent me word to stay within: I like his mony well. Oh, here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bless you, Sir.

Fal. Now, master *Brook*, you come to know what hath pass'd between me and *Ford's* wife.

Ford. That, indeed, Sir *John*, is my business.

Fal. Master *Brook*, I will not lie to you; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And you sped, Sir?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, master *Brook*.

Ford. How, Sir, did she change her determination?

Fal. No, master *Brook*; but the peaking cornuto her husband, master *Brook*, dwelling in a continual larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter; after we had embrac'd, kiss'd, protested, and as it were spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provok'd and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress *Page*, gives intelligence of *Ford's* approach, and by her invention, and *Ford's* wife's distraction, they convey'd me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket?

Fal. Yea, a buck-basket; ramm'd me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasie napkins; that, master *Brook*, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell, that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master *Brook*, what I have suffer'd, to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the basket, a couple of *Ford's* knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul cloaths to *Datchet-lane*; they took me on their shoulders, met the jealous knave their master in the door, who ask'd them

them once or twice what they had in their basket; I quak'd for fear, lest the lunatick knave would have search'd it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well, on went he for a search, and away went I for foul cloaths; but mark the sequel, master *Brook*; I suffered the pangs of three egregious deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected by a jealous rotten bell-weather; next to be compass'd like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then to be stopt in, like a strong distillation, with stinking cloaths that fretted in their own grease: think of that, a man of my kidney; think of that, that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stew'd in grease, like a *Dutch* dish, to be thrown into the *Thames*, and cool'd glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that; hissing hot; think of that, master *Brook*.

Ford. In good sadness, Sir, I am sorry that for my sake you suffer'd all this. My suit is then desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master *Brook*, I will be thrown into *Etna*, as I have been into *Thames*, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding; I have receiv'd from her another embassie of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master *Brook*.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crown'd with your enjoying her; adieu, you shall have her, master *Brook*; master *Brook*, you shall cuckold *Ford*. [Exit.

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? master *Ford*, awake; awake, master *Ford*; there's a hole made in your best coat, master *Ford*; this 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linnen and buck-baskets! well, I will proclaim my self what I am; I will now

take the leacher; he is at my house; he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible, he should; he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box. But, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places; tho' what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn-mad. [Exit.]

A C T IV.

S C E N E, Page's house.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Quickly, and William.

Mrs. PAGE.

IS he at Mr. *Ford's* already, think'st thou?

Quic. Sure, he is by this, or will be presently; but truly he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water; Mrs. *Ford* desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. *Page*. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see. How now, Sir *Hugh*, no school to day?

Enter Evans.

Eva. No; master *Slender* is let the boys leave to play.

Quic. Blessing of his heart.

Mrs. *Page*. Sir *Hugh*, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, ask him some questions in his *Accidence*.

Eva. Come hither, *William*; hold up your head, come.

Mrs.

Mrs. Page. Come on, Sirrah, hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quic. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, od's nouns.

Eva. Peace your tatlings. What is, *Fair, William?*

Will. *Pulcher*:

Quic. Poulcats? there are fairer things than poulcats, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity o'man; I pray you, peace. What is, *Lapis, William?*

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, *William?*

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *Lapis*: I pray you, remember in your prain.

Will. *Lapis*.

Eva. That is a good *William*: what is he, *William*, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrow'd of the pronoun, and be thus declin'd, *singulariter nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc*.

Eva. *Nominativo, hig, hag, hog*; pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus*: well, what is your *accusative case*?

Will. *Accusative, hinc*.

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *accusative, hung, hang, hog*.

Quic. Hang hog is *Latin* for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, o'man. What is the *fo-cative case, William?*

Will. O, *vocativo, O*.

Eva. Remember, *William*, *focative* is *caret*.

Quic. And that's a good root.

Eva. O'man, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your *genitive case plural, William?*

Will. *Genitive case?*

Eva. Ay.

Will. *Genitive, horum, harum, horum*.

Quic.

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Quick. 'Vengeance of *Ginnes* case; fie on her; never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame, o'man.

Quic. You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call horum; fie upon you!

Eva. O'man, art thou lunacies? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? thou art as foolish christian creatures, as I would desire.

Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.

Eva. Shew me now, *William*, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *qui, quæ, quod*; if you forget your *quies*; your *quæ*s, and your *quods*, you must be preeches: go your ways and play, go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar, than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag memory. Farewel, *Mrs. Page*.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir *Hugh*. Get you home, boy. Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt*.]

S C E N E *changes to Ford's house.*

Enter Falstaff and Mistress Ford.

Fal. MISTRESS *Ford*, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance; I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, mistress *Ford*, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoustrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a birding, sweet Sir *John*.

Mrs. Page. [*within*.] What hoa, gossip *Ford*! what hoa!

Mrs.

Mrs. Ford. Step into th' chamber, Sir *John*.
[*Exit Falstaff.*]

Enter Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweet heart, who's at home besides your self?

Mrs. Ford. Why none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly—— Speak louder. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have no body here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again; he so takes on yonder with my husband, so rails against all married mankind, so curses all *Eve's* daughters, of what complexion soever, and so buffets himself on the fore-head, crying, *peer-out, peer-out!* that any madness I ever yet beheld seem'd but tameness, civility, and patience, to this distemper he is in now; I am glad, the fat Knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears, he was carry'd out, the last time he search'd for him, in a basket; protests to my husband, he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion; but I am glad, the Knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by, at street's end, he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone, the Knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then thou art utterly sham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you? away with him, away with him; better, shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? shall I put him into the basket again?

Enter

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i'th' basket: may I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas! alas! three of master *Ford's* brothers watch the door with pistols, that none should issue out, otherwise you might slip away ere he came: but what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces; creep into the kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word: neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note; there is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Ford. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir *John*, unless you go out disguis'd. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas-the-day, I know not; there is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good heart, devise something; any extremity, rather than mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of *Brainford*, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is, and there's her thrumb hat, and her muffler too. Run up, Sir *John*.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir *John*; mistress *Page* and I will look some linnen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick, we'll come dress you straight; put on the gown the while. [*Ex. Falstaff.*]

Mrs. Ford. I would, my husband would meet him in this shape; he cannot abide the old woman of *Brainford*; he swears, she's a witch, forbad her my house, and hath threatned to beat her.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Page*. Heav'n guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. *Ford*. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. *Page*. Ay, in good sadness is he; and talks of the basket too, however he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. *Ford*. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. *Page*. Nay, but he'll be here presently; let's go dress him like the witch of *Brainford*.

Mrs. *Ford*. I'll first direct my men, what they shall do with the basket; go up, I'll bring linnen for him straight.

Mrs. *Page*. Hang him, dishonest varlet, we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too.

We do not act, that often jest and laugh:

'Tis old but true, *Still swine eats all the draugh.*

Mrs. *Ford*. Go, Sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, dispatch.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford.*

Enter Servants with the basket.

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take up.

2 *Serv.* Pray heav'n, it be not full of the Knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not. I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter Ford, Shallow, Page, Caius and Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master *Page*, have you any way then to unfool me again? set down the basket, villain; somebody call my wife: youth in a basket! oh you panderly rascals, there's a knot, a gang, a pack, a conspiracy, against me: now shall the devil be sham'd. What! wife, I say; come, come forth, behold what honest cloaths you send forth to bleaching.

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Page. Why, this passés, master *Ford*,—— you are not to go loofe any longer, you must be pinnion'd.

Eva. Why, this is lunaticks; this is mad as a mad dog.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Shal. Indeed, master *Ford*, this is not well, indeed.

Ford. So say I too, Sir. Come hither, mistress *Ford*; mistress *Ford*, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband! I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heav'n be my witness you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out: come forth, Sirrah. [*Pulls the cloaths out of the basket.*]

Page. This passés,——

Mrs. Ford. Are you not aham'd, let the cloaths alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable; will you take up your wife's cloaths? come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why?

Ford. Master *Page*, as I am a man; there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket; why may not he be there again? in my house I am sure he is; my intelligence is true, my jealousy is reasonable; pluck me out all the linnen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master *Ford*; this wrongs you.

Eva. Master *Ford*, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart; this is jealousy:

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time; if I find not what I seek, shew no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, as jealous as *Ford*, that searched a hollow

low wall-nut for his wife's leman. Satisfie me once more, once more search with me.

Mrs. *Ford*. What hoa, mistress *Page*! come you, and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman's that?

Mrs. *Ford*. Why, it is my maid's aunt of *Brainford*.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean; have I not forbid her my house? she comes of errands, does she? we are simple men, we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by th' figure; and such dawbry as this is beyond our element; we know nothing. Come down, you witch; you hag you, come down, I say.

Mrs. *Ford*. Nay, good sweet husband; good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter Falstaff in womens cloaths, and Mrs. Page.

Mrs. *Page*. Come, mother *Prat*, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll *Prat* her. Out of my door, you witch! [*Beats him.*] you hag, you baggage, you poulcat, you runnion! out, out, out; I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit Fal.*]

Mrs. *Page*. Are you not asham'd? I think, you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. *Ford*. Nay, he will do it; 'tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch.

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the o'man is a witch indeed: I like not, when a o'man has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy; (21) if I cry
out

(21) *If I cry out thus upon no tryal, never trust me when I open again.*] This is a Corruption of the modern Editions: the Consequence either of Indolence, or Ignorance. The two first *Folio's* have it rightly, *trayle*; which is a hunting-terme, and corresponds with *cry out*, and *open*.
Our

out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: come, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*]

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by th' mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? may we, with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scar'd out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brain. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat Knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant, they'll have him publickly sham'd; and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publickly sham'd.

Mrs. Page. Come to the forge with it, then shape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to the Garter-Inn.*

Enter Host and Bardolph.

Bard. SIR, the *German* desires to have three of your horses; the Duke himself will be to morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What Duke should that be, comes so secret-

Our Author uses the Word again twice in his *Hamlet*.

*Or else this Brain of mine hunts not the Trayle of Policy, &c.
How chearfully on the false trayle they cry!*

ly? I hear not of him in the Court: let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak *English*?

Bard. Sir, I'll call them to you.

Hofst. They shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay, I'll sawce them. They have had my house a week at command; I have turn'd away my other guests; (22) they must compt off; I'll sawce them, come.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to Ford's house.*

Enter Page, Ford, *Mistress* Page, *Mistress* Ford, and Evans.

Eva. 'TIS one of the best discretions of a o'man, as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;

I rather will suspect the sun with cold,
Than thee with wantonness; thy honour stands,
In him that was of late an heretick,
As firm of faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.

Be not as extrem in submission, as in offence;
But let our Plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us publick sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than That they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him word they'll meet him in the Park at midnight? fie, fie, he'll never come.

(22) —*they must come off.*] This can never be our Poet's, or his Hofst's, Meaning: to *come off*, is, in other Terms, to *go scot-free*; But these *Germans* had taken up the Hofst's house, and he was resolv'd to make them pay for it. We must certainly, therefore, read, *they must compt off*: *i. e.* they must pay off the Accompt, or, as we now say, *down with their Pence.* Mr. Warburton.

Eva. You say, he hath been thrown into the river; and has been grievously peaten, as an old o'man; methinks, there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks, his flesh is punish'd, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him, when he comes;
And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that *Herne* the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in *Windsor* forest,
Doth all the winter time at still of midnight
Walk round about an oak, with ragged horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattel;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner.
You've heard of such a Spirit; and well you know,
The superstitious idle-headed *Eld*
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of *Herne* the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this *Herne's* Oak;
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device, (23)
That *Falstaff* at that oak shall meet with us.
We'll send him word to meet us in the Field,
Disguis'd like *Herne*, with huge Horns on his Head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted, but he'll come.
And in this shape when you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? what is your Plot?

(23) *Mrs. Ford.* Marry, this is our Device,
That *Falstaff* at that Oak shall meet with us.

Page. Well; let it not be doubted, but he'll come.

And in this Shape when you have brought him thither.] Thus this Passage has been transmitted down to us, from the Time of the first Edition by the Players: But what was this Shape, in which *Falstaff* was to be appointed to meet? For the women have not said one Word to ascertain it. This makes it more than suspicious, the Defect in this Point must be owing to some wise Retrenchment. The two intermediate Lines, which I have restor'd from the old *Quarto*, are absolutely necessary, and clear up the matter.

Mrs.

Mrs. Page. That likewise we have thought upon,
and thus:

Nan Page, (my daughter) and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
Like urchins, ouches, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a sudden,
As *Falstaff*, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused song: upon their sight,
We two, in great amazedness, will fly;
Then let them all encircle him about,
And fairy-like to pinch the unclean Knight;
And ask him why, that hour of fairy Revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
In shape prophane?

Mrs. Ford. And 'till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him round,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present our selves; dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to *Windsor*.

Ford. The children must
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours; and
I will be like a jack-anapes also, to burn the Knight
with my taper.

Ford. This will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs. Page. My *Nan* shall be the Queen of all the fairies;
Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy, and in that tire (24)

(24) *That Silk will I go buy, and in that time*

Shall Mr. Slender steal, &c.] What! must *Slender* steal Mrs. *Anne*, while her Father goes to buy the Silk she was to be dress'd in? This was no part of the Scheme. Her Garb was to be the Signal for *Slender* to know her by. The Alteration of a single Letter gives us the Poet's Reading. *Tire* is as common with our Poet, and other Writers of his Age, as *Attire*; to signify, *Dress*. And my Emendation is clearly justified, by what *Fenton* afterwards tells the Host.

*Her Father means She shall be all in white,
And in that Dress, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the Hand, &c,*

Shall Mr. *Slender* steal my *Nan* away, [*Aside.*
And marry her at *Eaton*. Go, send to *Falstaff* straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in the name of *Brook*;
he'll tell me all his Purpose. Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that; go get us Properties
and Tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it, it is admirable pleasures, and
ferry honest knaveries. [*Ex.* *Page, Ford and Evans.*

Mrs. Page. Go, *Mrs. Ford*,
Send *Quickly* to Sir *John*, to know his mind. (25)
[*Exit Mrs. Ford.*

I'll to the Doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with *Nan Page*.
That *Slender*, tho' well landed, is an Ideot;
And he my husband best of all affects:
The Doctor is well mony'd, and his friends
Potent at Court; he, none but he shall have her;
Tho' twenty thousand worthier came to crave her.
[*Exit.*

S C E N E *changes to the Garter-Inn.*

Enter Host and Simple.

Host. **W**HAT would'st thou have, boor? what,
thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief,
short, quick, snap.

Simp. Marry, Sir, I come to speak with Sir *John Falstaff*,
from Mr. *Slender*.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his
standing-bed and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with
the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new; go, knock
and call; he'll speak like an anthropophaginian unto
thee: knock, I say.

Simp. There's an old woman, a fat woman gone up

(25) *Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind*] The whole Set of
printed Copies downwards have sunk our *Messenger* here into an *Ad-verb.*
Dame Quickly is the Person intended to be sent to Sir *John*; and accord-
ingly when we next find her with him, She tells him, *She comes from*
the two parties; viz. Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page.

into

into his chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, Sir, 'till she come down; I come to speak with her, indeed.

Hofst. Ha! a fat woman? the Knight may be robb'd: I'll call. Bully-Knight! bully-Sir *John!* speak from thy lungs, military: art thou there? it is thine *Hofst*, thine *Ephesian* calls.

Falstaff, above.

Fal. How now, mine *Hofst*?

Hofst. Here's a *Bohemian-Tartar* carries the coming down of thy fat woman: let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable. Fie, privacy? fie!

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. There was, mine *Hofst*, an old fat woman even now with me, but she's gone.

Simp. Pray you, Sir, was't not the wise woman of *Brainford*?

Fal. Ay, marry was it, mussel-shell, what would you with her?

Simp. My master, Sir, my master *Slender* sent to her, seeing her go thro' the street, to know, Sir, whether one *Nym*, Sir, that beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Simp. And what says she, I pray, Sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man, that beguil'd master *Slender* of his chain, cozen'd him of it.

Simp. I would, I could have spoken with the woman her self; I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Hofst. Ay, come; quick.

Simp. I may not conceal them, Sir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou dy'ft.

Simp. Why, Sir, they were nothing but about mistress *Anne Page*; to know, if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Simp. What, Sir?

Fal. To have her, or no: go; say, the woman told me so.

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Simp. May I be so bold to say so, Sir?

Fal. Ay, Sir; like who more bold.

Simp. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [Exit Simple.]

Host. Thou art clarkly; thou art clarkly, Sir *John*: was there a wife woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine *Host*; one, that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Out, alas, Sir, cozenage! meer cozenage!

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners; for so soon as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off from behind one of them in a slough of mire, and set spurs, and away; like three *German* devils, three *Doctor Faustus's*.

Host. They are gone but to meet the Duke, villain; do not say they be fled; *Germans* are honest men.

Enter Evans.

Eva. Where is mine *Host*?

Host. What is the matter, Sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments; there is a friend o'mine come to town, tells me, there is three cozen-jermans that has cozen'd all the *Hosts* of *Readings*, of *Maiden-head*, of *Colebrook*, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you; you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stocks, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozen'd; fare you well. [Exit.]

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver' is mine *Host de farteer*?

Host. Here, master *Doctor*, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a-me, dat you make a grand preparation for a Duke de *Famany*;

many; by my trot, der is no Duke, dat the Court is know, to come: I tell you for good will; adieu. [*Ex.*

Hof. Hue and cry, villain, go! assist me, Knight, I am undone; fly, run, hue and cry! Villain, I am undone! [*Exit.*

Fal. I would, all the world might be cozen'd, for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the Court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been wash'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermens boots with me. I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, 'till I were as crest-faln as a dry'd pear. I never prosper'd since I forswore my self at *Primer*. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.—

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Now, whence come you?

Quic. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestow'd. I have suffer'd more for their sakes, more than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quic. And have not they suffer'd? yes, I warrant, speciously one of them; mistress *Ford*, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten my self into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of *Brainford*; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, counterfeiting the (26) action of a wood woman, deliver'd

U 4

liver'd

(26) *Action of an old Woman,*] This Reading is no great Compliment to the Sagacity of our former Editors, who could content themselves with Words, without any regard to the Reasoning. What! was it any Dexterity of Wit in Sir *John Falstaff*, to counterfeit the Action of an *Old Woman* in order to escape being apprehended for a *Witch*? Surely, one would imagine, This was the readiest means to bring him into such a Scrape: for none but *old Women* have ever been suspected of being *Witches*.

liver'd me, the knave constable had set me i'th' stocks, i'th' common stocks for a witch.

Quic. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber; you shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado is here to bring you together? sure, one of you does not serve heav'n well, that you are so cross'd.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Fenton and Host.

Host. Master *Fenton*, talk not to me, my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak; assist me in my purpose, And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, master *Fenton*; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you With the dear love I bear to fair *Anne Page*; Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection, (So far forth as her self might be her chuser) Ev'n to my wish. I have a letter from her Of such contents, as you will wonder at; The mirth whereof's so larded with my matter, That neither singly can be manifested, Without the shew of both. Fat Sir *John Falstaff* Hath a great Scene; the image of the jest I'll shew you here at large. Hark, good mine *Host*; To night at *Herne's Oak*, just 'twixt twelve and one, Must my sweet *Nan* present the fairy *Queen*; The purpose why, is here; in which disguise, While other jests are something rank on foot, Her father hath commanded her to slip Away with *Slender*, and with him at *Eaton*

Witches. The Text must certainly be restor'd, as I have corrected it, a *wood* Woman; *i. e.* a crazy, frantick Woman; one too wild, and silly, and unmeaning, to have either the Malice, or mischievous Subtlety of a Witch in her. I have already explain'd, and prov'd the use of this Term, in one of my Notes on the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

Imme-

Immediately to marry; she hath consented.— Now, Sir, Her mother, ever strong against that match, And firm for Doctor *Caius*, hath appointed That he shall likewise shuffle her away, While other sports are tasking of their minds; And at the Deanry, where a priest attends, Straight marry her; To this her mother's Plot She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath Made promise to the Doctor.— Now, thus it rests; Her father means she shall be all in white, And in that dress when *Slender* sees his time To take her by the hand, and bid her go, She shall go with him.— Her mother hath intended, The better to devote her to the Doctor, (For they must all be mask'd and vizarded) That, quaint in green, she shall be loose enrob'd, With ribbands-pendent, flaring 'bout her head; And when the Doctor spies his vantage ripe, To pinch her by the hand, and on that token, The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good *Host*, to go along with me; And here it rests, that you'll procure the Vicar To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one, And in the lawful name of marrying, To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I'll to the Vicar. Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee; Beside, I'll make a present recompence. [Exeunt.]

Re-enter Falstaff and Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more prating; go, I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope, good luck lyes in odd numbers; away, go; they say, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance or death; away.

Quic. I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns. [Exit Mrs. Quickly.]

Fal.

Fal. Away, I say, time wears: hold up your head and mince.

Enter Ford.

How now, master *Brook*? master *Brook*, the matter will be known to night, or never. Be you in the Park about mid-night, at *Herne's* oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, Sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, master *Brook*, as you see, like a poor old man; but I came from her, master *Brook*, like a poor old woman. That same knave, *Ford* her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master *Brook*, that ever govern'd frenzy. I will tell you; he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of a man, master *Brook*, I fear not *Goliath* with a weaver's beam; because I know also, life is a shuttle; I am in haste; go along with me, I'll tell you all, master *Brook*. Since I pluckt geese, play'd truant, and whipt top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, 'till lately. Follow me, I'll tell you strange things of this knave *Ford*, on whom to night I will be reveng'd, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow; strange things in hand, master *Brook*! follow. ————— [Exeunt,

A C T V.

S C E N E, Windsor-Park.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

P A G E.

COME, come; we'll couch i'th' castle-ditch, 'till we see the light of our fairies. Remember, son *Slender*, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forsooth, I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come
to

to her in white, and cry, *mum*; she cries, *budget*; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too; but what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget*? the white will decipher her well enough. It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark, light and spirits will become it well; heav'n prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [Exeunt.]

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Ford and Caius.

Mrs. Page. Mr. Doctor, my daughter is in green; when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanary, and dispatch it quickly; go before into the Park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; adieu. [Exit.]

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, Sir. My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of *Falstaff*, as he will chafe at the Doctor's marrying my daughter; but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is *Nan* now, and her troop of fairies, (27) and the *Welch* devil *Evans*?

Mrs. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by *Herne's* oak, with obscur'd lights; which, at the very instant of *Falstaff's* and our Meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot chuse but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amaz'd, he will be mock'd; if he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

(27) *And the Welch Devil Herne?*] Thus all the Impressions have blunder'd after each other; but *Falstaff* was to represent *Herne*, and he was no *Welchman*. Where was the Attention, or Sagacity, of our Editors, not to observe that *Mrs. Ford* is inquiring for *Evans* by the Name of the *Welch* Devil? The Mistake, of the Word *Herne* getting into the Text, might easily happen by the Inadvertence of Transcribers, who threw their Eyes too hastily on the succeeding Line, where the Word again occurs. *Dr. Thirlby* likewise discover'd the Blunder of this Passage.

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Mrs. *Page*. Against such lewdsters, and their lechery, Those, that betray them, do no treachery.

Mrs. *Ford*. The hour draws on; to the oak, to the oak. [Exeunt.]

Enter Evans and Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come, and remember your parts: be sold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-ords, do as I bid you: come, come; trib, trib. [Exeunt.]

Enter Falstaff, with a Buck's head on.

Fal. The *Windsor* bell hath struck twelve, the minute draws on; now the hot-blooded Gods assist me! Remember, *Jove*, thou wast a bull for thy *Europa*; love set on thy horns. Oh powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast: You were also, *Jupiter*, a swan, for the love of *Leda*: oh, omnipotent love! how near the God drew to the complexion of a goose? A fault done first in the form of a beast, — O *Jove*, a beastly fault; and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl: — think on't, *Jove*, a foul fault. When Gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? for me, I am here a *Windsor* stag, and the fattest, I think, i'th' forest. Send me a cool rut-time, *Jove*, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? who comes here? my Doe?

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Mrs. *Ford*. Sir *John*? art thou there, my deer? my male-deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut? let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green-Sleeves*; hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs. *Ford*. Mistress *Page* is come with me, sweet heart.

Fal. (28) Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch; I will keep my sides to my self, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like *Herne* the hunter? why, now is *Cupid* a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome!

[*Noise within.*

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heav'n forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. *Mrs. Page.* Away, away.

[*The women run out.*

Fal. I think, the devil will not have me damn'd, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he never would else cross me thus.

Enter Sir Hugh like a Satyr; Quickly, and others, dressed like Fairies, with Tapers.

Quic. Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,
You moon-shine revellers, and shades of night,
You Ouphen-heirs of fixed destiny, (29)
Attend your office, and your quality.
Crier hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Eva. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to *Windsor* chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,

(28) *Divide me like a brib'd-Buck,*] Thus all the old Copies, mistakingly: It must be, *bribe-buck*; i. e. a Buck sent for a Bribe. I made the Correction in my SHAKESPEARE *Restor'd*; and Mr. *Pope* has reform'd the Passage by it, in his last Edition.

(29) *You orphan-heirs of*] Why, *Orphan-heirs*? Destiny, to which they ow'd their Original, and to whom they were heirs, was yet in *Being* sure: therefore they could not be call'd Orphans. Doubtless, the Poet wrote;

You Ouphen-heirs of fixed Destiny.

i. e. You *Elves*, that succeed to, and minister in, some of the Works of Destiny. They are call'd both before and after, in this Play, *Ouphs*; here, *Ouphen*: for *en* is either the *Saxon* Termination of plural Nouns; (the Word it self being from the *Saxon Alpenne*, *lamia*, *dæmones*;) or the Termination of an Adjective, form'd from a Noun; as *woollen*, *golden*, *brazen*, &c.

Mr. Warburton.

There

There pinch the maids as blew as bilbery.

Our radiant Queen hates fluts and sluttery.

Fal. They're fairies; he, that speaks to them, shall die.
I'll wink and couch; no man their works must eye.

[*Lyes down upon his Face.*]

Eva. Where's *Pede*? go you, and where you find a
maid,

That, ere she sleep, hath thrice her prayers said,
Raife up the organs of her fantasie;
Sleep she as sound as careles infancy;
But those, that sleep, and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides and
shins.

Quic. About, about;

Search *Windsor* castle, elves, within and out.
Strew good luck, outhes, on every sacred room,
That it may stand 'till the perpetual Doom,
In state as wholsom, as in state 'tis fit;
Worthy the owner, as the owner it (30).
The severall chairs of Order look you scour,
With juice of balm and ev'ry precious flow'r;
Each fair Instalment-Coat and sev'ral Crest,
With loyal blazon evermore be blest!
And nightly-meadow-fairies, look, you sing;
Like to the *Garter*-compass, in a ring:
Th'expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal y Pense* write,
In emroid-tuffs, flow'rs purple, blue and white,
Like saphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair Knight-hood's bending knee;
Fairies use flow'rs for their charactery.
Away, disperse; but, 'till 'tis one o'clock;
Our dance of custom round about the Oak

(30) ——— and the Owner it.] And cannot be the true Reading,
both because the Grammar of the Sentence will not allow it, and his
Court to Queen *Elizabeth* directs to another Reading;

———— as the Owner it.

for, sure, he would not wish a Thing, which his Complaisance and Ad-
dress must suppose actually was; viz. the Worth of the Owner.

Mr. Warburton.
OF

Of *Herne*, the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand, your selves in order set:

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanthorns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.

But stay, I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heav'ns defend me from that *Welch* fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Eva. Vild worm, thou wast o'er-look'd ev'n in thy birth.

Quic. With tryal-fire touch me his finger-end;
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Eva. A tryal, come. —

[*They burn him with their tapers, and pinch him.*

Come, will this wood take fire?

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Quic. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire;
About him, fairies, sing a scornful rhyme:
And as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Eva. (31) It is right, indeed, he is full of lecheries and iniquity.

THE S O N G.

Fie on sinful phantásie:

Fie on lust and luxury:

Lust is but a bloody fire,

Kindled with unchaste desire,

Fed in heart whose flames aspire,

As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.

Pinch him, fairies, mutually;

Pinch him for his villany:

Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,

'Till candles, and star-light, and moon-shine be out.

(32) During this Song, they pinch him. Doctor Caius comes one way, and steals away a Boy in green; Slender,

(31) *Eva.* It is right, indeed:] This short Speech, which is very much in Character for Sir *Hugh*, I have inserted from the old *Quarto*.

(32) During this Song,] This Direction I thought proper to insert from the old *Quarto's*, as it is necessary to explain what is in Action on the Scene; and on which a Part of the *Catastrophe* of the Fable depends.

another

another way, and he takes away a Boy in white; and Fenton comes, and steals away Mrs. Anne Page. A Noise of hunting is made within. All the Fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his Buck's head, and rises.

Enter Page, Ford, &c. They lay hold on him.

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think, We've watcht you now;

Will none but *Herne* the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the jest no higher.

Now, good Sir *John*, how like you *Windsor* wives? See you these, husbands? do not these fair Yoaks (33) Become the Forest better than the Town?

Ford. Now, Sir, who's a cuckold now? master *Brook*, *Falstaff's* a knave, a cuckoldly knave, here are his horns, master *Brook*; and master *Brook*, he hath enjoy'd nothing of *Ford's* but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of mony, which must be paid to master *Brook*; his horses are arrested for it, master *Brook*.

Mrs. Ford. Sir *John*, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive, that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too: both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies; and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprize of my

(33) See you these husbands? Do not these fair Oaks

Become the Forest better than the Town?] What Oaks, in the Name of Nonsense, do our sagacious Editors make *Mrs. Page* talk of? The Oaks in the Park? But there was no Intention of transplanting them into the Town. — *Me quidem pudet, pigetque.* The first *Folio* reads, as the Poet intended, *Yoaks*: and *Mrs. Page's* Meaning is this. She speaks to her own, and *Mrs. Ford's* husband, and asks them, if they see the Horns in *Falstaff's* hand; and then alluding to them as the Types of *Cuckoldom*, puts the Question, whether those *Yoaks* are not more proper in the Forest than in the Town: i. e. than in their Families, as a Reproach to them.

powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a receiv'd belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment.

Eva. Sir *John Falstaff*, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy *Hugh*.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, 'till thou art able to woo her in good *English*.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun and dry'd it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? am I ridden with a *Welch* goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'tis time, I were choak'd with a piece of toasted cheefe.

Eva. Seefe is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seefe and putter? have I liv'd to stand in the taunt of one, that makes fritters of *English*? this is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking, through the Realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir *John*, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given our selves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax? (34)

Mrs. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as *Job*?

(34) *What, a hog's pudding?*] Mr. *Pope* has help'd us to this *hog's-pudding*; all the ether Editions, which I have seen, have it rightly *bodge-pudding*, as it is vulgarly written and pronounc'd; the *French* call, to shake, or jumble together, *bocher*: and they have a Dish call'd, *un boche-pot*, which is a Mixture of several Sorts of Meats cook'd up together. They likewise call it, *un pot pourri*: (says *Richelet*) a Dish, made up of several Meats macerated: and such a *Gallimaufry*, does *Ford* mean, is *Falstaff*.

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Evb. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and facks, and wines, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prables?

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the *Welch* flannel; ignorance it self is a plummet o'er me; use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, Sir, we'll bring you to *Windsor* to one Mr. *Brook*, that you have cozen'd of mony, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffer'd, I think, to repay that mony will be a biting affliction.

(35) *Mrs. Ford.* Nay, husband, let That go to make amends:

Forgive that Summ, and so we'll all be Friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last.

Page. Yet be cheerful, Knight; thou shalt eat a posset to night at my house, where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her, Mr. *Slender* hath marry'd her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that; if *Anne Page* be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor *Caius's* wife. [*Aside.*]

Enter Slender.

Slen. What hoe! hoe! father *Page*?

Page. Son, how now? how now, son, have you dispatch'd?

Slen. Dispatch'd? I'll make the best in *Gloucestershire* know on't; would I were hang'd la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

(35) *Mrs. Ford.* Nay, husband,] This and the following little Speech I have inserted from the old *Quarto's*. The Retrenchment, I presume, was by the Playèrs; and an injudicious One, in my Opinion. Sir *John Falstaff* is design'd the Favourite Character in the Play. His Vices are the Subject of all the Pleasantry: and he is sufficiently punish'd, in being disappointed and expos'd. The Expectation of his being perfect for the twenty Pounds, gives the Conclusion too tragical a Turn. Besides, it is poetick Justice that *Ford* should sustain this Loss, as a Fine for his unreasonable Jealousy.

Page.

Slon. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry mistress *Anne Page*, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i'th' church, I would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd me. If I did not think it had been *Anne Page*, would I might never stir, and 'tis a post-master's-boy.

Page. Upon my life, then you took the wrong.

Slon. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: if I had been marry'd to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slon. I went to her in white and cry'd *mum*, and she cry'd *budget*, as *Anne* and I had appointed, and yet it was not *Anne*, but a post-master's boy.

Eva. Jeshu! Master *Slender*, cannot you see but marry boys?

Page. O, I am vext at Heart. What shall I do?

Mrs. Page. Good *George*, be not angry; I knew of your purpose, turn'd my daughter into green, and, indeed, she is now with the Doctor at the Deanery, and there married.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver is mistress *Page*? by gar, I am cozen'd; I ha' marry'd one garsoon, a boy; one peasant, by gar. A boy; it is not *Anne Page*; by gar, I am cozen'd.

Mrs. Page. Why? did you not take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy; be gar, I'll raise all *Windsor*.

Ford. This is strange! who hath got the right *Anne*?

Page. My heart misgives me; here comes Mr. *Fenton*.

Enter Fenton, and Anne Page.

How now, Mr. *Fenton*?

Anne. Pardon, good father; good my mother, pardon.

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Page. Now, mistress, how chance you went not with Mr. *Slender*?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with Mr. Doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her: Hear the truth of it. You would have marry'd her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in love: The truth is, she and I, long since contracted, Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve us. Th' offence is holy, that she hath committed; And this deceit loses the name of craft, Of disobedience, or unduteous title; Since therein she doth evitate and shun A thousand irreligious cursed hours, Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedy. In love, the heav'n's themselves do guide the state; Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, tho' you have ta'en a special Stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy? *Fenton*, heav'n give thee joy;

What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Eva. I will also dance and eat plums at your Wedding.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chac'd.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further. Mr. *Fenton*,

Heav'n give you many, many merry days. Good husband, let us every one go home, And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire, Sir *John* and all.

Ford. Let it be so:— Sir *John*, To master *Brook* you yet shall hold your word; For he, to night, shall lye with mistress *Ford*.

[*Exe. Omnes.*]

M E A S U R E

F O R

M E A S U R E.

Dramatis Personæ.

VINCENTIO, *Duke of Vienna.*

Angelo, *Lord Deputy in the Duke's absence.*

Eſcalus, } *an ancient Lord, join'd with Angelo in the*
 } *Deputation.*

Claudio, *a young gentleman.*

Lucio, *a fantaſtick.*

Two Gentlemen.

Varrius, *a gentleman, ſervant to the Duke.*

Provost.

Thomas, } *two Friars.*
Peter, }

A Juſtice.

Elbow, *a ſimple Conſtable.*

Froth, *a fooliſh gentleman.*

Clown, *Servant to Mrs. Over-don.*

Abhorſon, *an executioner.*

Barnardine, *a diſſolute priſoner.*

Isabella, *ſiſter to Claudio.*

Marina, *betrothed to Angelo.*

Juliet, *beloved of Claudio.*

Franciſca, *a Nun.*

Miſtreſs Over-don, a bawd.

Guards, Officers, and other attendants.

S C E N E, Vienna.

M E A.



MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

A C T I.

SCENE, *the Duke's PALACE.*

Enter Duke, Escalus, and Lords.

D U K E.

SCALUS, —

Escal. My Lord.

Duke. Of Government the properties t'unfold,

Would seem in me t'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: (1)

X 4

Put

(1) ———— *then no more remains:*

Put that to your Sufficiency, as your Worth is able,

And let them work] I doubt not, but this Passage, either from the Impertinence of the Actors, or the Negligence of the Copyists, has come maim'd to us. In the first Place, what an unmeasurable, inharmonious, Verse have we here; and, then, how lame is the Sense! What was *Escalus* to put to his *Sufficiency*? Why, his *Science*. But his *Science* and his *Sufficiency* were but One and the same Thing. On what then does the Relative, *them*, depend? The old Editions read thus.

————— *Then no more remains,*

But that to your Sufficiency, as your Worth is able,

And let them work.

Here, again, the Sense is manifestly lame and defective, and as the Verification is so too, they concur to make me think, a Line has accidentally been left out. Perhaps, something like This might supply our Author's Meaning.

— *Then*

Put that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
 And let them work. The nature of our people,
 Our city's institutions, and the terms
 Of common justice, y'are as pregnant in,
 As art and practice hath enriched any
 That we remember. There is our Commission,
 From which we would not have you warp. Call hither,
 I say, bid come before us *Angelo*:

What figure of us, think you, he will bear?
 For you must know, we have with special soul
 Elected him our Absence to supply;
 Lent him our Terror, drest him with our Love;
 And giv'n his Deputation all the organs
 Of our own Power: say, what think you of it?

Escal. If any in *Vienna* be of worth
 To undergo such ample grace and honour,
 It is lord *Angelo*.

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look, where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's will,
 I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. *Angelo*,
 There is a kind of character in thy life,
 That to th' observer doth thy history
 Fully unfold: thy self and thy belongings
 Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
 Thy self upon thy virtues; they on thee.
 Heav'n doth with us, as we with torches do,

————— *Then no more remains,*
But that to your Sufficiency you add
Due Diligency, as your Worth is able;
And let them work.

By some such Supplement both the Sense and Measure would be cur'd. But as the Conjecture is unsupported by any Authorities, I have not pretended to thrust it into the Text; but submit it to Judgment. They, who are acquainted with Books, know, that, where two Words of a similar Length and Termination happen to lie under one another, nothing is more common than for Transcribers to glance their Eye at once from the *first* to the *undermost* Word, and so leave out the intermediate part of the Sentence.

Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues (2)
 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 Goddes, she determines
 Her self the glory of a creditor,
 Both thanks, and use. But I do bend my speech
 To one that can my part in him advertise;
 Hold therefore, *Angelo*:
 In our Remove, be thou at full our self.
 Mortality and Mercy in *Vienna*
 Live in thy tongue and heart: old *Escalus*,
 Though first in question, is thy Secondary.
 Take thy Commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
 Let there be some more test made of my metal,
 Before so noble and so great a figure
 Be stamp'd upon it.

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

Ang. Yet give me 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

(2) ——— *for if our Virtues*
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not.] This Sentiment seems to have sprung
 from the following Passage of *Horace*, Lib. 4. Ode 9.
Paullum sepultæ distat Inertiæ
Celata Virtus.

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With any scruple; your Scope is as mine own,
 So to inforce, or qualifie the Laws,
 As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand;
 I'll privily away. I love the people;
 But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
 Though it do well, I do not relish well
 Their loud applause, and *Ave's* vehement:
 Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
 That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heav'ns give safety to your purposes!

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

Duke. I thank you, fare you well. [Exit,

Escal. I shall desire you, Sir, to give me leave
 To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
 To look into the bottom of my Place:
 A pow'r I have, but of what strength and nature
 I am not yet instructed.

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

Escal. I'll wait upon your Honour. [Exeunt.

S C E N E, *The Street.*

Enter Lucio, and two gentlemen.

Lucio. IF the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not
 to composition with the King of *Hungary*,
 why, then all the Dukes fall upon the King.

1 Gent. Heav'n grant us its peace, but not the King
 of *Hungary's*!

2 Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou conclud'st like the sanctimonious Pirate,
 that went to sea with the ten Commandments, but
 serap'd one out of the Table.

2 Gent. Thou shalt not steal.—

Lucio. Ay, that he raz'd.

1 Gent. Why, 'twas a Commandment to command
 the captain and all the rest from their functions; they
 put forth to steal; there's not a soldier of us all, that,

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in the thanksgiving before meat, do relish the petition well that prays for Peace.

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

Lucio. I believe thee: for, I think, thou never wast where grace was said.

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

1 *Gent.* What? in meeter?

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? grace is grace, despite of all controversie; as for example, thou thy self art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well; there went but a pair of sheers between us.

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

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

Lucio. I think, thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think, I have done my self wrong, have I not?

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

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam *Mitigation* comes.

1 *Gent.* I have purchas'd as many diseases under her roof, as come to —

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

1 *Gent.* Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thousand dollars a year.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A *French* crown more. (3)

1 *Gent.*

(3) *A French Crown more.*] *Lucio* means here not the piece of money so call'd, but that *Venerial* Scab which among the Surgeons is stil'd *Co-*

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

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

Enter Bawd.

1 *Gent.* How now, which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carry'd to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pr'ythee?

Bawd. Marry, Sir, that's *Claudio*; Signior *Claudio*.

1 *Gent.* *Claudio* to prison? 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know, 'tis so; I saw him arrested; saw him carry'd away; and, which is more, within these three days his head is to be chopt off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so: art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it; and it is for getting madam *Julietta* with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be; he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

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

1 *Gent.* But most of all agreeing with the Proclamation.

Lucio. Away, let's go learn the truth of it. [*Exe.*

rona Veneris. To this, I think, our Author likewise makes *Quince* allude in *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Some of your French Crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.

As *B. Jonson* does likewise in *Cynthia's Revels*.

Afot. I, Sir, I'll assure you, tis a Beaver. It cost me eight Crowns but this morning.

Amo. After your *French Account*?

Afot. Yes, Sir.

Cri. And so near his Head? — *Beshrew me, dangerous.*

For where these Eruptions are, the Skull is carious, and the Party becomes bald.

Manet Bawd.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

Enter Clown.

Clown. Yonder man is carry'd to prison.

Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clown. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clown. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

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

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

Bawd. What Proclamation, man?

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

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

Clown. They shall stand for seed; they had gone down too, but that a wise burger put in for them.

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

Clown. To the ground, mistress.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the common wealth; what shall become of me?

Clown. Come, fear not you; good counsellors lack no clients; though you change your place, you need not change your trade: I'll be your tapster still. Courage, there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Bawd. What's to do here, *Thomas Tapster*? let's withdraw.

Clown. Here comes Signior *Claudio*, led by the Provost to prison; and there's Madam *Juliet*.

[*Ex. Bawd and Clown.*]

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, and Officers. Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to th' world?
Bear

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Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

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

Claud. Thus can the Demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down, for our offence, by weight
The words of heaven; on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Lucio. Why how now, *Claudio*? whence comes this
restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my *Lucio*, liberty;
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immod'rate use
Turns to restraint: our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil; and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I
would send for certain of my creditors; and yet, to
say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of free-
dom, as the morality of imprisonment: what's thy of-
fence, *Claudio*?

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

Lucio. What is't, murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Letchery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, Sir, you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend:— *Lucio*, a word
with you.

Lucio. A hundred; if they'll do you any good: is
letchery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me; upon a true con-
tract

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

The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,
With character too gross, is writ on *Juliet*.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.

And the new Deputy now for the Duke,
(Whether it be the fault, and glimpse, of newness;
Or whether that the body publick be
A horse whereon the Governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it strait feel the spur;
Whether the tyranny be in his Place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in:—) but this new Governor
Awakes me all th' enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by th' wall
So long, that nineteen Zodiacks have gone round, (4)
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsie and neglected Act
Freshly on me; 'tis, surely, for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is; and thy head stands so tickle
on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love,
may sigh it off. Send after the Duke, and appeal to
him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.
I pr'ythee, *Lucio*, do me this kind service:
This day my Sister should the Cloister enter,
And there receive her Approbation.
Acquaint her with the danger of my state,
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict Deputy; bid her self assay him;
I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men! beside, she 'hath prosp'rous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

(4) *So long, that nineteen Zodiacks have gone round,*] The Duke, in
the Scene immediately following, says,

Which for these fourteen Years we have let slip,

The Author could not so disagree with himself, in so narrow a Compass.
The Numbers must have been wrote in Figures, and so mistaken: for
which reason, 'tis necessary to make the two Accounts correspond.

Lucio.

Lucio. I pray, she may; as well for the encouragement 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.

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

Lucio. Within two hours,——

Claud. Come, officer, away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE, A MONASTERY.

Enter Duke, and Friar Thomas.

Duke. NO; holy father, throw away that thought; Believe not, that the dribbling dart of love Can pierce a compleat bosom: why I desire thee To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose More grave, and wrinkled, than the aims and ends Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy Sir, none better knows than you, How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd; And held in idle price to haunt Assemblies, Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps. I have deliver'd to lord *Angelo* (A man of stricture and firm abstinence) (5)

My

(5) *A Man of Stricture.*] Mr. *Warburton* observes, that *Strictura*, from which this Word should seem to be form'd, signified, among the *Latines*, the Spark which flies from red-hot Iron when struck; whence, in *English*, it has been metaphorically taken for a bright Stroke in an Author: nor has it, says he, any other Signification. And he very reasonably questions, whether it had That in *Shakespeare's* time. As so remote a Signification could have no place in the Text here, he suspects that two Words must have ignorantly been jumbled into one, and that our Author wrote:

A Man of strict ure and firm Abstinence. i. e. a Man of a severe habit of Life. *Ure*, 'tis certain, was a Word used in *CHAUCER's* Time for Chance, Destiny, Fortune; (when deriv'd from *heur*;) and also for Habit, Custom; (when contracted from the *usura* of the *Latines*;) whence we have form'd our compound Adjective, *enured*, habituated to. Tho' I have not disturb'd the Text, the Conjecture was too ingenious to be pass'd over in Silence. But as it is most frequent with our Author

My absolute Pow'r and Place here in *Vienna*;
 And he supposes me travell'd to *Poland*;
 For so I've strew'd it in the common ear,
 And so it is receiv'd: now, pious Sir,
 You will demand of me, why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict Statutes and most biting Laws,
 (The needful bits and curbs for head-strong Steeds,) (6)
 Which for these nineteen years we have let sleep; (7)

Even

thor as well to coin Words, as to form their Terminations *ad libitum*; he may have adopted *Stricture* here to signify *Strictness*; as afterwards, in this very Play, he has introduced *prompture*, the Usage of which Word I no where else remember in our Tongue; neither have we *promptura* or *prompture*, from the *Latin* or *French*, that I know of.

(6) *The needful Bits and Curbs for headstrong Weeds:*] There is no manner of Analogy, or Consonance, in the Metaphors here: and, tho' the Copies agree, I do not think, the Author would have talk'd of *Bits and Curbs for Weeds*. On the other hand, nothing can be more proper, than to compare Persons of *unbridled Licentiousness* to head-strong *Steeds*: and, in this View, *bridling the Passions* has been a Phrase adopted by our best Poets.

So, *Horace*, Lib. iv. Od. 15.

————— & *Ordinem*

Rectum evaganti frena *Licentiæ*

Injecit, emovitque culpas,

Et veteres revocavit Artes.

So, in his *Epistles*, Lib. i. Ep. 2.

————— *animum rege, qui, nisi paret,*

Imperat, hunc frenis, hunc tu compesce catenâ.

And so the elegant *Phædrus*, Lib. i. Fab. 2.

Procax libertas civitatem miscuit,

Frenumque solvit pristinum licentiâ.

But Instances were endless both from the Poets, and Prose-writers.

(7) *Which for these fourteen Years we have let slip,*] For fourteen I have made no Scruple to replace *nineteen*. The Reason will be obvious to the Reader, who shall look back to the 4th Note upon this Play. I have, I hope, upon as good Authority, alter'd the odd Phrase of *letting the Laws slip*: for, supposing the Expression might be justified, yet how does it sort with the Comparison, that follows, of a Lion in his Cave that went not out to prey? But letting the *Laws sleep*, as I have restor'd to the Text, adds a particular Propriety to the Thing represented, and accords exactly too with the *Simile*. It is the Metaphor too, that our Author seems fond of using upon this Occasion, in several other Passages of this Play.

The Law bath not been dead, tho' it hath slept:

————— *'Tis now awake.*

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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 fight,
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.

Fri. It rested in your Grace
T'unloose this ty'd-up justice, when you' pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,
Than in lord *Angelo*.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful.
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike, and gall them,
For what I bid them do. For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on *Angelo* impos'd the office:
Who may in th' ambush of my name strike home,
And yet, my nature never in the fight
So do in slander: And to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a Brother of your Order,
Visit both Prince and people; therefore, pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear,
Like a true *Friar*. More reasons for this action
At 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 Pow'r change Purpose, what our Seemers be. [*Exc.*]

And so, again,

————— but this new Governour
Awakes me all th'enrolled Penalties;

————— and for a Name
Now puts the drowfie and neglected Act
Freshly on me.

SCENE

SCENE, A NUNNERY.

Enter Isabella and Francisca.

Ifab. AND have you Nuns no farther privileges?
Nun. Are not these large enough?

Ifab. Yes, truly; I speak not, as desiring more;
 But rather wishing a more strict restraint
 Upon the sister-hood, the votarists of Saint *Clare*.

Lucio. [*Within.*] Ho! Peace be in this place!

Ifab. Who's that, which calls?

Nun. It is a man's voice: gentle *Isabella*,
 Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
 You may; I may not; you are yet unsworn:
 When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men,
 But in the presence of the Prioress;
 Then, if you speak, you must not shew your face;
 Or, if you shew your face, you must not speak.
 He calls again; I pray you, answer him. [*Exit. Franc.*]

Ifab. Peace and prosperity! who is't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, (if you be) as those cheek-roses
 Proclaim you are no less; can you so stead me,
 As bring me to the sight of *Isabella*,
 A novice of this place, and the fair sister
 To her unhappy brother *Claudio*?

Ifab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask
 The rather, for I now must make you know
 I am that *Isabella*, and his sister.

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

Ifab. Wo me! for what?

Lucio. For that, which, if my self might be his judge,
 He should receive his punishment in thanks;
 He hath got his friend with child.

Ifab. Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio. Tis true:—I would not (tho' 'tis my familiar sin
 With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,

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Tongue far from heart) play with all virgins so.
 I hold you as a thing en-sky'd, and fainted;
 By your renouncement, an immortal Spirit;
 And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
 As with a Saint.

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

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness, and truth, 'tis
 thus;

Your brother and his lover having embrac'd,
 As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time
 That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
 To teeming foison; so her plenteous womb
 Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Ifab. Some one with child by him?— my cousin
Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Ifab. Adoptedly, as school-maids change their names,
 By vain, tho' apt, affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Ifab. O, let him marry her.

Lucio. This is the point.

The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
 Bore many gentlemen, my self being one,
 In hand and hope of action; but we learn,
 By those that know the very nerves of State,
 His Givings out were of an infinite distance
 From his true-meant Design. Upon his place,
 And with full line of his authority,
 Governs lord *Angelo*; a man whose blood
 Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
 The wanton stings and motions of the sense;
 But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
 With profits of the mind, study and fast.
 He, (to give fear to use and liberty,
 Which have long time run by the hideous law,
 As mice by Lyons;) hath pickt out an Act,
 Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
 Falls into forfeit; he arrests him on it;
 And follows close the rigor of the Statute,
 To make him an example; all hope's gone,

Unless

Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften *Angelo*; and that's my Pith of business
'Twixt you and your poor brother.

Ifab. Doth he so.

Seek for his life?

Lucio. H'as censur'd him already;
And, as I hear, the Provost hath a Warrant
For's execution.

Ifab. Alas! what poor
Ability's in me, to do him good?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Ifab. My power? Alas! I doubt.

Lucio. 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.

Ifab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But, speedily.

Ifab. I will about it strait;
No longer staying, but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you;
Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Ifab. Good Sir, adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T II.

S C E N E, *The PALACE.*

Enter Angelo, Escalus, a Justice, and attendants.

A N G E L O.

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.

Escal. Ay, but yet
 Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
 Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas! this gentleman,
 Whom I would save, had a most noble father;
 Let but your Honour know,
 Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,
 That, 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 th' effect of your own purpose;
 Whether you had not sometime in your life
 Err'd in this point, which now you censure him,
 And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, *Escalus,*
 Another thing to fall. I not deny,
 The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
 May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two,
 Guiltier than him they try; what's open made to
 justice,
 That justice seizes on. What know the laws,
 That thieves do pass on thieves? 'tis very pregnant,
 The jewel that we find, we stoop and take't,
 Because we see it; but what we do not see,
 We tread upon, and never think of it.
 You may not so extenuate his offence,

For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Enter Provost.

Escal. Be't, as your Wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the *Provost*?

Prov. Here, if it like your Honour.

Ang. 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 Prov.*

Escal. Well, heav'n forgive him! and forgive us all;
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run through brakes of vice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, and Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away; if these be good people in a common-weal, that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law; bring them away.

Ang. How now, Sir, what's your name? and what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your Honour, I am the poor Duke's constable, and my name is *Elbow*; I do lean upon justice, Sir, and do bring in here before your good Honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your Honour, I know not well what they are; but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here's a wise Officer.

Ang. Go to: what quality are they of? *Elbow* is your name? Why dost thou not speak, *Elbow*?

Clown. He cannot, Sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, Sir?

Elb. He, Sir? a tapster, Sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, Sir, was, as they say, pluckt down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house; which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, Sir, whom I detest before heav'n and your Honour, ———

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, Sir; whom, I thank heav'n, is an honest woman; ———

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, Sir, I will detest my self also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, Sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, Sir, by mistress *Over-don's* means, but as she spit in his face, so she defy'd him.

Clown. Sir, if it please your Honour, this is not so.

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

Escal. Do you hear, how he misplaces?

Clown. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing (saying your Honour's reverence) for stew'd prewns; Sir, we had but two in the house, 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.)

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, Sir.

Clown. No, indeed, Sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but to the point; as I say, this mistress *Elbow*, being, as I say, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I said, for prewns; and having but Two in the dish, as I said; master *Frotb* here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said,
and,

and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; for, as you know, master *Froth*, I could not give you three pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Clown. Very well; you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prewns.

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clown. Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clown. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool; to the purpose: what was done to *Elbow's* wife, that he hath cause to complain of? come to what was done to her.

Clown. Sir, your Honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, Sir, nor I mean it not.

Clown. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your Honour's leave: and, I beseech you, look into master *Froth* here, Sir, a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father dy'd at *Hallowmas*. Was't not at *Hallowmas*, master *Froth*?

Froth. All-holland eve.

Clown. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, Sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, Sir; 'twas in the bunch of grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Froth. I have so, because it is an open room, and good for winter.

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

Ang. This will last out a night in *Russia*,
When nights are longest there. I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the Cause;
Hoping, you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less. Good morrow to your Lordship.

[Exit Angelo.

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

Clown.

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Clown. Once, Sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, Sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clown. I beseech your Honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, Sir, what did this gentleman do to her?

Clown. I beseech you, Sir, look in this gentleman's face; good master *Froth*, look upon his Honour; 'tis for a good purpose; doth your Honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, Sir, very well.

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

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clown. Doth your Honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clown. I'll be suppos'd upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him: good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master *Froth* do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your Honour.

Escal. He's in the right; constable, what say you to it?

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

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

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet; the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

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

Escal. Which is the wiser here? *Justice*, or *Iniquity*?— Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked *Hannibal*! I respected with her, before I was marry'd to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your Worship think me the poor Duke's officer; prove this, thou wicked *Hannibal*, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

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

Elb.

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Elb. Marry, I thank your good Worship for't: what is't your Worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

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

Elb. Marry, I thank your Worship for it; thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee. Thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend? [*To Froth.*

Froth. Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, and't please you, Sir.

Escal. So. What trade are you of, Sir?

[*To the Clown.*

Clown. A tapster, a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress's name?

Clown. Mistress *Over-don*.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clown. Nine, Sir: *Over-don* by the last.

Escal. Nine? Come hither to me, master *Froth*: master *Froth*, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, master *Froth*, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your Worship; for mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well; no more of it, master *Froth*; farewell.

[*Exit Froth.*

Come you hither to me, master tapster; what's your name, master tapster?

Clown. *Pompey*.

Escal. What else?

Clown. *Bum*, Sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that, in the beastliest sense, you are *Pompey* the Great. *Pompey*, you are partly a bawd, *Pompey*;

pey;

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pey; howsoever' you colour it in being a tapster; are you not? come, tell me true, it shall be the better for you.

Clown. Truly, Sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

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

Clown. If the law will allow it, Sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, *Pompey*; nor it shall not be allowed in *Vienna*.

Clown. Does your Worship mean to geld and splay all the youth in the city?

Escal. No, *Pompey*.

Clown. Truly, Sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then. If your Worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

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

Clown. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten years together, you'll be glad to give out a Commission for more heads: if this law hold in *Vienna* ten years, (8) I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three pence a Bay: if you live to see this come to pass, say, *Pompey* told you so.

Escal.

(8) *I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three pence a Day.*] This Reading first got place in Mr. *Pope's* Impression, who, I presume, did not know how to account for, *Bay*, the Reading of the old Copies; and which I have restor'd to the Text. For my part, I believe, our Poet had no Notion of reducing House-rent to a Proportion by the *Day*. The Meaning is this. The Fashion of Buildings, in our Author's time, was to have two or three semi-circular juttings out in Front, (which we still see in the Remains of old Houses,) where the Windows were plac'd: And these Projections were call'd *Bays*; as the Windows were, from them, call'd *Bay-windows*, or *Compass-windows*: the last of which Terms we meet with in our Author's *Troilus* and *Cressida*.

She came to him t'other day into the Compass-window.

Minsheu tells us, the Reason of the Name being given was, because this Form of Building resembled a *Bay*, or Road for Ships, which is always round, and bow-ing, to break off the Force of the Water. — So that, Houses, as I said, having not above two or three of these Juttings out, the *Clown* says, "the Houses won't be worth above three pence 3
"Bay".

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Escal. Thank you, good *Pompey*; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you; I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, *Pompey*, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd *Cæsar* to you: in plain dealing, *Pompey*, I shall have you whipt: so for this time, *Pompey*, fare you well.

Clown. I thank your Worship for your good counsel; but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? no, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*

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

Elb. Seven year and a half, Sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time: you say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, Sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you; they do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, Sir, few of any wit in such matters; as they are chosen, they are glad to chuse me for them. I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

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

Elb. To your Worship's house, Sir?

Escal. To my house; fare you well. What's a clock, think you? [*Exit Elbow.*

Just. Eleven, Sir.

Escal. I pray you, home to dinner with me.

"Bay", i. e. Nine pence *per* Year at the largest Computation. I had almost forgot to observe, that CHAUCER mentions a *Bay-window* in his *Court of Love*.

*And there beside, within a bay-windowe,
Stod one in grene, full large of bred and length, &c.*

Just.

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Just. I humbly thank you.

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

Just. Lord *Angelo* is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:

Mercy is not it self, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:
But yet, poor *Claudio*! there's no remedy.
Come, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Provost, and a Servant.

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

Prov. Pray you, do; I'll know
His pleasure; may be, he'll relent; alas!
He hath but as offended in a dream:
All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
To die for it! —————

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, *Provost*?

Prov. Is it your Will, *Claudio* shall die to morrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?

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

Ang. Go to; let that be mine,
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your pardon.
What shall be done, Sir, with the groaning *Juliet*?
She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitting place, and that with speed.

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

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov.

Prov. Ay, my good lord, a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sister-hood,
If not already.

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

Enter Lucio and Isabella.

Prov. 'Save your Honour.

Ang. Stay yet a while. — Y'are welcome ; what's
your Will ?

Isab. I am a woful suitor to your Honour,
Please but your Honour hear me.

Ang. Well ; what's your suit ?

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

Ang. Well ; the matter ?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die ;
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. Heav'n give thee moving graces !

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it ?
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done ;
Mine were the very cipher 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 ; — heav'n keep your Honour !

Lucio. Give 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 die ?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab.

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Ifab. Yes; I do think, that you might pardon him;
And neither heav'n, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Ifab. But can you if you would?

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

Ifab. 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?

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

Lucio. You are too cold.

Ifab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again: Well believe this, (9)
No ceremony that to Great ones 'longs,
Not the King's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does: if he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slipt like him;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Ifab. I wou'd to heav'n I had your Potency,
And you were *Isabel*; should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. Ay, touch him; there's the vein.

(9) *Well, believe this,*] This manner of Pointing, which runs thro' all the Copies, gives an Air of Address too familiar for an Inferior to use to a Person of Distinction. But taking away the Comma after, *Well*, not only removes the Objection, but restores a Mode of Expression, which our Author delights to use. *Well believe this*; i. e. Be convinc'd, be thoroughly assur'd of this.

So, afterwards, in this Play, *Angelo* says;

I think it well.

So, *Gonzalo*, in the *Tempest*.

I do well believe your Highness, ———

And so, in King *John*;

And well shall you perceive ———

So one of the *Gentlemen* in the opening Scene of *Cymbeline*;

I do well believe.

And so *Pisanio*, in the same Play;

— *You shall be miss'd at Court*;

And that will well confirm it.

&c. &c.

Ang.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And he, that might the 'vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If he, which is the top of Judgment, should
But judge you, as you are? oh, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the Law, not I, condemns your brother.
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him; he dies to morrow.

Isab. To morrow? oh! that's sudden. Spare him,
Spare him.

He's not prepar'd for death: Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl, of season; shall we serve heav'n
With less respect, than we do minister
To our gross selves? good, good my lord, bethink you:
Who is it, that hath dy'd for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well said.

Ang. The Law hath not been dead, tho' it hath slept:
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first man, that did th' Edict infringe,
Had answer'd for his deed. Now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a Prophet,
Looks in a glass that shews what future evils,
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 here they live, to end.

Isab. Yet shew some pity.

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

Isab. So you must be the first, that gives this sentence;

And he, that suffers: oh, 'tis excellent
To have a Giant's strength; but it is tyrannous,
To use it like a Giant.

Lucio. That's well said.

Isab. Could Great men thunder
As *Jove* himself does, *Jove* would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting, petty, officer
Would use his heav'n for thunder;
Nothing but thunder: merciful heav'n!
Thou rather with thy sharp, and sulph'rous, 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 fantastick tricks before high heav'n,
As makes the angels weep; who, with our spleens, (10)
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. Oh, to him, to him, Wench; he will relent;
He's coming: I perceive't.

Prov. Pray heav'n, she win him!

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with your self: (11)
Great men may jest with Saints; 'tis wit in them;
But, in the less, foul prophanation.

(10) *As makes the Angels weep; who, with our spleens, Would all themselves laugh mortal.*] Men play such fantastick Tricks, and appear so ridiculous, as to make the Angels weep in Compassion of our Extravagance: who, if they were endued with our Spleens and perishable Organs, would laugh themselves out of Immortality; or, as we say in common Life, laugh themselves dead. This Notion of the Angels weeping for the Sins of Men is purely *Rabbinical*. — *Ob peccatum flentes Angelos inducunt Hebræorum Magistri*. — *Grotius ad S. Lucam, c. 15. v. 7.*

(11) *We cannot weigh our Brother with our self.*] Why not? Tho' this should be the Reading of all the Copies, 'tis as plain as Light, it is not the Author's Meaning. *Isabella* would say, there is so great a Disproportion in Quality betwixt Lord *Angelo* and her Brother, that their Actions can bear no Comparison, or Equality, together: but her Brother's Crimes would be aggravated, *Angelo's* Frailties extenuated, from the Difference of their Degrees and State of Life. *Mr. Warburton.*

Lucio. Thou'rt right, girl; more o' that.

Isab. That in the Captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the Soldier is flat Blasphemy.

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

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, tho' it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in it self,
That skins the vice o' th' top: go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault; if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not found a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. She speaks, and 'tis such sence,
That my sence breeds with it. Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle, my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me: come again to morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: good my lord, turn
back.

Ang. How? bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that heav'n shall share
with you.

Lucio. You had marr'd all else.

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

Ang. Well; come to morrow.

Lucio. Go to; 'tis well; away.

Isab. Heav'n keep your Honour safe!

Ang. Amen:

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

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

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. Save your Honour! [*Exe. Lucio and Isabella.*

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Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue.
 What's this? what's this? is this her fault; or mine?
 The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most?
 Not she; nor doth she tempt; but it is I,
 That, lying by the violet in the sun,
 Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
 Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
 That modesty may more betray our sense,
 Than woman's lightness? having waste ground enough,
 Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
 And pitch our evils there? oh, fie, fie, fie!
 What dost thou? or what art thou, *Angelo*?
 Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
 That make her good? Oh, let her brother live:
 Thieves for their robbery have authority,
 When judges steal themselves. What? do I love her,
 That I desire to hear her speak again,
 And feast upon her eyes? what is't I dream on?
 Oh, cunning Enemy, that to catch a Saint,
 With Saints dost bait thy hook! most dangerous
 Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
 To sin in loving virtue: ne'er could the strumpet,
 With all her double vigour, art and nature,
 Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
 Subdues me quite: Ever 'till this very Now,
 When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how.
[Exit.

S C E N E *changes to 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.

Prov.

MEASURE *for* MEASURE. 341

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were
needful.

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flaws of her own youth, (12)
Hath blister'd her report: she is with child;
And he, that got it, sentenc'd: a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to morrow.

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

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

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

Duke. I'll teach you, how you shall arraign your
conscience,

And try your penitence, if it be found,
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

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

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

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful Act
Was mutually committed.

Juliet. Mutually.

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

(12) *Who falling in the Flaws of her own Youth,
Hath blister'd her Report.*] As, *blister'd*, follows in the *second*
Line, Mr. Warburton ingeniously advises to read *Flames* in the *first*.
And it is the Metaphor our Author elsewhere chooses to use. So *Polo-*
nius in *Hamlet*.

————— I do know,
*When the blood burns, how prodigal the Soul
Lends the Tongue Vows. These Blazes, oh, my daughter, &c.*
And so the Countess, in *All's Well that ends Well*.
*Nat'ral Rebellion, done i'th' Blaze of Youth,
When Oyl and Fire, too strong for Reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.*

And so *Prospero*, in *The Tempest*;

————— do not give Dalliance
*Too much the rein; the strongest Oaths are Straw
To'th' Fire i'th' blood:* —————

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Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter; but repent you not,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame?
Which sorrow's always tow'rd's our selves, not heaven;
Showing we'd not seek heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear.

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

Duke. There rest,
Your partner, as I hear, must die to morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him;
So grace go with you; *benedicite.* [Exit,

Juliet. Must die to morrow! oh, injurious love,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [Exeunt.

S C E N E *changes to the PALACE.*

Enter Angelo.

Ang. **W**HEN I would pray and think, I think
and pray
To sev'ral subjects: heav'n hath my empty words,
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on *Isabel*: Heav'n's in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew its name;
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception: the state, whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I with boot change for an idle plume
Which the air beats for vain, Oh Place! oh Form!
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming? blood, thou art but blood;
Let's write good Angel on the Devil's horn;
'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there?—

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

Ang. Teach her the way. Oh heav'ns!

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both That unable for it self,
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 gen'ral Subjects to a well-wisht King
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence. How now, fair maid?

Enter Isabella.

Ifab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better
please me,

Than to demand, what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Ifab. Ev'n so?— Heav'n keep your Honour! [*Going.*

Ang. Yet may he live awhile; and, it may be,
As long as you or I; yet he must die.

Ifab. Under your Sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Ifab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha? fie, these filthy vices! 'twere as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature stol'n
A man already made, as to remit
Their sawcy sweetness, that do coin heav'n's image
In Stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easie,
Falsely to take away a life true made;
As to put Metal in restrained means,
To make a false one.

Ifab. 'Tis set down so in heav'n, but not in earth.

Ang. And 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?

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

Ang. I talk not of your soul; our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than accompt.

Ifab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a Sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?

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

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

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

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

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

Ang. Thus Wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax it self: as these black masques
Proclaim an en-shield beauty ten times louder,
Than beauty could display'd. But mark me,
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross;
Your brother is to die.

Ifab. So.

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

Ifab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
 (As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
 But in the loss of question,) that you his sister,
 Finding your self desir'd of such a person,
 Whose credit with the judge, or own great Place,
 Could fetch your brother from the manacles
 Of the all-holding law; and that there were
 No earthly mean to save him, but that either
 You must lay down the treasures of your body
 To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer;
 What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother, as my self;
 That is, were I under the terms of death,
 Th'impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
 And strip my self to death, as to a bed
 That longing I've been sick for, ere I'd yield
 My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way;
 Better it were, a brother dy'd at once;
 Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
 Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the Sentence,
 That you have slander'd so?

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

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant,
 And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
 A merriment, than a vice.

Isab. Oh pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
 To have what we would have, we speak not what we
 mean:

I something do excuse the thing I hate,
 For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die, (13)

If

(13) *Else let my Brother dye,*
If not a Feodary, but only He, &c.] This is so obscure a Passage,
 but so fine in its Application, that it deserves to be explain'd. A *Feo-*
dary

If not a feodary, but only he,
Owe, and succeed by weakness!

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke, as they make forms.
Women! help heav'n; men their creation mar,
In profiting by them: nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well;

And from this testimony of your own sex,
(Since, I suppose, we're 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're 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.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

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

Ang. He shall not, *Isabel*, if you give me love.

Isab. I know, your virtue hath a licence in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine Honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little Honour to be much believ'd,

dary was One, that, in the Times of Vassalage, held Lands of the chief Lord, under the Tenure of paying Rent and Service: which Tenures were call'd *Feuda* amongst the *Goths*. This being premised, let us come to a Paraphrase of our Author's Words. "We are all *frail*, says *Angelo*; yes, replies *Isabella*; if all Mankind were not *Feodaries*, who owe what they have to this Tenure of *Imbecillity*, and who succeed each other by the same Tenure, as well as my Brother, I would give him up." And the comparing Mankind, (who, according to some Divines, lye under the Weight of Original Sin,) to a *Feodary*, who owes *Suit* and *Service* to his Lord, is, I think, one of the most beautiful Allusions imaginable.

Mr. Warburton.

And

And most pernicious purpose! seeming, seeming!—
 I will proclaim thee, *Angelo*; look for't:
 Sign me a present Pardon for my brother,
 Or, with an out-stretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
 Aloud, what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, *Ifabel*?
 My unsoil'd Name, th' Austereness of my Life,
 My Vouch against you, and my Place i'th' State,
 Will so your accusation over-weigh,
 That you shall stifle in your own report,
 And smell of calumny. I have begun;
 And now I give my sensual race the rein.
 Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite,
 Lay by all nicety, and proluxious 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 th'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.*

Ifab. To whom should I complain? did I tell this,
 Who would believe me? O most perilous mouths,
 That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
 Either of condemnation or approval;
 Bidding the Law make curtsie to their Will;
 Hooking both right and wrong to th'appetite,
 To follow, as it draws. I'll to my brother.
 Tho' he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
 Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
 That had he twenty heads to tender down
 On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up;
 Before his sister should her body stoop
 To such abhorr'd pollution.
 Then, *Ifabel*, live, chaste; and, brother, die;
 More than our brother is our chastity.
 I'll tell him yet of *Angelo's* request;
 And fit his mind to death, for his soul's Rest.

[*Exit.*

A C T III.

S C E N E, *the Prison.*

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Provost.

D U K E.

SO, then you hope of pardon from lord *Angelo*?
Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,
 But only Hope: I've hope to live, and am pre-
 par'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death: or death, or life,
 Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life; (14)
 If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing,
 That none but fools would reck; a breath thou art,
 Servile to all the skiey influences;
 That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
 Hourly afflict; meerly thou art death's fool;
 For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
 And yet runn'st tow'rd him still. Thou art not noble;
 For all th' accommodations, that thou bear'st,
 Are nurs'd by baseness: thou'rt by no means valiant;

(14) ——— *Reason thus with Life;*
If I do lose thee, I do lose a Thing
That none but Fools would keep.]

But this Reading is not only contrary to all Sense and Reason; but to the Drift of this moral Discourse. The *Duke*, in his assum'd Character of a *Friar*, is endeavouring to instill into the condemn'd Prisoner a Resignation of Mind to his Sentence; but the Sense of the Lines, in this Reading, is a direct Perswasive to *Suicide*! I make no Doubt, but the Poet wrote,

That none but Fools would reck.

i. e. care for, be anxious about, regret the Loss of.

Mr. Warburton,

And the Word is very frequent with our Author. 2 *Gent. of Verona*;
Recking as little what betideth me,
As much I wish all Good befortune you.

And *Hamlet*;

Himself the primrose Path of Dalliance treads,
And recks not his own Reed.

Et alibi passim.

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'rt not thy self;
 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, forgett'st. Thou art not certain;
 For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
 After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
 For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
 Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
 And death unloadeth thee. Friend thou hast none;
 For thy own bowels, which do call thee Sire,
 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; (15)

But as it were an after-dinner's sleep,
 Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
 Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
 Of palsied Eld; and when thou'rt old and rich,

(15) ———— *Thou hast nor Youth, nor Age; &c.*] Mr. Warburton has given me a Correction of, and Paraphrase on, this and the subsequent Lines; which shews so fine a Spirit, that, tho' I have not ventur'd to disturb the Text, I must not deprive my Readers of it. — “ The
 “ Drift of this Period, *you see*, is to prove, that neither Youth, nor Age,
 “ is really enjoy'd: which, in poetical Language is, *We have neither*
 “ *Youth, nor Age.* ” But how is This prov'd? That Age is not enjoy'd,
 “ he makes appear by recapitulating the Infirmities of it, which deprive
 “ old Age of the Sense of Pleasure. To prove Youth is not enjoy'd, he
 “ uses these Words; *for all thy blessed Youth becomes as aged, and doth*
 “ *beg the Alms of palsied Eld.* Out of which, he that can deduce the
 “ Proof, *erit mihi magnus Apollo.* ” Undoubtedly, if we would know
 how the Author wrote, we must read.

————— *for, pall'd, thy blazed Youth*
Becomes assuaged; and doth beg the Alms
Of palsied Eld.

“ i. e. When thy youthful Appetite becomes pall'd, as it will be, in the
 “ Enjoyment; the Blaze of Youth becomes assuaged, and thou immedi-
 “ ately contract'st the Infirmities of Age; as, particularly, the Palsie,
 “ and other nervous Infirmities; the Consequence of the Enjoyment of
 “ sensual Pleasure. This is to the Purpose; and proves Youth is not en-
 “ joy'd, by shewing the fleeting Duration of it. ”

Thou

350 MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? yet in this life
Lye hid more thousand deaths; yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find, I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. What, ho? peace here: grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

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

Claud. Most holy Sir, I thank you.

Isab. My Business is a word, or two, with *Claudio*.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, Signior, here's your sister.

Duke. *Provost*, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring them to speak where I may be conceal'd,

Yet hear them.

[*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*]

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

Isab. Why, as all comforts are; most good in Deed:
Lord *Angelo*, having affairs to heav'n,
Intends you for his swift ambassador;
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger.
Therefore your best appointment make with speed,
To morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

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

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you 'till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab.

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

Claud. But in what nature?

Ifab. In such a one, as you, consenting to't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Ifab. Oh, I do fear thee, *Claudio*; and I quake,
Lest thou a fev'rous life should'st entertain,
And six or seven Winters more respect
Than a perpetual Honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor Beetle, that we tread upon,
In corp'ral sufferance finds a pang as great,
As when a Giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you, I can a resolution fetch
From flow'ry tenderness? if I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Ifab. There spake my brother; there my father's
grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-fainted Deputy,
Whose settled visage and delib'rate word
Nips youth i'th' 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.

Claud. The Princely *Angelo*?

Ifab. Oh, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In Princely guards. Dost thou think, *Claudio*,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed?

Claud. Oh, heavens! it cannot be.

Ifab. Yes, he would give't thee; from this rank
offence

So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou dy'st to morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do't.

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

Claud. Thanks, dearest *Ifabel*.

Ifab. Be ready, *Claudio*, for your death to morrow.

Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by th' nose,
When he would force it? sure, it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Ifab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd? oh *Ifabel*!

Ifab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death's a fearful thing.

Ifab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where:
To lye in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribb'd 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 thoughts
Imagine howling;—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life, (16)

That

(16) *The weariest, and most loathed worldly Life,*] This natural Fear of *Claudio*, from the Antipathy we have to Death, seems very little varied from that infamous Wish of *Mæcenas* recorded in the 101st Epistle of *Seneca*.

*Debilem facito manu,
Debilem pede, coxâ;
Tuber adstrue gibberum,
Lubricos quate dentes:*

That age, ach, penury, imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Ifab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live;
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Ifab. Oh you beast!

Oh faithless coward! oh dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? what should I think?
Heav'n grant, my mother plaid my father fair:
For such a warped slip of wildernes
Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,
Die, perish! might my only bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death;
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, *Isabel*.

Ifab. Oh, fie, fie, fie!

Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade;
Mercy to thee would prove it self a bawd;
'Tis best, that thou dy'ft quickly.

Claud. Oh hear me, *Isabella*.

To them, Enter Duke and Provost.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister; but one word.

Ifab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your own benefit.

Ifab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be

*Vita, dum superest, bene est.
Hanc mihi, vel acutâ
Si sed am cruce, sustine.*

Mr. Warburton

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stolen out of other affairs: but I will attend you a while.

Duke. Son, I have over-heard what hath past between you and your sister. *Angelo* had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures. She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial, which he is most glad to receive: I am Confessor to *Angelo*, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare your self to death. Do not satisfie your resolution with hopes that are fallible; to morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon; I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it. [*Ex.* *Claud.*]

Duke. Hold you there; farewell. *Provost*, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone; leave me a while with the maid: my mind promises with my habit, no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time. [*Exit* *Prov.*]

Duke. The hand, that hath made you fair, hath made you good; the goodness that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complection, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault, that *Angelo* hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at *Angelo*: how will you do to content this Substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But, oh, how much is the good Duke deceiv'd in *Angelo*? if ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his Government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss; yet as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made tryal of you only. Therefore fasten your ear

on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents it self. I do make my self believe, that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent Duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak 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 soldier who miscarried 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 wrackt at sea, having in that perish'd vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this besel to the poor gentlewoman; there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her 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.

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Ifab. Shew me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-nam'd maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, (that in all reason should have quenched her love,) hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to *Angelo*, 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 it self 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 Deputy scaled. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Ifab. The image of it gives me content already, and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lyes much in your holding up; haste you speedily to *Angelo*; if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. *Luke's*; there at the moated Grange resides this dejected *Mariana*; at that place call upon me, and dispatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

Ifab. I thank you for this comfort: fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Re-enter Duke as a Friar; Elbow, Clown, and Officers.

Elb. **N**AY, 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.*

Duke. Oh, heav'ns! what stuff is here?

Clown. 'Twas never merry world since of two usuries the merriest was put down, and the worser allow'd by order of law. A furr'd gown to keep him warm, and furr'd with fox and lamb-skins too, to signifie, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, Sir: bless you, good father
Friar.

Duke. And you, good brother, father; what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry, Sir, he hath offended the law; and, Sir, we take him to be a Thief too, Sir; for we have found upon him, Sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the Deputy.

Duke. Fie, Sirrah, a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Dost thou but think,
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back
From such a filthy vice: say to thy self,
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array my self, and live. (17)
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending! go mend, mend.

Clown. Indeed, it doth stink in some sort, Sir; but yet, Sir, I would prove ———

(17) *I drink, I eat away myself, and live.*] Thus hitherto in all the Impressions. This is one very excellent Instance of the Sagacity of our Editors, and it were to be wish'd heartily, they would have oblig'd us with their physical Solution, how a Man can *eat away himself and live.* The ingenious Mr. *Bishop*, when we read this Play together, gave me that most certain Emendation, which I have substituted in the Room of the former foolish Reading; by the Help whereof, we have this easy Sense; that the Clown fed himself, and put Cloaths on his Back by exercising the vile Trade of a Bawd.

In *Othello*, *Iago* speaks much to the same Purpose of *Cassio's* Strumpet.

*A Housewife, that, by selling her Desires,
Buys herself Bread, and Cloath.*

And *B. Jonson*, much nearer to the Words of the Passage here corrected, in his Epigram upon Lieut. *Shift*.

By that one Spell he lives, eats, drinks, arrays Himself.

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Duke. Nay, if the devil have giv'n 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.

Elb. He must before the Deputy, Sir; he has given
him warning; the Deputy cannot abide a whore-mas-
ter; 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 all faults, as faults from seeming free!

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waste, a cord, Sir.

Clown. I spy comfort: I cry, bail: here's a gentle-
man, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. 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 be
had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and ex-
tracting 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 worse?

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? pro-
cures she still? ha?

Clown. Troth, Sir, she hath eaten up all her beef,
and she is her self in the tub.

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

Clown. Yes, faith, Sir.

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

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him; if imprisonment
be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his Right. Bawd is he,
doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd born. Fare-
wel,

wel, good *Pompey* : commend me to the prison, *Pompey* ; you will turn good husband now, *Pompey* ; you will keep the house.

Clown. I hope, Sir, your good Worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, *Pompey* ; it is not the wear ; I will pray, *Pompey*, to encrease your bondage ; if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more : adieu, trusty *Pompey*. Bless you, *Friar*.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does *Bridget* paint still, *Pompey* ? ha ?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Clown. You will not bail me then, Sir ?

Lucio. Then, *Pompey*, nor now. What news abroad, *Friar* ? what news ?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Lucio. Go to kennel, *Pompey*, go :

[*Exeunt Elbow, Clown and Officers.*]

What news, *Friar*, of the *Duke* ?

Duke. I know none : can you tell me of any ?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the Emperor of *Russia* ; other Some, he is in *Rome* : but where is he, think you ?

Duke. I know not where ; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the State, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord *Angelo* dukes it well in his absence ; he puts Transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to leachery would do no harm in him ; something too crabbed that way, *Friar*.

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

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred ; it is well ally'd ; but it is impossible to extirp it quite, *Friar*, 'till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this *Angelo* was not made by man and woman after the downright way of creation ; is it true, think you ?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a sea-maid spawn'd him. Some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: (18) and he is a motion ungenerative, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, Sir, and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece to take away the life of a man? would the Duke, that is absent, have done this? ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport, he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent Duke much detected for women; he was not inclin'd that way.

Lucio. Oh, Sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who, not the Duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was, to put a ducket in her clack-dish; the Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too, that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his: a shy fellow was the Duke; and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

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

Lucio. No: pardon: 'tis a secret must be lockt within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the Subject held the Duke to be wise.

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

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

(18) — and he is a Motion generative; that's infallible.] This may be Sense; and *Lucio*, perhaps, may mean, that tho' *Angelo* have the Organs of Generation, yet that he makes no more Use of them than if he were an inanimate Puppet. But I rather think, our Author wrote; — and he is a Motion ungenerative, — because *Lucio* again in this very Scene says; — *this ungenitur'd Agent will unpeople the Province with Continency.*

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must upon a warranted Need give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore, you speak unskilfully; or if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

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

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

Lucio. 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?

Lucio. Sir, my name is *Lucio*, well known to the Duke.

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

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope, the Duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite; but, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forswear this again?

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceiv'd in me, *Friar.* But no more of this. Canst thou tell, if *Claudio* die to morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, Sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish: I would, the Duke, we talk of, were return'd again; this ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province with Continency. Sparrows must not build in his house-eyes, because they are leacherous. The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light; would he were return'd! Marry, this *Claudio* is condemn'd for untrussing. Farewel, good

Friar;

Friar; I pry'thee, pray for me: (19) the Duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on *Fridays*. He's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, tho' she smelt of brown bread and garlick: say, that I said so, farewell. [Exit.]

Duke. No Might nor Greatness in mortality
Can Censure scape: back-wounding Calumny
The whitest Virtue strikes. What King so strong
Can tie the gall up in the fland'rous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, Provost, and Bawd.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your Honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Escal. Double and 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 my self; and see, how he goes about to abuse me.

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence; let him be call'd before us. Away with her to prison: go to; no more words. [Exeunt with the Bawd.] *Provost*, my brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd; *Claudio* must die to morrow: let him be furnish'd with Divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

(19) *The Duke, I say to thee again, would eat Mutton on Fridays.* This is not meant to impeach the Duke of being an ill *Catholick*, as transgressing the Rules of Abstinence in Diet: But the Joke, alluded to, will be explain'd by looking back to the third Note on the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

Pro.

Pro. So please you, this *Friar* hath been with him, and advis'd him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Blis and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, tho' my chance is now To use it for my time: I am a brother Of gracious Order, late come from the See, In special business from his Holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i'th' world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it. Novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive, to make societies secure; but security enough, to make fellowships accurst. Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world; this news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, Sir, of what disposition was the Duke?

Escal. One, that, above all other strifes, Contended specially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he giv'n to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which profess't 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 fram'd to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I by my good leisure have discredited to him, and now is he resolv'd to die.

Escal. You have paid the heav'ns your Function, and the prisoner the very debt of your Calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extremest shore
of

of my modesty; but my brother Justice have I found so severe, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed Justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenc'd himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner; fare you well. [Exit.]

Duke. Peace be with you!
 He who the sword of heav'n will bear,
 Should be as holy as severe:
 Pattern in himself to know,
 Grace to stand, and virtue go;
 More nor less to others paying,
 Than by self-offences weighing.
 Shame to him, whose cruel striking
 Kills for faults of his own liking.
 Twice treble Shame on *Angelo*,
 To weed my vice, and let his grow!
 Oh, what may man within him hide,
 Tho' angel on the outward side?
 How may that likeness, made in crimes, (20)
 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

(20) *How may Likeness made in Crimes,
 Making Practise on the Times,
 To draw with idle Spider's Strings
 Most pond'rous and substantial Things?*] This obscure and ungrammatical Passage Mr. Warburton has restor'd to its Purity, only by adding one Monosyllable, and throwing out another: as he has likewise made it intelligible by the following Comment. "How much Wickedness may a Man hide *within*, tho' he appears like an Angel *without*! How may *that* Likeness, made in Crimes, i. e. by Hypocrisy; [a pretty paradoxical Expression, of an *Angel made in Crimes*] by imposing on the World, [thus emphatically express'd, *making Practise on the Times*] draw with its false and empty Pretences [which *Shakespeare* finely calls, *Spiders Strings*]; the most ponderous and substantial Things of the World, as Riches, Honour, Power, Reputation, &c.

His old betrothed, but despis'd;
 So disguise shall by th' disguis'd
 Pay with falshood false exacting;
 And perform an old Contracting.

[Exit.

A C T IV.

S C E N E, a Grange.

Enter Mariana, and boy singing.

S O N G.

TAKE, *oh, take those lips away, (21)*
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mis-lead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Enter Duke.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away:
 Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
 Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.

(21) *Take, oh, take those Lips away,*] This Song, which, no doubt, was a great Favourite in its Time, is inserted in *Beaumont and Fletcher's Bloody Brother* with this additional Stanza.

Hide, oh, hide those Hills of Snow,
Which thy frozen Bosom bears;
On whose Tops the Pinks, that grow,
Are of those that April wears.
But my poor Heart first set free,
Bound in those icy Chains by thee.

With this Addition likewise it is printed in the Volume of *Shakespeare's Poems*. The Reason, of this second Stanza being omitted here, is obvious. *Mariana* has the Song sung, applicable to her Love for *Angelo*, and his Perjury to her: and the Addition can only fort, when address'd from a Lover to his Mistress.

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I cry you mercy, Sir, and well could wish,
 You had not found me here so musical:
 Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
 My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good; tho' musick oft hath such a Charm
 To make bad, good; and good provoke to harm.
 I pray you, tell me, hath any body enquir'd for me
 here to day? much upon this time, have I promis'd
 here to meet.

Mari. You have not been enquir'd after: I have
 sate here all day.

Enter Isabel.

Duke. I do constantly believe you: the time is come,
 even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little; may
 be, I will call upon you anon for some advantage to
 your self.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [Exit.

Duke. Very well met, and well come:
 What is the news from this good Deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,
 Whose western side is with a vineyard backt;
 And to that vineyard is a planched gate,
 That makes his Opening with this bigger key:
 This other doth command a little door,
 Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
 There, on the heavy middle of the night,
 Have I my promise made to call upon him.

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

Isab. I've ta'en a due and wary note upon't;
 With whisp'ring 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'th' 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

That stays upon me; whose persuasion is,
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well born up.

I have not yet made known to *Mariana*
A word of this. What, ho! within! come forth!

Enter Mariana.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Ifab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade your self 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 Mar. and. Ifab.*

Duke. Oh Place and Greatness! millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee: volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings: thousand 'scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And rack thee in their fancies! Welcome; how agreed?

Re-enter Mariana, and Isabel.

Ifab. She'll take the enterprize upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duke. 'Tis not my consent,
But my intreaty too.

Ifab. 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 Tilt's to sow. (22) [*Exe.*]

S C E N E *changes to the Prison.*

Enter Provost and Clown.

Prov. COME hither, firrah: can you cut off a man's head?

Clown. If the man be a batchelor, Sir, I can: but if he be a marry'd man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, Sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To morrow morning are to die *Claudio* and *Barnardine*: here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper; if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves: if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clown. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind, but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman: I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow-partner.

Prov. What hoa, *Abhorson!* where's *Abhorson*, there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Do you call, Sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to morrow in your execution; if you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you, he hath been a bawd.

(22) ——— *for yet our tythe's to sow.*] It must be *Tilt*; that is, our Tillage is yet to be made; our Grain is yet to be put in the Ground; the Project, from which we expect to profit in the Issue, is still to be put in Hand.

Abhor.

Abhor. A bawd, Sir? fie upon him, he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, Sir, you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [Exit.]

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

Abhor. Ay, Sir; a mystery.

Clown. Painting, Sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, Sir, being members of my occupation, using Painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clown. Proof. —

Abhor. (23) Every true man's apparel fits your thief,
Clown: If it be too little for your true man, your Thief thinks it big enough. If it be too big for your true man, your thief thinks it little enough; so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

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

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your ax to morrow, four o' clock.

(23) *Abhor.* Every true Man's Apparel fits your Thief.

Clown. If it be too little for your Thief, your true Man thinks it big enough. If it be too big for your thief, your Thief thinks it little enough: so every true Man's Apparel fits your Thief.] This is a very notable Passage, as it stands in all the Editions; but, I dare say, is notably corrupted; and both the Speeches, and the Words, shuffled and misplaced. What! does the *Clown* ask Proof, how the Hangman's Trade is a Mystery; and, so soon as ever *Abhorson* advances his Thesis to prove it, the *Clown* takes the Argument out of his Mouth, and perverts the very Tenour of it? I am satisfied, the Poet intended a regular *Syllogism*; and I submit it to judgment, whether my Regulation has not restor'd that Wit, and Humour which was quite lost in the Depravation.

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

Clown. I do desire to learn, Sir; and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you (24) shall find me yare: for, truly, Sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn. [Exit.]

Prov. Call hither *Barnardine*, and *Claudio*:
One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murth'rer, tho' he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the Warrant, *Claudio*, for thy death;
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's *Barnardine*?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour
When it lyes starkly in the traveller's bones:
He'll not awake.

Prov. Who can do Good on him?
Well, go, prepare your self. [Ex. *Claud.*] But, hark,
what noise? [Knock within.]
Heav'n give your spirits comfort! — by and by; —
I hope, it is some Pardon, or Reprieve,
For the most gentle *Claudio*. Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best and wholesom'st spirits of the night
Invellop you, good *Provost*! who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not *Isabel*?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for *Claudio*?

Duke. There is some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter Deputy.

(24) *You shall find me yours*;] This Reading, I believe, was first Mr. *Rowe's*; and consequently adopted by the last Editor. The old Books have it, *You shall find me yare*. — Very little Sagacity might have instructed them, that the Corruption is only in the *Apostrophe*; and that the Poet's Word was rare; i. e. dextrous in the Office; a Word very frequent in our Author's Writings.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
 Ev'n with the stroak and line of his great justice;
 He doth with holy abstinence subdue
 That in himself, which he spurs on his Pow'r
 To qualifie in others. Were he meal'd
 With That, which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
 But this being so, he's just. Now are they come.

[*Knock again. Provost goes out.*

This is a gentle *Provost*; seldom when
 The steeled goaler is the friend of men.
 How now? what noise? that spirit's possess'd with haste,
 That wounds th' unresisting postern with these strokes.

[*Provost returns.*

Prov. There he must stay, until the officer
 Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no Countermand for *Claudio* yet,
 But he must die to morrow?

Prov. None, Sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, *Provost*, as it is,
 You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily,
 You something know; yet, I believe, there comes
 No Countermand; no such example have we:
 Besides, upon the very Siege of justice,
 Lord *Angelo* hath to the publick ear
 Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his lordship's man.

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

Mess. My lord hath sent you this note, and by me
 this further charge, that you swerve not from the
 smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other
 circumstance. Good morrow; for as I take it, it is
 almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [Exit *Messen.*

Duke. This is his Pardon, purchas'd by such sin,
 For which the Pardoner himself is in:
 Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
 When it is born in high authority;
 When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,

That, for the fault's love, is th' offender friended.
Now, Sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: lord *Angelo*, be-like, thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on; methinks, strangely; for he hath not us'd it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Provost reads the letter.

Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock, and in the afternoon Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed, with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.

What say you to this, Sir?

Duke. What is that *Barnardine*, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

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. Is it 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 entirely drunk. We have very oft awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and shew'd him a seeming Warrant for it; it hath not mov'd him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, *Provost*, honesty and constancy; if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay my self in hazard. *Claudio*, whom here you have Warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than *Angelo*, who hath sentenc'd him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesie.

Prov. Pray, Sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of *Angelo*? I may make my case as *Claudio*'s, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide: let this *Barnardine* be this morning executed, and his head born to *Angelo*.

Prov. *Angelo* hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great disguiser, and you may add to it; shave the head, and tie the beard, and say it was the 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 my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, Sir, here is the hand and seal of the Duke; you know the Character, I doubt not; and the Signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the Return of the Duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing, which *Angelo* knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance, of the Duke's death; perchance, of his entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd; put not your self into amazement how these things should be; all difficulties are but easie, when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with *Barnardine's* head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away, it is almost clear dawn. [Exe.]

Enter Clown.

Clown. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession; one would think, it were mistress *Over-don's* own house; for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young *Mr. Rasb*; he's in for a commodity of brown pepper 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 *Mr. 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 *Dizzy*, and young *Mr. Deep-vow*, and *Mr. Copper-spur*, and master *Starve-Lacky* the rapier and dagger-man, and young *Drop-beire* that kill'd lusty *Pudding*

ding, and Mr. *Fortblight* the tilter, and brave Mr. *Shooty* the great traveller, and wild *Half-Canne* that stabb'd *Pots*, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now in for the Lord's sake.

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hither.

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

Abhor. What, ho, *Barnardine*!

Barnar. [*Within.*] A pox o' your throats; who makes that noise there? what are you?

Clown. Your friend, Sir, the hangman: you must be so good, Sir, to rise, and be put to death.

Barnar. [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away; I am sleepy.

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

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

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

Clown. He is coming, Sir, he is coming; I hear the straw rustle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abhor. Is the ax upon the block, sirrah?

Clown. Very ready, Sir.

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

Abhor. Truly, Sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers: for, look you, the Warrant's come.

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

Clown. Oh, the better, Sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, Sir, here comes your ghostly father; do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. Oh, Sir, you must; and therefore, I beseech you, look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear, I will not die to day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,——

Barnar. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my Ward; for thence will not I to day. [Exit.

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: oh gravel heart!
After him, fellows: bring him to the block.

Prov. Now, Sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And, to transport him in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There dy'd this morning of a cruel fever
One *Ragozine*, a most notorious pirate,
A man of *Claudio's* years; his beard, and head,
Just of his colour: What if we omit
This Reprobate, 'till he were well inclin'd;
And satisfie the Deputy with the visage
Of *Ragozine*, more like to *Claudio*?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident, that heav'n provides:
Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on
Prefixt by *Angelo*: see, this be done,
And sent according to Command; while I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently:
But *Barnardine* must die this afternoon:
And how shall we continue *Claudio*,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke.

Duke. Let this be done;

Put them in secret Holds; both *Barnardine* and *Claudio*:
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To yonder generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to *An-
gelo.* [Exit *Prov.*

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-ballanc'd form,
We shall proceed with *Angelo*.

Enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head, I'll carry it my self.

Duke. Convenient is it: make a swift Return;
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no ears but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [Exit.

Isab. [Within.] Peace, hoa, be here!

Duke. The tongue of *Isabel*.— She comes to know,
If yet her brother's Pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ign'rant of her good,
To make her heav'nly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter Isabel.

Isab. Hoa, by your leave.—

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious
daughter.

Isab. The better, giv'n me by so holy a man:
Hath yet the Deputy sent my brother's Pardon?

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

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke.

Duke. It is no other.

Shew your wisdom, daughter, in your closest patience.

Ifab. Oh, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Ifab. Unhappy *Claudio*, wretched *Isabel*!

Injurious world, most damned *Angelo*!

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:

Forbear it therefore, give your Cause to heav'n:

Mark, what I say; which you shall surely find

By ev'ry syllable a faithful verity.

The Duke comes home to morrow; 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,

There to give up their Pow'r. If you can, pace your
wisdom

In that good path that I would wish it go,

And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,

Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,

And gen'ral honour.

Ifab. I'm directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to *Friar Peter* give;

'Tis That he sent me of the Duke's Return:

Say, by this token, I desire his company

At *Mariana's* house to night. Her Cause and yours

I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you

Before the Duke; and to the head of *Angelo*

Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,

I am combined by a sacred vow,

And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter:

Command these fretting waters from your eyes

With a light heart; trust not my holy Order,

If I pervert your course. Who's here?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even;

Friar, where's the *Provost*?

Duke. Not within, Sir.

Lucio.

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Lucio. Oh, pretty *Isabella*, I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red; thou must be patient; I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly: one fruitful meal would set me to't. But, they say, the Duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, *Isabel*, I lov'd thy brother: if the old fantastical Duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived. [Ex. *Isabella*.]

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

Lucio. *Friar*, thou knowest not the Duke so well as I do; he's a better woodman, than thou tak'st him for.

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

Lucio. Nay, tarry, I'll go along with thee: 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.

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

Duke. Did you such a thing?

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

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

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy Talk offend you, we'll have very little of it; nay, *Friar*, I am a kind of bur, I shall stick.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to the PALACE.

Enter Angelo and Escalus.

Escal. EVERY letter, he hath writ, hath disvouch'd other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions shew much like to madness: pray heav'n, his wisdom be not tainted: and why meet him at the gates, and deliver our authorities there?

Escal.

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entring, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shews his reason for that; to have a dispatch of complaints, and to diliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well; I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd be-times i'th' morn; I'll call you at your house: give notice to such men of Sort and Suit, as are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, Sir: fare you well.

[*Exit.*

Ang. Good night.

This Deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A defloured maid!
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The Law against it! but that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me? yet reason dares her: (25)
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.

[*Exit.*

(25) ———— *yet reason dares her:*] The old *Folio* Impressions read, *yet Reason dares her* no: — perhaps, *dares her* Note: i. e. stifles her Voice; frights her from speaking. In this Sense, our Author uses the Word *dare*, again, in his *Henry VIII.*

*Farewel, Nobility! Let his Grace go forward,
And dare us with his Cap, like Larks.*

SCENE changes to the Fields without the Town.

Enter Duke in his own habit; and Friar Peter.

Duke. THESE letters at fit time deliver me.
The *Provost* knows our purpose, and our plot:

The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift;
Tho' sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister: go, call at *Flavius'* house,
And tell him, where I stay; give the like notice
Unto *Valentius*, *Rowland*, and to *Crassus*,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate:
But send me *Flavius* first.

Peter. It shall be speeded well. [Exit Friar.

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.

Enter *Isabella* and *Mariana*.

Isab. To speak so indirectly, I am loth:
I'd say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your Part; yet I'm advis'd to do it,
He says, t'availful purpose. (26)

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* ———

(26) *He says to vail full purpose.*] Thus the old Copies. I don't know, what Idea our Editors form'd to themselves, of *vailing full Purpose*, but, I'm persuaded, the Poet meant, as I have restor'd; *viz.* to a Purpose that will stand us in stead, that will profit us.

Isab.

Ifab. Oh, peace; the Friar is come.

Enter Peter.

Peter. Come, I have found you out a Stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the Duke,
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets
sounded:

The generous and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon (27)
The Duke is entring: therefore hence, away. [*Exeunt.*

A C T V.

SCENE, a publick Place near the City.

*Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Escalus,
Lucio, and Citizens at several doors.*

D U K E.

MY very worthy Cousin, fairly met;
Our old and faithful friend, we're glad to see
you.

Ang. and Escal. Happy Return be to your royal Grace!

(27) *Have hent the Gates, —*] An anonymous Correspondent advis'd
me to read;

Have hemm'd the Gates, ———

But, I apprehend, there is no Occasion for any Change. To *hent*,
SKINNER and some other *Glossaries* tell us, signifies, to seize, lay hold
on with the hand; but we find by *Spenser*, in his *Colin Clout*, that it
likewise signifies, to surround, encircle; (in which Senses it is used here.)

From thence another World of Land we ken'd,

Floating amid the Sea in Jeopardy;

And round about with mighty white Rocks hent,

Against the Sea's encroaching Cruelty.

We meet with the Word again, in its first Acceptation, in our Author's
Winter's Tale.

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path Way,

And merrily hent the stile-a:

A merry Heart goes all the day,

Your sad tires in a mile-a.

Duke.

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Duke. Many and hearty thanks be to you both:
We've made enquiry of you, and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to publick thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. Oh, your desert speaks loud; and I should
wrong it,

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 Subjects 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. [*As the Duke is going out,*

Enter Peter and Isabella.

Peter. Now is your time: speak loud, and kneel
before him.

Ifab. Justice, O royal Duke; vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have said, a maid:
Oh, worthy Prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
'Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice.

Duke. Relate your wrongs; in what, by whom? be
brief:

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

Ifab. Oh, worthy Duke,
You bid me seek Redemption of the Devil:
Hear me your self; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you: oh, hear me, hear me.

Ang. My lord, her Wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice.

Ifab.

Ifab. Course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly, and strange. (28)

Ifab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak;
That *Angelo's* forsworn: is it not strange?
That *Angelo's* a murth'rer: is't not strange?
That *Angelo* is an adult'rous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violater:
Is it not strange and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Ifab. It is not truer he is *Angelo*,
Than this is all as true, as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To th' end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her: poor soul,
She speaks this in th' infirmity of sense.

Ifab. O Prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not; with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness. Make not impossible
That, which but seems unlike; 'tis not impossible,
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As *Angelo*; even so may *Angelo*,
In all his dressings, caracts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain: believe it, royal Prince,
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense;
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

Ifab. Gracious Duke,

(28) *And she will speak most bitterly.*] Thus is the Verse left imperfect by Mr. *Rorwe* and Mr. *Pope*; tho' the old Copies all fill it up, as I have done. I have restor'd an infinite Number of such Passages tacitly from the first Impressions: but I thought proper to take notice, once for all, here, that as Mr. *Pope* follows Mr. *Rorwe's* Edition in his Errors and Omissions, it gives great Suspicion, notwithstanding the pretended Collation of Copies, that Mr. *Pope*, for the Generality, took Mr. *Rorwe's* Edition as his Guide.

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 ;
Not hide the false, seems true.

Duke. Many, that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason.
What would you say ?

Ifab. 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, ———

Lucio. 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.

Ifab. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak. [To *Lucio*.

Lucio. No, my good lord, nor wish'd to hold my
peace.

Duke. I wish you now then ;
Pray you, take note of it : and when you have
A business for your self, pray heav'n, you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your Honour.

Duke. The warrant's for your self ; take heed to't.

Ifab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right, but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time. Proceed.

Ifab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff Deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Ifab. Pardon it :

The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again : the matter ; — proceed.

Ifab. In brief ; (to set the needless Process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd and kneel'd,
How he repell'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 concupiscent intemp'rate lust,
 Release my brother; and after much debatement,
 My sifterly Remorse confutes mine Honour,
 And I did yield to him: But the next morn betimes,
 His purpose surfeiting, he sends a Warrant
 For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely!

Isab. Oh, that it were as like, as it is true!

Duke. By heav'n, fond wretch, thou know'st not
 what thou speak'st;

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 vehemence he should pursue
 Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
 He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
 And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on;
 Confess the truth, and say, by whose advice
 Thou cam'st here to complain.

Isab. And is this all?

Then, oh, you blessed ministers above!
 Keep me in patience; and with ripen'd time,
 Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
 In countenance: Heav'n shield your Grace from 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 breath to fall
 On him so near us? this needs must be a practice.
 Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, *Friar Lodowick.*

Duke. A ghostly father, belike:
 Who knows that *Lodowick*?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling *Friar*;
 I do not like the man; had he been Lay, my lord,
 For certain words he spake against your Grace
 In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke.

Duke. Words against me? this is a good *Friar*, belike;
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our Substitute! let this *Friar* be found.

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

Peter. Blessed be your royal Grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your Substitute;
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that *Friar Lodowick*, which she speaks of?

Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary medler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my Trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your Grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villanously; believe it.

Peter. Well; he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever. On 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
By all Probation will make up full clear,
Whenever he's conven'd. 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 her self confess it.

Duke. Good *Friar*, let's hear it.
Do you not smile at this, lord *Angelo*?
O heav'n! the vanity of wretched fools! —
Give us some seats; come, Cousin *Angelo*, (29)

C c 2

In

(29) ————— come, cousin *Angelo*,
In this I'll be impartial: be you judge

In this I will be partial : be you Judge
 Of your own Cause. Is this the witness, *Friar?*
 [*Isabella is carried off, guarded.*]

Enter Mariana veil'd.

First, let her shew her face; and after, speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord, I will not shew my face,
 Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you marry'd?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, are you nothing then? neither maid,
 widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of
 them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would, he had some
 cause to prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess, I ne'er was marry'd;
 And, I confess besides, I am no maid;
 I've known my husband; yet my husband knows not,
 That ever he knew me.

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

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

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for lord *Angelo.*

Of your own Cause.] Surely, this Duke had odd Notions of
 Impartiality; to profess it, and then commit the Decision of a Cause to the
 Person accus'd of being the Criminal. He talks much more rationally
 on this Affair, when he speaks in the Character of the Friar.

————— *The Duke's unjust,*
Thus to retort your manifest Appeal;
And put your Trial in the Villain's mouth,
Which here you come t' accuse. —————

I think, there needs no stronger Authority to convince, that the Poet
 must have wrote as I have corrected;

In this I will be partial;

Mari.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord.

She, that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,
With all th' effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say, your husband. [To Mariana.

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

Ang. This is a strange abuse; let's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.

[Unveiling.

This is that face, thou cruel *Angelo*,
Which once thou swor'st, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body,
That took away the match from *Isabel*;
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess, I know this woman;
And five years since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt my self and her; which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition; but, in chief,
For that her Reputation was dis-valu'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,

As there comes light from heav'n, and words from
breath,

As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly

As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
 But *Tuesday* night last gone, in's garden-house,
 He knew me as a wife; as this is true,
 Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
 Or else for ever be confix'd here,
 A marble monument.

Ang. I did but smile 'till now.

Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
 My patience here is touch'd; I do perceive,
 These poor informal women are no more
 But instruments of some more mightier member,
 That sets them on. Let me have way, my lord,
 To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
 And punish them unto your height of pleasure.
 Thou foolish *Friar*, and thou pernicious woman,
 Compact with her that's gone; think'st thou, thy
 oaths,

Tho' they would swear down each particular Saint,
 Were testimonies 'gainst his worth and credit,
 That's seal'd in approbation? You, lord *Escalus*,
 Sit with my Cousin; lend him your kind pains
 To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.
 There is another *Friar*, that set them on;
 Let him be sent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for he, indeed,
 Hath set the women on to this complaint:
 Your *Provost* knows the place, where he abides;
 And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.
 And you, my noble and well-warranted Cousin,
 Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth;
 Do with your injuries, as seems you best,
 In any chastisement: I for a while
 Will leave you; but stir not you, 'till you have well
 Determined upon these slanderers. [Exit.]

Escal. My lord, we'll do it throughly. Signior *Lucio*,
 did not you say, you knew that *Friar Lodowick* to be a
 dishonest person?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum*; honest in nothing,
 but

but in his cloaths; and one that hath spoke most villainous speeches of the Duke.

Escal. We shall intreat you to abide here 'till he come, and inforce them against him; we shall find this *Friar* a notable fellow.

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

Escal. Call that same *Isabel* here once again: I would speak with her: pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

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

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, Sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she should sooner confess; perchance, publickly she'll be aham'd.

Enter Duke in the Friar's habit, and Provost; Isabella is brought in.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Escal. Come on, mistress: here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of, here with the *Provost*.

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

Lucio. Mum. ———

Escal. Come, Sir, did you set these women on to slander lord *Angelo*? they have confess'd, you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How? know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great Place; and let the devil Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne.

Where is the Duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The Duke's in us; and we will hear you speak: Look, you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least. But oh, poor souls, Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?

Good night to your redress: is the Duke gone?

Then is your Cause gone too. The Duke's unjust,

Thus to retort your manifest Appeal;
And put your Tryal in the Villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

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

Escal. Why, thou unrev'rend and unhallow'd Friar,
Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women
T'accuse this worthy man, but with foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain; and then glance from him
To th' Duke himself, to tax him with injustice?
Take him hence; to th' Rack with him: we'll touze you
Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose:
What? unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the Duke dare no more
stretch

This finger of mine, than he dare rack his own:
His Subject am I not,
Nor here provincial; my business in this state
Made me a looker on here in *Vienna*;
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
'Till it o'er-run the stew: laws, for all faults;
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong Statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to th' State! away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, signior

Lucio?

Is this the man, that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman
bald-pate;

Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, Sir, by the sound of your
voice: I met you at the prison in the absence of the
Duke.

Lucio. Oh, did you so? and do you remember what
you said of the Duke?

Duke. Most notedly, Sir.

Lucio. Do you so, Sir? and was the Duke a flesh-
monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported
him to be?

Duke.

MEASURE *for* MEASURE. 393

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

Lucio. Oh thou damnable fellow! did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the Duke as I love my self.

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

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal; away with him to prison: where is the *Provost*? away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon him; let him speak no more; away with those giglets too, and with the other confederate companion.

Duke. Stay, Sir, stay a-while.

Ang. What! resists he? help him, *Lucio.*

Lucio. Come, Sir; come, Sir; come, Sir; foh, Sir; why, you bald-pated lying rascal; you must be hooded, must you? show your knave's visage, with a pox to you; show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour: will't not off?

[*Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.*]

Duke. Thou art the first knave, that e'er mad'st a Duke.

First, *Provost*, let me bail these gentle three. Sneak not away, Sir; for the *Friar* and you Must have a word anon: lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down: [To *Escalus*.

We'll borrow place of him. Sir, by your leave: Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence, That yet can do thee office? if thou hast, Rely upon it 'till my tale be heard, And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernable;
When I perceive your Grace, like Pow'r divine,
Hath look'd upon my Passes: then, good Prince,
No longer Session hold upon my shame;

But

But let my Tryal 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?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.
 Do you the office, *Friar*; which consummate,
 Return him here again: go with him, *Provost*.

[*Exeunt* Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.]

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

Duke. Come hither, *Isabel*;

Your *Friar* is now your Prince: as I was then
 Advertising, and holy to your business,
 Not changing heart with habit, I am still
 Attornied at your service.

Isab. Oh, give me Pardon,
 That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
 Your unknown Sovereignty.

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

And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
 Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart:
 And you may marvel, why I obscur'd my self,
 Labouring to save his life; and would not rather
 Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,
 Than let him be so lost: Oh, most kind maid,
 It was the swift celerity of his death,
 Which, I did think, with slower foot came on,
 That brain'd my purpose: but, peace be with him!
 That life is better life, past fearing death,
 Than That which lives to fear: make it your comfort;
 So, happy is your brother.

Enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-marry'd man, approaching here,
 Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
 Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
 For *Mariana's* sake: but as he adjudg'd your brother,
 Being

Being criminal, in double violation
 Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,
 Thereon dependant for your brother's life,
 The very mercy of the law cries out
 Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
 An *Angelo* for *Claudio*; death for death.
 Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
 Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure*.
 Then, *Angelo*, thy faults are manifested;
 Which tho' thou 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. Oh, my most gracious lord,
 I hope, you will not mock me with a husband?

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.
 Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
 I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
 For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
 And choak your good to come: for his Possessions,
 Altho' by confiscation they are ours,
 We do enstate and widow you withal,
 To buy you a better husband.

Mari. Oh, my dear lord,
 I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle, my Leige----

Duke. You do but lose your labour:
 Away with him to death. Now, Sir, to you.

Mari. Oh, my good lord. Sweet *Isabel*, take my part;
 Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
 I'll lend you all my life, to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her;
 Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
 Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
 And take her hence in horror.

Mari. *Isabel*,
 Sweet *Isabel*, do yet but kneel by me,
 Hold up your hands, say nothing; I'll speak all.
 They say, best men are moulded out of faults;

And,

And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad : so may my husband.

Oh, *Isabel!* will you not lend a knee ?

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

Isab. Most bounteous Sir, [*Kneeling.*

Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd : I partly think,
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
'Till he did look on me ; since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he dy'd ;
For *Angelo*, his act did not o'ertake his bad intent ;
And must be bury'd but as an intent,
That perish'd by the way : thoughts are no subjects :
Intents, 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 th' prison,
That should by private Order else have dy'd,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he ?

Prov. His name is *Barnardine*.

Duke. I would, thou had'st done so by *Claudio* :
Go, fetch him hither ; let me look upon him. (30)

Escal.

(30) *Go, fetch him hither : —*] The introducing *Barnardine* here, is, seemingly a matter of no Consequence ; as he is no Person concern'd in the Action of the Play, nor directly aiding to the *Dénouement*, as the *French* call it, of the Plot : but, to our Poet's Praise, let me observe, that it

Escal. I'm sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, lord *Angelo*, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly both in heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I'm sorry, that such sorrow I procure;
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy:
'Tis my deserving, and I do intreat it.

Enter Provost, Barnardine, Claudio, and Julietta.

Duke. Which is that *Barnardine*?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a *Friar* told me of this man:
Sirrah, thou'rt said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world;
And squar'ft thy life accordingly: thou'rt condemn'd;
But for those earthly faults, I quit them all:
I pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come: *Friar*, advise him;
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow's that?

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

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd; and for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say, you will be mine,
He is my brother too; but fitter time for that.
By this, lord *Angelo* perceives he's safe;
Methinks, I see a quickning in his eye.
Well, *Angelo*, your evil quits you well;
Look, that you love your wife; her worth, worth yours.
I find an apt remission in my self,
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.
You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,

[To *Lucio*.

it is not done without double Art; it gives a Handle for the Discovery of *Claudio* being alive, and so heightens the Surprize; and, at the same time, by the Pardon of *Barnardine*, gives a fine Opportunity of making the *Duke's* Character more amiable, both for Mercy, and Virtue.

One of all luxury, an ass, a mad-man;
Wherein have I deserved so of you,
That you extol me thus?

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

Duke. Whipt first, Sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, *Provost*, round about the city;
If any woman, wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him swear himself, there's one
Whom he begot with child) let her appear,
And he shall marry her; the Nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your Highness, do not marry me to a whore: your Highness said even now, I made you a Duke; good my lord, do not recompence me, in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her:
Thy slanders I forgive, and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits; take him to prison:
And see our pleasure herein executèd.

Lucio. 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*: (31)

I

(31) *Joy to you, Mariana; love her Angelo:*] I cannot help taking notice, with how much Judgment *Shakespeare* has given Turns to this Story, from what he found it in *Cinthio Giraldi's* Novel. In the first place, the Brother, whom our Poet calls *Claudio*, is there actually executed: And the ungrateful *Governor* sends his Head in a Bravado, to the Sister; after he had debauch'd her, on Promise of Marriage. A Circumstance of too much Horror, and Villany, for the Stage. And in the next place, this Sister afterwards is, to solder up her Disgrace, marry'd to the Governor, and begs his Life of the Emperor, tho' he had so unjustly been the Death of her Brother. Both which Absurdities our Poet has avoided by the Episode of *Mariana*, a Creature purely of his own Invention. The *Duke's* remaining *incognito* at home, to supervise the Conduct of his *Deputy*, is also entirely our Author's Fiction. — This Story was attempted for the Scene by one *George Whetstone* (before our Author was fourteen Years old,) in Two *Comical Discourses* (as they are call'd) containing, the right, excellent and famous History of

Promos

I have confes'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 secresie;
 We shall imploy thee in a worthier place:
 Forgive him, *Angelo*, that brought you home
 The head of *Ragozine* for *Claudio's*;
 Th' offence pardons it self. Dear *Isabel*,
 I have a motion much imports your good,
 Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
 What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine:
 So bring us to our Palace, where we'll show
 What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

[*Exeunt.*

Promos and *Cassandra*: and printed in the old Black Letter, in 1578. Neither of these Discourses, I believe, were ever acted: The Author left them with his Friends, to publish; for He, that very Year, accompanied Sir *Humphry Gilbert*, Sir *Walter Raleigh's* Brother, in his Voyage to *Norimbega* in the *West-Indies*. I could prove to Demonstration, that *Shakespeare* had perus'd these Pieces; but whoever has seen, and knows what execrable mean Stuff they are; I am sure, will acquit him from all Suspicion of Plagiarism.



M U C H A D O

A B O U T

N O T H I N G .

Dramatis Personæ.

DON PEDRO, Prince of Arragon.

Leonato, Governor of Messina.

Don John, Bastard Brother to Don Pedro.

Claudio, a young Lord of Florence, Favourite to Don Pedro.

Benedick, a young Lord of Padua, favour'd likewise by Don Pedro.

Balthasar, Servant to Don Pedro.

Antonio, Brother to Leonato.

Borachio, Confident to Don John.

Conrade, Friend to Borachio.

Dogberry, } two foolish Officers.

Verges, }

Hero, Daughter to Leonato.

Beatrice, Neice to Leonato.

Margaret, } two Gentlewomen, attending on Hero.

Ursula, }

A Friar, Messenger, Watch, Town-Clerk, Sexton, and Attendants.

S C E N E, Messina in Sicily.

Much



(1) MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

A C T I.

SCENE, a Court before Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Hero, and Beatrice, with a Messenger.

LEONATO.



Learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Aragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any Sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice it self, when the atchiever brings home full numbers; I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, call'd Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro: he hath borne himself be-

(1) *Much Ado about Nothing.*] *Innogen*, (the Mother of *Hero*) in the oldest *Quarto* that I have seen of this Play, printed in 1600, is mention'd to enter in two several Scenes. The succeeding Editions have all continued her Name in the *Dramatis Personæ*. But I have ventur'd to expunge it; there being no mention of her thro' the Play, no one Speech address'd to her, nor one Syllable spoken by her. Neither is there any one Passage, from which we have any Reason to determine that *Hero's* Mother was living. It seems, as if the Poet had in his first Plan design'd such a Character; which, on a Survey of it, he found would be superfluous; and therefore he left it out.

yond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better better'd expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in *Messina* will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not shew it self modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness; there are no faces truer than those that are so wash'd; how much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping?

Beat. I pray you, is Signior *Montanto* return'd from the wars or no.

Mess. I know none of that name, Lady; there was none such in the army of any Sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, Neice?

Hero. My Cousin means Signior *Benedick* of *Padua*.

Mess. O, he's return'd, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. 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.

Leon. 'Faith, Neice, you tax Signior *Benedick* too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, Lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victuals, and he hath holp to eat it; he's a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, Lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady? but what is he to a lord?

Mess.

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING. 405

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man, stufft with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed: (2) he is no less than a stufft man: but for the stuffing, — well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, Sir, mistake my Neice; there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior *Benedick* and her; they never meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by That. In our last conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: So that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? he hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is it possible?

Beat. Very easily possible; he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, Lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No; an he were, I would burn my Study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble *Claudio*.

Beat. O lord, he will hang upon him like a disease; he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble *Claudio*, if he have caught the *Benedick*; it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cur'd.

(2) ——— *he is no less than a stufft man: but for the Stuffing well, we are all mortal.*] Thus has this Passage been all along stop'd, from the very first Edition downwards. If any of the Editors could extract Sense from this Pointing, their Sagacity is a Pitch above mine. I believe, by my Regulation of the Stops, I have retriev'd the Poet's true Meaning. Our Poet seems to use the Word *Stuffing* here much as *Plautus* does in his *Mofcellaria*; Act. 1. Sc. 3.

Non Vestem amatores mulieris amant, sed Vestis fartum.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, Lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You'll ne'er run mad, Neice.

Beat. No, not 'till a hot *January*.

Mess. Don *Pedro* is approach'd.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar and Don John.

Pedro. Good Signior *Leonato*, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your Grace; for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly: I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, Sir, that you askt her?

Leon. Signior *Benedick*, no; for then were you a child. ———

Pedro. You have it full, *Benedick*; We may guess by this what you are, being a man: truly, the lady fathers her self, be happy, lady, for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If Signior *Leonato* be her Father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all *Messina*, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder, that you will still be talking, Signior *Benedick*; no body marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady *Disdain!* are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible, *Disdain* should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as Signior *Benedick*? *Courtesie* it self must convert to *Disdain*, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesie a turn-coat; but it is certain, I am lov'd of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truly I love none.

Beat.

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING. 407

Beat. A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious sutor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratcht face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would, my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer; but keep your way a God's name, I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the sum of all: *Leonato*, ——— Signior *Claudio*, and Signior *Benedick*, ——— my dear friend *Leonato* hath invited you all; I tell him, we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays, some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite; but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn. Let me bid You welcome, my lord, being reconciled to the prince your brother; I owe you all duty.

John. I thank you; I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your Grace lead on?

Pedro. Your hand, *Leonato* we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but Benedick and Claudio.*]

Claud. *Benedick*, didst thou note the daughter of Signior *Leonato*?

Bene. I noted her not, but I look'd on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment? or would you have

me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No, I pry'thee, speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i'faith, methinks, she is too low for an high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise; only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou think'st, I am in sport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou lik'st her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you enquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into; but speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting *Jack*, to tell us *Cupid* is a good hare-finder, and *Vulcan* a rare carpenter? come, in what key shall a man take you to go in the Song?

Claud. In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that I ever look'd on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter; there's her Cousin, if she were not possessed with such a Fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of *May* doth the last of *December*: but I hope, you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust my self, tho' I had sworn the contrary, if *Hera* would be my wife.

Bene. Is't come to this, in faith? hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion? shall I never see a batchelor of threescore again? go to, i'faith, if thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away *Sundays*: look, *Don Pedro* is return'd to seek you.

Re-enter Don Pedro and Don John.

Pedro. What Secret hath held you here, that you follow'd not to *Leonato's* house?

Bene. I would, your Grace would constrain me to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene.

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Bene. You hear, Count *Claudio*, I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance:— he is in love; with whom? now that is your Grace's part: mark, how short his answer is, with *Hero*, *Leonato's* short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord, it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

Pedro. Amen, if you love her, for the Lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in-faith, my Lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I speak mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake.

Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretick in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheate winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible bald-
rick, all women shall pardon me; because I will not do them the Wrong to mistrust any, I will do my self the Right to trust none; and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer,) I will live a batchelor.

Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord, not with love: prove, that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking,
pick

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*.

Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapt on the shoulder, and call'd *Adam*. (3)

Pedro. Well, as time shall try; in time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The savage bull may, but if ever the sensible *Benedick* bear it, pluck off the bull's-horns, and set them in my forehead, and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write, *Here is good*

(3) *And he that hits me, let him be clap'd on the Shoulder, and call'd Adam.*] But why should he therefore be call'd *Adam*? Perhaps, by a Quotation or two We may be able to trace the Poet's Allusion here. In *Law-Tricks*, or, *Who would have thought it*, (a Comedy written by *John Day*, and printed in 1608) I find this Speech.

I have heard, Old Adam was an honest Man, and a good Gardiner; lov'd Lettice well, Salads and Cabage reasonable well, yet no Tobacco;— Again, Adam Bell, a substantial Outlaw, and a passing good Archer, yet no Tobaccoist.

By This it appears, that *Adam Bell* at that time of day was of Reputation for his Skill at the Bow. I find him again mention'd in a Burlesque Poem of *Sir William Davenant's*, call'd, *The long Vacation in London*,

*Now lean Attorney, that his Cheese
N'er par'd, nor Verses took for Fees,
And aged Proctor, that controuls
The Feats of Punk in Court of Pauls,
Do each with solemn Oath agree
To meet in Fields of Finsbury:
With Loins in Canvas bow-case tied,
Where arrows stick with mickle Pride;
With Hats pinn'd up, and Bow in hand,
All day most fiercely there they stand,
Like Ghosts of Adam, Bell, and Clymme;
Sol sets, for Fear they'll shoot at him.*

By the Passage, which I above quoted from *Law-Tricks*, 'tis plain, *Sir William's* Editor has falsely pointed the last Line but one; We must correct it thus;

Like Ghosts of Adam Bell, and Clymme;

'Tis this Wight, no Doubt, whom our Author here alludes to: and had I the Convenience of consulting *Ascham's Toxophilus*, I might probably grow better acquainted with his History.

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Horse to hire, let them signifie under my Sign, *Here you may see Benedick the marry'd man.*

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou would'st be horn-mad.

Pedro. Nay, if *Cupid* hath not spent all his quiver in *Venice*, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well you will temporize with the hours; in the mean time, good Signior *Benedick*, repair to *Leonato's*, commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage, and so I commit you——

Claud. To the tuition of God; From my house, if I had it,——

Pedro. The sixth of *July*, your loving friend, *Benedick.*

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not; the body of your 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.]

Claud. My Liege, your Highness now may do me good.

Pedro. My love is thine to teach, teach it but how, And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath *Leonato* any son, my lord?

Pedro. No child but *Hero*, she's his only heir: Dost thou affect her, *Claudio*?

Claud. O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye;
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love;
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant; in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate Desires,
All prompting me how fair young *Hero* is;
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

Pedro.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words:
If thou dost love fair *Hero*, cherish it,
And I will break with her: and with her Father,
And Thou shalt have her: was't not to this end,
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complection!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.

Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the
flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity;
Look, what will serve, is fit; 'tis once, thou lov'st;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.

I know, we shall have revelling to night;
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair *Hero* I am *Claudio*;

And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:

Then, after, to her father will I break;
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine;
In practice let us put it presently.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Leonato *and* Antonio.

Leon. How now, brother; where is my Cousin your
son? hath he provided this musick?

Ant. He is very busie about it; but, brother, I can
tell you news that you yet dream'd not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them, but they have a
good cover; they show well outward. The Prince and
Count *Claudio*, walking in a thick-pleached alley in
my orchard, were thus over-heard by a man of mine:
The Prince discover'd to *Claudio*, that he lov'd my neice
your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night
in a dance; and if he found her accordant, he meant
to take the present time by the top, and instantly break
with you of it.

Leon.

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Leon. Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow; I will send for him, and question him your self.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, 'till it appear it self: but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for answer, if peradventure this be true; go you and tell her of it: Cousins, you know what you have to do. [*Several cross the Stage here.*] O, I cry you mercy, friend, go you with me and I will use your skill; good Cousin, have a care this busie time. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to an Apartment in*
Leonato's House.

Enter Don John and Conrade.

Conr. **W**Hat the good-ger, my lord, why are you thus out of measure sad?

John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Conr. You should hear reason.

John. And when I have heard it, what Blessing bringeth it?

Conr. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

John. I wonder, that thou (being, as thou say'st thou art, born under *Saturn*) goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief: I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsie, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Conr. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, 'till you may do it without controlement; you have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take root, but by the fair weather that you make your self; it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

John.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, (though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man) it must not be deny'd but I am a plain-dealing villain; I am trusted with a muzzel, and infranchis'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.

Conr. Can you make no use of your discontent?

John. I will make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here? what news, *Borachio*?

Enter Borachio.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper; the Prince, your brother, is royally entertain'd by *Leonato*, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? what is he for a fool, that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

John. Who, the most exquisite *Claudio*?

Bora. Even he.

John. A proper Squire! and who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on *Hero*, the daughter and heir of *Leonato*.

John. A very forward *March* chick! How come you to this?

Bora. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoaking a musty room, comes me the Prince and *Claudio* hand in hand in sad conference: I whipt behind the 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*.

John. Come, come, let us thither, this may prove food to my displeasure: that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can cross him any way,

way, I bless my self every way; you are both sure, and will assist me.

Corr. To the death, my lord.

John. Let us to the great supper; their Cheer is the greater, that I am subdu'd; would the cook were of my mind! — shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.

A C T II.

S C E N E, *a Hall in Leonato's House.*

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret and Urfula.

L E O N A T O.

WAS not Count *John* here at Supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man, that were made just in the mid-way between him and *Benedick*; the one is too like an image, and says nothing: and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tatling.

Leon. Then half Signior *Benedick's* tongue in Count *John's* mouth, and half Count *John's* melancholy in Signior *Benedick's* face —

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, Uncle, and mony enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if he could get her good Will.

Leon. By my troth, Neice, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she's too curst.

Beat.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst; I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said, God sends a curst Cow short horns; but to a Cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which Blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face, I had rather lye in woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband, that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? he that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take six pence in earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell, ———

Beat. No, but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with his horns on his head, and say, "get you to heaven, *Beatrice*, get you to heav'n, here's no place for you maids." so deliver I up my apes, and away to *St. Peter*, for the heav'ns; he shews me where the batchelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, Neice, I trust, you will be rul'd by your father. [To Hero.]

Beat. Yes, faith, it is my Cousin's duty to make curtsie, and say, *Father*, as it please you; but yet for all that, Cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curtsie, and say, *Father*, as it pleases me.

Leon. Well, Neice, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not 'till God make men of some other metal than earth; would it not grieve a woman to be overmaster

master'd with a piece of valiant dust? to make account of her life to a clod of way-ward marle? no, uncle, I'll none; *Adam's* sons are my brethren, and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember, what I told you; if the Prince do sollicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the musick, cousin, if you be not woo'd in good time; (4) 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 anchentry; and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, 'till he sinks into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle, I can see a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entring, brother; make good room.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, and others in Masquerade.

Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk, and especially when I walk away.

Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

Pedro. And when please you to say so?

(4) *If the Prince be too importunate,*] This is the Reading only of Mr. *Pope's* Impressions, as I can find, and warranted by none of the Copies. I have restor'd with all the old Books, *important*; i. e. if the Prince be too forcible, pressing, lays too much Strefs on his Suit, &c. The Poet employs this word again, in the like Signification, in *K. Lear*.

— therefore *grat* France

My Mourning, and important Tears bath pitied.

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute should be like the case!

Pedro. (5) My visor is *Philemon's* roof; within the house is *Jove*.

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.

(5) *My Visor is Philemon's Roof, within the House is Love.*] Thus the whole Stream of the Copies, from the first downwards. I must own, this Passage for a long while appear'd very obscure to me, and gave me much Trouble in attempting to understand it. *Hero* says to *Don Pedro*, God forbid, the Lute should be like the Case! i. e. that your Face should be as homely and as coarse as your Mask. Upon this, *Don Pedro*, compares his Visor to *Philemon's* Roof. 'Tis plain, the Poet alludes to the Story of *Baucis* and *Philemon* from OVID: And this old Couple, as the *Roman* Poet describes it, liv'd in a thatch'd Cottage;

— *Stipulis & cannâ tecta palustri.*

But why, *Within the House is Love?* *Baucis* and *Philemon*, 'tis true, had liv'd to old Age together, in a comfortable State of Agreement. But Piety and Hospitality are the top-Parts of their Character. Our Poet unquestionably goes a little deeper into the Story. Tho' this old Pair liv'd in a Cottage, this Cottage receiv'd two straggling Gods, (*Jupiter* and *Mercury*,) under its Roof. So, *Don Pedro* is a Prince; and tho' his Visor is but ordinary, he would insinuate to *Hero*, that he has something god-like within: alluding either to his Dignity, or the Qualities of his Person and Mind. By these Circumstances, I am sure, the Thought is mended: as, I think verily, the Text is too by the Change of a single Letter.

————— *within the House is Jove.*

I made this Correction in my SHAKESPEARE restor'd; and Mr. *Pope* has vouchsaf'd to adopt it, in his last Edition. Nor is this Emendation a little confirm'd by another Passage in our Author, in which he plainly alludes to the same Story. *As you like it.*

Clown. I am here with thee and thy Goats, as the most capricious Poet, honest Ovid, was amongst the Goths.

Jaq. O Knowledge ill inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatch'd House.

I am naturally drawn here to correct a Passage in *Beaumont* and *archer's Two Noble Kinsmen*, where a Fault of the like Kind has obtain'd in all the Copies.

————— *here Love himself sits smiling;*
Just such Another wanton Ganymede
Set Love a-fire with, and enforc'd the God
Snatch up the goodly Boy, and set him by him
A shining Constellation: —————

All my Readers, who are acquainted with the poetical History here alluded to, will concur with me in the Certainty of the following Emendation:

Just such Another wanton Ganymede
Set Jove a-fire with, —————

Pedro.

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Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

Balth. Well; I would, you did like me. (6)

Marg. So would not I for your own sake, for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one?

Marg. I say my Prayers aloud.

Balth. I love you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done! Answer, Clerk.

Balth. No more words, the clerk is answer'd.

Urf. I know you well enough; you are Signior *Antonio*.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urf. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urf. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man: here's his dry hand up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urf. Come, come, do you think, I do not know you by your excellent wit? can virtue hide it self? go to, mum, you are he; graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me, who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me, who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good Wit out of the Hundred merry Tales; well, this was Signior *Benedick* that said so.

Bene. What's he?

(6) *Balth. Well; I would, you did like me.*] This and the two following little Speeches, which I have placed to *Balthasar*, are in all the printed Copies given to *Benedick*. But, 'tis clear, the Dialogue here ought to be betwixt *Balthasar*, and *Margaret*: *Benedick*, a little lower, converses with *Beatrice*: and so every Man talks with his Woman once round.

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Beat. I am sure, you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the Prince's jester; a very dull fool, only his gift is in devising impossible flanders: 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.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do, he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, strikes him into melancholy, and then there's a partridge wing sav'd, for the fool will eat no supper that night. We must follow the leaders.

[*Musick within.*

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[*Exeunt.*

Manent John, Borachio, and Claudio.

John. Sure, my brother is amorous on *Hero*, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: the ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is *Claudio*; I know him by his Bearing.

John. Are you not Signior *Benedick*?

Claud. You know me well, I am he.

John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love, he is enamour'd on *Hero*; I pray you, dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth; you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know ye, he loves her?

John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too, and he swore he would marry her to night.

John.

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John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt John and Bor.*]

Claud. Thus answer I in name of *Benedick*,
But hear this ill news with the ears of *Claudio*.
'Tis certain so, the Prince wooes for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love;
Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues,
Let every eye negotiate for it self,
And trust no agent; beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewel then, *Hero*!

Enter Benedick.

Bene. Count *Claudio*?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own
business, Count. What fashion will you wear the gar-
land 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.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover; so
they sell bullocks: but did you think, the Prince would
have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 'twas
the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the
post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*]

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowle! now will he creep
into sedges. But that my lady *Beatrice* should know
me, and not know me! the Prince's fool! ha? it
may be, I go under that Title, because I am merry;
yea, but so I am apt to do my self wrong: I am not
so reputed. It is the base (tho' bitter) disposition of

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Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out; well, I'll be reveng'd as I may.

Enter Don Pedro.

Pedro. Now, Signior, where's the Count? did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have play'd the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren, I told him (and I think, told him true) that your Grace had got the Will of this young lady, and I offer'd him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt! what's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy; who, being over-joy'd with finding a bird's nest, shews it his companion, and he steals it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust, a transgression? the transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestow'd on you, who (as I take it) have stol'n his bird's nest.

Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

Pedro. The lady *Beatrice* hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman, that danc'd with her, told her she is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O, the misus'd me past the indurance of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answer'd her; my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her; she told me, not thinking I had been my self, that I was the Prince's jester, and that I was duller than a great thaw; (7) hudling jest upon

(7) ——— hudling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance, upon me.] Thus all the printed Copies; but I freely confess, I can't possibly

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upon jest, with such impassable conveyance upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me; she speaks Ponyards, and every word stabs; if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, she would infect to the North-Star; I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that *Adam* had left him before he transgress'd; she would have made *Hercules* have turn'd Spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her, you shall find her the infernal *Até* 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 follow her.

Enter Claudio, Beatrice, Leonato and Hero.

Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your Grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the *Antipodes*, that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the farthest inch of *Asia*; bring you the length of *Prester John's* foot; fetch you a hair off the great *Cham's* beard; do you any ambassage to the pigmies, rather than hold three words conference with this harpy; you have no employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, Sir, here's a dish I love not. I cannot indure this Lady Tongue.

Pedro. Come, Lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior *Benedick*.

Beat. Indeed, my Lord, he lent it me a while, and I gave him use for it, a double heart for a single one;

possibly understand the Phrase. I have ventur'd to substitute *impassable*. To make a *Pas* (in *Fencing*,) is, to thrust. push: and by *impassable*, I presume, the Poet meant, that she push'd her jests upon him with such *Swiftness*, that it was impossible for him to *pass* them off, to *parry* them.

marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say, I have lost it.

Pedro. You have put him down, Lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my Lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools: I have brought Count *Claudio*, whom you sent me to seek.

Pedro. Why, how now, Count, wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my Lord.

Pedro. How then? sick?

Claud. Neither, my Lord.

Beat. The Count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil, Count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

Pedro. I'faith, Lady, I think your blazon to be true; though I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, *Claudio*, I have wooed in thy name, and fair *Hero* is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained; name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy.

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his Grace hath made the match, and all grace say, Amen, to it.

Beat. Speak, Count, 'tis your cue. —

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy; I were but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away my self for you, and doat upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, Cousin, or (if you cannot) stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak neither.

Pedro. In faith, Lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my Lord, I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care; my cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance! thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burn'd; I may sit in a corner, and cry *beigh ho!* for a husband.

Pedro. Lady *Beatrice*, I will get you one.

Beat.

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Beat. I would rather have one of your Father's getting: hath your Grace ne'er a brother like you? your Father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

Pedro. Will you have me, Lady?

Beat. No, my Lord, unless I might have another for working-days; your Grace is too costly to wear every day: but, I beseech your Grace, pardon me, I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.

Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my Lord, my mother cry'd; but then there was a star danc'd, and under that I was born. Cousins, God give you joy.

Leon. Neice, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, Uncle: by your Grace's pardon: [Exit Beatrice.]

Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited Lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my Lord; she is never sad but when she sleeps, and not ever sad then; (8) for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dream'd of an happiness, and wak'd her self with laughing.

Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means, she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

Pedro. She were an excellent wife for *Benedick*.

Leon. O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a week marry'd, they would talk themselves mad.

Pedro. Count *Claudio*, when mean you to go to church?

(8) For I have heard my daughter say, She hath often dream'd of unhappiness, and wak'd her self with laughing.] Tho' all the Impressions agree in this Reading, surely, 'tis absolutely repugnant to what *Leonato* intends to say, which is this; " *Beatrice* is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then; for she hath often dream'd of some-thing merry, (an happiness, as the Poet phrases it,) and wak'd herself with laughing".

Claud. To morrow, my Lord; time goes on crutches, 'till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not 'till *Monday*, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night, and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, *Claudio*, the time shall not go dully by us; I will in the *Interim* undertake one of *Hercules's* labours, which is to bring Signior *Benedick* and the Lady *Beatrice* into a mountain of affection the one with the other; I would fain have it a match, and I doubt not to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My Lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights watchings.

Claud. And I, my Lord.

Pedro. And you too, gentle *Hero*?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my Lord, to help my Cousin to a good husband.

Pedro. And *Benedick* is not the unhopefullest husband that I know: thus far I can praise him, he is of a noble strain, of approv'd valour, and confirm'd honesty. I will teach you how to humour your Cousin, that she shall fall in love with *Benedick*; and I, with your two helps, will so practise on *Benedick*, that in despite of his quick-wit, and his queasie stomach, he shall fall in love with *Beatrice*: if we can do this, *Cupid* is no longer an archer, his glory shall be ours, for we are the only Love-Gods; go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E *changes to another Apartment in Leonato's House.*

Enter Don John and Borachio.

John. IT is so, the Count *Claudio* shall marry the Daughter of *Leonato*.

Bora. Yea, my Lord, but I can cross it.

John.

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John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me; I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my Lord, but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

John. Shew me briefly how.

Bora. I think, I told your lordship a year since, how much I am in the favour of *Margaret*, the waiting-gentlewoman to *Hero*.

John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her Lady's chamber-window.

John. What life is in That, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of That lyes in you to temper; go you to the Prince your brother, spare not to tell him, that he hath wrong'd his Honour in marrying the renown'd *Claudio*, (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated Stale, such a one as *Hero*.

John. What proof shall I make of That?

Bora. Proof enough, to misuse the Prince, to vex *Claudio*, to undo *Hero*, and kill *Leonato*; look you for any other issue?

John. Only to despise them, I will endeavour any thing.

(9) *Bora.* Go then find me a meet hour, to draw Don *Pedro*,

(9) *Bora.* Go then, find me a meet hour to draw on *Pedro* and the Count *Claudio*, alone; tell them that you know *Hero* loves me; — Offer them Instances which shall bear no less Likelihood than to see me at her Chamber-window; hear me call *Margaret*, *Hero*; hear *Margaret* term me *CLAUDIO*; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended Wedding.] Thus the whole Stream of the Editions from the first *Quarto* downwards. I am oblig'd here to give a short Account of the *Plot* depending, that the Emendation I have made may appear the more clear and unquestionable. The Business stands thus: *Claudio*, a Favourite of the *Arragon* Prince, is, by his Intercessions with her Father, to be married to fair *Hero*. Don *John*, Natural Brother of the Prince, and a Hater of *Claudio*, is in his Spleen
zealous

Pedro, and the Count *Claudio*, alone; tell them, that you know, *Hero* loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the Prince and *Claudio*, (as in a love of your Brother's honour who hath made this match;) and his friend's reputation, (who is thus like to be cozen'd with the semblance of a maid,) that you have discover'd thus; they will hardly believe this without tryal: offer them instances, which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call *Margaret*, *Hero*; hear *Margaret* term me *Borachio*; and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended Wedding; for in the mean time I will so fashion the matter, that *Hero* shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truths of *Hero's* disloyalty, that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice: be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

zealous to disappoint the Match. *Borachio*, a rascally Dependant on Don *John*, offers his Assistance, and engages to break off the Marriage by this Stratagem. "Tell the Prince and *Claudio* (says He) that *Hero* is in Love with *Me*; they won't believe it; offer them Proofs, as that they shall see me converse with her in her Chamber-window; I am in the good Graces of her Waiting-woman *Margaret*; and I'll prevail with *Margaret* at a dead Hour of Night to personate her Mistress *Hero*; do you then bring the Prince and *Claudio* to overhear our Discourse; and They shall have the Torment to hear me address *Margaret* by the Name of *Hero*, and her say sweet things to me by the Name of *Claudio*." ——— This is the Substance of *Borachio's* Device to make *Hero* suspected of Disloyalty, and to break off her Match with *Claudio*. But, in the Name of common Sense, could it displease *Claudio* to hear his Mistress making Use of *his* Name tenderly? If he saw another Man with her, and heard her call him *Claudio*, he might reasonably think her betray'd, but not have the same Reason to accuse her of Disloyalty. Besides, how could her naming *Claudio* make the Prince and *Claudio* believe that She lov'd *Borachio*, as he desires Don *John* to insinuate to them that She did? The Circumstances weigh'd, there is no Doubt but the Passage ought to be reform'd, as I have settled in the Text.

— bear me call *Margaret*, *Hero*; hear *Margaret* term me *BORACHIO*.

I made this Correction in my SHAKESPEARE restor'd, and Mr. Pope has thought fit tacitly to embrace it in his last Edition.

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Bora. Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to* Leonato's Orchard.

Enter Benedick, *and a Boy.*

Bene. BOY, —
Boy. Signior,

Bene. In my chamber window lies a book, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, Sir. [Exit Boy.]

Bene. I know that, but I would have thee hence, and here again. — I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool, when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laugh't at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love! and such a man is *Claudio*. I have known, when there was no musick with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the taber and the pipe; I have known, when he would have walk'd ten mile a-foot, to see a good 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; (10) " wise,
" or

(10) " *Wife, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her;*] *These Words,* says Mr. POPE, *added out of the Edition of 1623.* — But they are likewise, before that, in the *Quarto* of 1600. They are also in the second and third Impressions in *Folio*

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“ 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 dis-
 course, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of
 what colour it please God. Ha! the Prince and Mon-
 sieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [*Withdraws.*]

Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, Claudio, and Balthazar.

Pedro. Come, shall we hear this musick?

Claud. Yea, my good lord; how still the even-
 ing is,

As hush’d on purpose to grace harmony!

Pedro. See you where *Benedick* hath hid himself?

Claud. O very well, my lord; the musick ended,
 We’ll fit the kid-fox with a penny-worth.

Pedro. Come, *Balthazar*, we’ll hear that song again.

Balth. O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
 To slander musick any more than once.

Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency,
 To put a strange face on his own perfection;
 I pray thee, sing; and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;
 Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
 To her he thinks not worthy, yet he woos;
 Yet will he swear, he loves.

Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come;
 Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
 Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
 There’s not a note of mine, that’s worth the noting.

Pedro. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks,
 Note, notes, forsooth, and noting.

Bene. Now, divine air; now is his soul ravish’d! is
 it not strange, that sheeps guts should hale souls out

Folio; and in the two Editions by Mr. *Rowe*. Where is it they are
not then, that they are thus said to be added by this wonderful Col-
 lator? They happen to be extant in the very first Edition, that we
 know of; they keep their place in an Edition publish’d 23 Years after
 that; and therefore, Mr. *Pope* says, they are added from this subsequent
 Edition.

of mens bodies? well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

The S O N G.

*Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blith and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into hey nony, nony.*

*Sing no more ditties, sing no mo,
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The frauds of men were ever so,
Since summer was first leafy:
Then sigh not so, &c.*

Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

Pedro. Ha, no; no, faith; thou sing'st well enough for a shift.

Bene. If he had been a dog, that should have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him; and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief: I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

Pedro. Yea, marry, dost thou hear, *Balthazar*? I pray thee, get us some excellent musick; for to morrow night we would have it at the lady *Hero's* chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord. [*Exit Balthazar.*]

Pedro. Do so: farewell. Come hither, *Leonato*; what was it you told me of to day, that your Neice *Beatrice* was in love with Signior *Benedick*?

Claud. O, ay; — stalk on, stalk on, the fowl sits. I did never think, that lady would have loved any man.

Leon.

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Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that she should so doat on Signior *Benedick*, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seem'd ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't possible, sits the wind in that corner?

[*Aside.*

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that she loves him with an intraged affection, it is past the infinite of thought.

Pedro. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit? there was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shews she?

Claud. Bait the hook well, this fish will bite. [*Aside.*

Leon. What effects, my lord? she will sit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

Pedro. How, how, I pray you? you amaze me: I would have thought, her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn, it had, my lord; especially against *Benedick*.

Bene. [*Aside.*] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it; knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en th' infection, hold it up. [*Aside.*

Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to *Benedick*?

Leon. No, and swears she never will; that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed, so your daughter says: shall I, says she, that have so oft encounter'd him with scorn, write to him that I love him?

Leon. This says she now, when she is beginning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smock, 'till she have writ a sheet of paper; my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon.

Leon. O, — when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found *Benedick* and *Beatrice* between the sheet.

Claud. That. ———

Leon. (11) O, she tore the letter into a thousand half-pence; rail'd at her self, that she should be so immodest, to write to one that, she knew, wou'd flout her: I measure him, says she, by my own Spirit, for I should flout him if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses; O sweet *Benedick!* God give me patience!

Leon. She doth, indeed, my daughter says so; and the ecstasie hath so much overborn her, that my daughter is sometime afraid, she will do desperate outrage to her self; it is very true.

Pedro. It were good, that *Benedick* knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? he would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

Pedro. If he should, it were an Alms to hang him; she's an excellent sweet lady, and (out of all suspicion) she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

Pedro. In every thing, but in loving *Benedick*.

Leon. O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, — that blood hath the victory; I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

Pedro. I would, she had bestow'd this dotage on me; I would have dafft all other respects, and made her half

(11) O, she tore the Letter into a thousand half-pence;] i. e. into a thousand pieces of the same bigness. This is farther explain'd by a Passage in *As you Like it*;

— *There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are.*

In both places the Poet alludes to the old Silver Penny which had a Crease running *Cross-wise* over it, so that it might be broke into two or four equal pieces, half pence, or farthings.

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half my self; I pray you, tell *Benedick* of it; and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. *Hero* thinks, surely she will die; for she says, she will die if he love her not, and she will die ere she make her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustom'd crossness.

Pedro. She doth well; if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible, he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

Claud. 'Fore God, and, in my mind, very wise.

Pedro. He doth, indeed, shew some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Pedro. As *Hector*, I assure you; and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

Pedro. And so will he do, for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him, by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your Neice: shall we go seek *Benedick*, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible, she may wear her heart out first.

Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love *Benedick* well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

Leon. My Lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

[*Aside.*

Pedro.

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Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her, and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry; the sport will be, when they hold an opinion of one another's dotage, and no such matter; that's the Scene that I would see, which will be meerly a Dumb Show; let us send her to call him to dinner. [*Aside.*] [*Exeunt.*]

Benedick advances from the Arbour.

Bene. This can be no trick, the conference was sadly born; they have the truth of this from *Hero*; they seem to pity the lady; it seems, her affections have the full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited: I hear, how I am censur'd; they say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. — I did never think to marry — I must not seem proud — happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending: they say, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear, them witness: and virtuous; — 'tis so, I cannot reprove it: and wise, but for loving me — by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly; for I will be horribly in love with her. — I may chance to have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have rail'd so long against marriage; but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quipps and sentences, and these paper-bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? no: the world must be peopled. When I said, I would die a batchelor, I did not think I should live 'till I were marry'd. Here comes *Beatrice*; by this day, she's a fair lady; I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair *Beatrice*, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message.

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choak a daw withal: you have no stomach, Signior; fare you well. [Exit.

Bene. Ha! *against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner:* — there's a double meaning in that. *I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me;* — that's as much as to say, any pains that I take for you is as easie as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew; I will go get her Picture. [Exit.

A C T III.

S C E N E *continues in the Orchard.*

Enter Hero, Margaret and Ursula.

H E R O.

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.

Marg.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant, presently. [*Exit.*]

Hero. Now, *Ursula*, when *Beatrice* doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our Talk must only be of *Benedick*;
When I do name him, let it be thy Part
To praise him more than ever man did merit.
My Talk to thee must be how *Benedick*
Is sick in love with *Beatrice*; of this matter
Is little *Cupid's* crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hear-say: now begin.

Enter Beatrice, running towards the Arbour.

For look, where *Beatrice*, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground to hear our conference.

Ursu. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait;
So angle we for *Beatrice*, who e'en now
Is couched in the woodbine-coverture;
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it. ———
No, truly, *Ursula*, she's too disdainful;
I know, her spirits are as coy and wild,
As haggerds of the rock.

Ursu. But are you sure,
That *Benedick* loves *Beatrice* so intirely?

Hero. So says the Prince, and my new-trothed lord.

Ursu. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam?

Hero. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it;
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd *Benedick*,
To with him wrastle with affection,
And never to let *Beatrice* know of it.

Ursu. Why did you so? doth not the Gentleman
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever *Beatrice* shall couch upon?

Hero. O God of love! I know, he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But Nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of *Beatrice*.

Disdain and Scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
 Mis-prizing what they look on; and her wit
 Values it self so highly, that to her
 All matter else seems weak; she cannot love,
 Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
 She is so self-indeared.

Ursu. Sure, I think so;

And therefore certainly it were not good
 She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,
 How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
 But she would spell him backward; if fair-fac'd, (12)
 She'd swear, the gentleman should be her sister;
 If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antick,
 Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
 If low, an Aglet very vilely cut; (13)

If

(12) _____ if fair-fac'd,
She'd swear, the Gentleman should be her Sister;
If black, why Nature drawing of an Antick,
Made a foul Blot; if tall, a Lance ill headed; &c.

Some of the Editors have pretended, that our Author never imitates any Passages of the Antients. Methinks, this is so very like a remarkable Description in *Lucretius*; (lib. iv. vers. 1154, &c.) that I can't help suspecting, *Shakespeare* had it in View; the only Difference seems to be, that the *Latine* Poet's Characteristics turn upon *Praise*; our Country-man's, upon the Hinge of *Derogation*.

Nigra, μελίχρος est; immunda & fætida, ἀκοσμη.
Cæcia, πικρὰ δὲ νερῶσα & lignea, δορκάς.
Parvula, pumilio, χερσίων μία, tota merum Sal:
Magna atque immanis, καὶ ἀπλοῦς, plenaque honoris.

(13) *If low, an Agat very vilely cut;*] But why an *Agat*, if low? And what Shadow of Likeness between a *little Man* and an *Agat*? The Antients, indeed, used this Stone to cut in, and upon; but most exquisitely. I make no Question, but the Poet wrote;

_____ an *Aglet* very vilely cut;

An *Aglet* was the Tagg of those Points, formerly so much in Fashion. These Taggs were either of Gold, Silver, or Brass, according to the Quality of the Wearer; and were commonly in the Shape of little Images; or at least had a Head cut at the Extremity, as is seen at the End of the *Start* of old-fashion'd Spoons. And as a *tall* Man is before compar'd to a *Lance ill-headed*; so, by the same Figure, a *little Man* is very aptly liken'd to an *Aglet ill-cut*.

Mr. Warburton.

I'll subjoin a few Passages in Confirmation of my Friend's beautiful Conjecture.

Taming

If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds ;
 If silent, why, a block moved with none.
 So turns she every man the wrong side out,
 And never gives to truth and virtue That,
 Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Ursu. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No; for to be so odd; and from all fashions,
 As *Beatrice* is, cannot be commendable.
 But who dare tell her so? if I should speak,
 She'd mock me into air; O, she would laugh me
 Out of my self, press me to death with wit.
 Therefore let *Benedick*, like cover'd fire,
 Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly;
 It were a better death than die with mocks,
 Which is as bad as 'tis to die with tickling.

Ursu. Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say.

Hero. No, rather I will go to *Benedick*,
 And counsel him to fight against his passion.
 And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
 To stain my Cousin with; one doth not know,
 How much an ill word may impositon liking.

Ursu. O, do not do your Cousin such a wrong.
 She cannot be so much without true judgment,
 (Having so swift and excellent a wit,
 As she is priz'd to have) as to refuse
 So rare a gentleman as *Benedick*.

Hero. He is the only man of *Italy*,
 Always excepted my dear *Claudio*.

Ursu. I pray you, be not angry with me, Madam,
 Speaking my fancy; Signior *Benedick*,

Taming of the Shrew.

*Why, give him Gold enough, and marry him to a Puppet, or an
 Aglet-baby, &c.*

The Two Noble Kinsmen of Beaumont and Fletcher;

*I'm very cold; and all the Stars are out too,
 The little Stars, and all; that look like Aglets.*

And Sir *John Harrington*, in his Translation of *Ariosto's Orlando
 Furioso.* Book V. St. 47.

*The Gown I ware was white, and richly set
 With Aglets, Pearl, and Lace of Gold well garnish'd:
 My stately Tresses cover'd with a Net
 Of beaten Gold, most pure and brightly varnish'd, &c.*

For shape, for bearing, argument and valour,
Goes formost in report through *Italy*.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Ursu. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.

When are you marry'd, Madam?

Hero. Why, every day; to morrow; come, go in,
I'll shew thee some attires, and have thy counsel
Which is the best to furnish me to morrow.

Ursu. She's lim'd, I warrant you; we have caught
her, Madam.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps;
Some *Cupids* kill with arrows, Some with traps.

[*Exeunt*.

Beatrice, advancing.

Beat. What fire is in my ears? can this be true?

Stand I condemn'd for Pride and Scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!

No glory lives behind the back of such.

And, *Benedick*, love on, I will 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*.

S C E N E, Leonato's House.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick and Leonato.

Pedro. I Do but stay 'till your marriage be consum-
mate, and then go I toward *Arragon*.

Claud. I'll bring you thither my lord, if you'll
vouchsafe me.

Pedro. Nay, That would be as great a foil in the
new gloss of your marriage, as to shew a child his
new coat and forbid him to wear it. I will only be
bold with *Benedick* for his company; for, from the
crown of his head to the soale of his foot, he is all
mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut *Cupid's* bow-string,
and

and the little hangman dare not shoot at him; he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I; methinks, you are sadder.

Claud. I hope, he is in love.

Pedro. Hang him, truant, there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love; if he be sad, he wants mony.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it.

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

Pedro. What? sigh for the tooth-ach!

Leon. Which is but a humour, or a worm.

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises, as to be a *Dutch* man to day, a *French* man to morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once, a *German* from the waste downward, all fops, and a *Spaniard* from the hip upward, no doublet: Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs; he brushes his hat o'mornings; what should that bode?

Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuf't tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did by the loss of a beard.

Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet; can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's
in love.

Pedro.

Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lute-string and now govern'd by stops —

Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in despite of all, dies for him.

Pedro. She shall be bury'd with her heels upwards. (14)

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach. Old Signior, walk aside with me, I have study'd eight or nine wise words to speak to you which these hobby-horses must not hear. [*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.*]

Pedro. For my life, to break with him about *Beatrice*.

Claud. 'Tis even so. *Hero* and *Margaret* have by this play'd their parts with *Beatrice*; and then the two bears will not bite one another, when they meet.

(14) *She shall be buried with her Face upwards.*] Thus the whole Set of Editions: But what is there any ways particular in This? Are not all Men and Women buried so? Sure, the Poet means, in Opposition to the general Rule, and by way of Distinction, with her *heels* upwards, or *face* downwards. I have chose the first Reading, because I find it the Expression in Vogue in our Author's time.

So, *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their *Wild-Goose Chase*.

Whilst I have Meat and Drink, Love cannot starve me;

For if I dye o'th' first Fit, I'm unhappy;

And worthy to be buried with my heels upwards.

And in *The Woman's Prize*; or, *The Tamer tam'd*:

Some Few,

For these are rarest, they are said to kill

With Kindness and fair Usage; but what they are,

My Catalogue discovers not; only 'tis thought,

They're buried in old Walls with their Heels upward.

And again, in *The Coxcomb*;

Judge me, I do but jest with thee: What, an She were inverted with her Heels upward, like a Traytor's Coat?

Enter

Enter Don John.

John. My Lord and brother, God save you.

Pedro. Good den, brother.

John. If your leisure serv'd, I would speak with you.

Pedro. In private?

John. If it please you; yet Count *Claudio* may hear; for, what I would speak of, concerns him.

Pedro. What's the matter?

John. Means your lordship to be marry'd to morrow? [*To Claudio.*

Pedro. You know, he does.

John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

John. You may think, I love you not, let that appear hereafter; and aim better at me by That I now will manifest; for my brother, I think, he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage; surely, Suit ill spent, and Labour ill bestow'd!

Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

John. I came hither to tell you, and circumstances shorten'd, (for she hath been too long a talking of) the Lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? *Hero*?

John. Even she, *Leonato's Hero*, your *Hero*, every man's *Hero*.

Claud. Disloyal?

John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say, she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it; wonder not 'till further warrant; go but with me to night, you shall see her chamber-window enter'd, even the night before her wedding day; if you love her, then to morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

Pedro. I will not think it. —————

John.

John. 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.

Claud. If I see any thing to night why I should not marry her to morrow ; in the Congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

Pedro. And as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

John. I will disparage her no farther, 'till you are my witness ; bear it coldly but 'till night, and let the issue shew it self.

Pedro. O day untowardly turned !

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting !

John. O plague right well prevented !

So will you say, when you have seen the sequel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Enter Dogberry and Verges, with the Watch.

Dogb. ARE you good men and true ?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them ; being chosen for the Prince's Watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour *Dogberry.*

Dogb. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable ?

1 Watch. *Hugh Oatecake*, Sir, or *George Seacole* ; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour *Seacole* : God hath blest you with a good name ; and to be a well-favour'd man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

2 Watch. Both which, master constable —

Dogb. You have : I knew, it would be your answer. Well, for your Favour, Sir, why, give God thanks, and

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 Watch. How if he will not stand?

Dogb. Why, then take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the Watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the Prince's Subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Prince's Subjects: you shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the Watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable, and not to be endur'd.

2 Watch. We will rather sleep, than talk; we know what belongs to a Watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how Sleeping should offend; only have a care that your Bills be not stolen: well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

2 Watch. How if they will not?

Dogb. Why, then let them alone 'till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

2 Watch. Well, Sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him by vertue of your office to be no true man; and for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him shew himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg.

Verg. You have been always call'd a merciful man, Partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.

2 Watch. How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why, then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge: you, constable, are to present the Prince's own person; if you meet the Prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, birlady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on't with any man that knows the Statues, he may stay him; marry, not without the Prince be willing: for, indeed, the Watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. Birlady, I think, it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! well, masters, good night; an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me; keep your fellow's counsels and your own, and good night; come, neighbour.

2 Watch. Well; masters, we hear our charge; let us go sit here upon the church-bench 'till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior *Leonato's* door, for the Wedding being there to morrow, there is a great coil to night; adieu; be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bora. What? *Conrade*,—

Watch. Peace, stir not.

[*Aside.*

Bora. *Conrade*, I say.

Conr.

Conr. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mafs, and my elbow itch'd, I thought there would a scab follow.

Conr. I will owe thee an answer for that, and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don *John* a thousand ducats.

Conr. Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?

Bora. Thou should'st rather ask, if it were possible any villany should be so rich? for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Conr. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shews, thou art unconfirm'd; thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak is nothing to a man.

Conr. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Conr. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush, I may as well say, the fool's the fool; but seest thou not, what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. I know that *Deformed*; he has been a vile thief this seven years; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear some body?

Conr. No, 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot-bloods between fourteen and five and thirty; sometimes fashioning them like *Pharao's* soldiers in the reachy painting; sometimes, like the God *Bel's* priests in the old church-window; sometimes, like the shaven *Hercules* in the smirch'd worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massie as his club.

Conr.

Conr. All this I see, and see, that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man; but art not thou thy self giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so neither; but know, that I have to night wooed *Margaret*, the lady *Hero's* gentlewoman, by the name of *Hero*; she leans me out at her mistress's chamber-window, bids me a thousand times; good night— I tell this tale vildly— I should first tell thee, how the Prince, *Claudio*, and my master, planted and placed, and possessed by my master *Don John*, saw a far off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Conr. And thought they, *Margaret* was *Hero*?

Bora. Two of them did, the Prince and *Claudio*; but the devil my master knew, she was *Margaret*; and partly by his oaths, which first possess them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that *Don John* had made, away went *Claudio* enraged; swore, he would meet her as he was appointed next morning at the Temple, and there before the whole Congregation shame her with what he saw o'er night, and send her home again without a husband.

1 *Watch.* We charge you in the Prince's name, stand.

2 *Watch.* Call up the right master constable; we have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the common-wealth.

1 *Watch.* And one *Deformed* is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock.

Conr. Masters, masters,— (15)

(15) *Conr.* *Masters, Masters.*——

2 *Watch.* You'll be made bring *Deformed* forth, I warrant you.

Conr. *Masters, never speak, we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.*] The different Regulation which I have made in this last Speech, tho' against the Authority of all the printed Copies, I flatter my self, carries its Proof with it. *Conrade* and *Borachio* are not design'd to talk absurd Nonsense; that is the distinguishing Characteristick of the *Constable* and *Watch*. It is evident therefore, that *Conrade* is attempting his own Justification; but is interrupted in it by the Impertinence of the Men in Office.

2 *Watch.*

2 *Watch*. You'll be made bring *Deformed* forth, I warrant you.

Conr. Masters,——

1 *Watch*. Never speak; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these mens bills.

Conr. A commodity in question, I warrant you: come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE, *Hero's Apartment in Leonato's House.*

Enter Hero, Margaret and Ursula.

Hero. GOOD *Ursula*, wake my cousin *Beatrice*, and desire her to rise.

Ursu. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Ursu. Well.

Marg. Troth, I think, your other Rebato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good *Meg*, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not so good; and, I warrant, your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another. I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, i'faith. I saw the Dutchels of *Milan's* gown, that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth, it's but a night-gown in respect of yours; cloth of gold and cuts, and lac'd with silver, set with pearls down-sleeves, side-sleeves and skirts, round, underborn with a blueish tinsel; but for a fine, quaint, graceful and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee, art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think, you would have me say (saving your reverence) a husband. If bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend no body; is there any harm in the heavier for a husband? none, I think, if it be the right husband, and the right wife, otherwise 'tis light and not heavy; ask my lady *Beatrice* else, here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet *Hero*.

Hero. Why how now? do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into *Light o' love*; that goes without a burden; do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yes, *Light o' love* with your heels; then if your husband have stables enough, you'll look he shall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready: by my troth, I am exceeding ill; hey ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, if you be not turn'd *Turk*, there's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I, but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the Count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuft, cousin, I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuft! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me, God help me, how long have you profest apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it; doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat.

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Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distill'd *Carduus Benedictus*, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beat. *Benedictus*? why *Benedictus*? you have some moral in this *Benedictus*.

Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning, I meant plain holy-thistle: you may think, perchance, that I think you are in love; nay, birlady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out with thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet *Benedick* was such another, and now is he become a man; he swore, he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging; and how you may be converted, I know not; but, methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Ursu. Madam, withdraw; the Prince, the Count, Signior *Benedick*, Don *John*, and all the Gallants of the town are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good *Meg*, good *Ursula*. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E, *another Apartment in Leonato's House.*

Enter Leonato, with Dogberry and Verges.

Leon. **W**HAT would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, Sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for, you see, 'tis a busy time with me.

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Dogb. Marry, this it is, Sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, Sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman *Verges*, Sir, speaks a little of the matter; an old man, Sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were, but, in faith, as honest as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honefter than I.

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous; *palabras*, neighbour *Verges*.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor Duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a King, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me, ha?

Dogb. Yea, and 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis, for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city; and tho' I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, Sir, our Watch to night, excepting your worship's presence, hath ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in *Messina*.

Dogb. A good old man, Sir; he will be talking, as they say; when the age is in, the wit is out; God help us, it is a world to see: well said, i'faith, neighbour *Verges*, well, he's a good man; an two men ride an horse, one must ride behind; an honest soul, i'faith, Sir, by my troth he is, as ever broke bread, but God is to be worship'd; all men are not alike, alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, Sir; our Watch have, indeed, comprehended two auspicious persons; and we would have them this morning examin'd before your worship.

Leon.

Leon. Take their examination your self, and bring it me; I am now in great haste, as may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be suffigancé.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I'll wait upon them. I am ready. [*Ex.* *Leon.*

Dogb. Go, good Partner, go get you to *Francis Seacoale*, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the jail; we are now to examine those men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant; here's That shall drive some of them to a non-come. Only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the Jail. [*Exeunt.*

A C T IV.

SCENE, *a Church.*

Enter D. Pedro, D. John, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, and Beatrice.

L E O N A T O.

C O M E, friar *Francis*, be brief, only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be marry'd to her, friar; you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be marry'd to this Count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoin'd, I charge you on your souls to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, *Hero*?

Hero. None, my Lord.

Friar. Know you any, Count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do! not knowing what they do!

Bene. How now! Interjections? why, then some be of laughing, as ha, ha, he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar: father, by your leave; Will you with free and unconstrained soul Give me this maid your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulness:

There, *Leonato*, take her back again;
Give not this rotten orange to your friend.
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour:
Behold, how like a maid she blushes here!
O, what authority and shew of truth
Can cunning sin cover it self withal!
Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,
To witness simple virtue? would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shews? but she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my Lord?

Claud. Not to be marry'd,
Not knit my soul to an approved Wanton.

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Leon. Dear my Lord, if you in your own approof (16)
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity——

Claud. I know what you would say: if I have known
her,
You'll say, she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the forehead sin.

No, *Leonato*,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his sister, shew'd
Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thy Seeming! I will write against it;
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.

Hero. Is my Lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

Leon. Sweet Prince, why speak not you?

Pedro. What should I speak?

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common Stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a Nuptial.

Hero. True! O God!

Claud. *Leonato*, stand I here?

Is this the Prince? Is this the Prince's Brother?

Is this face *Hero's*? are our eyes our own?

(16) *Dear my Lord, if you in your own Proof,]* I am surpriz'd, the
Poetical Editors did not observe the Lameness of this Verse. It evi-
dently wants a Syllable in the last Foot, which I have restor'd by a
Word, which, I presume, the first Editors might hesitate at; tho' it is
a very proper one, and a Word elsewhere used by our Author.

Anth. and Cleop.

————— *Sister, prove such a Wife*
As my Thoughts make thee, and my farthest Bond
Shall pass on thy Approof.

Besides, in the Passage under Examination, this Word comes in almost
necessarily, as *Claudio* had said in the Line immediately preceding;

Not knit my Soul to an approved Wanton.

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Leon. All this is so; but what of this, my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter,

And by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly:

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God defend me, how am I beset!

What kind of catechizing call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not *Hero*? who can blot that name
With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can *Hero*;

Hero her self can blot out *Hero's* virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my Lord.

Pedro. Why, then you are no maiden. *Leonato,*
I am sorry, you must hear; upon mine Honour,
My self, my Brother, and this grieved Count
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

John. Fie, fie, they are not to be nam'd, my Lord,
Not to be spoken of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence, to utter them: thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O *Hero*! what a *Hero* hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About the thoughts and counsels of thy heart?
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall Conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm;
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

Beat.

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Beat. Why, how now, Cousin, wherefore sink you down?

John. Come, let us go; these things come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.

[*Exe. D. Pedro, D. John and Claud.*

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think; help, uncle.

Hero! why, *Hero!* uncle! Signior *Benedick!* friar!

Leon. O fate! take not away thy heavy hand;
Death is the fairest cover for her shame,
That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin *Hero?*

Friar. Have comfort, Lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea, wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore? why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, *Hero*, do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think, thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I, thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
My self would on the rereward of reproaches
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for That at frugal nature's frame?
I've one too much by thee. Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates?
Who smeered thus, and mir'd with infamy,
I might have said, no part of it is mine;
This shame derives it self from unknown loins:
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on, mine so much,
That I my self was to my self not mine,
Valuing of her; why, she,—O, she is fall'n
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh!

Bene.

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Bene. Sir, Sir, be patient;
For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is bely'd.

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat. No, truly, not; altho' until last night
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, That is stronger
made,

Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron.
Would the two Princes lie? and *Claudio* lie?
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears? hence from her, let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little,
For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady. I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these Princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool,
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here,
Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be;
Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left,
Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury; she not denies it;
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That, which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Hero. They know, that do accuse me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive,
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy. O my father,

Prove

Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the Princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour,
And if their wisdoms be mis-led in this,
The Practice of it lives in *John* the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

Leon. I know not: if they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dry'd this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havock of my means,
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.

Friar. Pause a while,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the Princes left for dead; (17)
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead, indeed:
Maintain a mourning ostentation,
And on your family's old Monument

(17) *Your Daughter here the Princes (left for dead)*] But how comes *Hero* to start up a *Princess* here? We have no Intimation of her Father being a Prince; and this is the first and only Time that She is complimented with this Dignity. The Remotion of a single Letter, and of the *Parentthesis*, will bring her to her own Rank, and the Place to its true Meaning.

Your Daughter here the Princes left for dead;
i. e. *Don Pedro*, Prince of *Arragon*; and his Bastard Brother who is likewise call'd a Prince. So in the other Passages of this Play;

*To burn the Error that these Princes hold
Against her Maiden Honour.*

And again,

There is some strange Misprision in these Princes.

And again,

I thank you, Princes, for my Daughter's Death.

Hang mournful Epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? what will this do?

Friar. Marry, this, well carry'd, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travel look for greater birth:
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd,
Of every hearer: for it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth, (18)
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue that possession would not shew us
Whilst it was ours; so will it fare with *Claudio*:
When he shall hear she dy'd upon his words,
Th' idea of her Life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit;
More moving, delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed. Then shall he mourn,
If ever love had interest in his liver,
And wish, he had not so accus'd her;
No, though he thought his accusation true:
Let this be so, and doubt not, but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all Aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death

(18) *That, What we have, we prize not to the Worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the Value; then we find
The Virtue that Possession would not shew us
Whilst it was ours: ———]*

Whether this be an Imitation,
or no, I won't contend; but if not, it seems to me a very fine Paraphrase
on this Passage of *Horace*; Lib. III. Ode 24.

*Virtutem incolumem odimus,
Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi.*

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.

Bene. 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.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
 The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented, presently away;
 For to strange fores, strangely they strain the cure.
 Come, lady, die to live; this wedding day,
 Perhaps, is but prolong'd: have patience and en-
 dure. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Benedick and Beatrice.

Bene. Lady *Beatrice*, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe, your fair cousin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me,
 that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to shew such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you;
 is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not; it were
 as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as
 you; but believe me not; and yet I lye not; I con-
 fess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my
 cousin.

Bene. By my sword, *Beatrice*, thou lov'st me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene.

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Bene. I will swear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that says, I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devis'd to it; I protest, I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me.

Bene. What offence, sweet *Beatrice*?

Beat. You have stay'd me in a happy hour; I was about to protest, I lov'd you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill *Claudio*.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny; farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet *Beatrice*.

Beat. I am gone, tho' I am here; there is no love in you; nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. *Beatrice*,——

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is *Claudio* thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slander'd, scorn'd, dishonour'd my kinswoman! O that I were a man! what bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then with publick accusation, uncover'd slander, unmitigated rancour—— O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, *Beatrice*.

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window?—— a proper saying!

Bene. Nay, but *Beatrice*.

Beat. Sweet *Hero*! she is wrong'd, she is slander'd, she is undone.

Bene. *Beat*——

Beat.

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Beat. Princes and Counts! surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count-comfect, a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! Or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! but manhood is melted into curtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turn'd into tongue, and trim ones too; he is now as valiant as *Hercules*, that only tells a lie, and swears it: I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry good *Beatrice*; by this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul, the Count *Claudio* hath wrong'd *Hero*?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

Bene. Enough, I am engag'd, I will challenge him, I will kiss your hand, and so leave you; by this hand, *Claudio* shall render me a dear account; as you hear of me, so think of me; go comfort your cousin; I must say, she is dead, and so farewell. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E *changes to a Prison.*

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Borachio, Conrade, the Town-Clerk and Sexton in Gowns.

To. Cl. IS our whole dissembly appear'd?

Dog. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton!

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Verg. Marry, that am I and my Partner.

Dog. Nay, that's certain, we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examin'd? let them come before master constable.

To. Cl. Yea, marry, let them come before me; what is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

To. Cl. Pray, write down, *Borachio*. Yours, Sirrah?

Conr. I am a gentleman, Sir, and my name is *Conrade*.

To. Cl.

To. Cl. Write down, master gentleman *Conrade*; masters, do you serve God?

Both. Yea, Sir, we hope. (19)

To. Cl. Write down, that they hope they serve God: and write God first: for God defend, but God should go before such villains.—Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly; how answer you for your selves?

Conr. Marry, Sir, we say, we are none.

To. Cl. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you, but I will go about with him. Come you hither, firrah, a word in your ear, Sir; I say to you, it is thought you are both false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

To. Cl. Well, stand aside; 'fore God, they are both in a tale; have you writ down, that they are none?

Sexton. Master town-clerk, you go not the way to examine, you must call the watch that are their accusers.

(20) *To. Cl.* Yea, marry, that's the deffest way, let

(19) *Both.* *Yea, Sir, we hope.*

To. Cl. *Write down, that they hope, they serve God: and write God first: for God defend, but God should go before such Villains —*] This short Passage, which is truly humourous and in Character, I have added from the old *Quarto*. Besides, it supplies a Defect: for, without it, the *Town-Clerk* asks a Question of the Prisoners, and goes on without staying for any Answer to it.

(20) *To. Cl.* *Yea, marry, that's the easiest Way, let the Watch come forth.*] This, *easiest*, is a Sophistication of our modern Editors, who were at a Loss to make out the corrupted Reading of the old Copies. The *Quarto*, in 1600, and the first and second Editions in *Folio* all concur in reading;

Yea, marry, that's the estest way, &c.

A Letter happen'd to slip out at Press in the first Edition; and 'twas too hard a Task for the subsequent Editors to put it in, or guess at the Word under this accidental Depravation. There is no Doubt, but the Author wrote, as I have restor'd the Text;

Yea, marry, that's the deffest way, &c.

i. e. the *readiest*, most *commodious* Way. The Word is pure *Saxon*. *Deap.ize, debitè, congruè, duely, fitly.* Γεδεφτιχε, *opportuè, commodè, fitly, conveniently, seasonably, in good time, commodiously.*

Vid. Spelman's Saxon Gloss.

the Watch come forth; masters, I charge you in the Prince's name accuse these men.

Enter Watchmen.

1 *Watch.* This man said, Sir, that Don *John* the Prince's brother was a villain.

To. Cl. Write down, Prince *John* a villain; why this is flat perjury, to call a Prince's brother villain.

Bora. Master town-clerk,——

To. Cl. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

2 *Watch.* Marry, that he had receiv'd a thousand ducats of Don *John*, for accusing the lady *Hero* wrongfully.

To. Cl. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Dog. Yea, by th' mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 *Watch.* And that Count *Claudio* did mean, upon his words, to disgrace *Hero* before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

To. Cl. O villain! thou wilt be condemn'd into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 *Watch.* This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince *John* is this morning secretly stoll'n away: *Hero* was in this manner accus'd, and in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this suddenly dy'd. Master Constable, let these men be bound and brought to *Leonato*; I will go before, and shew him their examination. [*Exit.*

Dog. Come, let them be opinion'd.

(21) *Conr.* Let them be in the hands of *Coxcomb*!

(21) *Sexton.* *Let them be in the hands of Coxcomb.*] The Generality of the Editions place this Line to the *Sexton*. But, why he should be pert upon his Brother-Officers, there seems no Reason from any superior Qualifications in him; or any Suspicion he shews of knowing their Ignorance. The old *Quarto* gave me the first Umbrage for placing it to *Conrade*; and common Sense vouches that it ought to come from one of the Prisoners, in Contempt of the despicable Wretches who had them in Custody.

Dog. God's my life, where's the Sexton? let him write down the Prince's officer *Coxcomb*: come, bind them, thou naughty varlet.

Conr. Away! you are an afs, you are an afs.—

Dog. Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not suspect my years? O that he were here to write me down an afs! but, masters, remember, that I am an afs; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an afs; no, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be prov'd upon thee by good witness; I am a wise fellow, and which is more, an officer; and which is more, an housholder; and which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in *Messina*, and one that knows the law; go to, and a rich fellow enough; go to, and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him; bring him away; O that I had been writ down an afs!—

[*Exeunt.*

A C T V.

SCENE, *before Leonato's House.*

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

A N T O N I O.

IF you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief
Against your self.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve; give not me counsel,
Nor let no Comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suite with mine.
Bring me a father, that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;

Measure

Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
 And let it answer every strain for strain:
 As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
 In every lineament, branch, shape and form;
 If such a one will smile and stroke his beard, (22)
 And Sorrow wage; cry, hem! when he should groan;
 Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
 With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me,
 And I of him will gather patience.
 But there is no such man; for, brother, men
 Can counsel, and give comfort to that grief
 Which they themselves not feel; but tasting it,
 Their counsel turns to passion, which before
 Would give preceptial medicine to rage;
 Fetter strong madness in a filken thread,
 Charm ach with air, and agony with words.
 No, no; 'tis all mens office to speak patience (23)

To

(22) *If such a One will smile, and stroke his Beard,*

And hallow, wag, cry hem, when he should groan,] Mr. Rowe is the first Authority that I can find for this Reading. But what is the Intention, or how are we to expound it? "If a Man will halloo, and "whoop, and fidget, and wriggle about, to shew a Pleasure when He "should groan," &c. This does not give much *Decorum* to the Sentiment. The old *Quarto*, and the 1st and 2d *Folio* Editions all read,

And sorrow, wagge, cry hem, &c.

We don't, indeed, get much by this Reading; tho', I flatter my self, by a slight Alteration it has led me to the true one,

And Sorrow wage; cry, hem! when he should groan;

i. e. *If such a One will combat with, strive against Sorrow, &c.* Nor is this Word infrequent with our Author in these Significations.

So, in his *Lear*;

*To wage; against the Enmity o'th' Air,
 Necessity's strong Pinch.*

So, in *Othello*;

*Neglecting an Attempt of Ease and Gain,
 To wake and wage a Danger profitless.*

And in the 1st *Henr. IV.*

*I fear the Pow'r of Percy is too weak
 To wage an instant Tryal with the King.*

(23) *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.] Patience under Misfortunes easier advis'd,
 than maintain'd, is one of the Topics of Shakespeare, for which, Mr.*

To those, that wring under the load of sorrow;
 But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
 To be so moral, when he shall endure
 The like himself; therefore give me no counsel;
 My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace; I will be flesh and blood;
 For there was never yet philosopher,
 That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;
 However they have writ the style of Gods,
 And made a pish at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon your self:
 Make those, that do offend you, suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason; nay, I will do so.
 My soul doth tell me, *Hero* is bely'd;
 And that shall *Claudio* know, so shall the Prince;
 And all of them, that thus dishonour her.

Enter Don Pedro, and Claudio.

Ant. Here comes the Prince and *Claudio* hastily.

Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords?

Pedro. We have some haste, *Leonato*.

Gildon told us, he had met with no Parallels among the Antients: And This Observation is particularly directed to the Passage now before Us. A Man of so much Reading must certainly be betray'd by his Memory in this Point: For I have long ago observ'd no less than five Passages, all which seem to be a very reasonable Foundation for our Author's Sentiments on this Subject.

*Facile omnes, quàm valemus, recta Consilia ægrotis damus;
 Tu si hic sis, aliter sentias.*

Terent.

Ἐλασθὲν, ὅσις πημάτων ἔξω πῶδα
 Ἔχει, παραινῆν, νεδετεῖν τε πῶ κακῶς
 Πεφρονήσας.

Æschyl.

Ἄλλω ποῦντι ῥάδιον ᾧδρινέσαι
 Ἔσει, ποιῆσαι δ' αὐτὸν ἐχὶ ῥάδιον.

Pbitem.

Ἀπαίτες ἐσώθη εἰς τὸ νεδετεῖν σοφοί,
 Ἄυτοὶ δ' ἀμαρτήνωντες ἐ γινάσκουσι.

Eurip.

Ῥᾶον ᾧδρινῆν ἢ παθόντα καρτερῆν.

Idem.

Leon.

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Leon. Some haste, my lord! well, fare you well, my lord.
Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.

Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lye low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me, thou dissembler,
thou!

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,
I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear;
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man, never flier and jest at me;
I speak not like a dotard nor a fool;
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old: know, *Claudio*, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;
And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to tryal of a man;
I say, thou hast bely'd mine innocent child,
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lyes bury'd with her ancestors,
O, in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villany!

Claud. My villany?

Leon. Thine, *Claudio*; thine, I say.

Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;
Despight his nice fence and his active practice,
His *May* of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

(24) *Leon.* Canst thou so daffe me? thou hast kill'd
my child;

H h 3

If

(24) *Canst Thou so daffe me?*—] This is a Country Word, Mr. *Pope* tells us, signifying, *daunt*. It may be so; but that is not the Exposition here:

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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, boy, follow me;
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,——

Ant. Content your self; God knows, I lov'd my
Niece;
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.
Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milkstops!

Leon. Brother *Anthony*,——

Ant. Hold you content; what, man? I know them,
yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mongring boys,
That lye, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
Go antickly, and show an outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words, (25)
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst;
And this is all.

Leon. But, brother *Anthony*,——

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter;

here: To *dasse*, and *doffe* are synonomous Terms, that mean, to *put off*: which is the very Sense requir'd here, and what *Leonato* would reply, upon *Claudio's* saying, He would have nothing to do with him. So *Hotspur*, in the 1 *Henr.* IV.

————— *Where is his Son,*
The nimble-footed, mad-cap, Prince of Wales,
And his Comrades, that dast the World aside,
And bid it, pass? —————

i. e. put it aside; neglected all Considerations of the World. *Doffe* is too perpetual in our Author, to need any Quotations in Proof of it.

(25) *And speak of half a dozen dangerous Words,*] These Editors are Persons of unmatchable Indolence, that can't afford to add a single Letter to retrieve common Sense. To *speak off*, as I have reform'd the Text, is to throw out boldly, with an Ostentation of Bravery, &c. So in *Twelfth-night*;

A terrible Oath, with a swaggering Accent sharply twang'd off:

Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;
But, on my Honour, she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord——

Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No! come, brother, away, I will be heard.

Ant. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exe. ambo.*]

Enter Benedick.

Pedro. See, see, here comes the man we went to seek.

Claud. Now, Signior, what news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

Pedro. Welcome, Signior; you are almost come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapt off with two old men without teeth.

Pedro. *Leonato* and his brother; what think'st thou? had we fought, I doubt, we should have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour: I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholly, and would fain have it beaten away: wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard; shall I draw it?

Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale: art thou sick or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man: what tho' care kill'd a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, if you charge it against me.— I pray you, chuse another subject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another staff; this last was broke cross.

Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more: I think, he be angry, indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God blefs me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain; I jest not. I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest your cowardise. You have kill'd a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

Pedro. What, a feast?

Claud. I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calves-head and a capon, the which if I do not carve most curiously, say, my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

Pedro. I'll tell thee, how *Beatrice* prais'd thy wit the other day: I said, thou hadst a fine wit; right, says she, a fine little one; no, said I, a great wit; just, said she, a great gross one; nay, said I, a good wit; just, said she, it hurts no body; nay, said I, the gentleman is wise; certain, said she, a 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 transhape thy particular virtues; yet, at last, she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in *Italy*.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said she car'd not.

Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet for all that, and if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly; the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, *God saw him when he was hid in the garden.*

Pedro.

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Pedro. But when shall we set the salvage bull's horns on the sensible *Benedick's* head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, Here dwells *Benedick* the married man.

Bene. Fare you well, boy, you know my mind; I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour; you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thank'd, hurt not. My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you; I must discontinue your company; your brother the bastard is fled from *Messina*; you have among you killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my lord lack-beard there, he and I shall meet; and 'till then, peace be with him. [Exit *Benedick*.

Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest, and, I'll warrant you, for the love of *Beatrice*.

Pedro. And hath challeng'd thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Conrade and Borachio guarded.

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

Pedro. But, soft you, let me see, pluck up my heart and be sad; did he not say, my brother was fled?

Dogb. 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.

Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound? *Borachio*, one?

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord.

Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dogb. Marry, Sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have bely'd a lady; thirdly, they have verify'd unjust things; and to conclude, they are lying knaves.

Pedro.

Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

Claud. Rightly reason'd, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

Pedro. Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? This learned constable is too cunning to be understood. What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet Prince, let me go no further to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this Count kill me: I have deceiv'd even your very eyes; what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light, who in the night overheard me confessing to this man, how Don *John* your brother incens'd me to slander the lady *Hero*; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court *Margaret* in *Hero's* garments; how you disgrac'd her, when you should marry her; my villany they have upon record, which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame; the Lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison, while he utter'd it.

Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery; And fled he is upon this villany.

Claud. Sweet *Hero!* now thy image doth appear In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time our Sexton hath reform'd Signior *Leonato* of the matter; and masters, do not forget to specifie, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master Signior *Leonato*, and the Sexton too.

Enter

Enter Leonato, and Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? let me see his eyes;
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him; which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou, art thou the slave, that with thy
breath
Has kill'd mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou bely'st thy self;
Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it:
I thank you, Princes, for my daughter's death;
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speak: chuse your revenge your self,
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin; yet sinn'd I not,
But in mistaking.

Pedro. By my soul, nor I;
And yet to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight,
That he'll enjoyn me to.

Leon. You cannot bid my daughter live again,
That were impossible; but, I pray you both,
Possess the People in *Messina* here
How innocent she dy'd; and if your love
Can labour 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.

Claud.

Claud. O noble Sir!

Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me:
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor *Claudio*.

Leon. To morrow then I will expect your Coming,
To night I take my leave. This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to *Margaret*,
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not;
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me.
But always hath been just and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, Sir, which indeed is not under
white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did
call me afs: I beseech you, let it be remembred in
his punishment; and also (26) the watch heard them

(26) *The Watch heard them talk of one Deformed; they say, he wears a Key in his Ear, and a Lock hanging by it, and borrows money in God's Name, &c.*] There could not be a more agreeable Ridicule upon the *Fashion*, than the Constable's Descant upon his own Blunder. One of the most fantastical Modes of that Time was the indulging a favourite Lock of Hair, and suffering it to grow much longer than all its Fellows; which they always brought *before*, (as we do the Knots of a Tye-Wig,) ty'd with Ribbands or Jewels. King *Charles* the 1st wore One of these favourite Locks, as his Historians take Notice, and as his Pictures by *Vandike* prove: And whoever has been conversant with the Faces of that Painter, must have observ'd a great many drawn in that Fashion. In Lord CLARENDON'S *History compleated*, (a Book in *Ostavo*) being a Collection of Heads engrav'd from the Paintings of *Vandike*, we may see this Mode in the Prints of the Duke of *Buckingham*, Earl of *Dorset*, Lord *Goring*, &c. all great Courtiers. — As to the *Key in the Ear*, and the *Lock hanging by it*, there may be a Joak in the Ambiguity of the Terms. But whether we think, that *Shakespeare* meant to, ridicule the *Fashion* in the abstracted Sense; or whether he sneer'd at the Courtiers, the Parents of it, we shall find the Description equally satirical. The *Key in the Ear* might be suppos'd literally: For they wore Rings, Lockets, and Ribbands in a Hole made in the Ear; and sometimes, Rings one within another: But it might be likewise allegorically understood, to signify, the great Readiness the Courtiers had in giving Ear to, or going into new Follies or Fashions. As for *borrowing Money and never paying*, That is an old *Common Place* against the Court and Followers of Fashions.

Mr. Warburton.

talk of one *Deformed*: 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 paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake. Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dogb. Your Worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner; and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an errant knave with your Worship, which, I beseech your Worship, to correct your self, for the example of others. God keep your Worship; I wish your Worship well: God restore you to health; I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wish'd, God prohibit it. Come, neighbour. [*Exeunt.*

Leon. Until to morrow morning, Lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewel, my Lords; we look for you to morrow.

Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To night I'll mourn with *Hero*.

Leon. Bring you these fellows on, we'll talk with

Margaret,

How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[*Exeunt severally.*

S C E N E *changes to Leonato's House.*

Enter Benedick, and Margaret.

Bene. **P**RAY thee, sweet mistress *Margaret*, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of *Beatrice*.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, *Margaret*, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg.

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(27) *Marg.* To have no Man come over me? why, shall I always keep above stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, *Margaret*, it will not hurt a woman; and so, I pray thee, call *Beatrice*; I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the swords; we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, *Margaret*, you must put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call *Beatrice* to you, who, I think, hath legs.

[*Exit Margaret.*]

Bene. And therefore will come. [*Sings.*] *The God of love, that sits above, and knows me, and knows me, how pitiful I deserve,—* I mean, in singing; but in loving, *Leander* the good swimmer, *Troilus* the first employer of pandars, and a whole book full of these *quondam* carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse; why, they were never so truly turn'd over and over, as my poor self in love; marry, I cannot shew it in rhyme; I have try'd; I can find out no rhyme to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent's rhyme; for *scorn*, *horn*, a hard rhyme; for *school*, *fool*, a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings; no, I was not born under a rhiming planet, for I cannot woo in festival terms.

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet *Beatrice*, would'st thou come when I call thee?

(27) *To have no Man come over me? why, shall I always keep below Stairs?*] Thus all the printed Copies, but, sure, erroneously: for all the Jest, that can lie in the Passage, is destroy'd by it. Any Man might come over her, literally speaking, if she always kept below Stairs. By the Correction I have ventur'd to make, *Margaret*, as I presume, must mean, What! shall I always keep above Stairs? i. e. Shall I for ever continue a *Chambermaid*?

Beat.

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Beat. Yea, Signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but 'till then.

Beat. Then, is spoken; fare you well now; and yet ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath past between you and *Claudio*.

Bene. Only foul words, and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words are but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkiss'd.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of its right sense, so forcible is thy wit; but, I must tell thee plainly, *Claudio* undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward; and, I pray thee, now tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together, which maintain'd so politick a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love! a good epithet; I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart, if you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that, which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession; there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, *Beatrice*, that liv'd in the time of good neighbours; if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monuments, than the bells ring, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question?— why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rhewm; therefore it is most expedient for the wise, if Don worm (his conscience) find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to my self; so much for praising
ing

ing my self; who, I my self will bear witness, is praiseworthy; and now tell me, how doth your Cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend; there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter Ursula.

Ursu. Madam, you must come to your uncle; yonder's old coil at home; it is proved, my lady *Hero* hath been falsely accus'd; the Prince and *Claudio* mightily abus'd; and Don *John* is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, Signior?

Bene. I will live in thy eyes, die in thy lap, and be bury'd in thy heart; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E *changes to a* CHURCH.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and Attendants with tapers.

Claud. IS this the monument of *Leonato*?

Atten. It is, my lord.

E P I T A P H.

*Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero, that here lyes:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life, that dy'd with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.*

Claud. Now musick sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

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.

Claud. Now unto thy bones good night;
Yearly will I do this Rite.

Pedro. Good morrow, masters, put your torches
out,

The wolves have prey'd; and, look, the gentle
day,

Before the wheels of *Phœbus*, round about

Dapples the drowfie east with spots of grey:

Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters; each his several way.

Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to *Leonato's* we will go.

Claud. And *Hymen* now with luckier issue speed's, (28)
Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe! [*Exeunt.*

(28) *And Hymen now with luckier Issue speeds;*

*Than this, for whom we render'd up this Woe.] Claudio could not know, without being a Prophet, that this new-propos'd Match should have any luckier Event than That design'd with Hero. Certainly, therefore, this should be a Wish in Claudio; and, to this End, the Poet might have wrote, *speed's*; i. e. *speed us*: and so it becomes a Prayer to *Hymen*.*

Dr. Thirlby.

SCENE *changes to* Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Benedick, Margaret, Ursula, Antonio,
Friar, and Hero.

Friar. DID I not tell you, she was innocent?
Leon. So are the Prince and *Claudio*, who
accus'd her,

Upon the error that you heard debated.
But *Margaret* was in some fault for this;
Although against her will, as it appears,
In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well; I am glad, that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
To call young *Claudio* to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, Daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by your selves,
And when I send for you, come hither mask'd:
The Prince and *Claudio* promis'd by this hour
To visit me; you know your office, brother,
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young *Claudio*. [*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must intreat your pains, I think.

Friar. To do what, Signior?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them:
Signior *Leonato*, truth it is, good Signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From *Claudio* and the Prince; but what's your will?

Bene. Your answer, Sir, is enigmatical;
But for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
I' th' state of honourable marriage;
In which, good Friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon.

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Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio, with Attendants.

Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, Prince; good morrow, *Claudio*,
We here attend you; are you yet determin'd
To day to marry with my brother's daughter?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an *Ethiope*.

Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the Friar ready.

[*Exit Antonio.*

Pedro. Good morrow, *Benedick*; why, what's the
matter,

That you have such a *February*-face,
So full of frost, of storm and cloudiness?

Claud. I think, he thinks upon the savage bull:
Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And so all *Europe* shall rejoice at thee;
As once *Europa* did at lusty *Jove*,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull *Jove*, Sir, had an amiable low,
And some such strange bull leapt your father's cow;
And got a calf, in that same noble feat,
Much like to you; for you have just his bleat.

*Enter Antonio, with Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, and
Ursula, mask'd.*

Claud. For this I owe you; here come other reckonings.

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

Anto. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Claud. Why, then she's mine; Sweet, let me see
your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, 'till you take her
hand

Before this Friar, and swear to marry her.

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Claud. Give me your hand; before this holy Friar,
I am your husband if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife.

[*Unmasking.*]

And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another *Hero*? (29)

Hero. Nothing certainer.

One *Hero* dy'd defil'd, but I do live;
And, surely, as I live, I am a maid.

Pedro. The former *Hero*! *Hero*, that is dead!

Leon. She dy'd, my lord, but whiles her slander
liv'd.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualifie.
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell thee largely of fair *Hero*'s death:
Mean time let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chappel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar. Which is *Beatrice*?

Beat. I answer to that name; what is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why, no; no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then your Uncle, and the Prince, and
Claudio, have been deceiv'd; they swore, you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. Troth, no, no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my Cousin, *Margaret*, and *Ursula*,
Have been deceiv'd; for they did swear, you did.

Bene. They swore, you were almost sick for me.

Beat. They swore, you were well-nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no matter; then you do not love me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompence.

(29) *Claud.* Another *Hero*!

Hero. ———— *Nothing certainer*:

One *Hero* dy'd; but I do live,

And surely as I live I am a Maid.] Besides that the last Line but
One wants a whole Foot in Measure, it is as defective in the Meaning:
For how are the Words made out? One *Hero* dy'd, and yet that *Hero*
lives, but how is She then another *Hero*? The Supplement, which I have
restor'd from the old *Quarto*, solves all the Difficulty, and makes the
last Line reasonable.

Leon.

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Leon. Come, Cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't, that he loves her; For here's a paper written in his hand, A halting sonnet of his own pure brain, Fashion'd to *Beatrice*.

Hero. And here's another, Writ in my Cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket, Containing her affection unto *Benedick*.

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts; come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

(30) Beat. I would yet deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion, and partly to save your life; for as I was told, you were in a consumption.

(31) Bene. Peace, I will stop your mouth.——

[Kissing her.

Pedro.

(30) *I would not deny you, but by this good day I yield upon great persuasion, &c*] Is not this strange Mock-reasoning in *Beatrice*? She would not deny him, but that She yields upon great Persuasion.—— By changing the *Negative*, I make no doubt but I have retriev'd the Poet's Humour.

(31) Leon. *Peace, I will stop your Mouth.*] What can *Leonato* mean by This? "Nay, pray, peace, Niece; don't keep up this Obstinacy of "Professions, for I have Proofs to stop your Mouth." The ingenious Dr. *Thirlby* agreed with me, that this ought to be given to *Benedick*, who, upon saying it, kisses *Beatrice*: and this being done before the whole Company, how natural is the Reply which the Prince makes upon it?

How dost thou, Benedick the married Man!

Besides, this Mode of Speech, preparatory to a Salute, is familiar to our Poet in common with other Stage-Writers. So before, in this Play, *Beatrice* says to *Hero*;

Speak, Cousin; or (if you cannot,) stop his Mouth with a Kiss, and let not him speak neither.

So, again, in *Troilus* and *Cressida*, where She fears that She is saying too fond Things:

Cress. —— Stop my Mouth.

Troil. *And shall, albeit sweet Musick issues thence.* [Kissing her.

So, in *Beaumont* and *Fletcher's Scornful Lady*;

Widow.

Pedro. How dost thou, *Benedick* the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, Prince; a College of witt-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 unbruis'd, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped, thou wouldst have denied *Beatrice*, that I might have cudgell'd thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my Cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends; let's have a Dance ere we are marry'd, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. First, o' my word; therefore, play musick. Prince, thou art sad, get thee a wife, get thee a wife; there is no staff more reverend than one tipt with horn.

Widow. Sir, you speak like a worthy Brother. And so much I do credit your fair Language, that I shall love your Brother; and so love him,— but I shall blush to say more.

Eld. Love. Stop her Mouth.— [To his Brother, who kisses her.

And *Webster* in his *Dutchess* of *Malfy*.

Dutch. ————— I'll stop your Mouth. [Kissing him.

Anto. Nay, that's but One: Venus had two soft Doves
To draw her Chariot:— I must have another. [Kissing her.

And so I conclude this Volume *con la bocca dolce*, as the *Italians* express themselves.

Enter

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, your brother *John* is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to *Messina*.

Bene. Think not on him 'till to morrow: I'll devise
thee brave punishments for him. Strike up, Pipers.

[*Dance.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

The End of the First VOLUME.



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