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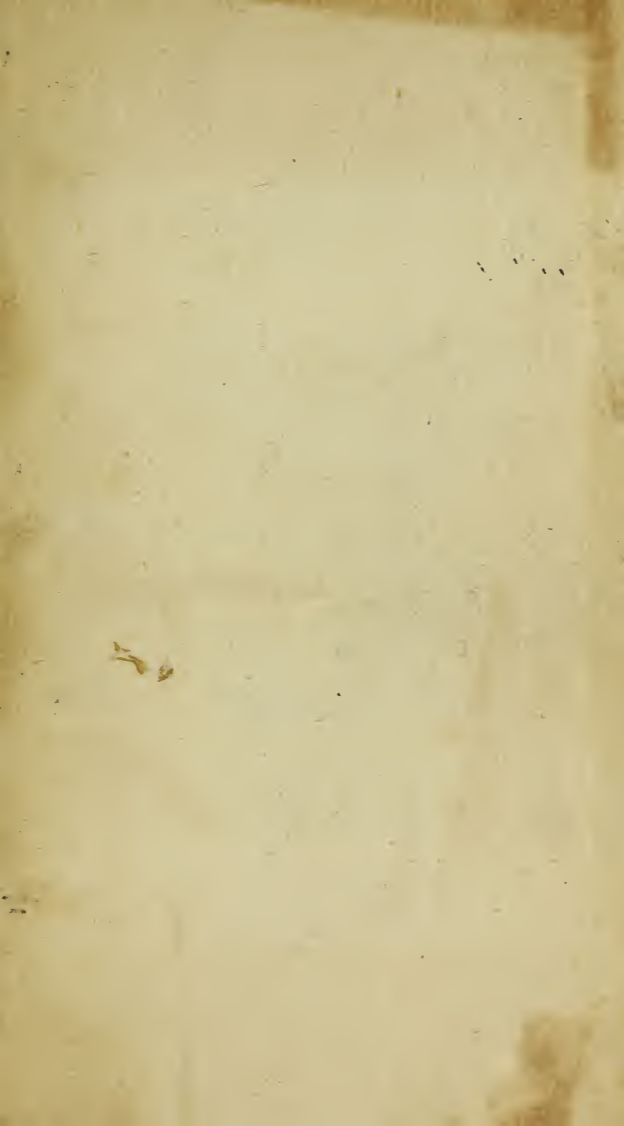


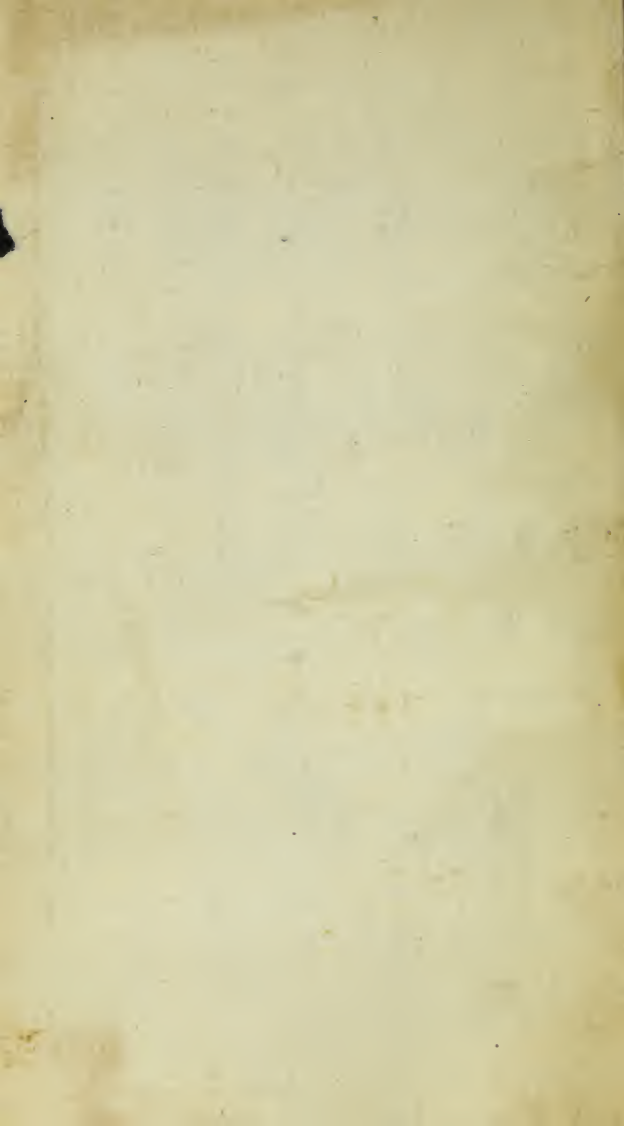
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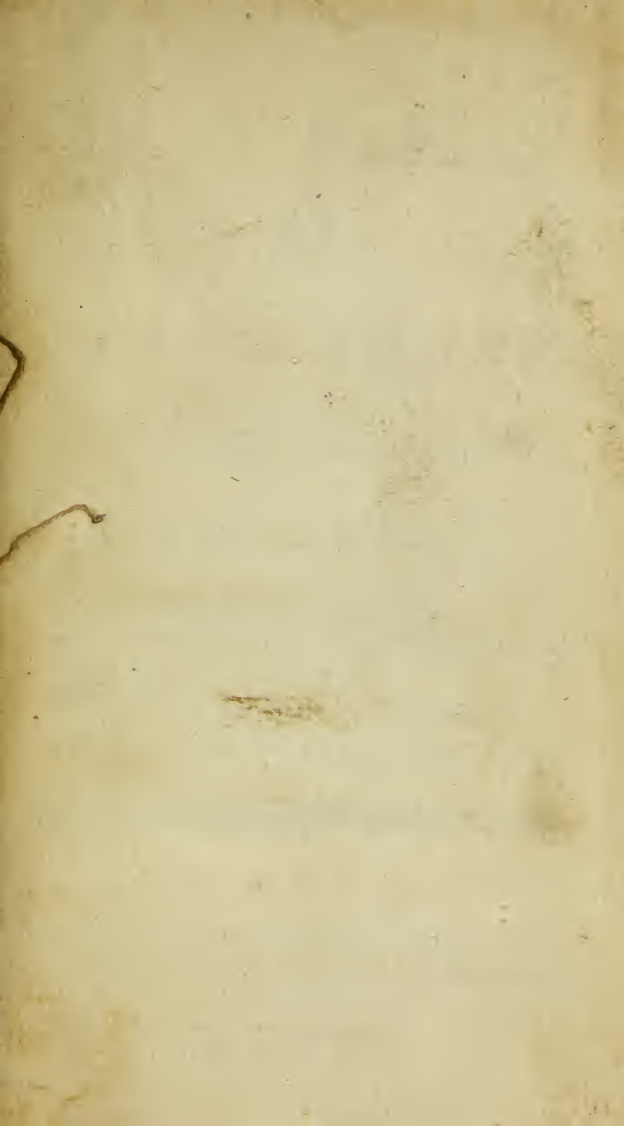
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THE
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CONTAINING,

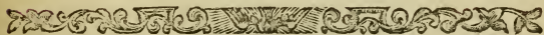
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Twelfth-Night: Or, What you will.

The Comedy of Errors.

The Winter-Night's Tale.

The Life and Death of King John.



L O N D O N :

Printed for H. Lintott, C. Hitch, J. and R. Tonson,
C. Corbet, R. and B. Wellington, J. Brindley
and E. New.

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May, 1873





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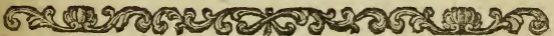
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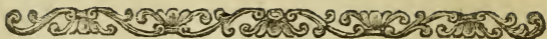


A L L ' s W E L L ,

T H A T

E N D S W E L L .





Dramatis Personæ.

KING of France.

Duke of Florence.

Bertram, *Count* of Rouffillon.

Lafeu, *an old Lord*.

Parolles, *a parasitical follower* of Bertram; *a coward, but vain, and a great pretender to valour.*

Several young French Lords, that serve with Bertram in the Florentine war.

Steward, }
Clown, } *Servants to the Countess* of Rouffillon.

Countess of Rouffillon, *mother* to Bertram.

Helena, *daughter* to Gerard de Narbon, *a famous physician, some time since dead.*

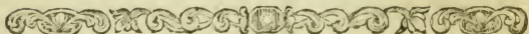
An old widow of Florence.

Diana, *daughter* to the *widow*.

Violenta, }
Mariana, } *Neighbours, and friends* to the *widow*.

Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c.

S C E N E *lies partly in France; and, partly in Tuscany.*





ALL'S *Well*, that ENDS *Well*.

A C T I.

SCENE, *The Countess of Roufillon's House
in France.*

*Enter Bertram, the Countess of Roufillon, Helena,
and Lafeu, all in Mourning.*

C O U N T E S S .

N delivering my son from me, I bury a
second husband.

Ber. And I in going, Madam, weep
o'er my father's death anew; but I must
attend his Majesty's command, to whom
I am now in ward, evermore in sub-
jection.

Laf. You shall find of the King a husband, Madam;
you, Sir, a father. He, that so generally is at all times
good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you; (1) whose
worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than
lack it where there is such abundance.

(1) *whose Worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather
than lack it where there is such Abundance.*] An Opposition of
Terms is visibly design'd in this Sentence; tho' the Opposition
is not so visible, as the Terms now stand. *Wanted* and *Abun-
dance* are the Opposites to one another; but how is *lack* a Con-
tract to *stir up*? The Addition of a single Letter gives it, and
the very Sense requires it.

Mr. Warburton.

6 *All's well, that Ends well.*

Count. What hope is there of his Majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his physicians, Madam, under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the process, but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *bad!* how sad a passage 'tis!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretch'd so far, it would have made nature immortal, and death should have play'd for lack of work. 'Would, for the King's sake, he were living! I think, it would be the death of the King's disease.

Laf. How call'd you the man you speak of, Madam?

Count. He was famous, Sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: *Gerard de Narbon.*

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, Madam; the King very lately spoke of him admiringly, and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have liv'd still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the King languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would, it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of *Gerard de Narbon*?

Count. His sole child, my lord, and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises her; disposition she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and atchieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, Madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes

all

all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, *Helena*, go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have it.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. (2) If the living be not enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, *Bertram*, and succeed thy father

In manners as in shape! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heav'n more will,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewel, my lord;
'Tis an unseason'd courtier, good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best,
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heav'n blest him! Farewel, *Bertram*.

[*Exit Countess.*]

Ber. [to *Hel*] The best wishes, that can be forg'd in your thoughts, be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewel, pretty lady, you must hold the credit of your father. [*Exeunt Bertram and Lafeu.*]

(2) *If the living be Enemy to the Grief, the Excess makes it soon mortal.*] This seems very obscure; but the Addition of a Negative perfectly dispels all the Mist. *If the Living be not Enemy, &c.* Excessive Grief is an Enemy to the Living, says *Lafeu*: Yes, replies the *Countess*; and if the Living be not Enemy to the Grief, [i. e. strive to conquer it,] the Excess makes it soon mortal.

Mr. Warburton.

Hel. Oh, were that all! ——— I think not on my father;

And these great tears grace his remembrance more,
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him. My imagination
Carries no favour in it, but my *Bertram's*.
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If *Bertram* be away. It were all one,
That I should love a bright partic'lar star,
And think to wed it; he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itself;
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, tho' a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table: heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour! ———
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relicks. Who comes here?

Enter Parolles.

One, that goes with him: I love him for his sake,
And yet I know him a notorious liar;
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils fit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind; full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair Queen.

Hel. And you, Monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And, no. ———

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay: you have some stain of soldier in you; let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity, how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and cur virginity, tho' valiant,
in

in the defence yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none: man, setting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up! — Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politick in the commonwealth of nature, to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got, 'till virginity was first lost. That, you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever lost; 'tis too cold a companion: away with't.

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mother; which is most infallible disobedience. He, that hangs himself, is a virgin: virginity murders itself, and should be buried in highways out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding its own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most prohibited sin in the canon. Keep it not, you cannot chuse but lose by't. Out with't; within ten years it will make itself two, which is a goodly increase, and the principal itself not much the worse. Away with't.

Hel. How might one do, Sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see. Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying. The longer kept, the less worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible. Answer the time of request. Virginity, like

an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion: richly futed, but unfutable; just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which we wear not now: your date is better in your pye and your porridge, than in your cheek; and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our *French* wither'd pears; it looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear: it was formerly better; marry, yet 'tis a wither'd pear. Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.

There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility;
His jarring concord; and his discord dulcet;
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty fond adoptious christendoms,
That blinking *Cupid* gossips. Now shall he ——
I know not, what he shall —— God fend him well! ——
The court's a learning place —— and he is one ——

Par. What one, i' faith?

Hel. That I wish well —— 'tis pity ——

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt; that We the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in withes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends:
And shew what we alone must think, which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter Page.

Page. Monsieur *Parolles*,
My lord calls for you.

[*Exit Page.*

Par. Little *Helen*, farewell; if I can remember thee,
I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur *Parolles*, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under *Mars*, I.

Hel. I especially think, under *Mars*.

Par.

Par. Why under *Mars*?

Hel. The wars have kept you so under, that you must needs be born under *Mars*.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward, when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes safety: but the composition, that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesse, as I cannot answer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away; farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends; get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee; so farewell.

[*Exit.*

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heav'n. The fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love so high,
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes; and kifs, like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts, to those
That weigh their pain in sense; and do suppose,
What hath been, cannot be. Who ever strove
To shew her merit, that did miss her love?
The King's disease — my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.

[*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Court of France.*

Flourish Cornets. Enter the King of France with letters, and divers Attendants.

King. THE *Florentines* and *Senoy's* are by th' ears ;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue

A braving war.

1 *Lord.* So 'tis reported, Sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible ; we here receive it,
A certainty vouch'd from our cousin *Austria* ;
With caution, that the *Florentine* will move us
For speedy aid ; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.

1 *Lord.* His love and wisdom,
Approv'd so to your Majesty, may plead
For ample credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer ;
And *Florence* is deny'd, before he comes :
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The *Tuscan* service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

2 *Lord.* It may well serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here ?

Enter Bertram, Lafeu and Parolles.

1 *Lord.* It is the count *Roussillon*, my good lord, young *Bertram*.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face.
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'st thou inherit too ! Welcome to *Paris*.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your Majesty's.

King. I would, I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father and myself in friendship

First try'd our foldiership : he did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Disciplin'd of the brav'ft. He lasted long ;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father ; in his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To day in our young lords ; but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour :
So like a courtier, no contempt or bitterness (3)
Were in him ; pride or sharpness, if there were,
His equal had awak'd them ; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exceptions bid him speak ; and at that time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks ;
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled : Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times ;
Which, follow'd well, would now demonstrate them
But goes backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, Sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb ;
So in approof lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.

King. 'Would, I were with him ! he would always
say,

(3) *So like a Courtier, no Contempt or Bitterness
Were in his Pride or Sharpness ; if they were,
His Equal had awak'd them.*——] This Passage seems
so very incorrectly pointed, that the Author's Meaning is lost
in the Carelessness. As the Text and Stops are reform'd, these
are most beautiful Lines, and the Sense this——“ He had no
“ *Contempt or Bitterness* ; if he had any thing that look'd like
“ *Pride or Sharpness*, (of which Qualities Contempt and Bit-
“ *terness* are the Excesses,) his Equal had awak'd them, not
“ his Inferior ; to whom he scorn'd to discover any thing that
“ bore the Shadow of *Pride or Sharpness*.” *Mr. Warburton.*
(Methinks,

(Methinks, I hear him now ; his plaufive words
 He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them
 To grow there, and to bear;) Let me not live,——
 (Thus his good melancholy oft began,
 On the catastrophe and heel of paftime,
 When it was out,) let me not live, (quoth he,)
 After my flame lacks oil ; to be the snuff
 Of younger fpirits, whose apprehenfive fenfes
 All but new things difdain ; whose judgments are
 Meer fathers of their garments ; whose conftancies
 Expire before their fashions :——this he wifh'd.
 I, after him, do after him wifh too,
 (Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,)
 I quickly were difsolved from my hive,
 To give fome labourers room.

2 Lord. You're loved, Sir ;

They, that leaft lend it you, fhall lack you firft.

King. I fill a place, I know't. How long is't, count,
 Since the phyfician at your father's died ?
 He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some fix months fince, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet ;——
 Lend me an arm ;——the reft have worn me out
 With feveral applications ; nature and ficknefs
 Debate it at their leifure. Welcome, count,
 My fon's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your Majefty. [*Flourifh.* *Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to the Countefs's at Rouffillon.*

Enter Countefs, Steward and Clown.

Count. I Will now hear ; what fay you of this gentle-
 woman ?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wifh might be found in the calendar of my paff endeavours ; for then we wound our modetty, and make foul the clearnefs of our defervings, when of ourfelves we publifh them.

Count. What does this knave here ? get you gone,
 Sirrah :

Sirrah : the complaints, I have heard of you, I do not all believe ; 'tis my slowness that I do not, for, I know, you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, Madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, Sir.

Clo. No, Madam ; 'tis not so well that I am poor, tho' many of the rich are damn'd ; but, if I have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, *Isbel* the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar ?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this case.

Count. In what case ?

Clo. In *Isbel's* case, and mine own ; service is no heritage, and, I think, I shall never have the blessing of God, 'till I have issue of my body ; for they say, bearns are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, Madam, requires it. I am driven on by the flesh ; and he must needs go, that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason ?

Clo. Faith, Madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them ?

Clo. I have been, Madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are ; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out of friends, Madam, and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clown. Y'are shallow, Madam, in great friends ; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am weary of ; he, that eares my land, spares my team, and gives me leave to inne the crop ; if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge ; he, that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood ; he, that cherisheth my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood ; he, that loves my
flesh

flesh and blood, is my friend: *ergo*, he, that kisses my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young *Charbon* the puritan, and old *Poyfam* the papist, howsoever their hearts are sever'd in religion, their heads are both one; they may joul horns together, like any deer i'th' herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet, I, Madam; and I speak the truth the next way; —————

“ For I the ballad will repeat, which men full true
“ shall find;

“ Your marriage comes by destiny, your cuckow sings
“ by kind.

Count. Get you gone, Sir, I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, Madam, that he bid *Helen* come to you; of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; *Helen* I mean.

Clo. “ Was this fair face the cause, quoth she, (4)
[Singing.

“ Why the Grecians sacked Troy?

“ Fond done, fond done; ——— for *Paris*, he,

(4) *Was this fair Face the Cause, quoth She,*

Why the Grecians sacked Troy?

Was this King Priam's Joy?] As the Stanza, that follows, is in alternate Rhyme, and as a Rhyme is here wanting to *She* in the first Verse; 'tis evident, the third Line is wanting. The old *Folio's* give Us a Part of it; but how to supply the lost Part, was the Question. Mr. *Rowe* has given us the Fragment honestly, as he found it: but Mr. *Pope*, rather than to seem founder'd, has sunk it upon Us. ——— I communicated to my ingenious Friend Mr. *Warburton*, how I found the Passage in the old Books;

[Fond done, done, fond,

Was this King Priam's Joy?]

And from Him I received that Supplement, which I have given to the Text. And the Historians tell us, it was *Paris* who was *Priam's* favourite Son.

“ Was

“ Was this King *Priam's* joy.
“ With that she sigh'd as she stood,
“ And gave this sentence then ;
“ Among nine bad if one be good,
“ There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten ? You corrupt the song, Sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, Madam, which is a purifying o'th' song : 'would, God would serve the world so all the year ! we'd find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the Parson ; one in ten, quoth a' ! an we might have a good woman born but every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well ; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, Sir knave, and do as I command you ?

Clo. That man that should be at a woman's command, and yet no hurt done ! tho' honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt ; it will wear the surplis of humility over the black gown of a big heart : I am going, forsooth, the business is for *Helen* to come hither.

[*Exit.*

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, Madam, you love your gentlewoman intirely.

Count. Faith, I do ; her father bequeath'd her to me ; and she herself, without other advantages, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds ; there is more owing her, than is paid ; and more shall be paid her, than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her, than, I think, she wish'd me ; alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears ; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she lov'd your son ; Fortune, she said, was no Goddess, (5) that had put such

(5) *Fortune, she said, was no Goddess, &c. Love, no God, &c. complain'd against the Queen of Virgins, &c.] This Passage stands thus in the old Copies :*

Love,

such difference betwixt their two estates ; Love, no God, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level ; *Diana*, no Queen of Virgins, that would suffer her poor Knight to be surpriz'd without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard a virgin exclaim in ; which I held it my duty speedily to acquaint you withal ; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharg'd this honestly, keep it to yourself ; many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe nor misdoubt ; pray you, leave me ; stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care ; I will speak with you further anon.

[*Exit Steward.*

Enter Helena.

Count. Ev'n so it was with me, when I was young ;
 If we are nature's, these are ours : this thorn
 Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong ;
 Our blood to us, this to our blood, is born ;
 It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
 Where love's strong passion is imprest in youth ;

Love, no God, that would not extend his Might only where Qualities were level, Queen of Virgins, that would suffer her poor Knight, &c.

'Tis evident to every sensible Reader that something must have slip't out here, by which the Meaning of the Context is render'd defective. The Steward is speaking in the very Words he overheard of the Young Lady ; Fortune was no Goddess, she said, for one Reason ; Love, no God, for another ; — what could She then more naturally subjoin, than as I have amended in the Text ?

Diana, no Queen of Virgins, that would suffer her poor Knight to be surpriz'd without Rescue, &c.

For in Poetical History *Diana* was as well known to preside over Chastity, as *Cupid* over Love, or *Fortune* over the Change or Regulation of our Circumstances.

By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none.
Her eye is sick on't; I observe her now.——

Hel. What is your pleasure, Madam?

Count. *Helen*, you know, I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother;

Why not a mother? when I said a mother,
Methought, you saw a serpent; what's in mother,
That you start at it? I say, I'm your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of those,
That were enwombed mine; 'tis often seen,
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds.
You ne'er oppress me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care:
God's mercy! maiden, do's it curd thy blood,
To say, I am thy mother? what's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd *Iris*, rounds thine eyes?
Why,——that you are my daughter?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, Madam.

The Count *Rouffillon* cannot be my brother;
I am from humble, he from honour'd, name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble.
My master, my dear lord he is; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.——

Count. Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, Madam; 'would you were,
(So that my lord, your son, were not my brother)
Indeed, my mother!—or were you both our mothers
I care no more for, than I do for heav'n,
So I were not his sister: can't no other,
But I your daughter, he must be my brother?——

Count. Yes, *Helen*, you might be my daughter-in-law;
God shield, you mean it not, daughter and mother
So strive upon your pulse! what, pale again?

My fear hath catch'd your fondness.—Now I see (6)
 The myst'ry of your loneliness, and find
 Your salt tears' head; now to all sense 'tis gross,
 You love my son; invention is ashamed,
 Against the proclamation of thy passion,
 To say, thou dost not; therefore tell me true;
 But tell me then, 'tis so. For, look, thy cheeks
 Confess it one to th' other; and thine eyes
 See it so grossly shown in thy behaviour,
 That in their kind they speak it: only sin
 And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
 That truth should be suspected; speak, is't so?
 If it be so, you've wound a goodly clew:
 If it be not, forswear't; howe'er, I charge thee,
 As heav'n shall work in me for thine avail,
 To tell me truly.

Hel. Good Madam, pardon me.

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress.

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, Madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
 Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose
 The state of your affection; for your passions
 Have to the full appeach'd.

(6) ————— *Now I see*

The myst'ry of your loneliness, and find

Your salt tears' head: —————] The Mystery of her

Loveliness is beyond my Comprehension: The old Countess is saying nothing ironical, nothing taunting, or in Reproach, that this Word should find a place here; which it could not, unless sarcastically employ'd, and with some spleen. I dare warrant, the Poet meant, his old Lady should say no more than this: "I now find the Mystery of your creeping into Corners, and weeping, and pining in secret." For this Reason I have amended the Text, *Loneliness*. The Steward, in the foregoing Scene, where he gives the Countess Intelligence of *Helen's* Behaviour, says;

Alone She was, and did communicate to herself her own Words to her own Ears.

Hel.

Hel. Then, I confefs,
Here on my knee, before high heav'ns and you,
That before you, and next unto high heav'n,
I love your fon :
My friends were poor, but honeft ; fo's my love ;
Be not offended ; for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me ; I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous fuit ;
Nor would I have him, 'till I do deserve him ;
Yet never know, how that desert fhall be.
I know, I love in vain ; ftrive againft hope ;
Yet, in this captious and intenable fieve,
I ftill pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lofe ftill ; thus, *Indian-like*,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The fun that looks upon his worfhipper,
But knows of him no more. My deareft Madam,
Let not your hate incounter with my love,
For loving where you do ; but if your felf,
Whofe aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in fo true a flame of liking
Wifh chaftly, and love dearly, that your *Dian*
Was both herfelf and love ; O then, give pity
To her, whofe ftate is fuch, that cannot chufe
But lend, and give, where fhe is fure to lofe ;
That feeks not to find that, which fearch implies ;
But, riddle-like, lives fweetly, where fhe dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, fpeak truly,
To go to *Paris* ?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore ? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth ; by Grace it felf, I fwear.
You know, my father left me fome prefcriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects ; fuch as his reading
And manifft experience had collected
For general fov'reignty ; and that he will'd me,
In heedfull'ft refervation to beftow them,
As notes, whofe faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note : amongst the reft,
There is a remedy, approv'd, fet down,

To cure the desperate languishings, whereof
The King is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive for *Paris*, was it, speak?

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this;
Else *Paris*, and the medicine, and the King,
Had from the conversation of my thoughts,
Haply, been absent then.

Count. But think you, *Helen*,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? he and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him:
They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to it self?

Hel. There's something in't
More than my father's skill, (which was the great'st
Of his Profession,) that his good receipt
Shall for my legacy be sanctified
By th' luckiest stars in heav'n; and, would your honour
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his *Grace's Cure*,
By such a day and hour.

Count. Dost thou believ't?

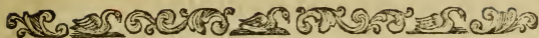
Hel. Ay, Madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, *Helen*, thou shalt have my leave and
love;

Means and attendants; and my loving greetings
To those of mine in Court. I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:
Begone, to morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.

[*Exit.*]





A C T II.

S C E N E, *the Court of France.*

Enter the King, with divers young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war. Bertram and Parolles.

Flourish Cornets.

K I N G.

Farewel, young Lords: these warlike principles
Do not throw from you: you, my Lords, fare-
wel;

Share the advice betwixt you. If both gain,
The gift doth stretch it self as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1 Lord. 'Tis our hope, Sir,
After well-enter'd foldiers, to return
And find your Grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess, it owns the malady
That doth my life besiege; farewell, young Lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy *French* men; (6) let higher *Italy*

(Those

(6) ————— let higher *Italy*

(*Those bated, that inherit but the Fall'*

Of the last Monarchy); see, &c.] This seems to me One of the very obscure Passages of *Shakespeare*, and which therefore may very well demand Explanation. *Italy*, at the time of this Scene, was under three very different Tenures. The Emperor, as Successor of the *Roman* Emperors, had one Part; the Pope, by a pretended Donation from *Constantine*, another; and the Third was compos'd of free States. Now by the *last Monarchy* is meant the *Roman*, the last of the four general Monarchies. Upon the Fall of this Monarchy, in the Scramble, several Cities set up for Themselves, and became free States: Now these might be said properly to *inherit* the *Fall* of the Monarchy. This being premised, now to the Sense, The King says,

Higher

(Those 'bated, that inherit but the Fall
Of the last Monarchy;) see, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The brave Questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That Fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.

2 *Lord.* Health at your bidding serve your Majesty!

King. Those girls of *Italy*,—take heed of them;
They say, our *French* lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewel. Come hither to me. [*To Attendants.*

[*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* Oh, my sweet Lord, that you will stay behind us!—

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the spark—

2 *Lord.* Oh, 'tis brave wars.

Par. Most admirable; I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with,
Too young, and the next year, and 'tis too early.—

Par. An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away bravely.

Ber. Shall I stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creeking my shoes on the plain masonry,
'Till Honour be bought up, and no sword worn
But one to dance with? by heav'n, I'll steal away.

1 *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, Count.

2 *Lord.* I am your accessary, and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd body.

Higher Italy;—giving it the Rank of Preference to *France*; but he corrects himself and says, I except Those from that Precedency, who only inherit the Fall of the last Monarchy; as all the little petty States; for instance, *Florence* to whom these Volunteers were going. As if he had said, I give the Place of Honour to the Emperor and the Pope, but not to the free States. All here is clear; and 'tis exactly *Shakespeare's* Manner, who lov'd to shew his Reading on such Occasions. *Mr. Warburton.*

1 *Lord.* Farewel, Captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet Monsieur *Parolles!* —

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin; good sparks and lustrous. A word, good metals. (7) You shall find in the regiment of the *Spinii*, one captain *Spurio* with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrenched it; say to him, I live, and observe his reports of me.

1 *Lord.* We shall, noble captain.

Par. Mars doat on you for his novices! what will ye do?

Ber. Stay; the King — [Exeunt *Lords.*

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble Lords, you have restrain'd your self within the list of too cold an adieu; be more expressive to them, for they wear themselves in the cap of the time; there, do muster true gate, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most receiv'd star; and tho' the devil lead the measure, such are to be follow'd: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows, and like to prove most finewy sword-men. [Exeunt.

Enter the King, and Lafeu.

Laf. Pardon, my Lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll see thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man stands, that hath bought his pardon.

I would, you had kneel'd, my Lord, to ask me mercy; And that at my bidding you could so stand up.

(7) You shall find in the Regiment of the *Spinii* one Captain *Spurio*, his Cicatrice, with an Emblem of War here on his sinister Cheek;] It is surprizing, none of the Editors could see that a slight Transposition was absolutely necessary here, when there is not common Sense in the Passage, as it stands without such Transposition. *Parolles* only means, "You shall find one Captain *Spurio* in the Camp with a Scar on his left Cheek, a Mark of War that my Sword gave him."

King. I would, I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Goodfaith, acrofs:— but, my good Lord, 'tis
thus;

Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will, my noble grapes; an if
My royal fox could reach them: (8) I have seen a
Med'cin,

That's able to breathe life into a stone;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance Canary
With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to araise King *Pepin*, nay,
To give great *Charlemain* a pen in's hand,
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, doctor-she: my Lord, there's one ar-
riv'd,

If you will see her. Now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness: will you see her,
For that is her Demand, and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good *Lafeu*,
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wona'ring how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [Exit *Lafeu*.]

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

(8) *I have seen a Medecine,*] *Lafeu* does not mean that he has
seen a Remedy, but a Person bringing such Remedy. I there-
fore imagine, our Author used the *French* Word, *Medecin*, i. e. a
Physician; this agrees with what he subjoins immediately in
Reply to the King,

Why, Doctor-She; — and — write to her a Love-line.

Laf.

Laf. [*Returns.*] Nay, come your ways.

[*Bringing in Helena.*]

King. This haste hath wings, indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways,

This is his Majesty, say your mind to him ;

A traitor you do look like ; but such traitors

His Majesty seldom fears ; I'm *Cressid's* uncle,

That dare leave two together ; fare you well. [*Exit.*]

King. Now, fair One, do's your business follow us ?

Hel. Ay, my good Lord.

Gerard de Narbon was my father,

In what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praise towards him ;

Knowing him, is enough : on's bed of death

Many receipts he gave me, chiefly one,

Which as the dearest issue of his practice,

And of his old experience th'only darling,

He bade me store up, as a triple eye,

Safer than mine own two : more dear I have so ;

And hearing your high Majesty is touch'd

With that malignant cause, wherein the honour

Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,

I come to tender it, and my appliance,

With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden ;

But may not be so credulous of cure,

When our most learned doctors leave us ; and

The congregated college have concluded,

That labouring art can never ransom nature

From her unaidable estate : we must not

So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,

To prostitute our past-cure malady

To empericks ; or to dislever so

Our great self and our credit, to esteem

A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains ;

I will no more enforce mine office on you ;

Humbly intreating from your royal thoughts

A modest one to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful;
Thou thought'st to help me, and such thanks I give,
As one near death to those that wish him live;
But what at full I know, thou know'st no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes; great floods have flown
From simple sources; and great seas have dry'd,
When mir'cles have by th' greatest been deny'd.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises: and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind
Maid;

Thy pains, not us'd, must by thy self be paid:
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:
It is not so with him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us, that square our guesses by shows:
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of heav'n we count the act of men.
Dear Sir, to my endeavours give consent,
Of heav'n, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
My self against the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist *Hesperus* hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;

What

What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise, no worse of worst extended;
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed Spirit doth
speak

His powerful sound, within an organ weak;
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate:
(9) Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all
That happiness and prime can happy call;
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
Sweet Practiser, thy physick I will try;
That ministers thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die,
And well deserv'd! Not helping, death's my fee;
But if I help, what do you promise me?

(9) *Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all, &c.*] This Verse is too short by a Foot; and apparently some Dissyllable is drop'd out by Mischance. Mr. Warburton concurr'd with me in Conjecture to supply the Verse thus:

Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all, &c.
Helena had laid a particular Stress on her maiden Reputation; and the King, afterwards, when he comes to speak of her to *Bertram*, says;

————— If she be
All that is virtuous, (save, What thou dislike'st,
A poor Physician's Daughter;) thou dislike'st
Of Virtue for her name: —————

King. (10) Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my scepter, and my hopes of heaven.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What Husband in thy power I will command.

Exempted be from me the arrogance

To chuse from forth the royal blood of *France*;

My low and humble name to propagate

With any branch or image of thy state:

But such a one thy vassal, whom I know

Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand, the premises observ'd,

Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd:

So, make the choice of thine own time; for I,

Thy resolv'd Patient, on thee still rely.

More should I question thee, and more I must;

(Tho' more to know, could not be more to trust:)

From whence thou cam'st, how tended on,— but rest

Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.

Give me some help here, ho! if thou proceed

As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to Roussillon.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. COME on, Sir; I shall now put you to the
height of your breeding.

Clown. I will shew my self highly fed, and lowly
taught; I know, my business is but to the court.

(10) *King.* Make thy Demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my Scepter and my hopes of help.] The King
could have but a very slight Hope of Help from her, scarce
enough to swear by: and therefore *Helen* might suspect, he
meant to equivocate with her. Besides, observe, the greatest
Part of the Scene is strictly in Rhyme: and there is no Sha-
dow of Reason why it should be interrupted here. I rather
imagine, the Poet wrote;

Ay, by my Scepter, and my Hopes of Heaven.

Dr. Thirlby.

Count.

Count. But to the court? why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt; but to the court!

Clo. Truly, Madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court: but for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your *French* crown for your taffaty punk, as *Tib's* rush for *Tom's* fore-finger, as a pancake for *Shrove-Tuesday*, a morris for *May-day*, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't. Ask me, if I am a courtier;—it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could: I will be a fool in a question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, Sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O lord, Sir——there's a simple putting off: more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O lord, Sir——thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, Sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O lord, Sir——nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whip'd, Sir, as I think.

Clo. O lord, Sir—— spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, O lord, Sir, at your whipping, and spare not me? indeed, your O lord, Sir, is very frequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my——O lord, Sir; I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble hufwife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O lord, Sir——why, there't serves well again.

Count. An end, Sir; to your business: give *Helen* this, And urge her to a present answer back.

Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son:
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them?

Count. Not much employment for you, you understand me.

Clo. Most fruitfully, I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E *changes to the Court of France.*

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.

Laf. [11] **T**HEY say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons to make modern, and familiar, things supernatural and causeless.

[11] *They say Miracles are past, and we have our Philosophical Persons to make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless.*] This, as it has hitherto been pointed, is directly opposite to our Poet's, and his Speaker's, Meaning. As I have stop'd it, the Sense quadrates with the Context: and, surely, it is one unalterable Property of Philosophy, to make seeming strange and preternatural *Phenomena* familiar, and reduceable to Cause and Reason.

Hence

Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; enscorning our selves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit our selves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our later times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquish'd of the artists ———

Par. So I say, both of *Galen* and *Paracelsus*.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentick Fellows ———

Par. Right, so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable, ———

Par. Why, there 'tis, so say I too.

Laf. Not to be help'd, ———

Par. Right, as 'twere a man assur'd of an ———

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death, ———

Par. Just, you say well: so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed, if you will have it in shewing, you shall read it in, what do you call there ———

Laf. A shewing of a heav'nly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it, I would have said the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: for me, I speak in respect ———

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he's of a most facinerosous spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the ———

Laf. Very hand of heav'n.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak ———

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence; which should, indeed, give us a farther use to be made than alone the recovery of the King; as to be ———

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter King, Helena, and attendants.

Par. I would have said it, you said well: here comes the King.

Laf. Lustick, as the *Dutchman* says: I'll like a Maid the better, while I have a tooth in my head: why, he's able to lead her a Corranto.

Par. *Mort du Vinaigre!* is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the Lords in court.
Sir, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift;
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye; this youthful parcel
Of noble batchelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sov'reign power and father's voice
I have to use; thy frank election make;
Thou hast power to chuse, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when love please! marry, to each but one.—

Laf. I'd give bay curtal and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys,
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those, but had a noble father.

[She addresses her self to a Lord.]

Hel. Gentlemen, heaven hath, through me, restor'd
The King to health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid, and therein wealthiest,
That, I protest, I simply am a maid.—
Please it your Majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
“ We blush that thou should'st chuse, but be refus'd;
“ Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever,
“ We'll ne'er come there again.

King. Make choice, and see,
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, *Dian*, from thy altar do I fly,
And to imperial *Love*, that God most high,
Do my sighs stream: Sir, will you hear my suit?

1 Lord. And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, Sir;—all the rest is mute.

Laf.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw ames-
ace for my life.

Hel. The honour, Sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2 *Lord.* No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great Love grant! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her? if they were sons of mine,
I'd have them whipt, or I would send them to the *Turk*
to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take,
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows, and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none of her:
sure. they are bastards to the *English*, the *French* ne'er
got 'em.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 *Lord.* (12) Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet, ——

Par. I am sure, thy father drunk wine. ——

Laf. But if thou be'est not an *afs*, I am a
Youth of fourteen. I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not say, I take you; but I give
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,

(12) 4 *Lord.* Fair One, I think not so.

Laf. There's one Grape yet, I am sure my Father drunk
Wine: but if Thou be'est not an *Afs*, I am a Youth of fourteen:
I have known thee already.] Surely, this is most incongruent
Stuff. *Lafeu* is angry with the other Noblemen, for giving
Helen the Repulse: and is he angry too, and thinks the fourth
Nobleman an *Afs*, because he's for embracing the Match? The
Whole, certainly, can't be the Speech of one Mouth. As I have
divided the Speech, I think, Clearness and Humour are restor'd.
And if *Parolles* were not a little pert and impertinent here to
Lafeu, why should he say, he had found him out already? Or
why should he quarrel with him in the very next Scene?

36 *All's well, that Ends well.*

Into your guided power: this is the man. [*To Bertram.*]

King. Why then, young *Bertram*, take her, she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my Liege? I shall beseech your Highness,

In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, *Bertram*,
What she hath done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good Lord,
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st, she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my Lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well:
She had her breeding at my father's charge:
A poor physician's daughter my wife!—Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up: strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences, so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislike'st,
A poor physician's daughter,) thou dislike'st
Of virtue for the name: but do not so.

(13) From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignify'd by th' doer's deed.

Where great addition swells, and virtue none,

It is a drop'd honour; good alone,
Is good without a name. Vileness is so:

The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;

In these, to nature she's immediate heir;

(13) *From lowest Place, whence virtuous Things proceed,*

The Place is dignified by th' Doer's Deed.] 'Tis strange,
that none of the Editors could perceive, that both the Sentiment and Grammar are defective here. The easy Correction, which I have given, was prescribed to me by the ingenious *Dr. Thirlby*.

And

And these breed honour : That is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the fire. Honours best thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers : the mere word's a slave
Debaucht on every tomb, on every grave ;
A lying trophy ; (14) and as oft is dumb,
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones, indeed. What should be said ?
If thou can'st like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest : virtue and she,
Is her own dow'r ; honour and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou should'st strive
to chuse.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I'm glad :
Let the rest go. ———

King. (15) My honour's at the stake ; which to defend,
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift !
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love, and her desert ; that canst not dream,
We, poizing us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam ; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour, where

(14) ——— and as oft is dumb,

Where Dust and damn'd Oblivion is the Tomb.

Of honour'd Bones, indeed, what should be said ?] This is
such pretty Stuff, indeed, as is only worthy of its accurate Edi-
tors ! The Transposition of an innocent Stop, or two, is a
Task above their Diligence : especially, if common Sense is
to be the Result of it. The Regulation, I have given, must
strike every Reader so at first Glance, that it needs not a Word
in Confirmation.

(15) *My Honour's at the Stake ; which to defeat*

I must produce my Pow'r.] The poor King of *France* is
again made a Man of *Gotham*, by our unmerciful Editors :
What they make him say, is mere mock-reasoning : For he is
not to make use of his Authority to defeat, but to defend, his
Honour,

We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt :
 Obey our will, which travels in thy good ;
 Believe not thy disdain, but presently
 Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
 Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims ;
 Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
 Into the staggers, and the careless lapse
 Of youth and ignorance ; my revenge and hate
 Loosing upon thee in the name of justice,
 Without all terms of pity. Speak, thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious Lord ; for I submit
 My fancy to your eyes. When I consider,
 What great creation, and what dole of honour
 Flies where you bid ; I find, that she, which late
 Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
 The praised of the King ; who, so enobled,
 Is, as 'twere, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
 And tell her, she is thine : to whom I promise
 A counterpoize ; if not in thy estate,
 A balance more repleat.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the King
 Smile upon this contract ; whose ceremony
 Shall seem expedient on the new-born brief,
 And be perform'd to night ; the solemn feast
 Shall more attend upon the coming space,
 Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
 Thy love's to me religious ; else does err. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Parolles and Lafeu.

Laf. Do you hear, Monsieur ? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, Sir ?

Laf. Your Lord and Master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation ? — my Lord ? my Master ?

Laf. Ay, is it not a language I speak ?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be understood
 without bloody succeeding. My master ?

Laf. Are you companion to the Count *Roussillon* ?

Par.

Par. To any Count; to all Counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is Count's man; Count's master is of another stile.

Par. You are too old, Sir; let it satisfie you, you are too old. ———

Laf. I must tell thee, Sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass; yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burthen. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that thou'rt scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee ———

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy tryal; which if, ——— Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! so, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, I look thro' thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My Lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay; with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my Lord, deserv'd it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, ev'ry dram of it; and I will not 'bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser ———

Laf. Ev'n as soon as thou can'st, for thou hast to pull at a smack o'th' contrary. If ever thou beest bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My Lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would, it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing, I am past;—as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.

[*Exit.*]

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy Lord!—well, I must be patient, there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a Lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of — I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter Lafeu.

Laf. Sirrah, your Lord and Master's married, there's news for you: you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your Lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs. He, my good Lord, whom I serve above, is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, Sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think, thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my Lord.

Laf. Go to, Sir; you were beaten in *Italy* for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more sawcy with lords and honourable personages, than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Bertram.

Par. Good, very good, it is so then. — Good, very good, let it be conceal'd a while.

Ber.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn Priest I've sworn,
I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweet heart?

Ber. O my *Parolles*, they have married me:
I'll to the *Tuscan* wars, and never bed her.

Par. *France* is a dog-hole, and it no more merits the
tread of a man's foot: to th' wars.

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the im-
port is, I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known: to th' wars, my
boy, to th' wars.

He wears his honour in a box, unseen,
That hugs his kickfy-wickfy here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of *Mars's* fiery steed: to other regions

France is a stable, we that dwell in't jades,
Therefore to th' war.

Ber. It shall be so, I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the King
That which I durst not speak. His present gift
Shall furnish me to those *Italian* fields,
Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife
To the dark house, and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight away: to-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound, there's noise in it.—

'Tis hard;

A young man, married, is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go,
The King has done you wrong: but, hush! 'tis so.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter

Enter Helena and Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly, is she well ?

Clo. She is not well, but yet she has her health ; she's very merry, but yet she is not well : but, thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i'th' world ; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well ?

Clo. Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things ?

Clo. One, that she's not in heav'n, whither God send her quickly ; the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly !

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady !

Hel. I hope, Sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortune.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on ; and to keep them on, have them still. O, my knave, how does my old lady ?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles and I her mony, I would, she did, as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man ; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing : to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title ; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, Sir, before a knave, th'art a knave ; that's, before me th'art a knave : this had been truth, Sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, Sir ? or were you taught to find me ? the search, Sir, was profitable, and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the encrease of laughter.

Par.

Par. A good knave, i'faith, and well fed.
Madam, my Lord will go away to night,
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off by a compell'd restraint:
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o'th' King,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding;
Strengthen'd with what apology, you think,
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. (16) In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so. *(Exit Parolles.)*

Hel. I pray you.—Come, Sirrah. *[To Clown.]*

[Exeunt.]

Enter Lafeu and Bertram.

Laf. But, I hope, your Lordship thinks not him a
soldier.

Ber. Yes, my Lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark
for a bunting.

(16) *Hel.* *In every Thing I wait upon his Will.*

Par. *I shall report it so.*

Hel. I pray you come, Sirrah.] The Pointing of *Helena's* last short Speech stands thus absurdly, thro' all the Editions. My Regulation restores the true Meaning Upon *Parolles* saying, He shall report it so; *Helena* is intended to reply, I pray you, do so; and then, turning to the *Clown*, She more familiarly addresses him, and bids him come along with her.

Ber.

Ber. I do assure you, my Lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then finned against his experience, and transgress'd against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent: here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I will pursue the amity.

Enter Parolles.

Par. These things shall be done, Sir.

Laf. I pray you, Sir, who's his taylor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well; I, Sir, he, Sir's, a good workman, a very good taylor.

Ber. Is she gone to the King? [*Aside to Parolles.*

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure, given order for our horses; and to night, when I should take possession of the bride ——— and ere I do begin ———

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lyes three thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten ——— God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my Lord and you, Monsieur?

Par. I know not, how I have deserved to run into my Lord's displeasure.

Laf. (17) You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leapt into the custard;

(17) *You have made shift to run into't, Boots and Spurs and all, like him that leapt into the Custard.*] This odd Allusion is not introduc'd without a View to Satire. It was a Foolery practis'd at City-Entertainments, whilst the *Jester* or *Zany* was in Vogue, for him to jump into a large deep Custard: set for the Purpose, to set on a Quantity of barren Spectators to laugh; as our Poet says in his *Hamlet*.

and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be, you have mistaken him, my Lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, tho' I took him at's prayers. Fare you well, my Lord, and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut: the soul of this man is his clothes. Trust him not in matter of heavy consequence: I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewel, Monsieur, I have spoken better of you, than you have or will deserve at my hand, but we must do good against evil. [Exit.

Par. An idle lord, I swear. —

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I know him well, and common speech Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have, Sir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the King, and have procur'd his leave For present parting; only, he desires Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.

You must not marvel, *Helena*, at my course, Which holds not colour with the time; nor does The ministration and required office On my particular. Prepar'd I was not For such a business; therefore am I found So much unfettled: this drives me to intreat you, That presently you take your way for home, And rather muse, than ask, why I intreat you; For my respects are better than they seem, And my appointments have in them a need Greater than shews itself at the first view, To you that know them not. This to my mother.

[Giving a letter.

I will be two days ere I shall see you, so leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say, at that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall

With true observance seek to eke out That,
Wherein tow'rd me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let That go :

My haste is very great. Farewel; hie home.

Hel. Pray, Sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say ?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe ;
Nor dare I say, 'tis mine, and yet it is ;
But, like a tim'rous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have ?

Hel. Something, and scarce so much ——— nothing,
indeed ———

I would not tell you what I would, my Lord——'faith,
yes ;——

Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kifs.

Ber. I pray you, stay not : but in haste to horse.

Hel. (18) I shall not break your bidding, good my
Lord. [Exit Helena.]

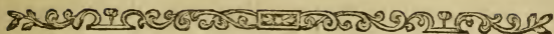
Ber. Where are my other men, Monsieur?—farewel.
Go thou tow'rd home, where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum :
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, Couragio ! [Exeunt.]

(18) *Hel.* I shall not break your Bidding, good my Lord :
Where are my other Men? Monsieur, farewel.

Ber. Go thou toward home, where I will never come,]

What other Men is *Helen* here enquiring after? Or who is She
suppos'd to ask for them? The old Countess, 'tis certain, did
not send her to the Court without some Attendants: but nei-
ther the *Clown*, nor any of her Retinue, are now upon the
Stage: *Bertram*, observing *Helen* to linger fondly, and wanting
to shift her off, puts on a Shew of Haste, asks *Parolles* for his
Servants, and then gives his Wife an abrupt Dismission.



A C T III.

SCENE, *the Duke's Court in Florence.*

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, two French Lords, with Soldiers.

D U K E.

SO that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war,
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.

1 Lord. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your Grace's part; but black and fearful
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin *France*
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

2 Lord. Good my Lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion; therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
Myself in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I guest.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

2 Lord. But I am sure, the younger of our nation,
That surfeit on their ease, will day by day
Come here for physick.

Duke. Welcome shall they be:
And all the honours, that can fly from us,
Shall on them settle. You know your places well.
When better fall, for your avails they fell;
To-morrow, to the field.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to Rouffillon, in France.*

Enter Countess, and Clown.

Count. IT hath happen'd, all as I would have had it ;
I save, that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young Lord to be a
very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you ?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing ;
mend his ruff, and sing ; ask questions, and sing ; pick
his teeth, and sing. I knew a man that had this trick
of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means
to come. *[Reads the letter.*

Clo. I have no mind to *Isbel*, since I was at court.
Our old ling, and our *Isbels* o'th' country, are nothing
like your old ling, and your *Isbels* o'th' court : the brain
of my *Cupid's* knock'd out ; and I begin to love, as an
old man loves mony, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here ?

Clo. E'en That you have there. *[Exit.*

Countess reads a letter.

*I have sent you a daughter-in-law : she hath recovered
the King, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded
her ; and sworn to make the not eternal. You shall hear,
I am run away ; know it, before the report come. If there
be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance.
My duty to you.*

Your unfortunate Son,

Bertram.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a King,
To pluck his indignation on thy head ;
By the misprizing of a maid, too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O Madam, yonder is heavy news within between two foldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be kill'd so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be kill'd?

Clo. So say I, Madam, if he run away, as I hear he does; the danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come, will tell you more. For my part, I only hear, your son was run away.

Enter Helena, and two Gentlemen.

1 Gen. Save you, good Madam.

Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for ever gone.—

2 Gen. Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience: 'pray you, gentlemen, I've felt so many quirks of joy and grief, That the first face of neither, on the start, Can woman me unto't. Where is my son?

2 Gen. Madam, he's gone to serve the Duke of *Flo-*
rence.

We met him thitherward, for thence we came;
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on this letter, Madam; here's my pass-
port.

*When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which ne-
ver shall come off; and shew me a child begotten of
thy body that I am father to, then call me husband;
but in such a Then I write a Never.*

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 Gen. Ay, Madam, and, for the contents' sake, are
sorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer.

If thou engross'est all the griefs as thine,

Thou robb'ft me of a moiety : he was my fon,
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child. Towards *Florence* is he?

2 *Gen.* Ay, Madam.

Count. And to be a foldier?

2 *Gen.* Such is his noble purpose; and, believe't,
The Duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1 *Gen.* Ay, Madam, with the fwiftest wing of speed.

Hel. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.

'Tis bitter.

[*Reading.*

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Yes, Madam.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, happily,
which his heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in *France*, until he have no wife?
There's nothing here, that is too good for him,
But only she; and she deserves a lord,
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly mistress. Who was with him?

1 *Gen.* A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have some time known.

Count. *Parolles*, was't not?

1 *Gen.* Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness:
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

1 *Gen.* Indeed, good lady, the fellow has a deal of
that too much, which holds him much to have.

Count. Y'are welcome, gentlemen; I will intreat you,
when you see my son, to tell him, that his sword can
never win the honour that he loses: more I'll intreat you
written to bear along.

2 *Gen.* We serve you, Madam, in that and all your
worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near? [*Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.*

Hel. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.
Nothing in *France*, until he has no wife!

Thou

Thou shalt have none, *Roussillon*, none in *France*;
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I,
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoaky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-piercing air,
That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord:
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there.
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff, that do hold him to it;
And tho' I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected. Better 'twere,
I met the rav'ning lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger: better 'twere,
That all the miseries, which nature owes,
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, *Roussillon*;
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar;
As oft it loses all. I will be gone:
My being here it is, that holds thee hence.
Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all; I will be gone;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To console thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [Exit.]

SCENE changes to the Duke's Court in Florence.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, *Drum*
and *Trumpets*, *Soldiers*, *Parolles*.

Duke. **T**HE General of our Horse thou art, and
we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength ; but yet
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
To th' extream edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go forth,
And fortune play upon thy prosp'rous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress !

Ber. This very day,
Great *Mars*, I put myself into thy file ;
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum ; hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to Rouffillon in France.*

Enter Countess and Steward.

Count. **A** Las ! and would you take the letter of her ?
Might you not know, she would do, as
she has done,
By sending me a letter ? Read it again.

L E T T E R.

*I am St. Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone ;
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war
My dearest master, your dear son, may live ;
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervour sanctifie.
His taken labours bid him me forgive ;
I, his despightful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live ;
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth.
He is too good and fair for death and me,
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.*

Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words ?
Rynaldo, you did never lack advice so much,
As letting her pass so ; had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon, Madam,
If I had given you this at over-night
She might have been o'er-ta'en ; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband ? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, relieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice. Write, write, *Rynaldo*,
To this unworthy husband of his wife ;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light : my greatest grief,
Tho' little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Dispatch the most convenient messenger ;
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return, and hope I may, that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is dearest to me, I've no skill in sense
To make distinction ; provide this messenger ;
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak ;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a publick Place in Florence.*

A Tucket afar off.

*Enter an old Widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta, and
Mariana, with other Citizens.*

Wid. **N**AY, come. For if they do approach the
city, we shall lose all the fight.

Dia. They say, the *French Count* has done most ho-
nourable service.

Wid. It is reported, that he has ta'en their greatest
commander ; and that with his own hand he slew the
Duke's brother. We have lost our labour, they are
gone a contrary way : hark, you may know by their
trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, *Diana*, take heed of this *French* Earl; the honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour, how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave, (hang him!) one *Parolles*; a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young Earl; beware of them, *Diana*; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under; many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shews in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to advise you further; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, tho' there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter Helena, disguis'd like a Pilgrim.

Wid. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim; I know, she will lye at my house; thither they send one another; I'll question her: God save you, pilgrim! whither are you bound?

Hel. To St. *Jaques le Grand*. Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the St. *Francis*, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way? [*A march afar off.*]

Wid. Ay, marry, is't. Hark you, they come this way. If you will tarry, holy pilgrim, but 'till the troops come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;
The rather, for, I think, I know your hostess
As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from *France*.

Hel. I did so.

Wid.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you ?

Dia. The Count *Rouffillon* : know you such a one ?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him ;
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from *France*,
As 'tis reported ; for the King had married him
Against his liking. Think you, it is so ?

Hel. Ay, surely, meer the truth ; I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman, that serves the Count,
Reports but courselly of her.

Hel. What's his name ?

Dia. Monsieur *Parolles*.

Hel. Oh, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great Count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated ; all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and That
I have not heard examin'd.

Dia. Alas, poor lady !

'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. Ah ! right ; good creature ! wheresoe'er she is
Her heart weighs sadly ; this young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean ?

May be, the am'rous Count sollicit's her
In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does, indeed ;
And brokes with all, that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid :
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Drum and Colours. Enter *Bertram, Parolles, Officers*
and *Soldiers attending.*

Mar. The Gods forbid else !

Wid. So, now they come :

That is *Antonio*, the Duke's eldest son ;

That, *Escalus*.

Hel. Which is the *Frenchman* ?

Dia. He ;

That with the plume ; 'tis a most gallant fellow ;

I would, he lov'd his wife ! if he were honefter,

He were much goodlier. Is't not a handsome gentleman ?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity, he is not honest ; yond's that same knave, (19)

That leads him to these paces ; were I his lady,

I'd poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he ?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs. Why is he melancholy ?

Hel. Perchance, he's hurt i'th' battel.

Par. Lose our drum ! well. ———

Mar. He's shrewdly vex'd at something. Look, he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you !

[*Exeunt Bertram, Parolles, &c.*

Mar. And your courtesie, for a ring-carrier ! ———

Wid. The troop is past : come, pilgrim, I will bring you,

Where you shall host : Of injoyn'd penitents

There's four or five, to great St. *Jaques* bound,

Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you :

Please it this matron, and this gentle maid

To eat with us to night, the charge and thanking

(19) ———— *Yond's That same Fellow,*

That leads him to these Places.] What *Places* ? He did not lead him to be *General* of Horse under the Duke of *Florence*, sure. Nor have they been talking of *Brothels* ; or, indeed, any particular *Locality*. I make no *Question*, but our *Author* wrote ;

That leads him to these Paces.

i. e. to such irregular Steps, to Courses of Debauchery, to not loving his Wife,

Shall

Shall be for me: and to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [Exeunt.]

Enter Bertram, and the two French Lords.

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to't: let him have his way.

2 *Lord.* If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

1 *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think, I am so far deceiv'd in him?

1 *Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman; he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him, lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at some great and trusty business in a main danger fail you.

Ber. I would, I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum; which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of *Florentines*, will suddenly surprize him; such I will have, whom, I am sure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hood-wink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents; he but your lordship present at his examination, if he do not for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

2 Lord. O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem for't; (20) when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and

(20) *When your Lordship sees the bottom of his Success in't, and to what Metal this Counterfeit Lump of Ours will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's Entertainment, your Inclining cannot be remov'd.*] Lump of Ours has been the Reading of all the Editions. Oare, according to my Emendation, bears a Consonancy with the other Terms accompanying, (viz. Metal, Lump, and melted) and helps the Propriety of the Poet's Thought: For so one Metaphor is kept up, and all the Words are proper and suitable to it. But, what is the Meaning of *John Drum's Entertainment*? *Lafeu* several Times afterwards calls *Parolles*, *Tom Drum*. But the Difference of the Christian Name will make None in the Explanation. There is an old Motley Interlude, (printed in 1601) call'd, *Jack Drum's Entertainment: Or, the Comedy of Pasquil and Katharine*. In This, *Jack Drum* is a Servant of Intrigue, who is ever aiming at Projects, and always foil'd, and given the Drop. And there is another old piece (publish'd in 1627) call'd, *Apollo shrouing*, in which I find these Expressions.

Thuriger. *Thou Lozel, hath Slug infested you?*

Why do you give such kind Entertainment to that Cobweb?

Scopas. *It shall have Tom Drum's Entertainment; a Flap with a Fox-tail.*

But Both these Pieces are, perhaps, too late in Time, to come to the Assistance of our Author: so we must look a little higher. What is said here to *Bertram* is to this Effect. "My Lord, as you have taken this Fellow [*Parolles*] into so near a Confidence, if, upon his being found a Counterfeit, you don't cashier him from your Favour, then your Attachment is not to be remov'd." — I'll now subjoin a Quotation from *Holingshed*, (of whose Books *Shakespeare* was a most diligent Reader) which will pretty well ascertain *Drum's* History. This Chronologer, in his Description of *Ireland*, speaking of *Patrick Scarfesfield*, (Mayor of *Dublin* in the Year 1551,) and of his extravagant Hospitality, subjoins, that no Guest had ever a cold or forbidding Look from any Part of his Family: so that his Porter, or any other Officer, durst not, for both his Ears, give the simplest Man, that resorted to his House, *Tom Drum's Entertainment*, which is, to hale a Man in by the Head, and thrust him out by both the Shoulders,

to what metal this counterfeit lump of Oar will be melted, if you give him not *John Drum's* entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter Parolles.

1 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design, let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, Monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2 *Lord.* A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! is't but a drum? a drum so lost! there was an excellent command! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers.

2 *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that *Cæsar* himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum, but it is not to be recover'd.

Par. It might have been recover'd.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recover'd; but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*—

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, Monsieur; if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it; the Duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening; and I will presently pen down my dilemma's, encourage myself in my certainty,

60 *All's well, that Ends well.*

tainty, put myself into my mortal preparation ; and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his Grace, you are gone about it ?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my Lord ; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know, th'art valiant ; and to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee ; farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [Exit.

1 *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water.— Is not this a strange fellow, my Lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done ; damns himself to do it, and dares better be damn'd than to do't ?

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do ; certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries ; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto ?

2 *Lord.* None in the world, but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies ; but we have almost imboss'd him, you shall see his fall to night ; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

1 *Lord.* We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we catch him. He was first smok'd by the old lord *Lafeu* ; when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him ; which you shall see, this very night.

2 *Lord.* I must go and look my twigs ; he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

2 *Lord.* As't please your lordship. I'll leave you.

[Exit.

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and shew you The last I spoke of.

1 *Lord.* But you say, she's honest.

Ber.

Ber. That's all the fault : I spoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold ; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i'th' wind,
Tokens and letters, which she did re-send ;
And this is all I've done : she's a fair creature,
Will you go see her ?

1 Lord. With all my heart, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to the Widow's House.*

Enter Helena, and Widow.

Hel. IF you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not, how I shall assure you further ;
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Tho' my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these busineses ;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the Count he is my husband ;
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken,
Is so, from word to word ; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you,
For you have shew'd me that, which well approves
Y'are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again
When I have found it. The Count wooes your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her ; let her consent,
As we'll direct her how, 'tis best to bear it.
Now his important blood will nought deny,
'That she'll demand : a ring the Count does wear,
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents,
Since the first father wore it. This ring he holds

In most rich choice; yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see the bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then. It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastly absent: after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded:


Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musick of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us
To chide him from our eaves, for he persists,
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then, to night
Let us assay our plot; which if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed;
And lawful meaning in a lawful act,
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact.
But let's about it——

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T



A C T IV.

SCENE, *Part of the French Camp in Florence.*

Enter one of the French Lords, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.

L O R D.

HE can come no other way but by this hedge-corner; when you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will; though you understand it not your selves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one amongst us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

Sol. Good captain, let me be th'interpreter.

Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

Sol. No, Sir, I warrant you.

Lord. But what linzie-woolfie hast thou to speak to us again?

Sol. Ev'n such as you speak to me.

Lord. He must think us some band of strangers i'th'adversaries' entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages, therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy; not to know what we speak one to another, so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politick. But couch, hoa! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten o' clock; within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say, I have done?

done? it must be a very plausible invention that carries it. They begin to smother me, and disgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door; I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of *Mars* before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aside.*]

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give my self some hurts, and say, I got them in exploit; yet slight ones will not carry it. They will say, came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give; wherefore what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy my self another of *Bajazet's* mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

Lord. Is it possible, he should know what he is, and be that he is? [*Aside.*]

Par. I would, the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my *Spanish* sword.

Lord. We cannot afford you so. [*Aside.*]

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to say, it was in stratagem.

Lord. 'Twould not do. [*Aside.*]

Par. Or to drown my cloaths, and say, I was stript.

Lord. Hardly serve. [*Aside.*]

Par. Though I swore, I leap'd from the window of the cittadel—

Lord. How deep? [*Aside.*]

Par. Thirty fathom.

Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. [*Aside.*]

Par. I would, I had any drum of the enemies; I would swear, I recover'd it.

Lord. You shall hear one anon. [*Aside.*]

Par. A drum now of the enemies! [*Alarum within.*]

Lord. *Throco movoufus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, villiando par corbo, cargo.*

Par.

Par. Oh! ransom, ransom:—do not hide mine eyes.

[*They seize him and blindfold him.*]

Inter. *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Par. I know, you are the *Muskos* regiment,
And I shall lose my life for want of language.

If there be here *German*, or *Dane*, low *Dutch*,
Italian, or *French*, let him speak to me,

I'll discover That which shall undo the *Florentine*.

Inter. *Boskos wawwado*; I understand thee, and can
speak thy tongue; *Kereybonto*,—Sir, betake thee to
thy faith, for seventeen poniards are at thy bosom.

Par. Oh!

Int. Oh, pray, pray, pray.

Mancha ravancha dulce.

Lord. *Osceoribi dulchos woliworco.*

Int. The General is content to spare thee yet,
And, hood-winkt as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee. Haply thou may'st inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. Oh let me live,

And all the secrets of our Camp I'll shew;
Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll speak That
Which you will wonder at.

Int. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

Int. *Acordo linta.*

Come on, thou art granted space.

[*Exit.*]

[*A short alarum within.*]

Lord. Go, tell the Count *Roussillon* and my brother,
We've caught the woodcock, and will keep him muf-
fled

'Till we do hear from them.

Sol. Captain, I will.

Lord. He will betray us all unto our selves,
Inform 'em That.

Sol. So I will, Sir:

Lord. 'Till then I'll keep him dark and safely lockt:

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to the Widow's House.*

Enter Bertram, and Diana.

THEY told me, that your name was *Fontibell.*

Dia. No, my good Lord, *Diana.*

Ber. Titled Goddess,

And worth it with addition! but, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no Maiden, but a Monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your Mother was,
When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No.

My Mother did but duty; such, my Lord,
As you owe to your Wife.

Ber. No more o' that!

I pr'ythee do not strive against my vows:
I was compell'd to her, but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us,
'Till we serve you: but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick our selves,
And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn!

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth;
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true;
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the High'st to witness: then, pray tell me,
If I should swear by *Jove's* great Attributes
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him. Therefore your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions but unseal'd;

At

At least, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it:

Be not so holy-cruel. Love is holy,
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,
That you do charge men with: stand no more off,
But give thy self unto my sick desires,
Which then recover. Say, thou art mine; and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so persever.

Dia. I see, that men make hopes in such affairs
That we'll forsake our selves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my Dear, but have no power
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my Lord?

Ber. It is an Honour 'longing to our House,
Bequeathed down from many Ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i'th' world
In me to lose.

Dia. Mine Honour's such a ring;
My chastity's the jewel of our House,
Bequeathed down from many Ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i'th' world
In me to lose. Thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion Honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring.

My House, my Honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber
window;

I'll order take, my Mother shall not hear.

Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:

My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them,
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd;

And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring, that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our past deeds.

Adieu, 'till then; then, fail not: you have won
A Wife of me, tho' there my hope be done.

Ber.

Ber. A heav'n on earth I've won by wooing thee.

[*Exit.*]

Dia. For which live long to thank both heav'n and me.
You may so in the end. ———

My Mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she fate in's heart; she says, all men
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me,
When his Wife's dead: therefore I'll lye with him,
When I am buried. (21) Since *Frenchmen* are so braid,
Marry 'em that will, I'd live and die a maid;
Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin
To cozen him, that would unjustly win. [Exit.]

SCENE *changes to the French Camp in
Florence.*

Enter the two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.

1 *Lord.* YOU have not given him his Mother's
letter?

2 *Lord.* I have deliver'd it an hour since; there is
something in't, that stings his nature; for, on the read-
ing it, he chang'd almost into another man.

(21) ——— *Since Frenchmen are so braid,
Marry that will, I'll live and dye a Maid.*] This is cer-
tainly the most cruel Resolution, that ever poor Wench made.
What! because *Frenchmen* were false, She, that was an *Italian*,
would marry Nobody. But it is plain, as refin'd as this Rea-
soning is, her Mother did not understand the Delicacy of the
Conclusion; for afterwards She comes into *Helen's* Project, on
the Promise of a good round Dow'ry of 1000 Crowns, to help
her Daughter to a Husband. In short, the Text is, without all
Question, corrupted; and we should read it thus.

————— *Since Frenchmen are so braid,
Marry 'em that will, I'de live and dye a Maid.*

i. e. since *Frenchmen* prove so crooked and perverse in their
Manners, let who will marry them, I had rather live and die a
Maid than venture upon them. This she says with a view to
Helen, who appear'd so fond of her Husband, and went thro'
so many Difficulties to obtain him, M^r. Warburton.

1 *Lord.*

1 *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

2 *Lord.* Especially, he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the King, who had even tun'd his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Lord.* When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young Gentlewoman here in *Florence*, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour; he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 *Lord.* Now God delay our rebellion; as we are our selves, what things are we!

2 *Lord.* Meerly our own traitors; and, as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, 'till they attain to their abhorr'd ends; so he, that in this action contrives against his own Nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us to be the trumpeters of our unlawful intents? we shall not then have his company to night?

2 *Lord.* Not 'till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company anatomiz'd, that he might take a measure of his own Judgment, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him 'till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of these Wars?

2 *Lord.* I hear, there is an overture of Peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I assure you, a Peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will Count *Rouffillon* do then? will he travel higher, or return again into *France*?

1 *Lord.* I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his Council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, Sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his Wife some two months since fled from his House, her pretence is a Pilgrimage to St. *Jagues le Grand*; which holy Undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplish'd; and there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this justified?

1 *Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her story true, even to the point of her death; her Death it self (which could not be her office to say, is come) was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the Count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord.* I am heartily sorry, that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord.* How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses!

2 *Lord.* And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! the great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encounter'd with a shame as ample.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipt them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your Master?

Ser. He met the Duke in the street, Sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his Lordship will next morning for *France*. The Duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the King.

2 *Lord.* They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter

Enter Bertram.

1 Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the King's tartness : here's his Lordship now. How now, my Lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to night dispatch'd sixteen busineses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success; I have congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertain'd my convoy; and, between these main parcels of dispatch, effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but That I have not ended yet.

2 Lord. If the busines be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your Lordship.

Ber. I mean, the busines is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? come, bring forth this counterfeit module; h'as deceiv'd me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

2 Lord. Bring him forth; h'as fate in the Stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserv'd it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

1 Lord. I have told your Lordship already: the Stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood, he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk; he hath confess'd himself to *Morgan*, whom he supposes to be a Friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i'th' Stocks; and what, think you, he hath confest?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face; if your Lordship bein't, as, I believe, you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Enter Parolles, with his Interpreter.

Ber. A plague upon him, muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush! hush!

1 Lord.

1 *Lord.* Hoodman comes: *Portotartarossa.*

Int. He calls for the tortures; what, will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint; if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

Int. *Bosko Chimurcho.*

2 *Lord.* *Biblibindo chicurmurco.*

Int. You are a merciful General: our General bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

Int. First demand of him, how many Horse the Duke is strong. What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand, but very weak and unserviceable; the troops are all scatter'd, and the Commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

Int. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do, I'll take the Sacrament on't, how and which way you will: all's one to me.

Ber. What a past-saving slave is this!

1 *Lord.* Y'are deceiv'd, my Lord, this is Monsieur *Parolles*, the gallant militarist, that was his own phrase, that had the whole theory of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 *Lord.* I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe, he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

Int. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse I said, (I will say true,) or thereabouts, set down; for I'll speak truth.

1 *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

Int. Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, Sir; a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

Int. Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot. What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, Sir, if I were to live this present hour,

hour, I will tell true. Let me see; *Spurio* a hundred and fifty, *Sebastian* so many, *Corambus* so many, *Jaques* so many; *Guiltian*, *Cosmo*, *Lodowick*, and *Gratii*, two hundred and fifty each; mine own company, *Chitopher*, *Vaumond*, *Bentii*, two hundred and fifty each; so that the muster file, rotten and sound, upon my life amounts not to fifteen thousand Poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the Duke.

Int. Well, that's set down. You shall demand of him, whether one Captain *Dumain* be i'th' camp, a *Frenchman*: what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in war; or whether he thinks, it were not possible with well-weighting sums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the Interrogatories. Demand them singly.

Int. Do you know this Captain *Dumain*?

Par. I know him; he was a botcher's prentice in *Paris*, from whence he was whipt for getting the sheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him *nay*.

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; tho' I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

Int. Well, is this Captain in the Duke of *Florence's* Camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lowsie.

Lord. Nay, look not so upon me, we shall hear of your Lordship anon.

Int. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me the other day to turn him out o'th' band. I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

Int. Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon the file with the Duke's other letters in my tent.

Int. Here 'tis, here's a paper, shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know, if it be it or no.

Ber. Our Interpreter does it well.

Lord. Excellently.

Int. Dian, *the Count's a fool, and full of gold.*

Par. That is not the Duke's letter, Sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in *Florence*, one *Diana*, to take heed of the allurements of one *Count Rouffillon*, a foolish idle boy; but, for all that, very ruttish. I pray you, Sir, put it up again.

Int. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable! both sides rogue.

Interpreter reads the letter.

When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it.

After he scores, he never pays the score:

Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it:

He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before.

And say, a soldier (Dian) told thee this:

(22) *Men are to melle with, boys are but to kisse.*

For, count of this, the Count's a fool, I know it;

Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

'Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

(22) *Men are to melle with, boys are not to kisse.]* All the Editors have obtruded a new Maxim upon us here, that *Boys are not to kisse.* — *Livia*, in *Beaumont and Fletcher's Tamer tam'd*, is of a quite opposite Opinion.

For Boys were made for Nothing but dry Kisses.

And our Poet's Thought, I am perswaded, went to the same Tune; that *Boys* are only to kisse; *Men* to mingle with, and give more substantial Pleasures. *To melle*, is deriv'd from the French Word, *mêler*; to mingle.

Ber.

Ber. He shall be whipt through the army with this rhyme in his forehead.

2 Lord. This is your devoted friend, Sir, the manifold linguist, and the armi-potent foldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

Int. I perceive, Sir, by the General's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, Sir, in any case; not that I am afraid to die; but that my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, Sir, in a Dungeon, i'th' Stocks, any where, so I may live.

Int. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more, to this Captain *Dumain*: you have answer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, Sir, an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments he parallels *Nessus*. He professes no keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than *Hercules*. He will lie, Sir, with such volubility, that you would think, truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swine-drunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-cloaths about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, Sir, of his honesty, he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 Lord. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? a pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

Int. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, Sir, h'as led the drum before the *English* Tragedians: to belie him, I will not; and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that Country, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there call'd *Mile-end*, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord.* He hath out-villain'd villany so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a cat still.

Int. His Qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *Quart-d'ecu* he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it, and cut th'intail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

Int. What's his Brother, the other Captain *Dumain*?

2 *Lord.* Why does he ask him of me?

Int. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow o'th' same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his Brother for a Coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a Retreat he out-runs any lacquey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

Int. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the *Florentine*?

Par. Ay, and the Captain of his horse, Count *Roussillon*.

Int. I'll whisper with the General, and know his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming, a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the Count, have I run into danger; yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken? [*Aside.*]

Int. There is no remedy, Sir, but you must die; the General says, you, that have so traiterously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsmen, off with his head.

Par. O lord, Sir, let me live, or let me see my death.

Int. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unbinding him.*]

So, look about you; know you any here?

Ber.

Ber. Good morrow, noble Captain.

2 Lord. God bless you, Captain *Parolles*.

1 Lord. God save you, noble Captain.

2 Lord. Captain, what Greeting will you to my Lord *Lafeu*? I am for *France*.

1 Lord. Good Captain, will you give me a copy of that same Sonnet you writ to *Diana* in behalf of the Count *Roussillon*? if I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [*Exeunt.*

Int. You are undone, Captain, all but your scarf; that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crush'd with a Plot?

Int. If you could find out a Country where but women were that had receiv'd so much shame, you might begin an impudent Nation. Fare you well, Sir, I am for *France* too, we shall speak of you there.

[*Exit.*

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more,
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft,
As Captain shall. Simply the thing I am
Shall make me live; who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
'That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, *Parolles*, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by fool'ry thrive;
There's place and means for every man alive.
I'll after them.

} [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Widow's House, at Florence.*

Enter Helena, Widow and Diana.

Hel. **T**HAT you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the Greatest in the christian world
Shall be my Surety; 'fore whose Throne 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
Time was, I did him a desired office

Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty *Tartar's* bosom would peep forth,
And answer thanks. I duly am inform'd,
His Grace is at *Marseilles*, to which place
We have convenient Convoy; you must know,
I am supposed dead; the Army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the King,
We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle Madam,
You never had a servant, to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, Mistress,
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love: doubt not, but heav'n
Hath brought me up to be your Daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night; so lust doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter. You, *Diana*,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honestly
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet I pray you:
But with the word the time will bring on summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp: we must away,
(23) Our Waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us;

(23) *Our Waggon is prepar'd, and Time revives us;*] The
Word *revives* conveys so little Idea of Sense here, that it seems
very liable to Suspicion. How could Time revive these tra-
velling Adventurers?

Mr. Warburton very reasonably conjectures, that we should read,
————— and Time revives us;

i. e. looks us in the Face, calls upon us to hasten.

All's well, that ends well; still the fine's the crown;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to Rouffillon in France.*

Enter Countess, Lafeu, and Clown.

Laf. NO, no, no, your Son was mis-led with a snipt-taffata fellow there. whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbak'd and dowy youth of a nation in his colour. Your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour; and your son here at home, more advanc'd by the King than by that red-tail'd humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would, I had not known him! it was the death of the most virtuous Gentlewoman that ever Nature had Praise for creating; if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a Mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady. We may pick a thousand fallets ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, Sir, she was the sweet marjoram of the fallet, or rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not fallet-herbs, you knave, they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great *Nebuchadnezzar*, Sir, I have not much skill in grafs.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thy self, a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, Sir, at a woman's service; and a knave, at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, Sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, Sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a Prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that, a *Frenchman*?

Clo. Faith, Sir, he has an *English* name; but his phisnomy is more hotter in *France* than there.

Laf. What Prince is that?

Clo. The black Prince, Sir, *alias* the Prince of Darknes, *alias* the Devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse; I give thee not this to seduce thee from thy Master thou talk'st of, serve him still.

Clo. I'm a woodland fellow, Sir, that always lov'd a great fire; and the Master I speak of ever keeps a good fire; but, sure, he is the Prince of the world, let his Nobility remain in's Court. I am for the House with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for Pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flow'ry way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a weary of thee, and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways, let my horses be well look'd to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, they shall be jades' tricks, which are their own right by the law of Nature.

[*Exit.*]

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My Lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him; by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sawciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well, 'tis not amiss; and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good Lady's death, and that my Lord your Son was upon his return home, I mov'd the King my Master to speak in the behalf of my Daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his Majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first

first propose; his Highness hath promis'd me to do it; and to stop up the displeasure he hath conceiv'd against your son, there is no fitter matter. How do's your Ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my Lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His Highness comes post from *Marseilles*, of as able a body as when he number'd thirty; he will be here to morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in such intelligence hath seldom fail'd.

Count. It rejoices me, that, I hope, I shall see him ere I die. I have letters, that my son will be here to night: I shall beseech your Lordship to remain with me 'till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Enter Clown.

Clo. O Madam, yonder's my Lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face; whether there be a scar under't, or no, the velvet knows, but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet; his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

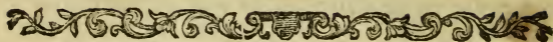
Count. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour. So, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonado'd face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em with delicate fine hats and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*





A C T V.

S C E N E, *the Court of France, at
Marseilles.*

*Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana, with two
Attendants.*

H E L E N A.

BUT this exceeding posting day and night
Must wear your spirits low; we cannot help it.
But since you've made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs;
Be bold, you do so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time, —

Enter a Gentleman.

This man may help me to his Majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power. God save you, Sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of *France*.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, Sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the King;
And aid me with that store of power you have,
To come into his presence.

Gent. The King's not here.

Hel. Not here, Sir?

Gent.

Gent. Not, indeed.

He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. *All's well, that ends well* yet,
Tho' time seem so adverse, and means unfit:
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gen. Marry, as I take it, to *Rouffillon*,
Whither I'm going.

Hel. I beseech you, Sir,
Since you are like to see the King before me,
Commend this paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find your self to be well thank'd,
What-e'er falls more. We must to horse again.
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E *changes to Rouffillon.*

Enter Clown, and Parolles.

Par. **G**OOD Mr. *Lewatch*, give my Lord *Lafew*
this letter; I have ere now, Sir, been bet-
ter known to you, when I have held familiarity with
fresher cloaths; (23) but I am now, Sir, muddied in
fortune's moat, and smell somewhat strong of her strong
displeasure.

Clo.

(23) *But I am now, Sir, muddied in Fortune's Mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong Displeasure.*] *Fortune's Mood* is, without Question, good Sense, and very proper: and yet I verily believe, the Poet wrote as I have restor'd in the Text;—*in Fortune's Moat*: because the Clown in the very next Speech replies, *I will henceforth eat no Fish of Fortune's buttering*, and again, when he comes to repeat *Parolles's* Petition to *Lafew*,—*that hath fall'n into the unclean Fishpond of her Displeasure*, and, as he says, *is muddied withal*. And again, *Pray you, Sir, use*

the

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but stuttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's butt'ring. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, Sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, Sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, Sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! pr'ythee, stand away; a paper from fortune's close-stool, to give to a Nobleman! look, here he comes himself.

Enter Lafeu.

Here is a pur of fortune's, Sir, or fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat;) that hath fall'n into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal. Pray you, Sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. (24) I do pity his distress in my families of comfort, and leave him to your Lordship.

Par. My Lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

the Carp as you may, &c. In all which Places, 'tis obvious, a Moat, or Pond, is the Allusion. Besides, *Parolles* smelling strong, as he says, of Fortune's strong Displeasure, carries on the same Image: For as the *Moats* round old Seats were always replenish'd with Fish, so the Clown's joke of holding his Nose, we may presume, proceeded from This——because *la Chambre basse* was always over the Moat: and therefore the Clown humourously says, when *Parolles* is pressing him to deliver his Letter to Lord *Lafeu*.——*Foh! pr'ythee, stand away: A Paper from Fortune's Closestool, to give to a Nobleman!*

(24) *I do pity his Distress in my Smiles of Comfort,*] This very humorous Passage my Friend Mr. Warburton rescued from Nonsense most happily, by the Insertion of a single Letter, in the Manner I have reform'd the Text. These *Similies* of Comfort are ironically meant by the Clown; as much as to say, you may perceive, how much I think he deserves Comfort, by my calling him *Fortune's Cat, Carp, rascally Knave, &c.*

Laf.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you play'd the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of her self is a good Lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? there's a *Quart-d'ecu* for you: let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour, to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't, save your word.

Par. My name, my good Lord, is *Parolles*.

Laf. You beg more than one word then. Cox' my passion! give me your hand: how does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first, that found me.

Laf. Was I, insooth? and I was the first, that lost thee.

Par. It lyes in you, my Lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the Devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Sound Trumpets.*] The King's coming, I know, by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had talk of you last night; tho' you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*]

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, Lafeu, the two French Lords, with attendants.

King. We lost a jewel of her, (25) our esteem Was made much poorer by it; but your son,

As

(25) ————— our Esteem

Was made much poorer by it:—] What's the Meaning of the King's Esteem being made poorer by the Loss of Helen? I think, it can only be understood in one Sense; and that Sense won't carry Water: i. e. We suffer'd in our Estimation by her Loss,

As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my Liege;
And I beseech your Majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i'th' blade of youth,
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd Lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Tho' my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say,
But first I beg my pardon; the young Lord
Did to his Majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;
Whose dear perfection, hearts, that scorn'd to serve,
Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear. Well ——— call him
hither;

We're reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition: let him not ask our pardon.
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
Th' incensing relicks of it. Let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my Liege.

Loss. But how so? Did the King contribute to her Misfortunes? Nothing like it. Or did he not do all in his Power to prevent them? Yes; he married *Bertram* to her. We must certainly read therefore;

We lost a Jewel of her; our Estate

Was made much poorer by it:

That's the certain Consequence of any one's losing a Jewel,
for their Estate to be made proportionably poorer according
to the Value of the Loss.

Mr. Warburton.

King.

King. What says he to your daughter? Have you spoke?

Laf. All, that he is, hath reference to your Highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me,

That set him high in fame.

Enter Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I'm not a day of season,
For thou may'st see a sun-shine and a hail
In me at once; but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high repented blames,
Dear Sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole,
Not one word more of the consumed time,
Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this Lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my Liege. At first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stoll'n;
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object: thence it came,
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd:————
That thou do'st love her, strikes some scores away
From the great 'compt; but love, that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sencer turns a sowre offence,

Crying,

Crying, that's good that is gone: our rash faults
 Make trivial price of serious things we have,
 Not knowing them, until we know their grave.
 Oft our displeasures, to our selves unjust,
 Destroy our friends, and, after, weep their dust:
 Our own love, waking, cries to see what's done,
 While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
 Be this sweet *Helen's* knell; and now, forget her.
 Send forth your amorous token for fair *Maudlin*,
 The main consents are had, and here we'll stay
 To see our widower's second marriage-day:

Count. (25) Which better than the first, O dear
 heav'n, bless,

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
 Must be digested: give a favour from you
 To sparkie in the spirits of my daughter,
 That she may quickly come. By my old beard,
 And ev'ry hair that's on't, *Helen*, that's dead,
 Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,
 The last that e'er she took her leave at court,
 I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Her's it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it: For mine eye,
 While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.
 This ring was mine; and, when I gave it *Helen*,
 I bad her, if her fortunes ever stood
 Necessitated to help, that by this token
 I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her
 Of what should stead her most?

(25) *Which better than the first, O dear Heav'n, bless,*

Or, e'er they meet, in me, O Nature, cease!] I have ventur'd, against the Authority of the printed Copies, to prefix the *Countess's* Name to these two Lines. The King appears, indeed, to be a Favourer of *Bertram*: but if *Bertram* should make a bad Husband the second Time, why should it give the King such mortal Pangs? A fond and disappointed Mother might reasonably not desire to live to see such a Day: and from her the Wish of dying, rather than to behold it, comes with Propriety.

Ber.

Ber. My gracious Sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never her's.

Count. Son, on my life,
I've seen her wear it, and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I'm sure, I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my Lord, she never saw it;
In *Florence* was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: (26) Noble she was, and thought
I stood unengag'd; but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. *Plutus* himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
Than I have in this ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas *Helen's*,
Whoever gave it you: then if you know,
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
(Where you have never come) or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

(26) ——— noble *She was, and thought*

I stood engag'd;—] I don't understand this Reading;
if we are to understand, that She thought *Bertram* engag'd to
her in Affection, insnar'd by her Charms, this Meaning is too
obscurely express'd. The Context rather makes me believe,
that the Poet wrote,

————— noble *She was, and thought*

I stood unengag'd;

i. e. unengag'd: neither my Heart, nor Person, dispos'd of.

King.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour ;
 And mak'st conject'ral fears to come into me,
 Which I would fain shut out ; if it should prove
 That thou art so inhuman — 'twill not prove so —
 And yet I know not — thou didst hate her deadly,
 And she is dead ; which nothing, but to close
 Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
 More than to see this ring. Take him away.

[*Guards seize Bertram.*

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
 Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
 Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,
 We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove,
 This ring was ever hers, you shall as easie
 Prove that I husbanded her bed in *Florence*,
 Where yet she never was. *Exit Bertram guarded.*

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I'm wrap'd in dismal thinkings.

Gent. Gracious Sovereign,
 Whether I've been to blame or no, I know not :
 Here's a petition from a *Florentine*,
 Who hath for four or five removes come short
 'To tender it herself. I undertook it,
 Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
 Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
 Is here attending : her business looks in her
 With an importing visage ; and she told me,
 In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
 Your Highness with herself.

The King reads a letter.

*Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife
 was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the Count
 Rouffillon a widower, his vows are forfeited to me, and
 my honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking
 no leave, and I follow him to this country for justice : grant
 it me, O King, in you it best lyes ; otherwise a seducer
 flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.* Diana Capulet.

Laf.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for him. For this, I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, *Lafeu*,
To bring forth this discov'ry. Seek these suitors:
Go speedily, and bring again the Count.

Enter Bertram.

I am afraid, the life of *Helen* (lady)
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now justice on the doers!

King. I wonder, Sir, wives are so monstrous to you,
And that you fly them as you swear to them;
Yet you desire to wed. What woman's that?

Enter Widow and Diana.

Dia. I am, my Lord, a wretched *Florentine*,
Derived from the ancient *Capulet*;
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, Sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease without your remedy.

King. Come hither, Count; do you know these women?

Ber. My Lord, I neither can, nor will, deny
But that I know them; do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my Lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heav'n's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she, which marries you, must marry me,
Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation comes too short for my daughter, you are no husband for her. [To Bertram.]

Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and desp'rate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your Highness

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to
friend,

'Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies!

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my Lord;
And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my Lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price.
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel: yet for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o'th' camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis his:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gemm
Conferr'd by Testament to th' sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife,
That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought, you said,
You saw one here in Court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my Lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an instrument; his name's *Parolles*.

Laf. I saw the man to day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o'th' world tax'd and debosh'd,
Which nature sickens with: but to speak truth,
Am I or that or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think, she has; certain it is, I lik'd her,
And boarded her i'th' wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,

Madding my eagerness with her restraint ;
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy : and in fine,
Her insuit coming with her modern grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate : she got the ring ;
And I had That, which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient :

You, that turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you ?

Dia. Sir, much like the same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring ? this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter Parolles.

Ber. My Lord, I do confess, the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts
you!——

Is this the man you speak of ?

Dia. It is, my Lord.

King. Tell me, Sirrah, but tell me true, I charge
you,

Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
Which on your just proceeding I'll keep off ;
By him and by this woman here, what know you ?

Par. So please your Majesty, my master hath been
an honourable Gentleman. Tricks he hath had in him,
which Gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose ; did he love this
Woman ?

Par. 'Faith, Sir, he did love her ; but how ?

King. How, I pray you ?

Par.

Par. He did love her, Sir, as a Gentleman loves a Woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He lov'd her, Sir, and lov'd her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave; what an equivocal companion is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your Majesty's Command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my Lord, but a naughty Orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promis'd me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your Majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he lov'd her: for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what; yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would derive me ill will to speak of; therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married; but thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore stand aside. This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good Lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor did I buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways, How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easie glove, my Lord, she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now ;
To prison with her : and away with him.
*Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.*

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my Liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Dia. By *Jove*, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty ;
He knows, I am no maid, and he'll swear to't ;
I'll swear, I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great King, I am no strumpet, by my life ;
I'm either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[*Pointing to Lafeu.*

King. She does abuse our ears ; to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal Sir,

[*Ex. Widow.*

The jeweller, that owes the ring, is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this Lord, [*To Bert.*
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
Tho' yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.
He knows himself, my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with child ;
Dead tho' she be, she feels her young one kick :
So there's my riddle ; one, that's dead, is quick.
And now behold the meaning.

Enter Helena, and Widow.

King. Is there no Exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes ?
Is't real, that I see ?

Hel. No, my good Lord,
'Tis but a shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both ; oh, pardon !

Hel. Oh, my good Lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wond'rous kind ; there is your ring,
And look you, here's your letter : this it says,

When

*When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child, &c. This is done.
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?*

Ber. If she, my Liege, can make me know this
clearly,

I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!

O, my dear mother, do I see you living?

[*To the Countess.*

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon:

Good *Tom Drum*, lend me a handkerchief, [*To Parolles.*

So, I thank thee, wait on me home. I'll make sport
with thee: let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy
ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow:

If thou beest yet a fresh uncropped flower, [*To Diana.*

Chuse thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;

For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid,

Thou kept'st a wife her self, thy self a maid.

Of that and all the progress more and less,

Resolvedly more leisure shall express:

All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,

The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet. [*Exeunt.*

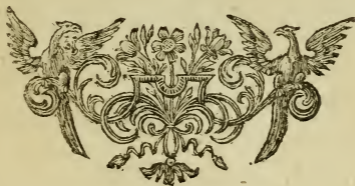




EPILOGUE,

Spoken by the KING.

THE King's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day;
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.



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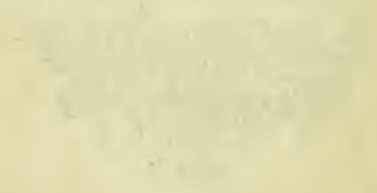
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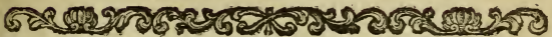
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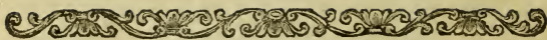


TWELFTH-NIGHT:

O R,

WHAT YOU WILL.





Dramatis Personæ.

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*

Sebastian, *a young Gentleman, Brother to Viola.*

Antonio, *a Sea-captain, Friend to Sebastian.*

Valentine, }
Curio, } *Gentlemen, attending on the Duke.*

Sir Toby Belch, *Uncle to Olivia.*

Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, *a foolish Knight, pretending to Olivia.*

A Sea-captain, Friend to Viola.

Fabian, *Servant to Olivia.*

Malvolio, *a fantastical Steward to Olivia.*

Clown, *Servant to Olivia.*

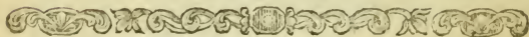
Olivia, *a Lady of great Beauty and Fortune, below'd by the Duke.*

Viola, *in love with the Duke.*

Maria, *Olivia's Woman.*

Priest, Sailors, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *a City on the Coast of Illyria.*





TWELFTH-NIGHT:

O R,

WHAT YOU WILL.

A C T I.

SCENE, *The PALACE.*

Enter the Duke, Curio, and Lords.

D U K E.



If musick be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet
sough,

That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour. Enough!—no more;
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.

O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch so'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,

Even in a minute ; (1) so full of shapes in fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my Lord ?

Duke. What, *Curio* ?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have :
O, when my eyes did see *Olivia* first,
Methought, she purg'd the air of pestilence ;
That instant was I turn'd into a hart,
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me. How now, what news from her ?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her hand-maid do return this answer :
The element itself, 'till seven years hence,
Shall not behold her face at ample view ;
But, like a cloystress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine : all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her ? when liver, brain, and heart,
These sov'reign thrones, are all supply'd, and fill'd,
Her sweet perfections, with one self-same King !
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers ;
Love-thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*

(1) ————— so full of Shapes is Fancy,

That it alone is high fantastical.] There can be no Reason why the Duke here, who is altogether serious, and moralizing on the Qualities of Love, should tell us, that *Fancy* is alone the most *fantastical* Thing imaginable. I am persuaded, the Alteration of *is* into *in* has given us the Poet's genuine Meaning ; that *Love* is most *fantastical*, in being so variable in its *Fancies*.

Mr. Warburton.

SCENE,

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Viola, a Captain and Sailors.

Vio. WHAT country, friends, is this?

Cap. *Illyria, Lady.*

Vio. And what should I do in *Illyria*?

My brother he is in *Elysum*. ———

Perchance, he is not drown'd; what think you, sailors?

Cap. It is perchance, that you yourself were sav'd.

Vio. O my poor brother! so, perchance, may he be.

Cap. True, Madam: and to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,

When you, and that poor number sav'd with you,

Hung on our driving boat: I saw your brother,

Most provident in peril, bind himself

(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)

To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea;

Where, like *Arion* on the dolphin's back,

I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,

So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold.

Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,

Whereto thy speech serves for authority,

The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Cap. Ay, Madam, well; for I was bred and born,
Not three hours travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. *Orsino*.

Vio. *Orsino*! I have heard my father name him:
He was a batchelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late;

For but a month ago I went from hence,

And then 'twas fresh in murmur (as you know,

What Great ones do, the less will prattle of)

That he did seek the love of fair *Olivia*.

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a Count,

That dy'd some twelve months since, then leaving her
 In the protection of his son, her brother,
 Who shortly also dy'd; for whose dear love,
 They say, she hath abjur'd the fight
 And company of men.

Vio. O, that I serv'd that lady,
 And might not be deliver'd to the world,
 'Till I had made mine own occasion mellow
 What my estate is!

Cap. That were hard to compass;
 Because she will admit no kind of suit,
 No, not the Duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, Captain;
 And tho' that nature with a beauteous wall
 Doth oft close in pollution; yet of thee,
 I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
 With this thy fair and outward character:
 I pry thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
 Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
 For such disguise as, haply, shall become
 The form of my intent. I'll serve this Duke;
 Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,
 It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
 And speak to him in many sorts of musick,
 That will allow me very worth his service,
 What else may hap, to time I will commit;
 Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
 When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thank thee; lead me on. [Exeunt.]

SCENE, an Apartment in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. **W**HAT a plague means my niece, to take
 the death of her brother thus? I am sure,
 care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in ear-
 lier a-nights; your niece, my lady, takes great excep-
 tions to your ill hours.

Sir

Sir To. Why, let her except, before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am; these cloaths are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you; I heard my lady talk of it yesterday, and of a foolish Knight that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who, Sir *Andrew Ague-check*?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in *Illyria*.

Mar. What's that to th' purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' th' violdegambo, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed, — almost natural; for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir Tob. By this hand, they are scoundrels and subtractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my neice: I'll drink to her as long as there's a passage in my throat, and drink in *Illyria*. He's a coward, and a coystril, that will not drink to my neice 'till his brains turn o' th' toe like a parish-top. What, wench? *Castiliano vulgo*; for here comes Sir *Andrew Ague-check*.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, Sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost. ———

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My neice's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, Sir.

Sir And. Good mistress Mary Accost, ———

Sir To. You mistake, Knight: accost, is, front her, board her, wooe her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let her part so, Sir Andrew, would thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think, you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by th' hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have, and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, Sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to th' buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, Sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, Sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, Sir, I have them at my finger's ends: marry, now I let your hand go, I am barren.

[Exit Maria.]

Sir To. O Knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?

Sir

Sir And. Never in your life, I think, unless you see canary put me down: methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a christian, or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, *Sir Toby*.

Sir To. *Pourquoy*, my dear Knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy*? do, or not do? I would, I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. (2) O, had I but follow'd the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest, it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent! it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a house-wife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

(2) *Sir And.* ————— O, had I but follow'd the Arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent Head of Hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my Hair?

Sir To. Past Question; for thou seest it will not cool my Nature.] Prodigious Sagacity! and yet thus it has pass'd down thro' all the printed Copies. We cannot enough admire that happy Indolence of Mr. Pope, which can acquiesce in transmitting to us such Stuff for genuine Sense and Argument. The Dialogue is of a very light Strain, 'tis certain, betwixt two foolish Knights: but yet I would be glad to know, methinks, what *Sir Andrew's* following the Arts, or his Hair being mended, could have to do with the cooling, or not cooling, *Sir Toby's* Nature. But my Emendation clears up all this Absurdity: And the Context is an unexceptionable Confirmation.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent! It hangs like Flax on a Distaff, &c.

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, *Sir Toby*; your neice will not be seen, or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the Duke himself here, hard by, woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o'th' Duke, she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o'th' strangest mind i'th' world: I delight in masks and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, Knight?

Sir And. As any man in *Illyria*, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, Knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in *Illyria*.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress *Mall's* picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? my very walk should be a jig! I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace: what dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stocking. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under *Taurus*?

Sir And. *Taurus*? that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, Sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper; ha! higher: ha, ha! ——— excellent.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Palace.*

Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire.

Val. IF the Duke continue these favours towards you, *Cesario*, you are like to be much advanc'd; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, Sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you: here comes the Duke.

Duke. Who saw *Cesario*, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my Lord, here.

Duke. Stand you a-while aloof.—*Cesario*, Thou know'st no less, but all: I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul. Therefore, good youth, address thy gate unto her; Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow, 'Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble Lord, If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds, Rather than make unprofitable return.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my Lord; what then?

Duke. O, then, unfold the passion of my love, Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith; It shall become thee well to act my woes; She will attend it better in thy youth, Than in a Nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my Lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it: For they shall yet belie thy happy years, That say, thou art a man: *Diana's* lip Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe

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Is as the maiden's organ, shrill, and found,
 And all is semblative a woman's part.
 I know, thy Constellation is right apt
 For this affair: some four or five attend him;
 All, if you will; for I my self am best
 When least in company. Prosper well in this,
 And thou shalt live as freely as thy Lord,
 To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best
 To woo your Lady; yet, a barrful strife!
 Who-e'er I woo, my self would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to Olivia's House.*

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. **N**A Y, either tell me where thou hast been,
 or I will not open my lips so wide as a
 bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse; my Lady will
 hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me; he, that is well hang'd in
 this world, needs fear no colours.

Mar. Make That good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where
 that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good mistress *Mary*?

Mar. In the wars, and that may you be bold to say
 in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and
 those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent,
 or be turn'd away; is not that as good as a hanging to
 you?

Clo. Marry, a good hanging prevents a bad marriage;
 and for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute then?

Clo. Not so neither, but I am resolv'd on two
 points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if
 Both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt: well, go thy way, if Sir *Toby* would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of *Eve's* flesh as any in *Illyria*.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that: here comes my Lady; make your excuse wisely, you were best.

[*Exit.*]

Enter *Olivia*, and *Malvolio*.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into a good fooling! those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man. For what says *Quinapalus*, Better a witty fool than a foolish wit. God bless thee, Lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? take away the Lady.

Oli. Go to, y'are a dry fool; I'll no more of you; besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, *Madona*, that drink and good counsel will amend; for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: Bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing, that's mended, is but patch'd; virtue, that transgresses, is but patch'd with sin; and sin, that amends, is but patch'd with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? as there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower: the Lady bad take away the fool, therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bad them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree.—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain: good *Madona*, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterously, good *Madona*.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, *Madona*; good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, Sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo.

Clo. Good *Madona*, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think, his soul is in hell, *Madona*.

Oli. I know, his soul is in heav'n, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, *Madona*, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heav'n: take away the fool, Gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, *Malvolio*, doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do, 'till the pangs of death shake him. Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make better the fool.

Clo. God send you, Sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir *Toby* will be sworn, that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two pence, that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, *Malvolio*?

Mal. I marvel, your Ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagg'd. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' *Zanies*.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, *Malvolio*, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now *Mercury* indue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools!

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young Gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count *Orsino*, is it?

Mar.

Mar. I know not, Madam, 'tis a fair young Man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir *Toby*, Madam, your Uncle.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you, he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him! Go you, *Malvolio*; if it be a suit from the Count, I am sick, or not at home: What you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit Malvolio.*] Now you see, Sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, *Madona*, as if thy eldest Son should be a fool: whose scull *Jove* cram with brains, for here comes one of thy Kin has a most weak *Pia Mater*!——

Enter Sir Toby.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, Uncle?

Sir To. A Gentleman.

Oli. A Gentleman? what Gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a Gentleman. Here,—— [*belches.*] A plague o' these pickle herring! how now, sot?

Clo. Good Sir *Toby*,——

Oli. Uncle, Uncle, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Letchery! I defie lechery: there's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry, what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil and he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*]

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the Coroner, and let him fit o' my Uncle; for he's in the third degree of drink; he's drown'd; go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, *Madona*, and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Ex. Clown.*]

Enter

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young Fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him, you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him, you were asleep; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, Lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a Sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind o'man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manners; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: call in my Gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my Lady calls. [*Exit.*]

Enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face; We'll once more hear *Orsino's* embassy.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable Lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her: your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable Beauty—I pray you, tell me, if this be the Lady of the house, for I never saw her. I would be loth to cast away

away my speech ; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good Beauties, let me sustain no scorn ; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, Sir ?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that Question's out of my Part. Good gentle One, give me modest assurance, if you be the Lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a Comedian ?

Vio. No, my profound heart ; and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the Lady of the house ?

Oli. If I do not usurp my self, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp your self ; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve ; but this is from my Commission. I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't : I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feign'd. I pray you, keep it in. I heard, you were sawcy at my gates ; and I allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone ; if you have reason, be brief : 'tis not that time of the moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, Sir ? here lyes your way.

Vio. No, good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your Giant, sweet Lady : tell me your mind, I am a Messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesie of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage ; I hold the olive in my hand : my words are as full of peace, as matter.

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Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness, that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head; to your ears, divinity; to any other's, prophanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone. [*Exit Maria.*] We will hear this divinity. Now, Sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet Lady,——

Oli. A comfortable Doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lyes your text?

Vio. In *Orfino's* bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? in what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresie. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good Madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your Lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture. (3) Look you, Sir, such a one I wear this present: is't not well done? [*Unveiling.*]

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, Sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis Beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:

Lady, you are the cruell'st She alive,

If you will lead these graces to the Grave,

And leave the world no copy.

(3) *Look you, Sir, such a one I was this present: is't not well done?*] This is Nonsense. My Correction, I think, clears all up, and gives the Expression an Air of Gallantry. *Viola* presses to see *Olivia's* Face: The other at length pulls off her Veil, and says; *We will draw the Curtain, and shew you the Picture.* I wear this Complexion to day, I may wear another to morrow; jocularly intimating, that She painted. The Other, vext at the Jest, says, "Excellently done, if God did all." Perhaps, it may be true, what you say in Jest; otherwise 'tis an excellent Face. 'Tis in Grain, &c. replies *Olivia.*

Mr. Warburton.

Oli.

Oli. O, Sir, I will not be so hard-hearted: I will give out diverse schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labell'd to my will. As, *Item*, two lips indifferent red. *Item*, two grey eyes, with lids to them. *Item*, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you, what you are; you are too proud; But if you were the Devil, you are fair. My Lord and Master loves you: O, such love Could be but recompens'd, tho' you were crown'd The Non-pareil of Beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears, With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot love him;

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble, Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth; In voices well divulg'd; free, learn'd, and valiant; And in dimension, and the shape of nature, A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him: He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame, With such a suff'ring, such a deadly life, In your denial I would find no sense: I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you do?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate, And call upon my soul within the house; Write loyal canto's of contemned love, And sing them loud even in the dead of night: (4) Hollow your name to the reverberant hills, And make the babling gossip of the air Cry out, *Olivia!* O, you should not rest Between the elements of air and earth, But you should pity me.

(4) *Hollow your Name to the reverberate Hills,*] I have, against the Authority of the printed Copies, corrected, *reverberant*. The Adjective Passive makes Nonsense.

Oli. You might do much:
What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your Lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it; fare you well:
I thank you for your pains; spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:
My master, not my self, lacks recompence.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love,
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt! farewell, fair cruelty. [Exit.]

Oli. What is your parentage?
Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:—
*I am a gentleman—*I'll be sworn thou art.
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon—not too fast—soft! soft!
Unless the master were the man.—How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtile stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be—
What ho, *Malvolio*,—

Enter Malvolio.

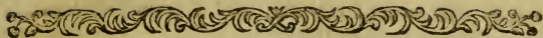
Mal. Here, Madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The Duke's man; he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not: tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his Lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hye thee, *Malvolio*.

Mal. Madam, I will. [Exit.]

Oli. I do, I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind:
Fate, shew thy force; our selves we do not owe;
What is decreed, must be; and be this so!

[Exit.]
A C T



A C T II.

S C E N E, *The Street.*

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

A N T O N I O.

WILL you stay no longer? nor will you not, that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompence for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, sooth, Sir; my determinate voyage is meer extravagancy: but I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself: you must know of me then, *Antonio*, my name is *Sebastian*, which I call'd *Rodorigo*; my father was that *Sebastian* of *Messaline*, whom, I know, you have heard of. He left behind him, myself, and a sister, both born in one hour; if the heav'ns had been pleas'd, would we had so ended! but you, Sir, alter'd that; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A Lady, Sir, tho' it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but tho' I could not with such estimable wonder over-far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drown'd already,

already, Sir, with salt water, tho' I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, Sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good *Antonio*, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once; my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Duke *Orsino's* court; farewell. [Exit.]

Ant. The gentleness of all the Gods go with thee! I have made enemies in *Orsino's* court, Else would I very shortly see thee there: But come what may, I do adore thee so, The danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [Exit.]

Enter Viola and Malvolio, at several doors.

Mal. Were not you e'en now with the Countess *Olivio*?

Vio. Even now, Sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, Sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away your self. She adds moreover, that you should put your Lord into a desperate assurance, she will none of him. And one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your Lord's taking of this: receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me, I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, Sir, you peevishly threw it to her, and her will is, it should be so return'd: if it be worth stooping for, there it lyes in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [Exit.]

Vio. I left no ring with her; what means this Lady? Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her! She made good view of me; indeed, so much, That, sure, methought her eyes had lost her tongue; For she did speak in starts distractedly:

She

She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
 Invites me in this churlish messenger.
 None of my Lord's ring? why, he sent her none.
 I am the man — If it be so, (as, 'tis;)
 Poor Lady, she were better love a dream.
 Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
 Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
 How easie is it, for the proper false
 In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
 Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we,
 For such as we are made, if such we be.
 How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly,
 And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
 And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
 What will become of this? as I am man,
 My state is desperate for my master's love;
 As I am woman, (now, alas the day!)
 What thriftless sighs shall poor *Olivia* breathe?
 O time, thou must untangle this, not I;
 It is too hard a knot for me t'unty.

[Exit.

SCENE changes to *Olivia's House*.

Enter *Sir Toby*, and *Sir Andrew*.

Sir To. Approach, *Sir Andrew*: not to be a-bed af-
 ter midnight, is to be up betimes; and
Diluculo jurgere, thou know'st, —

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I
 know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion: I hate it, as an unfill'd
 can; to be up after midnight, and to go to bed then,
 is early; so that to go to bed after midnight, is to go
 to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four
 elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather
 consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Th'art a scholar, let us therefore eat and
 drink. *Maria!* I say! — a stoop of wine.

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? did you never see the picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome, afs, now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* passing the Equinoctial of *Queubus*: 'twas very good, i'faith: (5) I sent thee six-pence for thy Lemman, hadst it?

Clo. I did impetico's thy gratillity; for *Malvolio's* nose is no whip-stock. My Lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent: why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a Song.——

Sir To. Come on, there's Six-pence for you. Let's have a Song.

Sir And. There's a tetril of me too; if one Knight give a——

Clo. Would you have a Love-song, or a Song of good life?

Sir To. A Love-song, a Love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay, I care not for good life.

Clown sings.

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?

O stay and hear, your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low.

Trip no further, pretty sweeting;

Journeys end in lovers' meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know.

(c) I sent thee six pence for thy Lemon, had'st it? But the Clown was neither Pantler, nor Butler. The Poet's Word was certainly mistaken by the Ignorance of the Printers. I have restor'd, *leman*, i. e. I sent thee Sixpence to spend on thy Mistress.

Sir

Sir And. Excellent good, i'faith!

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. *What is love? 'tis not hereafter:
Present mirth hath present laughter:
What's to come, is still unsure;
In delay there lyes no plenty:
Then come kiss me, sweet, and twenty:
Youth's a stuff will not endure.*

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am a true Knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance, indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am a dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r Lady, Sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain; let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. *Hold thy peace, thou knave,* Knight. I shall be constrain'd in't, to call thee knave, Knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith: come, begin.

[*They sing a catch.*]

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here? if my Lady have not call'd up her steward, *Malvolio*, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My Lady's a *Catayan*, we are politicians, *Malvolio's* a *Peg-a-Ramsfey*, and *Three merry men be we.* Am not I consanguinous? am I not of her blood? *Tilly walley, Lady! there dwelt a man in Babylon, Lady, Lady.*

Clo. Beshrew me, the Knight's in admirable fooling. [Singing.]

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be dispos'd, and

and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O, the twelfth day of December,— [Singing.
Mar. For the love o' God, peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? do ye make an ale-house of my Lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, Sir, in our catches. Sneak up!— [Hiccoughs.

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My Lady bade me tell you, that tho' she harbours you as her Uncle, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate your self and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the House: if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. Farewel, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mal. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. His eyes do shew, his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go? [Singing.

Clo. What, an if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o'time, Sir? ye lie: art thou any more than a steward? dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i'th' mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i'th' right. Go, Sir, rub your chain with crums. A stoop of wine, *Maria*.—

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you priz'd my Lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means

means for this uncivil rule ; she shall know of it, by this hand.

[Exit.

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field, and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, Knight, I'll write thee a challenge : or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet *Sir Toby*, be patient for to night ; since the youth of the Duke's was to day with my Lady, she is much out of quiet. For *Monfieur Malvolio*, let me alone with him : if I do not gull him into a nay-word, and make him a common recreation, do not think, I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed : I know, I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us, tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, Sir, sometimes he is a kind of a Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan ? thy exquisite reason, dear Knight.

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser ; an affection'd ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths : the best persuaded of himself : so cram'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him, love him ; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do ?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love, wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gate, the expresseure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my Lady your Neice ; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent, I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think by the letters, that thou wilt drop, that they come from my Neice, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an afs.

Mar. Afs, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it: for this night to bed, and dream on the event. Farewel. [Exit.

Sir To. Good night, *Penthisilea*.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me; what o'that?

Sir And. I was ador'd once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, Knight: thou hadst need fend for more mony.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your Neice, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for mony, Knight; if thou hast her not i'th'end, call me cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, Knight; come, Knight. [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to the Palace.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Duke. **G**IVE me some musick; now, good morrow, friends:

Now, good *Cesario*, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song, we heard last night;
Methought, it did relieve my passion much;
More than light airs, and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times
Come, but one verse.

Cur.

Cur. He is not here, so please your Lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. *Feste*, the jester, my Lord, a fool that the Lady *Olivia*'s father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Ex. Curio.* [*Musick.*

Come hither, boy; if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me;
For such as I am, all true lovers are;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd. How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the feat
Where love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly.
My life upon't, young tho' thou art, thine eye
Hath staid upon some favour that it loves:
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years, i'faith?

Vio. About your years, my Lord.

Duke. Too old, by heav'n; let still the woman take
An elder than her self, so wears she to him;
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise our selves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thy self,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roses, whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so,
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Enter Curio and Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come; the song we had last night,—
Mark it, *Cesario*, it is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, Sir?

Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, sing.

[*Musick.*]

S O N G.

*Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath,
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it.
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.*

*Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown:
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corps, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O! where
True lover never find my grave,
To weep there.*

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, Sir; I take pleasure in singing, Sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, Sir, and pleasure will be paid one time or other.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now the melancholy God protect thee, and the taylor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal! I would have men of such constancy
put

put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewel. [Exit.

Duke. Let all the rest give place. Once more, *Cesar*,

Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty :
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands ;
The parts, that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune :
But 'tis that miracle, and Queen of Gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, Sir——

Duke. It cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you must.

Say, that some Lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for *Olivia* : you cannot love her ;
You tell her so ; must she not then be answer'd ?

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,
As love doth give my heart : no woman's heart
So big to hold so much ; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite :
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt ;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much ; make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe *Olivia*.

Vio. Ay, but I know——

Duke. What dost thou know ?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe ;
In faith, they are as true of heart, as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your Lordship.

Duke. And what's her history ?

Vio. A blank, my Lord : she never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i'th' bud,

Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
 And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
 She sat like Patience on a monument,
 Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
 We men may say more, swear more, but, indeed,
 Our shews are more than will; for still we prove
 Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But dy'd thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I'm all the daughters of my fathers' house,
 And all the brothers too—and yet I know not—
 Sir, shall I to this Lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theam.

To her in haste; give her this jewel: say,
 My love can give no place, bide no denay. [Exit:]

S C E N E *changes to Olivia's Garden.*

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir To. COME thy ways, Signior *Fabian*.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple
 of this sport, let me be boil'd to death with melan-
 choly.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the nig-
 gardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man; you know, he brought
 me out of favour with my Lady, about a bear-baiting
 here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again;
 and we will fool him black and blue, shall we not, Sir
Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it's pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain: how now, my
 nettle of *India?*

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree; *Malvolio's*
 coming down this walk, he has been yonder i'th' sun
 practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour.
 Observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know,
 this

this letter will make a contemplative ideot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! lye thou there; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

[Throws down a Letter, and Exit.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune, all is fortune. *Maria* once told me, she did affect me; and I have heard her self come thus near, that should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weaning rogue.—

Fab. O, peace: contemplation makes a rare Turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanc'd plumes!

Sir And. 'Slife, I could so beat the rogue.

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count *Malvolio*,—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for't: the Lady of the *Strachy* married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, *Jezabel*!

Fab. O, peace, now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state—

Sir To. O for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!—

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come down from a day-bed, where I have left *Olivia* sleeping.

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace.

Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs—to ask for my uncle *Toby*—

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab.

Fab. Oh, peace, peace, peace; now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people with an obedient start make out for him: I frown the while, and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. *Toby* approaches, curtsies there to me.

Sir To. Shall this Fellow live?

Fab. Tho' our silence be drawn from us with cares, yet, peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus; quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of controul.

Sir To. And does not *Toby* take you a blow o'th' lips then?

Mal. Saying, uncle *Toby*, my fortunes having cast me on your Neice, give me this prerogative of speech—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkenness.

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish Knight—

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One Sir *Andrew*,—

Sir And. I knew, 'twas I; for many do call me Fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the Letter.*]

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. Oh peace! now the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my Lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's, and thus makes the her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: why that?

Mal. To the unknown below'd, this, and my good wishes; her very phrases: By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her *Lucrece*, with which she uses to seal; 'tis my Lady: to whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal.

Mal. Jove knows I love, but who, lips do not move, no man must know. No man must know— what follows? the number's alter'd— no man must know— if this should be thee, *Malvolio*?

Sir To Marry, hang thee, Brock!

Mal. I may command where I adore, but silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore, M. O. A. I. doth sway my life.

Fab. A fustian riddle.

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. M. O. A. I. doth sway my life———nay, but first, let me see——let me see——

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dress'd him?

Sir To. And with what wing the stallion checks at it?

Mal. I may command where I adore. Why, she may command me: I serve her, she is my Lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this——and the end——what should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me? softly——M. O. A. I.——

Sir To O, ay! make up that; he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't for all this, tho' it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M. — *Malvolio*——M. — why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M. But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; That suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

Fab. And O shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, O.

Mal. And then I comes behind.

Fab. Ay, and you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal.

Mal. M. O. A. I.—this simulation is not as the former—and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters is in my name. Soft, here follows prose—*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatness; some are born great, some atchieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and to inure thy self to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thy self into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee ever cross'd-garter'd. I say, remember; go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so: if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortunes' fingers. Farewel. She, that would alter services with thee. The fortunate and happy day-light and champion discovers no more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politick authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point devise, the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my Lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg, being cross-garter'd, and in this she manifests her self to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy: I will be strange, stout in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised!— Here is yet a postscript. Thou canst not chuse but know who I am; if thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee. — Jove, I thank thee! I will smile, I will do every thing that thou wilt have me.*

[Exit.

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter Maria.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true, does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like *Aqua vitæ* with a midwife.

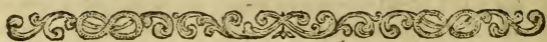
Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my Lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy, as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of *Tartar*; thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too.

[*Exeunt.*]





A C T III.

S C E N E, Olivia's Garden.

Enter Viola, and Clown.

V I O L A.

S A V E thee, Friend, and thy musick: dost thou live by thy Tabor?

Clo. No, Sir, I live by the Church.

Vio. Art thou a Churchman?

Clo. No such matter, Sir; I do live by the Church: for I do live at my House, and my House doth stand by the Church.

Vio. So thou may'st say, the King lyes by a Beggar, if a Beggar dwell near him: or the Church stands by thy Tabor, if thy Tabor stand by the Church.

Clo. You have said, Sir: to see this age!—A sentence is but a chev'ril glove to a good wit; how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward?

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my Sister had had no Name, Sir.

Vio. Why, Man?

Clo. Why, Sir, her Name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my Sister wanton; but, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy reason, Man?

Clo. Troth, Sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry Fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo.

Cl. Not so, Sir, I do care for something; but, in my conscience, Sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, Sir, I would, it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady *Olivia*'s Fool?

Cl. No, indeed, Sir; the Lady *Olivia* has no folly; she will keep no Fool, Sir, 'till she be married; and Fools are as like Husbands, as Pilchers are to Herrings, the Husband's the bigger: I am, indeed, not her Fool, but her Corrupter of Words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Duke *Orsino*'s.

Cl. Foolery, Sir, does walk about the Orb like the Sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, Sir, but the fool should be as oft with your Master, as with my Mistress: I think, I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

Cl. Now *Jove*, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Cl. Would not a pair of these have bred, Sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Cl. I would play lord *Pandarus* of *Phrygia*, Sir, to bring a *Cressida* to this *Troilus*.

Vio. I understand you, Sir, 'tis well begg'd.

Cl. The matter, I hope, is not great, Sir; begging but a beggar: *Cressida* was a beggar. My lady is within, Sir, I will conster to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, is out of my welkin; I might say, element; but the word is over-worn.

[Exit.]

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool,
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of the persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a wife-man's art:

For folly, that he wisely shews, is fit;
 But wise men's, folly fall'n, quite taints their wit.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Save you, gentlemen. (6)

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. *Dieu vous garde, Monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous aussi; vostre serviteur.*

Sir Tob. I hope, Sir, you are; and I am yours.——
 Will you encounter the House? my Niece is desirous
 you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your Neice, Sir; I mean, she is
 the list of my voyage.

Sir Tob. Taste your legs, Sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, Sir, than I
 understand what you mean by bidding me taste my
 legs.

Sir Tob. I mean, to go, Sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gate and entrance; but
 we are prevented.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Most excellent accomplish'd lady, the heav'ns rain
 odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare Courtier! rain odours?
 well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your
 own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

(6) *Sir Tob.* Save you, Gentleman.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir And. *Dieu vous garde, Monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous aussi; votre Serviteur.*

Sir And. *I hope, Sir, you are; and I am yours.]*

I have ventur'd to make the two Knights change Speeches in
 this Dialogue with *Viola*; and, I think, not without good
 Reason. It were a preposterous Forgetfulness in the Poet, and
 out of all Probability, to make *Sir Andrew* not only speak
French, but understand what is said to him in it, who in the
 first Act did not know the *English* of *Pourquoy*.

Sir And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed :—I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.* Give me your hand, Sir.

Vio. My duty, Madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name ?

Vio. *Cesario* is your servant's name, fair Princess.

Oli. My servant, Sir ? 'Twas never merry world, Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment : Y'are servant to the Duke *Orsino*, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and he must needs be yours : Your servant's servant is your servant, Madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him : for his thoughts, 'Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me !

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts On his behalf.

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you ; ———
I bade you never speak again of him.
But would you undertake another suit,
I'd rather hear you to solicit That,
Than musick from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady, ———

Oli. Give me leave, I beseech you : I did send,
After the last enchantment, you did hear,
A ring in chase of you. So did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you ;
Under your hard construction must I fit,
To force that on you in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours. What might you
think ?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think ? to one of your re-
ceiving

Enough is shewn ; a cyprus, not a bosom,
Hides my poor heart. So let us hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grice: for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again;
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf! [*Clock strikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you;
And yet when wit and youth are come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward hoe: ———
Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, Madam, to my Lord by me?

Oli. Stay; pr'ythee tell me, what thou think'st of
me?

Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right, I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were, as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, Madam, than I am?

I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt shews not itself more soon,
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maid-hood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:
But rather reason thus with reason fetter;
Love fought is good; but given, unsought, is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good Madam; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli.

Oli. Yet come again ; for thou, perhaps, may'st move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to an Apartment in Olivia's
House.*

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir And. **N**O, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give
thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, *Sir Andrew.*

Sir And. Marry, I saw your neice do more favours to
the Duke's serving-man, than ever she bestow'd on me.
I saw't, i'th' orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy, tell me
that ?

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her to-
wards you.

Sir And. 'Slight ! will you make an afs o' me ?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, Sir, upon the oaths
of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been Grand Jury-men since be-
fore *Noah* was a sailor.

Fab. She did shew favour to the youth in your sight,
only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse va-
lour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your
liver. You should then have accosted her, with some
excellent jests, fire-new from the mint ; you should have
bang'd the youth into dumbness. This was look'd for
at your hand, and this was baulkt. The double guilt of
this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now
fail'd into the north of my lady's opinion ; where you
will hang like an isicle on a *Dutchman's* beard, unless
you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of
valour or policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, it must be with valour ;
for policy I hate : I had as lief be a *Brownist*, as a po-
litician.

Sir

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour; challenge me the Duke's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, *Sir Andrew.*

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write in a martial hand; be curst and brief: it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention; (7) taunt him with the licence of ink; if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lye in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of *Ware* in *England*; set 'em down, go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, tho' thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

(7) Taunt him with the Licence of Ink; if thou thou'st him some thrice,] There is no Doubt, I think, but this Passage is One of those, in which our Author intended to shew his Respect for *Sir Walter Raleigh*, and a Detestation of the Virulence of his Prosecutors. The Words, quoted, seem to me directly levell'd at the Attorney-General *Coke*, who, in the Trial of *Sir Walter*, attack'd him with all the following indecent Expressions.—“ All that he did was by thy Instigation, thou Viper; for I thou thee, thou Traitor!” (Here, by the way, are the Poet's three thou's.) “ You are an odious Man.” — “ Is he base? I return it into thy Throat, on his behalf.” — “ O damnable Atheist!” — “ Thou art a Monster; thou hast an English Face, but a Spanish Heart.” — “ Thou hast a Spanish Heart, and thyself art a Spider of Hell.” — “ Go to, I will lay thee on thy Back for the confident'st Traitor that ever came at a Bar, &c.” Is not here all the Licence of Tongue, which the Poet satyrically prescribes to *Sir Andrew's* Ink? And how mean an Opinion *Shakespeare* had of these petulant Investives, is pretty evident from his Close of this Speech; Let there be Gall enough in thy Ink, tho' thou write it with a Goose-pen, no matter. — A keener Lash at the Attorney for a Fool, than all the Contumelies the Attorney threw at the Prisoner, as a suppos'd Traitor!

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *Cubiculo*: go.

[*Exit Sir Andrew.*]

Fab. This is a dear manikin to you, *Sir Toby*.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him; but you'll not deliver't.

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For *Andrew*, if he were open'd, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of th' anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: yond gull *Malvolio* is turned Heathen, a very Renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be sav'd by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-garter'd?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i'th' church: I have dogg'd him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter, that I dropt to betray him; he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map, with the augmentation of the *Indies*; you have not seen such a thing, as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Enter Sebastian and Anthonio.

Seb. I Would not by my will have troubled you.
But since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire,
(More sharp than filed steel,) did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you, (tho' so much,
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage.)
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable. My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind *Anthonio*,
(8) I can no other answer make, but thanks;
And thanks, and ever thanks; and oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay;
But were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing: what's to do?
Shall we go see the relicks of this town?

(8) *I can no other Answer make but Thanks,
And Thanks: and ever-oft good Turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent Pay;* It must be obvious to every Reader, who has the least Knowledge in Versification, that the second Line is too short by a whole Foot; however the Editors have indolently pass'd it over without Suspicion. Then, who ever heard of this goodly double Adverb, *ever-oft*, which seems to have as much Propriety as, *always-sometimes*? As I have restor'd the Passage, it is very much in our Author's Manner, and Mode of Expression. So, in *Cymbeline*;

— Since when I have been Debtor to You for Courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

And in *All's well, that Ends well.*

*And let me buy your friendly Help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again
When I have found it.*

Ant.

Ant. To-morrow, Sir; best, first, go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would, you'd pardon me:
I do not without danger walk these streets.
Once, in a sea-fight 'gainst the Duke his gallies,
I did some service, of such note, indeed,
That were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.

Ant. Th' offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument:
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them, which, for traffick's sake,
Most of our city did. Only myself stood out;
For which, if I be laps'd in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me: hold, Sir, here's my purse.
In the south suburbs at the *Elephant*
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile your time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, Sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for
An hour.

Ant. To th' *Elephant*. ———

Seb. I do remember.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to Olivia's House.*

Enter Olivia, and Maria.

Oli. (9) **I** Have sent after him ; say, he will come ;
How shall I feast him ? what bestow on
him ?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd or bor-
row'd.

I speak too loud. —

Where is *Malvolio* ? he is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.

Where is *Malvolio* ?

Mar. He's coming, Madam ; but in very strange
manner.

He is sure possess, Madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter, does he rave ?

Mar. No, Madam, he does nothing but smile ; your
ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he
come ; for, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.

Enter Malvolio.

I'm as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.
How now, *Malvolio* ?

Mal. Sweet lady, ha, ha. [*Smiles fantastically.*]

Oli. Smil'st thou ? I sent for thee upon a sad occa-
sion.

(9) *I have sent after him ; he says he'll come.]* But Who did he say so to ? Or from Whom could my Lady have any such Intelligence ? Her Servant, employ'd upon this Errand, was not yet return'd ; and, when he does return, he brings Word, that the Youth would hardly be intreated back. I am persuaded, She was intended rather to be in Suspense, and deliberating with Herself : putting the Supposition that he would come ; and asking Herself, in that Case, how She should entertain him.

Mal

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad; this does make some obstruction in the blood; this cross-gartering; but what of it? if it please the eye of One, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: *Please one, and please all.*

Oli. Why? how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, tho' yellow in my legs: it did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know that sweet *Roman* hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, *Malvolio*?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweet heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, *Malvolio*?

Mal. At your request?

Yes, nightingales answer daws!

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. Be not afraid of Greatness; —'twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, *Malvolio*?

Mal. Some are born Great —

Oli. Ha?

Mal. Some atchieve Greatness —

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. And some have Greatness thrust upon them —

Oli. Heav'n restore thee!

Mal. Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings. —

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. And wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd —

Oli. Cross-garter'd?

Mal. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be —

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me see thee a servant still.

Oli. Why, this is a very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Duke *Orsino's* is return'd; I could hardly entreat him back; he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. Good *Maria*, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my uncle *Toby*? let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for half of my dowry. [*Exit.*

Mal. Oh, oh! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir *Toby* to look to me! this concurs directly with the letter; she sends him on purpose that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. Cast thy humble slough, says she;—be opposite with a kinsman,—surly with servants,—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state,—put thyself into the trick of singularity;—and consequently sets down the manner how; as a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some Sir of note, and so forth. I have lim'd her, but it is *Jove's* doing, and *Jove* make me thankful! and when she went away now, let this fellow be look'd to: Fellow! not *Malvolio*, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—what can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, *Jove*, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? if all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possess him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is; how is't with you, Sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my privacy: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir *Toby*, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal.

Mal. Ah, ha! does ihe fo?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, *Malvolio*? how is't with you? what! man, defie the devil; consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La, you! if you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart.—— Pray God, he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th' wife woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord!——

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; that is not the way: do you not see, you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness, gently, gently; the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?——

Sir To. Ay, bidly, come with me. What! man, 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with satan. Hang him, foul collier.

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good *Sir Toby*; get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go hang yourselves all: you are idle shallow things; I am not of your element, you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.]

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were plaid upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad ; we may carry it thus for our pleasure and his penance, 'till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him ; at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen ; but see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fab. More matter for a *May* morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it : I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so sawcy ?

Sir And. Ay, is't ? I warrant him : do but read.

Sir To. Give me.

[*Sir Toby reads.*

Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

Fab. Good and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind why I do call thee so ; for I will shew thee no reason for't.

Fab. A good note ; That keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. Thou com'st to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly ; but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-les.

Sir To. I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me——

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o'th' windy side of the law : good.

Sir To. Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one of our souls : he may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot : I'll give't him.

Mar.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by-and-by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir *Andrew*, scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-bailiff; so soon as ever thou see'st him, draw; and, as thou draw'st, swear horribly; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [Exit.

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter; for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth; he will find, that it comes from a clodpole. But, Sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon *Ague-cheek* a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it,) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter Olivia and Viola.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece; give them way, 'till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. [Exeunt.

Oli. I've said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out.
There's something in me, that reproves my fault;
But such a head-strong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,
Goes on my master's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.

What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That honour sav'd may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that,
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well.
A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell. [Exit.

Enter Sir Toby and Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't; of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end; dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, Sir; I am sure, no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you; therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him, what youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, Sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is Knight, dubb'd with unhack'd rapier, and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl; souls and bodies hath he divorc'd three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulcher: hob, nob, is his word; give't, or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour: belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no: his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless
you

you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him; therefore on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior *Fabian*, stay you by this gentleman 'till my return. [Exit Sir Toby.]

Vio. Pray you, Sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know, the Knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise to read him by his form, as you are like to find in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, Sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of *Illyria*: will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with Sir Priest than Sir Knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [Exeunt.]

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago: I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all; and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified:

Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey *Capilet*.

Sir To. I'll make the motion ; stand here, make a good shew on't ; ——— This shall end without the perdition of souls ; marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. [Aside.

Enter Fabian and Viola.

I have his horse to take up the quarrel ; I have persuaded him, the youth's a devil. [To Fabian.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him ; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, Sir, he will fight with you for's oath sake : marry, he had better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds That now scarce to be worth talking of ; therefore draw for the supportance of his vow, he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me ! a little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir *Andrew*, there's no remedy ; the gentleman will for his honour's sake have one bout with you ; he cannot by the duello avoid it ; but he has promis'd me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on, to't. [They draw.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath !

Enter Anthonio.

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

Ant. Put up your sword ; if this young gentleman Have done offence, I take the fault on me ; If you offend him, I for him desie you. [Drawing.

Sir To. You, Sir ? Why, what are you ?

Ant. One, Sir, that for his love dares yet do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

[Draws.

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir *Toby*, hold ; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, Sir, put your sword up if you please.

[To Sir *Andrew*.

Sir

Sir And. Marry, will I, Sir; and for that I promis'd you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

2 *Off.* *Anthonio*, I arrest thee at the suit of Duke *Orsino*.

Ant. You do mistake me, Sir.

1 *Off.* No, Sir, no jot: I know your favour well; Tho' now you have no sea-cap on your head.

Take him away; he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. This comes with seeking you; But there's no remedy. I shall answer it.

What will you do? now my necessity

Makes me to ask you for my purse. It grieves me

Much more, for what I cannot do for you,

Than what befalls myself: you stand amaz'd,

But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come, Sir, away.

Ant. I must intreat of you some of that mony.

Vio. What mony, Sir?

For the fair kindness you have shew'd me here,

And part being prompted by your present trouble,

Out of my lean and low ability

I'll lend you something; my Having is not much;

I'll make division of my present with you:

Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?

Is't possible, that my deserts to you

Can lack persuasion? do not tempt my misery,

Lest that it make me so unfound a man,

As to upbraid you with those kindnesses

That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none,

Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:

I hate ingratitude more in a man,

Than lying, vainness, babling drunkenness,

Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption

Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. Oh, heav'ns themselves! —

2 *Off.* Come, Sir, I pray you, go.

156 TWELFTH-NIGHT: Or,

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here,

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death ;
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,
And to his image, which, methought, did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

I Off. What's that to us? the time goes by; away.

Ant. But oh, how vile an idol proves this God!
Thou hast, *Sebastian*, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish but the mind:
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind.
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

I Off. The man grows mad, away with him:
Come, come, Sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [Exit Anthonio with Officers.]

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself; so do not I:
Prove true, imagination, oh, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, Knight; come hither, *Fabian*;
we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd *Sebastian*; I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such, and so
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament;
For him I imitate: oh, if it prove,

Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love. [Exit.]

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare; his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask *Fabian*.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it:

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not, ——— [Exit Sir Andrew.]

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any mony, 'twill be nothing yet.

[Exeunt.]

A C T



A C T IV.

S C E N E, *The Street.*

Enter Sebastian, and Clown.

C L O W N.

W I L L you make me believe, that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow;

Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i'faith: no, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my Lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master *Cesario*, nor this is not my nose neither; nothing, that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else; thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly!——he has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid, this great lubber the world will prove a cockney: I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my Lady; shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish *Greek*, depart from me; there's mony for thee. If you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand; these wise men, that give fools mony, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabian.

Sir And. Now, Sir, have I met you again? there's for you.

[*Striking Sebastian.*

Seb.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there :
are all the people mad? [*Beating Sir Andrew.*]

Sir To. Hold, Sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the
house.

Clo. This will I tell my Lady strait: I would not be
in some of your coats for two pence. [*Exit Clown.*]

Sir To. Come on, Sir; hold. [*Holding Sebastian.*]

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to
work with him; I'll have an action of battery against
him, if there be any law in *Illyria*; tho' I struck him
first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come Sir, I will not let you go. Come, my
young foldier, put up your iron; you are well flesh'd:
come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what? nay, then, I must have an
ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

[*They draw and fight.*]

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, *Toby*; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd: out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear *Cesario*:—

Rudesby, be gone! I pr'ythee, gentle friend,
[*Exeunt Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*]

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And hear thou there, how many fruitless pranks
'This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
May'st smile at this: thou shalt not chuse but go:
Do not deny; besprew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.

Let fancy still my sense in *Lethe* steep,
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep.

Oli. Nay, come, I pray: 'would, thou'dst be rul'd
by me.

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, an Apartment in *Olivia's House*.

Enter Maria, and Clown.

Mar. **N**AY, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and this
beard; make him believe, thou art *Sir Topas*
the curate; do it quickly. I'll call *Sir Toby* the whilst.

[*Exit Maria.*]

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself
in't; and I would, I were the first that ever dissembled in
such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the functi-
on well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student;
but to be said an honest man, and a good housekeeper,
goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man and a great
scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. *Jove* blefs thee, Mr. Parson.

Clo. *Bonos dies*, *Sir Toby*; for as the old hermit of
Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to
a niece of King *Gorboduck*, that that is, is: so I being
Mr. Parson, am Mr. Parson; for what is that, but that?
and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, *Sir Topas*.

Clo. What, ho, I say, — peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

[*Malvolio within.*]

Mal. Who calls there?

Clo. *Sir Topas* the curate, who comes to visit *Malvolio*
the lunatick.

Mal. *Sir Topas*, *Sir Topas*, good *Sir Topas*, go to my
lady.

Clo.

Clo. Out, hyperbolicall fiend, how vexest thou this man ?

Talkest thou of nothing but ladies ?

Sir To. Well said, master Parson.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, never was man thus wrong'd; good Sir *Topas*, do not think, I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darknes.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest sathan; I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with curtesie: say'st thou, that house is dark ?

Mal. As hell, Sir *Topas*.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows transparent as bari-cadoes, and the clear stones towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complaineest thou of obstruction ?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir *Topas*; I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest; I say, there is no darknes but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the *Egyptians* in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abus'd; I am no more mad than you are, make the tryal of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of *Pythagoras*, concerning wild-fowl ?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might happily inhabit a bird.

Clo. What think'st thou of his opinion ?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remain thou still in darknes; thou shalt hold th' opinion of *Pythagoras*, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, Sir *Topas*!—

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir *Topas*!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him: I would, we were all rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would, he were; for I am now so far in offence with my neice, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[Exit with Maria.]

Clo. Hey Robin, jolly Robin, tell me how my lady does. [Singing.]

Mal. Fool,——

Clo. My lady is unkind, perdie.

Mal. Fool,——

Clo. Alas, why is she so?

Mal. Fool, I say;——

Clo. She loves another——who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Mr. Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, Sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abus'd; I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well! then thou art mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertyed me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say: the minister is here.

Malvolia, Malvolio, thy wits the heav'ns restore: endeavour thy self to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,——

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.

Who, I, Sir? not I, Sir. God b'w'you, good Sir Topas——

Marry, amen.——I will, Sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool; I say.

Clo.

Clo. Alas, Sir, be patient. What say you, Sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in *Illyria*.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were, Sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: good fool, some ink, paper and light; and convey what I set down to my Lady: It shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad, indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not: I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a mad-man, 'till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree; I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clo. *I am gone, Sir, and anon, Sir,* [Singing.

I'll be with you again

In a trice, like to the old vice, (10)

Your need to sustain:

Who with dagger of lath, in his rage, and his wrath,

Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:

Like a mad lad, pare thy nails, dad,

Adieu, good man driv'el. [Exit.

S C E N E *changes to another Apartment in Olivia's House.*

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. **T**HIS is the air, that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't.
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's *Antonio* then?

(10) *Like to the old Vice,*] I have explain'd this *Word*, and the *Character* meant by it, in a Note upon this Line of King *Richard III*d.

Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity, &c.

I could not find him at the *Elephant* ;
 Yet there he was, and there I found this credit, (11)
 That he did range the town to seek me out.
 His counfel now might do me golden service ;——
 For tho' my foul difputes well with my fenfe,
 That this may be fome error, but no madnefs ;
 Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
 So far exceed all instance, all difcourfe ;
 That I am ready to diftruff mine eyes,
 And wrangle with my reafon that perfuades me
 To any other truff, but that I'm mad ;
 Or elfe the Lady's mad ; yet if 'twere fo,
 She could not fway her houfe, command her followers,
 Take, and give back affairs, and their difpatch,
 With fuch a fmooth, difcreet, and ftable bearing,
 As, I perceive, ſhe does : there's ſomething in't,
 That is deceiveable. But here ſhe comes.

Enter Olivia and Prieff.

Oli. Blame not this hafte of mine : if you mean well,
 Now go with me, and with this holy man,
 Into the chantry by ; there before him,
 And underneath that confecrated roof,
 Plight me the full affurance of your faith ;
 That my moft jealous and too doubtful foul
 May live at peace. He ſhall conceal it,
 Whiles you are willing it ſhall come to note ;
 What time we will our celebration keep
 According to my birth. What do you fay ?

(11) *Yet there he was, and there I found this Credit,*

That he did range, &c.] i. e. I found it juftified, credibly vouch'd. Whether the Word *Credit* will eafily carry this Meaning, I am doubtful : The Expression ſeems obſcure ; and tho' I have not diſturb'd the Text, I very much ſuſpect that the Poet wrote ;

————— *and there I found this credent.*

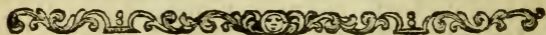
He uſes the ſame Term again in the very ſame Senſe in *The Winter's Tale.*

————— *Then 'tis very credent,*

Then may'ſt co-join with ſomething, and thou doſt, &c.

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you ;
And having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father ; and heav'ns so
shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine ! [*Exeunt.*



A C T V.

S C E N E, *The Street.*

Enter Clown, and Fabian.

F A B I A N.

NOW, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good Mr. *Fabian*, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is to give a dog, and in recompence desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and lords.

Duke. Belong you to the lady *Olivia*, friends ?

Clo. Ay, Sir, we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well ; how dost thou, my good fellow ?

Clo. Truly, Sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary ; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, Sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be ?

Clo. Marry, Sir, they praise me, and make an afs of me ; now, my foes tell me plainly, I am an afs : so that by my foes, Sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself ; and by my friends I am abused : so that, conclusion to
be

be asked, is, (12) if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, Sir, no; tho' it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me, there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, Sir, I would, you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, Sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer: there's another.

Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good Play, and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, Sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, Sir, may put you in mind, one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw; if you will let your Lady know, I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, Sir, lullaby to your bounty 'till I come again. I go, Sir; but I would not have you to think,

(12) *So that Conclusions to be as kisses,———*] Tho' it might be unreasonable to call our Poet's Fools and Knaves every where to Account; yet, if we did, for the Generality we should find them responsible. But what monstrous Absurdity have we here? To suppose the Text genuine, We must acknowledge it too wild to have any known Meaning: and what has no known Meaning, cannot be allow'd to have either Wit or Humour. Besides, the *Clown* is affecting to argue seriously and in Form. I imagine, the Poet wrote;

So that, Conclusion to be asked, is

i. e. So that the Conclusion I have to demand of You is this, if your Four, &c. He had in the preceding Words been inferring some *Premisses*, and now comes to the *Conclusion* very logically; You grant Me, says He, the *Premisses*; I now ask you to grant the *Conclusion*.

Mr. Warburton.

that

that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness; but, as you say, Sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [Exit Clown.

Enter Antonio, and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, Sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as *Vulcan*, in the smoak of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable,
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cry'd fame and honour on him. What's the matter?

I Offi. Orsino, this is that *Antonio*,
That took the *Phoenix* and her fraught from *Candy*;
And this is he, that did the *Tyger* board,
When your young nephew *Titus* lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, Sir; drew on my side;
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou in terms so bloody, and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble Sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate;
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
'That most ungrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love without retention or restraint;
All his in dedication. For his sake,
Did I expose myself (pure, for his love)

Into the danger of this aduerse town ;
 Drew to defend him, when he was beset ;
 Where being apprehended, his false cunning
 (Not meaning to partake with me in danger) ,
 Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance ;
 And grew a twenty years removed thing,
 While one would wink : deny'd me mine own purse,
 Which I had recommended to his use
 Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be ?

Duke. When came he to this town ?

Ant. To day, my lord ; and for three months before,
 (No *Interim*, not a minute's vacancy,)
 Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter Olivia, and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess ; now heav'n walks on
 earth.

But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness :
 Three months this youth hath tended upon me ;
 But more of that anon——Take him aside.——

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
 Wherein *Olivia* may seem serviceable ?

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam !

Duke. Gracious *Olivia*,——

Oli. What do you say, *Cesario* ? Good my lord——

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
 It is as fat and fullsome to mine ear,
 As howling after musick.

Duke. Still so cruel ?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness ? you uncivil lady,
 To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
 My soul the faithfull'ft offerings has breath'd out,
 That e'er devotion tender'd. What shall I do ?

Oli. Ev'n what it please my lord, that shall become
 him.

Duke.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do't, (13)
 Like to th' *Egyptian* thief, at point of death
 Kill what I love? (a savage jealousy,
 That sometimes favours nobly;) but hear me this:
 Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
 And that I partly know the instrument,
 That screws me from my true place in your favour:
 Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still.
 But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,
 And whom, by heav'n, I swear, I tender dearly,
 Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
 Where he sits crowned in his master's spight.
 Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
 I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
 To spight a raven's heart within a dove. [*Duke going.*]

Vio. And I most jocund, apt, and willingly,
 To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die. [*following:*]

(13) *Why should I not, had I the Heart to do it,*

Like to th' Egyptian Thief, at point of Death

Kill what I love?] In this *Similie*, a particular Story is presuppos'd; which ought to be known, to shew the Justness and Propriety of the Comparison. It is taken from *Heliodorus's Ethiopics*, to which our Author was indebted for the Allusion. This *Egyptian* Thief was *Thyamis*, who was a Native of *Memphis*, and at the Head of a Band of Robbers. *Theagenes* and *Chariclea* falling into their Hands, *Thyamis* fell desperately in Love with the Lady, and would have married her. Soon after, a stronger Body of Robbers coming down upon *Thyamis's* Party, He was in such Fears for his Mistress, that he had her shut into a Cave with his Treasure. It was customary with those Barbarians, when they despair'd of their own Safety, first to make away with Those whom they held dear, and desired for Companions in the next Life. *Thyamis*, therefore, benetted round with his Enemies, raging with Love, Jealousy, and Anger, went to his Cave; and calling aloud in the *Egyptian* Tongue, so soon as He heard himself answer'd towards the Cave's Mouth by a *Grecian*, making to the Person by the Direction of her Voice, he caught her by the Hair with his left Hand, and (supposing her to be *Chariclea*) with his right Hand plung'd his Sword into her Breast.

Oli. Where goes *Cesario*?

Vio. After him I love,

More than I love these eyes, more than my life;
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.

If I do feign, you witness above

Punish my life, for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ay me, detested! how am I beguil'd?

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thy self? Is it so long?

Call forth the holy father.

Duke. Come, away.

[To *Viola*.]

Oli. Whither, my lord? *Cesario*, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband?

Oli. Ay, husband. Can he that deny

Duke. Her husband, sirrah?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,

That makes thee strangle thy propriety:

Fear not, *Cesario*, take thy fortunes up:

Be that, thou know'st, thou art, and then thou art

As great, as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.

O welcome, father.

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence

Here to unfold, (tho' lately we intended

To keep in darkness, what occasion now

Reveals before 'tis ripe) what, thou dost know,

Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,

Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,

Attested by the holy close of lips,

Strengthened by enterchangement of your rings;

And all the ceremony of this compact

Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:

Since when, my watch hath told me, tow'rd my grave.

I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,

When time hath sow'd a grizzel on thy case?

Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewel, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest——

Oli. O, do not swear;
Hold little faith, tho' thou hast too much fear!

Enter Sir Andrew, with his head broke.

Sir And. For the love of God a surgeon, and send one presently to Sir *Toby*.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. H'as broke my head a-crofs, and given Sir *Toby* a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help. I had rather than forty pound, I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir *Andrew*?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one *Cesario*; we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incarnate.

Duke. My gentleman, *Cesario*?

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is: you broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir *Toby*.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you: You drew your sword upon me, without cause; But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Enter Sir Toby, and Clown.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think, you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb. Here comes Sir *Toby* halting, you shall hear more; but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you other-gates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one, he has hurt me, and there's an end on't; sot, didst see *Dick* Surgeon, sot?

Clo. O he's drunk, Sir *Toby*, above an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight i'th' morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a past-measure *Painim*. I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli.

Oli. Away with him: who hath made this havock with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, *Sir Toby*, because we'll be drest together.

Sir To. Will you help an afs-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave, a thin-fac'd knave, a gull?

[*Exeunt Clo. To. and And.*]

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, Madam, I have hurt your kinsman: But had it been the brother of my blood, I must have done no less with wit and safety.

[*All stand in amazement.*]

You throw a strange regard on me, by which, I do perceive, it hath offended you; Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows We made each other, but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;

A nat'ral perspective, that is, and is not!

Seb. Antonio, O my dear *Antonio!*

How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me, Since I have lost thee?

Ant. *Sebastian* are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, *Antonio!*

Ant. How have you made division of your self?

An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin Than these two creatures. Which is *Sebastian?*

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother: Nor can there be that deity in my nature, Of here and every where. I had a sister, Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd: Of charity, what kin are you to me? [To *Viola*.]
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of *Messaline*; *Sebastian* was my father; Such a *Sebastian* was my brother too: So went he suited to his wat'ry tomb. If spirits can assume both form and suit,

You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am, indeed ;
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say, “ Thrice welcome, drowned *Viola!*

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And dy'd that day, when *Viola* from her birth
Had numbred thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul ;
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire ;
Do not embrace me, 'till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump,
That I am *Viola* ; which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town
Where lye my maids weeds ; (14) by whose gentle help
I was preferr'd to serve this noble Duke.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this Lady, and this Lord.

Seb. So comes it, Lady, you have been mistook :
[To *Olivia*.

But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid,

(14) ————— by whose gentle Help

I was preserv'd to serve this noble Duke.] Tho' this be
Sense, and possesses all the printed Copies, yet I suspect, from
the Similitude in the two Words *preserv'd* and *serve* (a Same-
ness of Sound, which *Shakespeare* would, probably, have avoid-
ed;) the Copyists, or Men at Press, committed a slight Mistake.
When the *Captain* and *Viola* first appear upon the Stage, She
says to him ;

————— I'll serve this Duke ;

Thou shalt present me &c.

I therefore believe, the Author wrote, as I have reform'd the
Text.

Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd ;
You are betroth'd both to a maid, and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd : right-noble is his blood :
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times,
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

[To Vio.]

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear,
And all those swearings keep as true in soul ;
As doth that orb'd continent the fire,
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maids garments : he upon some action
Is now in durance, at *Malvolio's* suit,
A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him : fetch *Malvolio* hither.
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman ! he's much distract.

Enter the Clown with a Letter, and Fabian.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.
How does he, firrah ?

Cl. Truly, Madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the stave's
end, as well as a man in his case may do : h'as here writ a
letter to you, I should have given't you to day morning :
But as a mad-man's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not
much, when they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open't, and read it.

Cl. Look then to be well edify'd, when the fool de-
livers the mad-man—*By the Lord, Madam,*— [Reads.]

Oli. How now, art mad ?

Cl. No, Madam, I do but read madness : an your
Ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow
Vox.

Oli. Pr'ythee, read it, i'thy right wits.

Cl. So I do, *Madona* ; but to read his right wits, is
to read thus : therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, Sirrah. [To Fabian.]

Fab. [Reads.] *By the Lord, Madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darknes, and given your drunken Uncle rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your Ladyship. I have your own Letter, that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not, but to do myself much right, or you much shame: think of me, as you please: I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury,*

The madly us'd *Malvolio.*

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, Madam.

Duke. This favours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, *Fabian*; bring him hither.

My Lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister, as a wife;

One day shall crown th' alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt t' embrace your offer.
Your master quits you; and for your service done him,
So much against the metal of your sex, [To Viola.]
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding;
(And since you call'd me master for so long.)
Here is my hand, you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister, — you are she.

Enter Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the mad-man?

Oli. Ay, my Lord, this same: how now, *Malvolio*?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong, notorious
wrong.

Oli. Have I, *Malvolio*? no.

Mal. Lady, you have; pray you, peruse that Letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand.

Write from it if you can, in hand or phrase;

Or say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention;

You can say none of this. Well, grant it then;

And tell me in the modesty of honour,

Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,

Bad

Bad me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon Sir *Toby*, and the lighter people :
And acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck, and gull,
That e'er invention plaid on? tell me, why?

Oli. Alas, *Malvolio*, this is not my writing,
Tho', I confess, much like the character :
But, out of question, 'tis *Maria's* hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me, thou wast mad; then cam'st thou smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter: pr'ythee, be content ;
This practice hath most shrewdly past upon thee ;
But when we know the grounds, and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good Madam, hear me speak ;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wondred at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Sir *Toby*
Set this device against *Malvolio* here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him. *Maria* writ
The letter, at Sir *Toby's* great importance ;
In recompence whereof, he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge ;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides past.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee?

Clo. Why, some are born great, some atchieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. I was one, Sir, in this interlude; one Sir *Topas*, Sir; but that's all one: ———— by the Lord, fool, I am not mad; but do you remember, Madam, ———— why laugh

you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagg'd:
and thus the whirl-gigg of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you. [Exit.

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and intreat him to a peace:

He hath not told us of the captain yet;

When that is known, and golden time convents,

A solemn combination shall be made

Of our dear souls. Mean time, sweet sifter,

We will not part from hence.—*Cesario*, come;

(For so you shall be, while you are a man;)

But when in other habits you are seen,

Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's Queen.

[Exit.

Clown sings.

When that I was a little tiny boy,

With hey, ho, the wind and the rain:

A foolish thing was but a toy,

For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,

With hey, ho, &c.

'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,

For the rain, &c.

But when I came, alas! to twine,

With hey, ho, &c.

By swaggering could I never thrive,

For the rain, &c.

But when I came unto my beds,

With hey, ho, &c.

With toss-pots still had drunken heads,

For the rain, &c.

A great while ago the world begun,

With hey, ho, &c.

But that's all one, our play is done;

And we'll strive to please you every day.

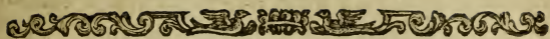
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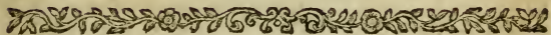


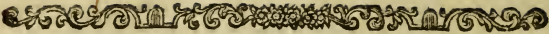
16 gravées in 6 d.

G. Vander Gucht scul



THE
COMEDY
OF
ERRORS.





Dramatis Personæ.

SALINUS, *Duke of Ephesus.*

Ægeon, *a Merchant of Syracuse.*

Antipholis of Ephesus, } *Twin-Brothers, and Sons to Æ-*
Antipholis of Syracuse, } *geon and Æmilia, but unknown*
 } *to each other.*

Dromio of Ephesus, } *Twin-Brothers, and Slaves to the*
Dromio of Syracuse, } *two Antipholis's.*

Balthazar, *a Merchant.*

Angelo, *a Goldsmith.*

A Merchant, Friend to Antipholis of Syracuse.

Dr. Pinch, a School-master, and a Conjuror.

Æmilia, *Wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.*

Adriana, *Wife to Antipholis of Ephesus.*

Luciana, *Sister to Adriana.*

Luce, *Servant to Adriana.*

Jailer, Officers, and other Attendants.

S C E N E, Ephesus.



THE



THE
COMEDY of ERRORS.

A C T I.

SCENE, *The Duke's Palace.*

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, Ægeon, Jailor, and other Attendants.

ÆGEON.

PROCEED, *Salinus*, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and
all.

Duke. Merchant of *Syracuse*, plead no
more;

I am not partial to infringe our laws :
'The enmity, and discord, which of late
Sprung from the ranc'rous outrage of your Duke,
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
(Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods)
Excludes all pity from our threatenng looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the *Syracusans* and ourselves,

T'admit

T'admit no traffick to our aduerse towns.
 Nay, more; if any born at *Ephesus*
 Be seen at *Syracusan* marts and fairs,
 Again, if any *Syracusan* born
 Come to the bay of *Ephesus*, he dies;
 His goods confiscate to the Duke's dispose,
 Unless a thousand marks be levied
 To quit the penalty, and ransom him.
 Thy substance, valu'd at the highest rate,
 Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
 Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Ægeon. Yet this my comfort, when your words are
 done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, *Syracusan*, say, in brief, the cause,
 Why thou departed'st from thy native home;
 And for what cause thou cam'st to *Ephesus*.

Ægeon. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
 Than I to speak my grief unspeakable:
 Yet that the world may witness, that my end
 Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
 I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
 In *Syracusa* was I born, and wed
 Unto a woman, happy but for me;
 And by me too, had not our hap been bad:
 With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,
 By prosperous voyages I often made
 'To *Epidamnum*; 'till my factor's death,
 And the great care of goods at random left,
 Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse;
 From whom my absence was not six months old,
 Before herself (almost at fainting under
 The pleasing punishment that women bear)
 Had made provision for her following me,
 And soon, and safe, arriv'd where I was.
 There she had not been long, but she became
 A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
 And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
 As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
 That very hour, and in the self-same inn,

A poor mean woman was delivered
 Of such a burthen, male-twins both alike :
 Those (for their parents were exceeding poor)
 I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
 My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
 Made daily motions for our home-return :
 Unwilling, I agreed ; alas, too soon !
 We came aboard.

A league from *Epidamnum* had we sail'd,
 Before the always-wind-obeying deep
 Gave any tragick instance of our harm ;
 But longer did we not retain much hope :
 For what obscured light the heav'ns did grant,
 Did but convey unto our fearful minds
 A doubtful warrant of immediate death ;
 Which, tho' myself would gladly have embrac'd,
 Yet the incessant weeping of my wife,
 (Weeping before, for what she saw must come ;)
 And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
 That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
 Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me :
 And this it was ; (for other means were none.)
 The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
 And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us ;
 My wife, more careful for the elder born,
 Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
 Such as sea-faring men provide for storms ;
 To him one of the other twins was bound,
 Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
 The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
 Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
 Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast ;
 And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
 Were carry'd towards *Corinth*, as we thought.
 At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
 Dispers'd those vapours that offended us ;
 And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
 The seas waxt calm ; and we discovered
 Two ships from far making amain to us,
 Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidaurus* this ;

But ere they came—oh, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so;
For we may pity, tho' not pardon thee.

Ægeon. Oh, had the Gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us;
For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encountred by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpless ship was splitted in the midst:
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carry'd with more speed before the wind,
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;
And knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave helpful welcome to their shipwreckt guests;
And would have rest the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.—
'Thus have you heard me sever'd from my blifs;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

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

Ægeon. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother; and importun'd me,
That his attendant, (for his case was like,
Rest of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
Might bear him company in quest of him:
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in farthest *Greece*,
Roaming clean through the bounds of *Asia*,

And

And coasting homeward, came to *Ephesus* :
 Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought,
 Or that, or any place that harbours men.
 But here must end the story of my life ;
 And happy were I in my timely death,
 Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless *Ægeon*, whom the fates have markt
 To bear th' extremity of dire mishap ;
 Now, trust me, were it not against our laws, (1)
 (Which Princes, would they, may not disannul ;)
 Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
 My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
 But, tho' thou art adjudged to the death,
 And passed sentence may not be recall'd,
 But to our honour's great disparagement ;
 Yet will I favour thee in what I can ;
 I therefore, merchant, limit thee this day,
 To seek thy life by beneficial help :
 Try all the friends thou hast in *Ephesus*,
 Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
 And live ; if not, then thou art doom'd to die.
 Jailor, take him to thy custody.

[*Exeunt Duke, and Train.*]

Jail. I will, my Lord.

Ægeon. Hopeless and helpless doth *Ægeon* wend,
 But to procrastinate his liveless end.

[*Exeunt Ægeon, and Jailor.*]

(1) *Now trust me, were it not against our Laws,
 Against my Crown, my Oath, my Dignity,*

Which Princes would, they may not disannul,] Thus are these Lines placed in all the former Editions. But as the single *Verb* does not agree with all the *Substantives*, which should be govern'd of it, I have ventur'd to make a Transposition ; and, by a Change in the Pointing, clear'd up the Perplexity of the Sense.

SCENE *changes to the Street.**Enter Antipholis of Syracuse, a Merchant, and Dromio.*

Mer. **T**Herefore give out, you are of *Epidamnum*,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.

This very day, a *Syracusan* merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here ;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west :
There is your mony, that I had to keep.

Ant. Go bear it to the *Centaur*, where we host,
And stay there, *Dromio*, 'till I come to thee :
Within this hour it will be dinner-time ;
'Till that I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return and sleep within mine inn ;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

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

[*Exit Dromio.*]

Ant. A trusty villain, Sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to the inn and dine with me ?

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

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

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

[*Exit Merchant.*]*Ant.*

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

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.
What now? how chance, thou art return'd so soon?

E. Dro. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:

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

Ant. Stop in your wind, Sir; tell me this, I pray,
Where you have left the money that I gave you?

E. Dro. Oh,—six-pence, that I had a *Wednesday* last,
To pay the sadler for my mistress' crupper?
The sadler had it, Sir; I kept it not.

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

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

Ant. Come, *Dromio*, come, these jests are out of season;

Reserve them 'till a merrier hour than this :

Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee ?

E. Dro. To me, Sir ? why, you gave no gold to me.

Ant. Come on, Sir knave, have done your foolishness ;

And tell me, how thou hast dispos'd thy charge ?

E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart

Home to your house, the *Phœnix*, Sir, to dinner ;

My mistress and her sister stay for you.

Ant. Now, as I am a christian, answer me,

In what safe place you have bestow'd my mony ;

Or I shall break that merry scone of yours,

That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd :

Where are the thousand marks thou hadst of me ?

E. Dro. I have some marks of yours upon my pate ;

Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders ;

But not a thousand marks between you both.——

If I should pay your worship those again,

Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. Thy mistress' marks ? what mistress, slave, hast thou ?

E. Dro. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the *Phœnix* ;

She, that doth fast, 'till you come home to dinner ;

And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. What wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,

Being forbid ? there take you that, Sir knave.

E. Dro. What mean you, Sir ? for God's sake, hold your hands ;

Nay, an you will not, Sir, I'll take my heels.

[*Exit Dromio.*]

Ant. Upon my life, by some device or other,

The villain is o'er-wrought of all my mony.

They say, this town is full of couzenage ;

As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye ; (2)

Dark-

(2) *As, nimble Jugglers, that deceive the Eye ;*

Dark-working Sorcerers, that change the Mind :

Soul-killing Witches, that deform the Body ;] Those, who attentively

Dark-working forcerers, that change the mind ;
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body ;
Disguis'd cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like liberties of sin :
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the *Centaur*, to go seek this slave ;
I greatly fear, my mony is not safe. [Exit.

attentively consider these three Lines, must confess, that the Poet intended, the Epithet given to each of these Miscreants, should declare the Power by which they perform their Feats, and which would therefore be a just Characteristick of each of them. Thus, by *nimble* Jugglers, we are taught that they perform their Tricks by *Slight of Hand* : and by *Soul-killing* Witches, we are inform'd, the Mischief they do is by the Assistance of the Devil, to whom they have given their Souls : But then, by *dark-working* Sorcerers, we are not instructed in the Means by which they perform their Ends. Besides, this Epithet agrees as well to Witches, as to them ; and therefore, certainly, our Author could not design This in their Characteristick. I am confident, we should read ;

Drug-working Sorcerers, that change the Mind ;

And we know by the whole History of ancient and modern Superstition, that these kind of Jugglers always pretended to work Changes of the Mind by these Applications.

Mr. Warburton,





A C T II.

SCENE, *The House of Antipholis of Ephesus.*

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

A D R I A N A.

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

Luc. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner:
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret.

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

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Because their business still lyes out a-door.

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

Luc. Oh, know, he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, head-strong liberty is lasht with wo.
There's nothing situate under heaven's eye,
But hath its bound in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects, and at their controuls:
Man, more divine, the master of all these,
Lord of the wide world, and wide wat'ry seas,
Indu'd with intellectual sense and soul,
Of more preheminance than fish and fowl,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr.

Adr. But were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?

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

Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel tho' she pause;
They can be meek, that have no other cause:
A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should our selves complain.
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience would'st relieve me:
But if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day but to try;
Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

E. Dro. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, did'st thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

E. Dro. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear,
Beswore his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou could'st not feel his meaning?

E. Dro. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

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

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

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

E. Dro. I mean not, cuckold-mad; but, sure, he's stark mad:

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; my gold, quoth he:

Your

Your meat doth burn, quoth I; my gold, quoth he:
 Will you come home, quoth I? my gold, quoth he:
 Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?
 The pig, quoth I, is burn'd; my gold quoth he.
 My mistress, Sir, quoth I; hang up thy mistress;
 I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!

Luc. Quoth who?

E. Dro. Quoth my master:

I know, quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistress;
 So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
 I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders:
 For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

E. Dro. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
 For God's sake, send some other messenger.

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

E. Dro. And he will bless that cross with other beating:

Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant, fetch thy master home.

E. Dro. Am I so round with you as you with me,
 That like a foot-ball you do spurn me thus?
 You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
 If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

[*Exit.*

Luc. Fie, how impatience lowreth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
 Whilst I at home starve for a merry look:
 Hath homely age th' alluring beauty took
 From my poor cheek? then, he hath wasted it.
 Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
 If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
 Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.
 Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
 That's not my fault: he's master of my state.
 What ruins are in me, that can be found
 By him not ruin'd? then, is he the ground
 Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
 A sunny look of his would soon repair.

But,

But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy!—fie, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense:
I know, his eye doth homage other-where;
Or else what lets it, but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain;
Would that alone, alone, he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed.
I see, the jewel, best enameled, (3)
Will lose his beauty; and the gold bides still,
That others touch; yet often touching will
Wear gold: and so no man, that hath a name,
But falshood, and corruption, doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

[*Exeunt.*]

(3) *I see the Jewel best enameled*

Will lose his Beauty; yet the gold bides still

That others touch, and often touching will:

Where gold and no Man that hath a Name,

By Falshood and Corruption doth it Shame.] In this

miserable mangled Condition is this Passage exhibited in the first *Folio*. All the Editions since have left out the last Couplet of it; I presume, as too hard for them. Mr. *Pope*, who pretends to have collated the first *Folio*, should have spar'd us the Lines, at least, in their Corruption.—I communicated my Doubts upon this Passage to my Friend Mr. *Warburton*; and to his Sagacity I owe, in good part, the Correction of it. The Sense of the whole is now very pertinent; which, without the two Lines from the first *Folio*, was very imperfect; not to say, ridiculous. The Comparison is fully closed. “Gold, indeed, bides handling well; but, for all that, often “Touching will wear even Gold: So, no Man of a great “Character, even as pure as Gold, but may in Time lose it “by Falshood and Corruption.

SCENE changes to the Street.

Enter Antipholis of Syracuse.

Ant. THE gold I gave to *Dromio* is laid up
Safe at the *Centaur*; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth in care to seek me out.
By computation, and mine host's report,
I could not speak with *Dromio*, since at first
I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

How now, Sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love stroaks, so jest with me again.
You know no *Centaur*? you receiv'd no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the *Phœnix*? wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

S. Dro. What answer, Sir? when spake I such a
word?

Ant. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

S. Dro. I did not see you since you sent me hence
Home to the *Centaur*, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt;
And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

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

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

[Beats *Dro.*]

S. Dro. Hold, Sir, for God's sake, now your jest is
earnest;

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sawciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport;
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams:

If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks;
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

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

Ant. Dost thou not know?

S. Dro. Nothing, Sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S. Dro. Ay, Sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. Why, first, for flouting me; and then wherefore, for urging it the second time to me.

S. Dro. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,
When, in the why, and wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reason?

Well, Sir, I thank you.

Ant. Thank me, Sir, for what?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

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

S. Dro. No, Sir, I think, the meat wants that I have.

Ant. In good time, Sir; what's that?

S. Dro. Basting.

Ant. Well, Sir, then 'twill be dry.

S. Dro. If it be, Sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. Your reason?

S. Dro. Lest it make you cholerick, and purchase me another dry-basting.

Ant. Well, Sir, learn to jest in good time; there's a time for all things.

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

Ant. By what rule, Sir?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father *Time* himself.

Ant. Let's hear it.

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

Ant. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

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

(4) *Ant.* Why is *Time* such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

S. Dro. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts; and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

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

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

Ant. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

S. Dro. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost; yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. For what reason?

S. Dro. For two, and found ones too.

Ant. Nay, not found, I pray you.

S. Dro. Sure ones then.

Ant. Nay, not sure in a thing falsing.

S. Dro. Certain ones then.

Ant. Name them.

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

(4) *Ant.* Why is *Time* such a Niggard of Hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an Excrement?

S. Dro. Because it is a Blessing that he bestows on Beasts, and what he hath scanted them in hair, he hath given them in Wit.] Surely, this is Mock-reasoning, and a Contradiction in Sense. Can Hair be suppos'd a Blessing, which *Time* bestows on Beasts peculiarly; and yet that he hath scanted them of it too? *Men* and *Them*, I observe, are very frequently mistaken *vice versâ* for each other, in the old Impressions of our Author.

Ant.

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

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

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

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

Ant. I knew, 'twould be a bald conclusion: but, soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter Adriana, and Luciana.

Adri. Ay, ay, *Antipholis*, look strange and frown,
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects:
I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou, unurg'd, wouldst vow,
That never words were musick to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-favour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd.
How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art thus estranged from thy self?
Thy self I call it, being strange to me:
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thy self from me:
For know, my love, as easie may'st thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thy self; and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Should'st thou but hear, I were licentious?
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate?
Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin of my harlot-brow,

And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
 And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
 I know thou can'st; and therefore, see, thou do it.
 I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
 My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
 For if we two be one, and thou play false,
 I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
 Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
 Keep then fair league, and truce with thy true bed;
 I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonoured. (5)

Ant. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
 In *Ephesus* I am but two hours old,
 As strange unto your town as to your talk.
 Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
 Wants wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with you;
 When were you wont to use my sister thus?
 She sent for you by *Dromio* home to dinner.

Ant. By *Dromio*?

S. Dro. By me?

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

Ant. Did you converse, Sir, with this gentlewoman?
 What is the course and drift of your compact?

S. Dro. I, Sir? I never saw her 'till this time.

Ant. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
 Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

S. Dro. I never spoke with her in all my life.

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

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
 'To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,

(5) *I live distain'd, thou undishonour'd.*] *To distaine* (from the French Word, *destaindre*) signifies, to stain, defile, pollute. But the Context requires a Sense quite opposite. We must either read, *unstain'd*; or, by adding an *Hyphen*, and giving the Preposition a *privative* Force, read *dis-stain'd*; and then it will mean, *unstain'd, undefiled*.

Abetting him to thwart me in my mood ?
 Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
 But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
 Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine ;
 Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine :
 Whose weakneſs, marry'd to thy ſtronger ſtate,
 Makes me with thy ſtrength to communicate ;
 If aught poſſeſs thee from me, it is drofs,
 Uſurping ivy, brier, or idle moſs ;
 Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
 Infect thy ſap, and live on thy confuſion.

Ant. To me ſhe ſpeaks ; ſhe moves me for her theam ;
 What, was I marry'd to her in my dream ?
 Or ſleep I now, and think I hear all this ?
 What error drives our eyes and ears amiſs ?
 Until I know this ſure uncertainty,
 I'll entertain the favour'd fallacy.

Luc. *Dromio*, go bid the ſervants ſpread for dinner.

S. Dro. Oh, for my beads ! I croſs me for a ſinner.
 This is the *Fairy* land : oh, ſpight of ſpights !
 We talk with goblins, ouchs, and elviſh ſprights ; (6)
 If we obey them not, this will enſue,
 They'll ſuck our breath, and pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'ſt thou to thy ſelf, and answer'ſt
 not ? (7)

Dromio, thou drone, thou ſnail, thou ſlug, thou ſot !

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

Ant. I think, thou art in mind, and ſo am I.

S. Dro.

(6) *We talk with Goblins, Owls, and elviſh Sprights ;*] They might fancy, they talk'd with Goblins and Sprights ; but why with *Owls*, in the Name of Nonſenſe ? Or could *Owls* ſuck their Breath, and pinch them black and blue ? I dare ſay, my Readers will acquieſce in the Juſtneſs of my Emendation here : The Word is common with our Author in other Paſſages.

(7) *Why prat'ſt thou to thy ſelf ?*

Dromio, thou Dromio, ſnail, thou ſlug, thou ſot.] In the firſt of theſe Lines, Mr. Rowe and Mr. Pope have Both, for what Reaſon I cannot tell, curtail'd the Meaſure, and diſ-

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

Ant. Thou hast thine own form.

S. Dro. No; I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an afs.

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

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the Eye and weep,
Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.
Come, Sir, to dinner; *Dromio*, keep the gate;
Husband, I'll dine above with you to day,
And thrive you of a thousand idle pranks;
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter:
Come, sifter; *Dromio*, play the porter well.

Ant. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking, mad or well advis'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd?
I'll say as they say, and persever so;
And in this mist at all adventures go.

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

Adr. Ay, let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Luc. Come, come, *Antipholis*, we dine too late.

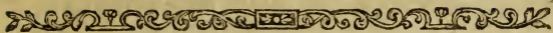
[*Exeunt.*]

mounted the doggrel Rhyme, which I have replac'd from the first *Folio*. The second Verse is there likewise read;

Dromio, thou Dromio, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot.

The Verse is thus half a Foot too long; my Correction cures that Fault: besides *Drone* corresponds with the other Apellations of Reproach.





A C T III.

S C E N E, *the Street before Antipholis's House.*

Enter Antipholis of Ephesus, Dromio of Ephesus, Angelo, and Balthazar.

E. ANTIPHOLIS.

GOOD Signior *Angelo*, you must excuse us ;
My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours ;
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop
To see the making of her carkanet ;
And that to morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him ;
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold ;
And that I did deny my wife and house :

Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this ?

E. Dro. Say, what you will, Sir ; but I know what
I know ;

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to
show ;

If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave
were ink,

Your own hand-writing would tell you what I think.

E. Ant. I think, thou art an afs.

E. Dro. Marry, so it don't appear (8)

By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear ;

(8) *Marry, so it doth appear*

By the Wrongs I suffer, and the Blows I bear.] Thus all the
printed Copies ; But, certainly, This is Cross-purposes in Reasoning.
It appears, *Dromio* is an Afs by his making no Resistance : because an Afs,
being kick'd, kicks again. Our Author never argues at this wild Rate,
where his Text is genuine.

I should kick, being kickt; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

E. Ant. Y'are sad, Signior *Balthazar*. Pray God,
our cheer

May answer my good will, and your good welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, Sir, and your welcome dear.

E. Ant. Ah, Signior *Balthazar*, either at flesh or fish,
A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, Sir, is common; that every churl
affords.

E. Ant. And welcome more common; for that's
nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry
feast.

E. Ant. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing
guest:

But tho' my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.

But, soft; my door is lockt; go bid them let us in.

E. Dro. *Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn!*

S. Dro. (*within*) Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb,
idiot, patch!

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch:
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such
store,

When one is one too many? go, get thee from the
door.

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

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

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

S. Dro. Right, Sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell
me wherefore.

E. Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not din'd
to day.

S. Dro. Nor to day here you must not: come again,
when you may.

E. Ant.

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

S. Dro. The porter for this time, Sir, and my name is *Dromio*.

E. Dro. O villian, thou hast stoll'n both mine office and my name:

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.

If thou had'st been *Dromio* to day in my place,

Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an afs.

Luce. (*within*) What a coile is there, *Dromio*? who are those at the gate?

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

Luce. Faith, no; he comes too late;

And so tell your master.

E. Dro. O lord, I must laugh;

Have at you with a *Proverb*.—Shall I fet in my staff?

Luce. Have at you with another; that's when, can you tell?

S. Dro. If thy name be call'd *Luce*, *Luce*, thou hast answer'd him well.

E. Ant. Do you hear, you minion, you'll let us in, I trow?

Luce. I thought to have askt you.

S. Dro. And you said, no.

E. Dro. So, come, help, well struck; there was blow for blow.

E. Ant. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

E. Dro. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock, 'till it ake.

E. Ant. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Adr. (*within*) Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?

S. Dro. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

E. Ant. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife, Sir knave! go, get you from the door.

E. Dro. If you went in pain, master, this *knave* would go fore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, Sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

E. Dro. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

E. Ant. There's something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

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

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

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

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

S. Dro. Break any thing here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

E. Dro. A man may break a word with you, Sir, and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

S. Dro. It seems, thou wantest breaking; out upon thee, hind!

E. Dro. Here's too much, *out upon thee!* I pray thee, let me in.

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

E. Ant. Well, I'll break in; go borrow me a crow.

E. Dro. A crow without feather, master, mean you so? For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:

If a crow help us in, firrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

E. Ant.

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

Bal. Have patience, Sir: oh, let it not be so.

Herein you war against your reputation,

And draw within the compass of suspect

Th' unviolated honour of your wife.

Once, this;—your long experience of her wisdom,

Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,

Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;

And doubt not, Sir, but she will well excuse,

Why at this time the doors are barr'd against you.

Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,

And let us to the *Tyger* all to dinner;

And about evening come your self alone,

To know the reason of this strange restraint.

If by strong hand you offer to break in,

Now in the stirring passage of the day,

A vulgar comment will be made of it;

And that supposed by the common rout,

Against your yet ungalled estimation,

That may with foul intrusion enter in,

And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:

For slander lives upon succession;

For ever hous'd, where it once gets possession.

E. Ant. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,

And, in despite of wrath, (9) mean to be merry.

I know a wench of excellent discourse,

Pretty and witty, wild, and, yet too, gentle;

There will we dine: this woman that I mean,

My wife (but, I protest, without desert,)

Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;

To her will we to dinner. Get you home,

(9) *And, in Despite of Mirth,]* In despite of what *Mirth?* We don't find, that it was any Joke, or matter of Mirth, to be shut out of Doors by his Wife. I make no Doubt therefore, but I have restor'd the true Reading. *Antipholis's* Passion is plain enough all thro' this Scene: and, in the next Act, we find him confessing how angry He was at this Juncture.—

And did not I in Rage depart from thence? The Circumstances, I think, sufficiently justify my Emendation.

And

And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made;
 Bring it, I pray you, to the *Porcupine*;
 For there's the house: that chain will I bestow,
 (Be it for nothing but to spight my wife,)
 Upon mine hostess there. Good Sir, make haste:
 Since my own doors refuse to entertain me,
 I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour, Sir,
 hence.

E. Ant. Do so; this jest shall cost me some expence.
 [Exit.]

SCENE, *the House of Antipholis of Ephesus.*

Enter Luciana, with Antipholis of Syracuse.

Luc. AND may it be, that you have quite forgot
 (10)

A husband's office? shall, *Antipholis*, hate,
 Ev'n in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
 Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate?

If you did wed my sister for her wealth,

Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness;
 Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;

Muffle your false love with some shew of blindness;

(10) *And may it be, that you have quite forgot*

An Husband's Office? Shall, Antipholis,

Ev'n in the Spring of Love, thy love-springs rot?

Shall love in buildings grow so ruinate?] This Passage has hitherto labour'd under a double Corruption. What Conceit could our Editors have of *Love in Buildings* growing ruinate? Our Poet meant no more than This. Shall thy Love-springs rot, even in the Spring of Love? and shall thy Love grow ruinous, ev'n while 'tis but building up? The next Corruption is by an accident at Press, as I take it; This Scene for Fifty two Lines successively is strictly in alternate Rhymes: and this Measure is never broken, but in the *Second*, and *Fourth*, Lines of these two Couplets. 'Tis certain, I think, a Monosyllable dropt from the Tail of the Second Verse; and I have ventur'd to supply it by, I hope, a probable Conjecture.

Let

Let not my sifter read it in your eye ;
 Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator ;
 Look sweet, speak fair ; become difloyalty :
 Apparel vice, like virtue's harbinger ;
 Bear a fair prefence, tho' your heart be tainted :
 Teach fin the carriage of a holy faint ;
 Be fecret-false : what need ſhe be acquainted ?
 What fimple thief brags of his own attain't ?
 'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
 And let her read it in thy looks at board :
 Shame hath a baftard fame, well managed ;
 Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word :
 Alas, poor women ! make us but believe, (11)
 Being compact of credit, that you love us ;
 Tho' others have the arm, ſhew us the ſleeve :
 We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
 Then, gentle brother, get you in again ;
 Comfort my ſiſter, cheer her, call her wife ;
 'Tis holy ſport to be a little vain,
 When the ſweet breath of flattery conquers ſtrife.
S. Ant. Sweet miſtreſs, (what your name is elſe, I
 know not ;
 Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine :)
 Leſs in your knowledge and your grace you ſhow not
 Than our earth's wonder, more than earth divine.
 Teach me, dear creature, how to think and ſpeak ;
 Lay open to my earthy groſs conceit,
 Smother'd in errors, feeble, ſhallow, weak,
 The foul'd meaning of your words' deceit ;

(11) *Alas, poor Women! make us not believe, &c.*] From the whole Tenour of the Context it is evident, that this Negative (*not,*) got Place in the firſt Copies inſtead of *but*. And theſe two Monofyllables have by Miſtake reciprocally diſpoſſeſ'd one another in many other Paſſages of our Author's Works. Nothing can be more plain than the Poet's Senſe in this Paſſage. Women, ſays he, are ſo eaſy of Faith, that only make them believe you love them, and they'll take the bare Profeſſion, for the Subſtance and Reality.

Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field?

Are you a God? would you create me new?

Transform me then, and to your pow'r I'll yield.

But if that I am I, then, well I know,

Your weeping sifter is no wife of mine;

Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;

Far more, far more, to you do I decline.

Oh, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,

To drown me in thy sifter's flood of tears;

Sing, *Siren*, for thyself, and I will dote;

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,

And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lye:

And in that glorious supposition think,

He gains by death, that hath such means to die;

Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink.

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

S. Ant. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

S. Ant. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your
fight.

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

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

S. Ant. Thy sifter's sifter.

Luc. That's my sifter.

S. Ant. No;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part:

Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,

My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,

My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

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

S. Ant. Call thyself sifter, sweet; for I mean thee:

Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;

Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.

Give me thy hand.

Luc. Oh, soft, Sir, hold you still;

I'll fetch my sifter, to get her good will.

[*Exit* Luciana.

Enter

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

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

S. Dro. Do you know me, Sir? am I *Dromio*? am I your man? am I myself?

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

S. Dro. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

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

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

S. Ant. What claim lays she to thee?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, such a claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

S. Ant. What is she?

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

S. Ant. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

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

S. Ant. What complexion is she of?

S. Dro. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept; for why? she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

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

S. Dro. No, Sir, 'tis in grain; *Noah's* flood could not do it.

S. Ant.

S. Ant. (12) What's her name?

S. Dro. Nell, Sir;—but her name and three quarters (that is, an ell and three quarters) will not measure her from hip to hip.

S. Ant. Then she bears some breadth?

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

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

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

S. Ant. Where *Scotland*?

S. Dro. I found it out by the barrenness, hard in the palm of her hand.

S. Ant. (13) Where *France*?

S. Dro. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her hair.——

S. Ant.

(12) S. Ant. *What's her Name?*

S. Dro. Nell, Sir; but her Name is three Quarters; that is, an Ell and three Quarters, &c.] This Passage has hitherto lain as perplex'd and unintelligible, as it is now easy, and truly humourous. If a *Conundrum* be restor'd, in setting it right, who can help it? There are enough besides in our Author, and *Ben Jonson*, to countenance that current Vice of the Times when this Play appear'd. Nor is Mr. *Pope*. in the *Chastity* of his Taste, to bristle up at Me for the Revival of this Witticism, since I owe the Correction to the Sagacity of the ingenious Dr. *Thirlby*.

(13) S. Ant. *Where France?*

S. Dro. In her Forehead; arm'd and reverted, making War against her Hair.] All the other Countries, mention'd in this Description, are in *Dromio's* Replies satirically characteriz'd: but here, as the Editors have order'd it, no Remark is made upon *France*; nor any Reason given, why it should be in her Forehead: but only the Kitchen-wench's high Forehead is rallied, as pushing back her Hair. Thus all the modern Editions; but the first Folio reads—— *making War against her Hair*.—— And I am very apt to think, this Last is the true Reading; and that an *Equivoque*, as the *French* call it, a double Meaning, is design'd in the Poet's Allusion: and therefore I have replac'd it in the Text. In 1589, *Henry III.* of *France* being

S. Ant. Where *England*?

S. Dro. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between *France* and it.

S. Ant. Where *Spain*?

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

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

S. Dro. Oh, Sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellish'd with rubies, carbuncles, saphires; declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of *Spain*, who sent whole armadoes of carracts to be ballast at her nose.

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

S. Dro. Oh, Sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me, call'd me *Dromio*, swore I was assur'd to her, told me what privy marks I had about me, as the marks of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amaz'd, ran from her as a witch. And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she had transform'd me to a curtal-dog, and made me turn i'th' wheel.

S. Ant. Go, hie thee presently; post to the road; And if the wind blow any way from shore, I will not harbour in this town to night. If any bark put forth, come to the mart; Where I will walk, 'till thou return to me:

being stab'd, and dying of his Wound, was succeeded by *Henry IV.* of *Navarre*, whom he appointed his Successor; but whose Claim the States of *France* resisted, on account of his being a Protestant. This, I take it, is what he means, by *France* making War against her *Heir*. Now as, in 1591, *Queen Elizabeth* sent over 4000 Men, under the Conduct of the Earl of *Essex*, to the Assistance of this *Henry* of *Navarre*; it seems to me very probable, that during this Expedition being on foot, this Comedy made its Appearance. And it was the finest Address imaginable in the Poet, to throw such an oblique Sneer at *France*, for opposing the Succession of that *Heir*, whose Claim his Royal Mistress, the *Queen*, had sent over a Force to establish, and oblige them to acknowledge.

If every one know us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack and be gone.

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

S. Ant. There's none but witches do inhabit here ;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence :
She, that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,
Possess't with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself :
But lest myself be guilty of self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter Angelo, with a Chain.

Ang. Master *Antipholis*, ———

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

Ang. I know it well, Sir ; lo, here is the chain ;
I thought t' have ta'en you at the *Porcupine* ;
The chain, unfinish'd, made me stay thus long.

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

Ang. What please yourself, Sir ; I have made it for you.

S. Ant. Made it for me, Sir ! I bespoke it not.

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

S. Ant. I pray you, Sir, receive the mony now ;
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor mony, more.

Ang. You are a merry man, Sir ; fare you well.

[Exit.

S. Ant. What I should think of this, I cannot tell :
But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts :
I'll to the mart, and there for *Dromio* stay ;
If any ship put out, then strait away.

[Exit.



A C T IV.

S C E N E, *The Street.*

Enter a Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.

M E R C H A N T.

Y O U know, since *Pentecost* the sum is due ;
 And since I have not much importun'd you ;
 Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
 To *Persia*, and want gilders for my voyage :
 Therefore make present satisfaction ;
 Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Ev'n just the sum, that I do owe to you,
 Is growing to me by *Antipholis* ;
 And, in the instant that I met with you,
 He had of me a chain : at five o' clock,
 I shall receive the mony for the same :
 Please you but walk with me down to his house,
 I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

*Enter Antipholis of Ephesus, and Dromio of Ephesus,
 as from the Courtezan's.*

Offi. That labour you may save : see, where he comes.

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

E. Dro. I buy a thousand pound a year ! I buy a
 rope ! [Exit Dromio.]

E. Ant. A man is well help up, that trusts to you :
 I promised your presence, and the chain :
 But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me :

Belike,

Belike, you thought, our love would last too long
If it were chain'd together ; therefore came not.

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

E. Ant. I am not furnish'd with the present mony ;
Besides, I have some business in the town ;
Good Signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof ;
Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.

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

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

Ang. Well, Sir, I will : have you the chain about
you ?

E. Ant. An if I have not, Sir, I hope, you have :
Or else you may return without your mony.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, Sir, give me the chain ;
Both wind and tide stay for this gentleman ;
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

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

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

Ang. You hear, how he importunes me ; the chain——

E. Ant. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your
mony.

Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you ev'n now.
Or send the chain, or send me by some token.

E. Ant. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath :
Come, where's the chain ? I pray you, let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance :
Good Sir, say, wher you'll answer me, or no ;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

E. Ant.

E. Ant. I answer you? why should I answer you?

Ang. The mony, that you owe me for the chain.

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

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

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

Ang. You wrong me more, Sir, in denying it; Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Offi. I do, and charge you in the Duke's name to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation.

Either consent to pay the sum for me,

Or I attach you by this officer.

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

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer; I would not spare my brother in this case, If he should scorn me so apparently.

Offi. I do arrest you, Sir; you hear the suit.

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

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

Enter Dromio of Syracuse, from the Bay.

S. Dro. Master, there is a bark of *Epidamnum*, That stays but till her owner comes aboard; Then, Sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, Sir, I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought The Oyl, the *Balsamum*, and *Aqua-vitæ*. The ship is in her trim; the merry wind Blows fair from land; they stay for nought at all, But for their owner, master, and yourself.

E. Ant. How now! a mad man! why, thou peevish sheep, What ship of *Epidamnum* stays for me?

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

E. Ant. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;

And

And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

S. Dro. You sent me for a rope's-end as soon :
You sent me to the bay, Sir, for a bark.

E. Ant. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.

To *Adriana*, villain, hie thee strait,

Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk

That's cover'd o'er with *Turkish* tapestry,

There is a purse of ducats, let her send it :

Tell her, I am arrested in the street,

And that shall bail me ; hie thee, slave ; be gone :

On, officer, to prison 'till it come. [*Exeunt.*

S. Dro. To *Adriana* ! that is where we din'd,

Where *Dowdabel* did claim me for her husband ;

She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.

Thither I must, altho' against my will,

For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

SCENE changes to *E. Antipholis's House.*

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. **A**H, *Luciana*, did he tempt thee so ?

Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye

That he did plead in earnest, yea or no ?

Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily ?

What observation mad'st thou in this case,

Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face ?

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

Adr. He meant, he did me none, the more my spight.

Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he
were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he ?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love ?

Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might move.
First, he did praise my beauty, then my speech.

Adr. Did'st speak him fair ?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have its will.
He is deformed, crooked, old and sere,
I'll-fac'd, worse-body'd, shapeless every where;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

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

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,
And yet, would herein others' eyes were worse:
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away;
My heart prays for him, tho' my tongue do curse.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

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

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

S. Dro. By running fast.

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

S. Dro. No, he's in *Tartar Limbo*, worse than hell;
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,
One, whose hard heart is button'd up with steel:
A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough, (14)
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that commands
The passages of allies, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;
One, that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.

(14) *A Fiend, a Fairy, pitiless and rough.*] *Dromio* here bringing Word in haste that his Master is arrested, describes the *Bailiff* by Names proper to raise Horror and Detestation of such a Creature, such as, a *Devil*, a *Fiend*, a *Wolf*, &c. But how does *Fairy* come up to these terrible Ideas? Or with what Propriety can it be used here? Does he mean, that a *Bailiff* is like a *Fairy* in stealing away his Master? The truest Believers of those little Phantoms never pretended to think, that they stole any thing but Children. Certainly, it will suit better in Sense with the other Names annex'd, as well as the Character of a Catch-pole, to conclude that the Poet wrote;
— a *Fiend*, a *Fury*, &c.

Adr.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

S. Dro. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.

S. Dro. I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well; but he's in a suit of buff, which 'rested him, that I can tell. Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister. This I wonder at,
[*Exit Luciana.*

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt!

Tell me, was he arrested on a bond?

S. Dro. Not on a bond, but on a stronger thing, A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

S. Dro. No, no; the bell; 'tis time that I were gone. It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that I did never hear.

S. Dro. O yes, if any hour meet a serjeant, a' turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason?

S. Dro. *Time* is a very bankrout, and owes more than he's worth, to season.

Nay, he's a thief too; have you not heard men say,

That *Time* comes stealing on by night and day?

If *Time* be in debt and theft, and a serjeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go, *Dromio*; there's the money, bear it strait,
And bring thy master home immediately.

Come, sister, I am prest down with conceit;

Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to the Street.

Enter Antipholis of Syracuse.

S. Ant. **T**HERE's not a man I meet, but doth salute me,
 As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
 And every one doth call me by my name.
 Some tender mony to me, some invite me;
 Some other give me thanks for kindnesse;
 Some offer me commodities to buy.
 Ev'n now a taylor call'd me in his shop,
 And show'd me filks that he had bought for me,
 And therewithal took measure of my body.
 Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
 And *Lapland* forcerers inhabit here.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

S. Dro. Master, here's the gold you sent me for;
 (15) what, have you got rid of the picture of old *Adam*
 new-apparell'd?

S. Ant. What gold is this? what *Adam* dost thou
 mean?

(15) what, have you got the Picture of old *Adam* new apparell'd?] A short Word or two must have slipt out here, by some Accident in copying, or at Press; otherwise I have no Conception of the Meaning of the Passage. The Case is this. *Dromio's* Master had been arrested, and sent his Servant home for Mony to redeem him: He running back with the Mony meets the Twin *Antipholis*, whom he mistakes for his Master, and seeing him clear of the *Officer* before the Mony was come, he cries in a Surprise;

What, have you got rid of the Picture of old *Adam* new apparell'd? For so I have ventur'd to supply, by Conjecture. But why is the *Officer* call'd old *Adam* new apparell'd? The Allusion is to *Adam* in his State of Innocence going naked; and immediately after the Fall, being cloath'd in a Frock of *Skins*. Thus he was new apparell'd: and, in like manner, the *Sergeants* of the Counter were formerly clad in *Buff*, or *Calves-skin*, as the Author humourously a little lower calls it.

S. Dro. Not that *Adam*, that kept the paradise ; but that *Adam*, that keeps the prison ; he that goes in the calves-skin, that was kill'd for the prodigal ; he that came behind you, Sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

S. Ant. I understand thee not.

S. Dro. No ? why, 'tis a plain case ; he that went like a base-viol in a case of leather ; the man, Sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them ; he, Sir, that takes pity on decay'd men, and gives 'em suits of durance ; he, that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike.

S. Ant. What ! thou mean'st an officer ?

S. Dro. Ay, Sir, the serjeant of the band ; he, that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his bond ; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and saith, God give you good rest !

S. Ant. Well, Sir, there rest in your foolery.

Is there any ship puts forth to night ? may we be gone ?

S. Dro. Why, Sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark *Expedition* puts forth to night, and then were you hinder'd by the serjeant, to tarry for the hoy *Delay* ; here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

S. Ant. The fellow is distract, and so am I,
And here we wander in illusions ;
Some blessed power deliver us from hence !

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, master *Antipholis*.
I see, Sir, you have found the goldsmith now :
Is that the chain, you promis'd me to day ?

S. Ant. Satan, avoid ! I charge thee, tempt me not.

S. Dro. Master, is this mistress Satan ?

S. Ant. It is the devil.

S. Dro. Nay, she is worse, she's the devil's dam ; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench, and thereof comes, that the wenches say, God dam me, that's as much as to say, God make me a light wench. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light ; light

is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn; come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, Sir. Will you go with me, we'll mend our dinner here?

S. Dro. Master, if you do expect spoon-meat, bespeak a long spoon.

S. Ant. Why, *Dromio*?

S. Dro. Marry, he must have a long spoon, that must eat with the devil.

S. Ant. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a forcerefs:

I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine, you had at dinner, Or for my diamond the chain you promis'd, And I'll be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail, a rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherry-stone: but she, more covetous, would have a chain. Master, be wise; an if you give it her, the devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, Sir, my ring, or else the chain; I hope, you do not mean to cheat me so?

S. Ant. Avaunt, thou witch! come, *Dromio*, let us go.

S. Dro. Fly pride, says the peacock; mistress, that you know. [Exeunt.

Manet Courtezan.

Cour. Now, out of doubt, *Antipholis* is mad; Else would he never so demean himself. A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats, And for the same he promis'd me a chain; Both one, and other, he denies me now. The reason, that I gather, he is mad, (Besides this present instance of his rage) Is a mad tale he told to day at dinner, Of his own door being shut against his entrance. Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits, On purpose shut the doors against his way. My way is now to hie home to his house,

And tell his wife, that, being lunatick,
 He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
 My ring away. This course I fittest chuse;
 For forty ducats is too much to lose.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E *changes to the Street.*

Enter Antipholis of Ephesus, with a Jaylor.

E. Ant. **F**EAR me not, man; I will not break away;
 I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much
 mony,

To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.

My wife is in a wayward mood to day,
 And will not lightly trust the messenger.

That I should be attach'd in *Ephesus*,

I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears. —

Enter Dromio of Ephesus, with a Rope's-end.

Here comes my man; I think, he brings the mony.

How now, Sir, have you that I sent you for?

E. Dro. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

E. Ant. But where's the mony?

E. Dro. Why, Sir, I gave the mony for the rope.

E. Ant. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

E. Dro. I'll serve you, Sir, five hundred at the rate.

E. Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E. Dro. To a rope's-end, Sir; and to that end am I
 return'd.

E. Ant. And to that end, Sir, I will welcome you.

[*Beats Dromio.*]

Off. Good Sir, be patient.

E. Dro. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in ad-
 versity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

E. Ant. Thou whorson, senseless villain!

E. Dro. I would, I were senseless, Sir, that I might
 not feel your blows.

E. Ant. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and
 so is an ass.

E. Dro.

E. Dro. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have serv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating; I am wak'd with it, when I sleep; rais'd with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcom'd home with it, when I return; nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lam'd me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtesan, and Pinch.

E. Ant. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

E. Dro. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather the prophecie, like the parrot, beware the rope's-end. ———

E. Ant. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beats Dromio.*

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.

Good Doctor *Pinch*, you are a Conjuror,

Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his extasie!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

E. Ant. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers;
And to thy state of darkness hie thee strait,
I conjure thee by all the Saints in heav'n.

E. Ant. Peace, doating wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. Oh, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

E. Ant. You minion, you, are these your customers?
Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I deny'd to enter in my house?

Adr. Oh, husband, God doth know, you din'd at home,

Where, 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame!

E. Ant. Din'd I at home? thou villain, what say'st thou?

E. Dro. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

E. Ant. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

E. Dro. Perdie, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

E. Ant. And did not she herself revile me there?

E. Dro. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

E. Ant. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

E. Dro. Certes, she did, the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

E. Ant. And did I not in rage depart from thence?

E. Dro. In verity, you did; my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of your rage.

Adr. Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

E. Ant. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you mony to redeem you,
By *Dromio* here, who came in haste for it.

E. Dro. Mony by me? heart and good will you might,
But, surely, master, not a rag of mony.

E. Ant. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her, that she did.

E. Dro. God and the rope-maker do bear me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope.

Pinch. Mistrefs, both man and master are possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks;
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

E. Ant. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to day,

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

E. Dro. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold,
But I confess, Sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

E. Ant.

E. Ant. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all ;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me :
But with these nails I'll pluck out those false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him : he strives.

Adr. Oh, bind him, bind him, let him not come
near me.

Pinch. More company ; — the fiend is strong within
him.

Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks !

E. Ant. What, will you murder me ? thou jailor, thou,
I am thy prisoner, wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue ?

Offi. Masters ; let him go :
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantick too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer ?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself ?

Offi. He is my prisoner ; if I let him go.
The debt, he owes, will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee ;
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,

[They bind Antipholis and Dromio.

And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master Doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house. Oh, most unhappy day !

E. Ant. Oh, most unhappy strumpet !

E. Dro. Master, I'm here enter'd in bond for you.

E. Ant. Out on thee, villain ! wherefore dost thou
mad me ?

E. Dro. Will you be bound for nothing ? be mad,
good master ; cry, the devil. —

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk !

Adr. Go bear him hence ; sister, stay you with me.

[Exeunt Pinch, Antipholis, and Dromio.

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at ?

Manent Officer, Adriana, Luciana, and Courtezan.

Offi. One *Angelo*, a goldsmith ; do you know him ?

Adr. I know the man ; what is the sum he owes ?

Offi. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due ?

Offi. Due for a chain, your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your husband all in rage to day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,
(The ring I saw upon his finger now)

Strait after, did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.

Come, jailor, bring me where the goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

*Enter Antipholis of Syracuse, with his Rapier drawn,
and Dromio of Syracuse.*

Luc. God, for thy mercy ! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords ;

Let's call more help to have them bound again.

Offi. Away, they'll kill us. [*They run out.*]

Manent Antipholis and Dromio.

S. Ant. I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

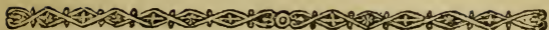
S. Dro. She, that would be your wife, now ran from
you.

S. Ant. Come to the *Centaur*, fetch our stuff from
thence :

I long, that we were safe and found aboard.

S. Dro. Faith, stay here this night ; they will surely
do us no harm ; you saw, they spake us fair, gave us
gold ; methinks, they are such a gentle nation, that but
for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of
me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn
witch.

S. Ant. I will not stay to night for all the town ;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*]



A C T V.

SCENE, *A Street, before a Priory.*

Enter the Merchant and Angelo.

A N G E L O.

I AM forry, Sir, that I have hinder'd you ;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Tho' most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city ?

Ang. Of very reverent reputation, Sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city ;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak softly : yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholis and Dromio of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so ; and that self-chain about his neck,
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.

Good Sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.

Signior *Antipholis*, I wonder much

That you would put me to this shame and trouble ;

And not without some scandal to yourself,

With circumstance and oaths so to deny

This chain, which now you wear so openly ;

Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,

You have done wrong to this my honest friend ;

Who, but for staying on our controversie,

Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to day :

This chain you had of me, can you deny it ?

S. Ant. I think, I had ; I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, Sir ; and forswore it too.

S. Ant. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it ?

Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee :

Fie on thee, wretch ! 'tis pity, that thou liv'st

To walk where any honest men resort.

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S. Ant. Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus.
I'll prove mine honour and my honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defie thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*]

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is mad;
Some get within him, take his sword away;
Bind *Dromio* too, and bear them to my house.

S. Dro. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house;
This is some Priory; in, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt to the Priory.*]

Enter Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people; wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence;
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I'm sorry now, that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sower, sad,
And much, much different from the man he was:
But, 'till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by-wreck at sea?
Bury'd some dear friend? hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?

A sin, prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly, as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference. (16)

In bed, he slept not for my urging it ;
At board, he fed not for my urging it ;
Alone, it was the subject of my theam ;
In company, I often glanc'd at it ;
Still did I tell him, it was vile and bad.

Abb. And therefore came it, that the man was mad.
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly, than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing ;
And thereof comes it, that his head is light.
Thou say'st, his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings ;
Unquiet meals make ill digestions ;
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred ;
And what's a fever, but a fit of madness ?
Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls.
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
But moodie and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair ?
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life.
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest,
To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast :
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demeaned himself rough, rude and wildly ;
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not ?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

(16) *It was the Copy of our Conference.*] We are not to understand this Word here, as it is now used, in Opposition to an *Original* ; any Thing done after a *Pattern* ; but we are to take it in the nearest Sense to the *Latine* Word *Copia*, from which it is derived. *Adriana* would say, her *Reproofs* were the *Burden*, the *Fulness* of her *Conference*, all the *Subject* of her *Talk*. And in these *Acceptations* the Word *Copie* was used by *Writers* before our *Author's* Time, as well as by his *Contemporaries*.

Abb. No, not a creature enter in my house.

Adr. Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither ; he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands ;
'Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office ;
And will have no attorney but myself ;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient, for I will not let him stir,
'Till I have us'd th' approved means I have,
With wholesome sirups, drugs, and holy prayers
To make of him a formal man again ;
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order ;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here ;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not have him.

Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.
[Exit Abbess.]

Adr. Come, go ; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise, until my tears and prayers
Have won his Grace to come in person hither ;
And take perforce my husband from the Abbess.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five :
Anon, I'm sure, the Duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale ;
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause ?

Mer. To see a reverend *Syracusan* merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publickly for his offence.

Ang. See, where they come ; we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the Duke, before he pass the abbey.

Enter the Duke, and Ægeon bare-headed; with the Headsman, and other Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publickly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred Duke, against the Abbess.

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend Lady;
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your Grace, *Antipholis* my husband,

(Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,) this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desp'rately he hurry'd through the street,
With him his bondman all as mad as he,
Doing displeasure to the citizens,
By rushing in their houses; bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed:
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those, that had the guard of him:
And, with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chas'd us away; 'till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them; then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursu'd them;
And here the Abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious Duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars,
And I to thee ingag'd a Prince's word,
(When thou didst make him master of thy bed,)
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate;

And

And bid the lady Abbess come to me.
I will determine this, before I stir.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. O mistress, mistress, shift and save your self;
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire;
And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair;
My master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissars nicks him like a fool:
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here,
And that is false, thou dost report to us.

Mess. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.
He crys for you, and vows if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you. [*Cry within.*
Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing: guard with
halberds.

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband; witness you,
That he is borne about invisible!
Ev'n now we hous'd him in the abbey here,
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter Antipholis, and Dromio of Ephesus.

E. Ant. Justice, most gracious Duke, oh, grant me
justice.

Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life, even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Ægeon. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son *Antipholis*, and *Dromio*.

E. Ant. Justice, sweet Prince, against that woman there:
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,

Ev'n

Ev'n in the strength and height of injury.

Beyond imagination is the wrong,

That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

E. Ant. This day, great Duke, she shut the doors
upon me;

Whilst she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault; say, woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord: myself, he, and my sister,

To day did dine together: so befall my soul,

As this is false, he burthens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjur'd woman! they are both forsworn.

In this the mad-man justly chargeth them.

E. Ant. My Liege, I am advised, what I say.

Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,

Nor, heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire;

Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiser mad.

This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;

That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,

Could witness it; for he was with me then;

Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,

Promising to bring it to the *Porcupine*,

Where *Balthazar* and I did dine together.

Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,

I went to seek him; in the street I met him,

And in his company that gentleman.

There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,

That I this day from him receiv'd the chain;

Which, God he knows, I saw not; for the which,

He did arrest me with an officer.

I did obey, and sent my peasant home

For certain ducats; he with none return'd.

Then fairly I bespoke the officer,

To go in person with me to my house.

By ch' way we met my wife, her sister, and

A rabble more of vile confederates;

They brought one *Pinch*, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,

A meer anatomy, a mountebank,

A thread bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
 A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
 A living dead man. This pernicious slave,
 Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
 And, gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulse,
 And with no-face, as twere, out-facing me,
 Cries out, I was possesst. Then all together
 They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
 And in a dark and dankish vault at home
 There left me and my man, both bound together;
 'Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds asunder,
 I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
 Ran hither to your Grace; whom I beseech
 To give me ample satisfaction
 For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him;
 That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my lord; and when he ran in here,
 These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine
 Heard you confess, you had the chain of him,
 After you first forswore it on the mart;
 And thereupon I drew my sword on you;
 And then you fled into this abbey here,
 From whence, I think, you're come by miracle.

E. Ant. I never came within these abbey-walls,
 Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me;
 I never saw the chain, so help me heav'n!
 And this is false, you burthen me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this?
 I think you all have drunk of *Circe's* cup:
 If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
 If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:
 You say, he din'd at home; the goldsmith here
 Denies that saying. Sirrah, what say you?

E. Dro. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the *Porcupine*.

Cour. He did, and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

E. Ant. 'Tis true, my Liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour.

Cour. As sure, my Liege, as I do see your Grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange; go call the Abbess hither; I think, you are all mated, or stark mad:

[*Ex. one to the Abbess.*]

Ægeon. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:

Haply, I see a friend, will save my life;
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, *Syracusan*, what thou wilt.

Ægeon. Is not your name, Sir, call'd *Antipholis*?
And is not that your bond-man *Dromio*?

E. Dro. Within this hour I was his bond-man, Sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
Now am I *Dromio*, and his man unbound.

Ægeon. I am sure, you both of you remember me.

E. Dro. Our selves we do remember, Sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not *Pinch*'s patient, are you, Sir?

Ægeon. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

E. Ant. I never saw you in my life, 'till now.

Ægeon. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me last;

And careful hours with time's deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures in my face;
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

E. Ant. Neither.

Ægeon. *Dromio*, nor thou?

E. Dro. No, trust me, Sir, nor I.

Ægeon. I am sure, thou dost.

E. Dro. I, Sir? but I am sure, I do not: and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Ægeon. Not know my voice! oh, time's extremity!
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Tho' now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life some memory;

My

My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left,
 My dull deaf ears a little use to hear :
 All these old witnessess, I cannot err,
 Tell me thou art my son *Antipholis*.

E. Ant. I never saw my father in my life.

Ægeon. But seven years since, in *Syracusa*-bay,
 Thou know'st, we parted ; but, perhaps, my son,
 Thou sham'st t'acknowledge me in misery.

E. Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the city,
 Can witness with me that it is not so :
 I ne'er saw *Syracusa* in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, *Syracusan*, twenty years
 Have I been Patron to *Antipholis*,
 During which time he ne'er saw *Syracusa* :
 I see, thy age and dangers make thee doat.

Enter the Abbess, with Antipholis Syracusan, and Dromio Syracusan.

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.
 [All gather to see him.]

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is *Genius* to the other ;
 And so of these which is the natural man,
 And which the spirit ? who deciphers them ?

S. Dro. I, Sir, am *Dromio* ; command him away.

E. Dro. I, Sir, am *Dromio* ; pray let me stay.

S. Ant. *Ægeon*, art thou not ? or else his ghost ?

S. Dro. O, my old master ! who hath bound him here ?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds ;
 And gain a husband by his liberty.
 Speak, old *Ægeon*, if thou be'st the man,
 That hadst a wife once call'd *Æmilia*,
 That bore thee at a burthen two fair sons ?
 Oh, if thou be'st the same *Ægeon*, speak ;
 And speak unto the same *Æmilia*.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right :
 These two *Antipholis*'s, these two so like,
 And those two *Dromio*'s, one in semblance ;
 Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,
 These plainly are the parents to these children,

Which

Which accidentally are met together.

Ægeon. If I dream not, thou art *Æmilia* ;
If thou art she, tell me where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft.

Abb. By men of *Epidamnum*, he and I,
And the twin *Dromio*, all were taken up ;
But, by and by, rude fishermen of *Corinth*
By force took *Dromio* and my son from them,
And me they left with those of *Epidamnum*.
What then became of them, I cannot tell ;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. *Antipholis*, thou cam'st from *Corinth* first.

S. Ant. No, Sir, not I ; I came from *Syracuse*.

Duke. Stay, stand apart ; I know not, which is which.

E. Ant. I came from *Corinth*, my most gracious Lord.

E. Dro. And I with him.

E. Ant. Brought to this town by that most famous
warrior,

Duke *Menaphon*, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to day ?

S. Ant. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband ?

E. Ant. No, I say nay to that.

S. Ant. And so do I, yet she did call me so :

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother. What I told you then,
I hope, I shall have leisure to make good,
If this be not a dream, I see and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, Sir, which you had of me.

S. Ant. I think it be, Sir. I deny it not.

E. Ant. And you, Sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think, I did, Sir ; I deny it not,

Adr. I sent you mony, Sir, to be your bail,
By *Dromio* ; but, I think, he brought it not.

E. Dro. No, none by me.

S. Ant. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And *Dromio* my man did bring them me ;
I see, we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these Errors all arose.

E. Ant. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

E. Ant. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's Error
Have suffer'd wrong; go, keep us company,
And ye shall have full satisfaction.

Twenty five years have I but gone in travel (17)

Of you my sons; nor, 'till this present hour,

My heavy burthens are deliver'd:

The duke, my husband, and my children both,

And you the calendars of their nativity,

Go to a gossip's feast and go with me:

After so long grief such nativity!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt.*]

(17) Thirty-three years.] 'Tis impossible the Poet could be so forgetful, as to design this Number here: and therefore I have ventur'd to alter it to *twenty-five*, upon a Proof, that, I think, amounts to Demonstration. The Number, I presume, was at first wrote in figures, and, perhaps, blindly; and thence the Mistake might arise. *Ageon*, in the first Scene of the first Act, is precise as to the Time his Son left him, in Quest of his Brother:

My youngest Boy, and yet my eldest Care,

At eighteen Years became Inquisitive

After his Brother, &c.

And how long it was from the Son's thus parting from his Father, to their meeting again at *Ephesus*, where *Ageon*, mistakenly, recognizes the Twin-brother for him; we as precisely learn from another Passage in the fifth Act.

Age. But seven years since, in *Syracusa-bay*,

Thou know'st we parted;

So that these two Numbers, put together, settle the Date of their Birth beyond Dispute.

Manent the two Antipholis's, and two Dromio's.

S. Dro. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from ship-board?

E. Ant. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou imbark'd?

S. Dro. Your goods, that lay at host, Sir, in the *Centaur*.

S. Ant. He speaks to me; I am your master, *Dromio*.
Come, go with us, we'll look to that anon;
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt Antipholis S. and E.*]

S. Dro. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to day at dinner:
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

E. Dro. Methinks, you are my glass, and not my
brother:

I see by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth:
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

S. Dro. Not I, Sir; you're my elder.

E. Dro. That's a question:
How shall I try it?

S. Dro. We'll draw cuts for the senior:
'Till then, lead thou first.

E. Dro. Nay, then thus—— [Embracing.]
We came into the world, like brother and brother:
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

[*Exeunt.*]



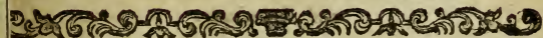





T H E

W I N T E R ' S

T A L E .





Dramatis Personæ.

LEONTES, *King of Sicilia.*

Polixenes, *King of Bohemia.*

Mamillius, *young Prince of Sicilia.*

Florizel, *Prince of Bohemia.*

Camillo,

Antigonus,

Cleomines,

Dion,

} *Sicilian Lords.*

Another Sicilian Lord.

Archidamus, *a Bohemian Lord.*

Rogero, *a Sicilian Gentleman.*

An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.

Officers of a Court of Judicature.

Old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.

Clown, his Son.

A Mariner.

Goaler.

Servant to the old Shepherd.

Autolicus, *a Rogue,*

Time, *as Chorus.*

Hermione, *Queen to Leontes.*

Perdita, *Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*

Paulina, *Wife to Antigonus.*

Emilia, *Attendant on the Queen.*

Two other Ladies.

Mopsa,

Dorcas,

} *Shepherdesses.*

*Satyrs for a Dance, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards,
and Attendants.*

SCENE, *sometimes in Sicilia; sometimes, in
Bohemia.*

THE





THE
WINTER'S TALE.

A C T I.

SCENE, *an Antichamber in Leontes's*
PALACE.

Enter Camillo, and Archidamus.

ARCHIDAMUS.



If you shall chance, *Camillo*, to visit *Bohemia*, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot: you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our *Bohemia* and your *Sicilia*.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the King of *Sicilia* means to pay *Bohemia* the visitation, which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves; for, indeed,——

Cam. 'Beseech you——

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge; we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare——I know not what to say—we will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses (unintelligent of our insufficiency) may, tho' they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak, as my Understanding instructs me; and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. *Sicilia* cannot shew himself over-kind to *Bohemia*; they were train'd together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot chuse but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their incounters, though not personal, have been royally attornied with enterchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seem'd to be together, tho' absent; shook hands, as over a Vast; and embrac'd, as it were, from the ends of oppos'd winds. The heav'ns continue their loves!——

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young Prince *Mamillius*: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physicks the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they, that went on crutches, ere he was born, desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes, if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the King had no son, they would desire to live on crutches 'till he had one.

SCENE opens to the Presence.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes,
and Attendants.

Pol. **N**INE Changes of the watry star hath been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our
Throne

Without

Without a burthen: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cypher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one, *we thank you*, many thousands more
That go before it.

Leo. Stay your thanks a while;
And pay them, when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to morrow:
I'm question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence, that may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
"This is put forth too truly". Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leo. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer Stay.

Leo. One sev'n-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to morrow.

Leo. We'll part the time between's then: and in that
I'll no gain-saying.

Pol. Prefs me not, 'beseech you, so;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'th' world,
So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, altho'
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leo. Tongue-ty'd, our Queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, Sir, to've held my peace, until
You'ad drawn oaths from him not to stay: you, Sir,
Charge-him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure,
All in *Bohemia's* well: this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

Leo. Well said, *Hermione*.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong,

But let him say so then, and let him go;
 But let him swear so, and he shall not stay;
 We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.
 Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure

[To Polixenes.

The borrow of a week. When at *Bohemia*
 You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,
 To let him there a month, behind the gest (1)
 Prefix'd for's parting: yet, (good deed) *Leontes*,
 I love thee not a jar o'th' clock behind
 What lady she her lord. You'll stay?

Pol. No, Madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily?

You put me off with limber vows; but I,
 Tho' you would seek t'unsphere the stars with oaths,
 Should yet say, "Sir, no going: *verily*,
 "You shall not go;" a lady's *verily* is
 As potent as a lord's. Will you go, yet?
 Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
 Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees,
 When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
 My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread *verily*,
 One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your Guest then, Madam:

To be your prisoner, should import offending;
 Which is for me less easie to commit,
 Than you to punish.

Her. Not your Goaler then,
 But your kind Hostess; come, I'll question you
 Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys:

(1) ————— behind the gest

Prescrib'd for's parting:] I have not ventur'd to alter the
 Text, tho', I freely own, I can neither trace, nor understand,
 the Phrase. I have suspected, that the Poet wrote;

————— behind the just

Prescrib'd for's parting.

i. e. the just, precise, time; the instant; (where Time is like-
 wise understood) by an *Elleipsis practis'd* in all Tongues.

You

You were pretty lordings then ?

Pol. We were, fair Queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to morrow as to day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord
The verier wag o'th' two ?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i'th'
Sun,
And bleat the one at th' other : what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence ; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing ; no, nor dream'd,
That any did : had we pursu'd that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly, *Not guilty* ; th' imposition clear'd, (2)
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather,
You have tript since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to's : for
In those unstedg'd days was my wife a girl ;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot ! ———
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say,
Your Queen and I are devils. Yet, go on ; ———
Th' offences we have made you do, we'll answer ;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault ; and that you slipt not,
With any but with us.

Leo. Is he won yet ?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leo. At my request he would not :
Hermione, my dearest, thou ne'er spok'st

(2) ——— th' *Imposition clear'd*,

Hereditary ours.] i. e. setting aside *Original Sin* : bating
That *Imposition* from the Offence of our first Parents, we might
have boldly protested our Innocence to Heaven, against any
Guilt committed by Ourselves.

To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leo. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice said well? when was't before?

I pr'ythee, tell me; cram's with praise, and make's
As fat as tame things: one good deed, dying tongue-less,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon That.

Our praises are our wages. You may ride's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to th' goal:
My last good deed was to intreat his stay;
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were *Grace!*
But once before I spake to th' purpose? when?
Nay, let me hav't; I long.

Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had fowr'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clepe thy self my love; then didst thou utter,
“ I am yours for ever.

Her. 'Tis grace, indeed.
Why, lo you now; I've spoke to th' purpose twice;
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
'Th' other, for some while a friend.

Leo. Too hot, too hot—— [*Aside.*
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me—— my heart dances;
But not for joy——not joy.— This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the Agent: 't may, I grant;
But to be padding palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass—— and then to sigh, as 'twere
'The mort o' th' deer; oh, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows—— *Mamillius,*
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leo. I' fecks!

Why,

Why, that's my bawcock; what? has't smutch'd thy nose?

They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain, We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain; And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf, Are all call'd *neat*. Still virginalling

[*Observing Polixenes and Hermione.*

Upon his palm?—how now, you wanton calf! Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leo. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I have,

To be full like me.—Yet they say, we are Almost as like as eggs; women say so, That will say any thing; but were they false, As o'er-dy'd blacks, as winds, as waters; false As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes No bourne 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true To say, this boy were like me. Come, Sir page, Look on me with your welkin-eye, sweet villain. Most dear'st, my collop—can thy dam—may't be—Imagination! thou dost stab to th' center.

Thou dost make possible things not be so held, Communicat'st with dreams——(how can this be?) With what's unreal, Thou co-active art, And fellow'st Nothing. Then 'tis very credent, Thou may'st co-join with something, and thou dost, And That beyond commission; and I find it; And That to the infection of my brains, And hardning of my brows.

Pol. What means *Sicilia*?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How? my lord?

Leo. What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

Her. You look,

As if you held a brow of much Distraction. Are not you mov'd, my lord?

Leo. No, in good earnest.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly! Its tendernefs! and make it self a pastime

To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
 Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil
 'Twenty three years, and saw my self unbreech'd,
 In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
 Left it should bite its master; and so prove,
 As ornaments oft do, too dangerous;
 How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
 This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest friend,
 Will you take eggs for mony?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leo. You will! why, happy man be's dole!—My
 brother,

Are you so fond of your young Prince, as we
 Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, Sir,
 He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter;
 Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
 My parasite, my soldier, states-man, all;
 He makes a *July's* day short as *December*;
 And with his varying childness, cures in me
 Thoughts that should thicken my blood.

Leo. So stands this Squire
 Offic'd with me: we two will walk, my lord,
 And leave you to your graver steps. *Hermione,*
 How thou lov'st us, shew in our brother's welcome:
 Let what is dear in *Sicily*, be cheap:
 Next to thy self, and my young rover, he's
 Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you will seek us,
 We are yours i'th' garden: shall's attend you there?

Leo. To your own bents dispose you; you'll be found,
 Be you beneath the sky: I am angling now,
 Tho' you perceive me not, how I give line;
 Go to, go to.

[*Aside, observing Her.*
 How she holds up the neb! the bill to him!
 And arms her with the boldness of a wife

[*Exe. Polix. Her. and attendants. Manent Leo.*

Mam. and Cam.

To her allowing husband. Gone already,
 Inch-thick, knee-deep; o'er head and ears, a fork'd one.

Go,

Go, play, boy, play — thy mother plays, and I
 Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
 Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour
 Will be my knel. Go, play, boy, play — there
 have been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
 And many a man there is, even at this present,
 Now while I speak this, holds his wife by th' arm,
 That little thinks, she has been sluic'd in's absence;
 And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
 Sir *Smile*, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,
 Whiles other men have gates; and those gates open'd,
 As mine, against their will. Should all despair,
 That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
 Would hang themselves. Phyfick for't, there is none:
 It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
 Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful: think it.
 From east, west, north and south, be it concluded,
 No barricado for a belly. Know't,
 It will let in and out the enemy,
 With bag and baggage: many a thousand of's
 Have the disease, and feel't not. How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leo. Why, that's some comfort.

What? *Camillo* there?

Cam. Ay, my good Lord.

Leo. Go play, *Mamillius* — thou'rt an honest man:

[*Ex. Mamil.*]

Camillo, this Great Sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
 When you cast out, it still came home.

Leo. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions made;
 His business more material.

Leo. Didst perceive it?

They're here with me already; whisp'ring, rounding:
Sicilia is a so-forth; 'tis far gone,

When I shall gust it last. How cam't, *Camillo*,
 That he did stay?

Cam. At the good Queen's entreaty.

Leo. At the Queen's be't; good, should be pertinent;
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is foaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks; not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary; lower messes,
Perchance, are to this business purblind? say.

Cam. Business, my lord? I think, most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leo. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leo. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your Highness, and th' entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leo. Satisfie

Th' entreaties of your mistress? satisfy?
Let That suffice. I've trusted thee, *Camillo*,
With all the things nearest my heart; as well
My chamber-councils, wherein, priest like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom: I from thee departed
Thy Penitent reform'd; but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity; deceiv'd
In that, which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord——

Leo. To bide upon't;—— Thou art not honest; or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd: or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious Trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool,
That seest a game plaid home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish and fearful; (3)

In

- (3) *I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no Man is free,
But that his Negligence, his Folly, Fear,
Amongst the infinite Doings of the World*

In every one of these no man is free,
 But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
 Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
 Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
 If ever I were wilful negligent,
 It was my folly; if industriously
 I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
 Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
 To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
 Whereof the execution did cry out
 Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
 Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
 Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
 Is never free of. But, 'beseech your Grace,
 Be plainer with me, let me know my trespass
 By its own visage; if I then deny it,
 'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Ha'not you seen, *Camillo*,
 (But that's past doubt, you have; or your eye-glass
 Is thicker than a cuckold's horn;) or heard,
 (For to a vision so apparent, rumour
 Cannot be mute;) or thought, (for cogitation
 Resides not in that man, that do's not think it;)
 My wife is slippery? if thou wilt, confess;
 (Or else be impudently negative,
 To have nor eyes nor ears, nor thought,) then say,
 My wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name
 As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
 Before her troth-plight: say't, and justify't.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
 My sovereign Mistress clouded so, without

Sometimes puts forth in your Affairs, my Lord.] Most accurate Pointing This, and fine Nonsense the Result of it! The old *Folio's* first blunder'd thus, and *Mr. Rowe* by Inadvertence (if he read the Sheets at all,) overlook'd the Fault. *Mr. Pope*, like a most obsequious Editor, has taken the Passage on Content, and pursued the Track of Stupidity. I dare say, every understanding Reader will allow, my Reformation of the Pointing has entirely retriev'd the Place from Obscurity, and reconcil'd it to the Author's Meaning.

My present vengeance taken; 'shrew my heart,
 You never spoke what did become you less
 Than this; which to reiterate, were sin
 As deep as that, tho' true.

Leo. Is whispering nothing?
 Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
 Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
 Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
 Of breaking honesty :) horsing foot on foot?
 Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
 Hours, minutes? the noon, midnight, and all eyes
 Blind with the pin and web, but theirs; theirs only,
 That would, unseen, be wicked? is this nothing?
 Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
 The covering sky is nothing, *Bohemia* nothing;
 My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
 If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
 Of this diseas'd Opinion, and betimes;
 For 'tis most dangerous.

Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leo. It is; you lie; you lie:
 I say, thou liest, *Camillo*, and I hate thee;
 Pronounce thee a gross lowt, a mindless slave,
 Or else a hovering temporizer, that
 Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
 Inclining to them both: were my wife's liver
 Infected, as her life, she would not live
 The running of one glass.

Cam. Who do's infect her?

Leo. Why he, that wears her like his medal, hanging
 About his neck; *Bohemia*,—who, if I
 Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
 To see alike mine honour, as their profits,
 Their own particular thrifts, they would do That
 Which should undo more Doing: I, and thou
 His cup-bearer, (whom I from meaner forme
 Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship; who may'st see
 Plainly, as heav'n sees earth, and earth sees heav'n,

How

How I am gall'd;) thou might'st be-spice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
But with a lingring dram, that should not work,
Maliciously, like poison: but I cannot (4)
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.

Leo. I've lov'd thee.—Make't thy Question, and
go rot:

Do'st think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint my self in this vexation?—Sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
(Which to preserve, is sleep; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps:)
Give scandal to the blood o'th' Prince, my son,
Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to't? would I do this?
Could man so blench?

(4) ————— but I cannot
Believe this Crack to be in my dread Mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee. —————

Leo. *Make that thy Question and go rot.*] This passage wants very little weighing, to determine safely upon it, that the last Hemistich assign'd to *Camillo*, must have been mistakenly plac'd to him. It is a strange Instance of Disrespect and Insolence in *Camillo* to his King and Master, to tell him that He has once lov'd him. ———— But Sense and Reason will easily acquit our Poet from such an Impropriety. I have ventur'd at a Transposition, which seems self-evident. *Camillo* will not be persuad'd into a Suspicion of the Disloyalty imputed to his Mistress. The King, who believes Nothing but his Jealousy, provok'd that *Camillo* is so obstinately diffident, finely starts into a Rage and cries;

I've lov'd thee. ———— *Make't thy Question, and go rot.* i. e. I have tender'd thee well, *Camillo*, but I here cancel all former Respect at once. If Thou any longer make a Question of my Wife's Disloyalty; go from my Presence, and Perdition overtake thee for thy Stubbornness.

Cam.

Cam. I must believe you, Sir ;
I do, and will fetch off *Bohemia* for't :
Provided, that, when he's remov'd, your Highness
Will take again your Queen, as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake, and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues, in Courts and Kingdoms
Known and ally'd to yours.

Leo. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down :
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then ; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with *Bohemia*,
And with your Queen : I am his cup-bearer ;
If from me he have wholesome beveridge,
Account me not your servant.

Leo. This is all ;
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart ;
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

Leo. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.

[*Exit.*

Cam. O miserable lady ! but, for me,
What case stand I in ? I must be the poisoner
Of good *Polixenes*, and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master ; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands, that had struck anointed Kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't : but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one ;
Let villany it self forswear't. I must
Forfake the Court ; to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now !
Here comes *Bohemia*.

Enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is strange ! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak ?——

Good

Good day, *Camillo*.

Cam. Hail, most royal Sir!

Pol. What is the news i'th' court?

Cam. None rare, my Lord.

Pol. The King hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region
Lov'd, as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment, when he,
Wasting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me, and
So leaves me to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my Lord.

Pol. How, dare not? do not? do you know, and
dare not?

Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts:

For to yourself, what you do know, you must;
And cannot say, you dare not. Good *Camillo*,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shews me mine chang'd too; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease, and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How caught of me?

Make me not sighted like the basilisk.
I've look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so: *Camillo*,
As you are certainly a gentleman,
Clerk-like experienc'd, (which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle;) I beseech you,
If you know aught, which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well?
I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, *Camillo*,

I conjure thee by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge, (whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine,) that thou declare,
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping towards me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if it be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you.

Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable; therefore, mark my counsel;
Which must be ev'n as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
Cry lost, and so good night.

Pol. On, good *Camillo*.

Cam. I am appointed Him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, *Camillo*?

Cam. By the King.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice you to't, that you have toucht his Queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. Oh, then, my best blood turn
To an infected gelly, and my name
Be yoak'd with his, that did betray the best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A favour, that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shun'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear this though over (5)

By

(5) *Cam.* ——— Swear his Thought over

By each particular Star in Heaven, &c.] The Transposition of a single Letter reconciles this Passage to good Sense; which is not so, as the Text stands in all the printed Copies. *Polixenes*, in the preceding Speech, had been laying the deepest Imprecations on himself, if he had ever abus'd *Leontes* in any Familiarity with his Queen, To which *Camillo* very pertinently replies:

———— Swear

By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences ; you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or by oath remove, or counsel shake,
The fabrick of his folly ; whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow ?

Cam. I know not ; but, I'm sure, 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies inclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to night ;
Your followers I will whisper to the business ;
And will by twoes, and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o'th' city. For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain ;
For by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth ; which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by ; nor shall you be safer,
Than one condemned by the King's own mouth ;
Thereon his execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee :

I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand ;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.——This jealousy
Is for a precious creature ; as she's rare,
Must it be great ; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent ; and, as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man, which ever

Swear this though ever, &c.

i. e. Sir, Though you should protest your Innocence never so often, and call every Star and Saint in Heaven to witnesses to your Adjuration ; yet Jealousy is so rooted in my Master's Bosom, that All you can say and swear will have no Force to remove it.

Profess'd

Profess'd to him ; why, his revenges must
 In That be made more bitter. Fear o'er-shades me :
 Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
 The gracious Queen ; part of his theam, but nothing
 Of his ill-ta'en suspicion ! Come, *Camillo*,
 I will respect thee as a father, if
 Thou bear'st my life off hence. Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
 The keys of all the posterns : please your Highness,
 To take the urgent hour. Come, Sir, away. [*Exeunt.*]



A C T II.

S C E N E, *The Palace.*

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, and Ladies.

HERMIONE.

TAKE the boy to you ; he so troubles me,
 'Tis past enduring.

1 Lady. Come, my gracious Lord.

Shall I be your play-fellow ?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 Lady. Why, my sweet Lord ?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if
 I were a baby still ; I love you better.

2 Lady. And why so, my Lord ?

Mam. Not for because

Your brows are blacker ; (yet black brows, they say,
 Become some women best ; so that there be not
 Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
 Or a half-moon made with a pen.)

2 Lady. Who taught you this ?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces : pray now,
 What colour be your eye brows ?

1 Lady. Blue, my Lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock : I've seen a lady's nose
 That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

1 Lady.

1 *Lady.* Hark ye,
The Queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days; and then you'll wanton with us,
If we would have you.

2 *Lady.* She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk; (good time encounter her!)

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? come, Sir,
now
I am for you again. Pray you sit by us,
And tell's a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter.

I have one of sprights and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good Sir.

Come on, sit down. Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprights: you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man——

Her. Nay, come sit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard; —— I will tell it
softly:

Yond crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then, and give't me in mine ear.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, and Lords.

Leo. Was he met there? his train? *Camillo* with him?

Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scowr so on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ships.

Leo. How blest am I

In my just censure! in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge, how accurs'd
In being so blest! There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
Th' abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides
With violent hefts. —— I have drunk, and seen the
spider. —— *Camille.*

Camillo was his help in this, his Pander:
 There is a plot against my life, my crown;
 All's true, that is mistrusted: that false villain,
 Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
 He hath discover'd my design, and I
 Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
 For them to play at will: how came the posterns
 So easily open?

Lord. By his great authority,
 Which often hath no less prevail'd than so
 On your command.

Leo. I know't too well.
 Give me the boy; I'm glad, you did not nurse him:
 Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
 Have too much blood in him.—

Her. What is this, sport?

Leo. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about her;
 Away with him, and let her sport herself
 With that she's big with: for 'tis *Polixenes*
 Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say, he had not;
 And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
 Howe'er you lean to th' nayward.

Leo. You, my lords,
 Look on her, mark her well; be but about
 To say, she is a goodly lady, and
 The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
 'Tis pity, she's not honest, honourable:
 Praise her but for this her without-door form,
 (Which on my faith deserves high speech,) and straight
 The shrug, the hum, or ha,— (these petty brands,
 That calumny doth use: oh, I am out,—
 That mercy do's; for calumny will fear
 Virtue it self.) These shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
 When you have said she's goodly, come between,
 Ere you can say she's honest: but be't known,
 (From him, that has most cause to grieve it should be;)
 She's an adulteress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
 The most replenish'd villain in the world,

He

He were as much more villain : you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leo. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for *Leontes*. O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees ;
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar. — I have said,
She's an adultress ; I have said with whom :
More ; she's a traitor, and *Camillo* is
A federary with her ; and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most vile Principal, that she's
A bed-swerger, even as bad as those
That Vulgars give bold'st titles ; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this : how will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me ? gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me throughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leo. No, if I mistake
In these foundations which I build upon,
The center is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top. Away with her to prison :
He, who shall speak for her, is far of guilty, (6)
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns ;
I must be patient, 'till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping ; (as our sex

(6) *He, who shall speak for her, is far off guilty,*
But that he speaks.] This cannot be the Speaker's Mean-
ing. *Leontes* would say, I shall hold the Person in a great mea-
sure guilty, who shall dare to intercede for her : And this, I
believe, *Shakespeare* ventur'd to express thus :

He, who shall speak for her, is far of guilty, &c.
i. e. partakes far, deeply, of her Guilt.

Commonly are,) the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities; but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown: 'beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The King's will be perform'd!—

Leo. Shall I be heard?—

Her. Who is't, that goes with me? 'beseech your
Highness,

My women may be with me, for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools,
There is no cause; when you shall know, your mistress
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out; this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord,
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
I trust, I shall. My women,—come, you've leave.

Leo. Go, do our bidding; hence.

[*Exit Queen, guarded; and Ladies.*]

Lord. 'Beseech your Highness call the Queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, Sir, lest your justice
Prove violence; in the which three Great ones suffer,
Your self, your Queen, your son.

Lord. For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, Sir,
Please you t'accept it, that the Queen is spotless
I'th' eyes of heaven, and to you, (I mean,
In this which you accuse her.)

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife, I'll go in couples with her:
Than when I feel, and see, no further trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false,
If she be.

Leo. Hold your peaces.

Lord. Good my lord,——

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for our selves:
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,

That

That will be damn'd for't ; 'would, I knew the villain,
I would land-damm him : be she honour-flaw'd,
I have three daughters ; the eldest is eleven ;
The second, and the third, nine, and some five ;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't. By mine honour,
I'll geld 'em all : fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations : they are co-heirs,
And I had rather glib myself, than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leo. Cease ; no more :

You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose ; I see't and feel't,
As you feel doing thus ; and see withal
The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,

We need no grave to bury honesty ;
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leo. What ? lack I credit ?

Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
Upon this ground ; and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion ;
Be blam'd for't, how you might.

Leo. Why, what need we

Commune with you of this ? but rather follow
Our forceful instigation ? our prerogative
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness
Imparts this ; which, if you, (or stupified,
Or seeming so, in skill,) cannot, or will not
Relish a truth like us ; inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice ; the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ord'ring on't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my Liege,
You had only in your silent judgment try'd it,
Without more overture.

Leo. How could that be ?

Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. *Camillo's* flight,
Added to their familiarity,

(Which

(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd fight only ; nought for approbation,
But only seeing ; all other circumstances
Made up to th' deed) doth push on this proceeding ;
Yet for a greater confirmation,
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Most piteous to be wild) I have dispatch'd in post,
To sacred *Delphos*, to *Apollo's* temple,
Cleomines and *Dion*, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency : Now, from the oracle
They will bring all : whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well ?
Lord. Well done, my Lord.

Leo. Tho' I am satisfy'd, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to th' minds of others ; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to th' truth. So have we thought it good
From our free person, she should be confin'd ;
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us,
We are to speak in publick ; for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to a Prison.*

Enter Paulina, and a Gentleman.

Paul. **T**HE keeper of the prison, call to him :
[*Exit Gentleman.*]
Let him have knowledge who I am. Good lady,
No court in *Europe* is too good for thee ;
What dost thou then in prison ? now, good Sir,
You know me, do you not ?

Re enter Gentleman, with the Goaler.

Goa. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the Queen.

Goa.

Goa. I may not, Madam;

To the contrary I have exprefs commandment.

Paul. Here's ado to lock up honesty and honour from
Th' access of gentle visitors! Is't lawful, pray you,
To see her women? any of them? *Emilia*?

Goa. So please you, Madam,
To put a-part these your attendants, I
Shall bring *Emilia* forth.

Paul. I pray you now, call her:
Withdraw yourselves.

[*Exeunt Gent. &c.*]

Goa. And, Madam,
I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well; be it so, pr'ythee.

Enter Emilia.

Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring. Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well, as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together; On her frights and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the Queen receives
Much comfort in't: says, My poor prisoner,
I'm innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be sworn:
These dangerous, unsafe lunes i'th' King! beshrew
them, (7)

He must be told on't, and he shall; the office
Becomes a woman best. I'll take't upon me.
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister;

(7) *These dang'rous, unsafe Lunes i'th' King!*——] I have
no where, but in our Author, observ'd this Word adopted in
our Tongue, to signify, *Frenzy, Lunacy*. But it is a Mode of
Expression with the *French*.——*Il y a de la lune*: (i. e. He has
got the Moon in his Head; he is frantick.) Cotgrave. *Lune*.
folie. Les femmes ont des lunes dans la tête. Richelet.

And never to my red-look'd anger be
 'The trumpet any more! Pray you, *Emilia*,
 Commend my best obedience to the Queen,
 If she dares trust me with her little babe,
 I'll shew't the King, and undertake to be
 Her advocate to th' loud'st. We do not know,
 How he may soften at the sight o'th' child:
 The silence often of pure innocence
 Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy Madam,
 Your honour and your goodness is so evident,
 That your free undertaking cannot miss
 A thriving issue: there is no lady living
 So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
 To visit the next room, I'll presently
 Acquaint the Queen of your most noble offer,
 Who but to day hammer'd of this design;
 But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
 Lest she should be deny'd.

Paul. Tell her, *Emilia*,
 I'll use that tongue I have; if wit flow from't,
 As boldness from my bosom, let't not be doubted
 I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it!
 I'll to the Queen: please you, come something nearer.

Goa. Madam, if't please the Queen to send the babe,
 I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,
 Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, Sir;
 The child was prisoner to the womb, and is
 By law and process of great nature thence
 Free'd and enfranchis'd; not a party to
 The anger of the King, nor guilty of,
 If any be, the trespass of the Queen.

Goa. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear; upon mine honour, I
 Will stand 'twixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace.*

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords and other Attendants.

Leo. **N**OR night, nor day, no rest;——it is but
weakness

To bear the matter thus; meer weakness, if
The cause were not in being; part o'th' cause,
She, the adulteress; for the Harlot-King
Is quite beyond mine arm; out of the blank
And level of my brain; plot-proof; but she
I can hook to me: say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. Who's there?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. My Lord.

Leo. How do's the boy?

Atten. He took good rest to night; 'tis hop'd,
His sickness is discharg'd.

Leo. To see his nobleness!

Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Fasten'd, and fix'd the shame on't in himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And down-right languish'd. Leave me solely; go,

[Exit Attendant.]

See how he fares.——Fie, fie, no thought of him;——
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me; in himself too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance; let him be,
Until a time may serve. For present vengeance,
Take it on her. *Camillo* and *Polixenes*
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow;
They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter Paulina, with a Child.

Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay rather, good my lords, be second to me :
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the Queen's life ? a gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

Atten. [*within*] Madam, he hath not slept to night ;
 commanded,
None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good Sir ;
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings ; such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking. I
Do come with words, as medicinal, as true ;
(Honest, as either ;) to purge him of that humour,
'That presses him from sleep.

Leo. What noise there, ho ?

Paul. No noise, my Lord, but needful conference,
About some gossips for your Highness.

Leo. How ?

Away with that audacious lady. — *Antigonus,*
I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me ;
I knew, she would.

Ant. I told her so, my Lord,
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leo. What ? can't not rule her ?

Paul. From all dishonesty he can ; in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo-you now, you hear,
When she will take the rein, I let her run,
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my Liege, I come ———
And I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,

Your

Your most obedient counsellor : yet that dares
Lefs appear so, in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seems yours. I say, I come
From your good Queen.

Leo. Good Queen ?

Paul. Good Queen, my Lord,
Good Queen, I say, good Queen ;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leo. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
First hand me : on mine own accord, I'll off ;
But first, I'll do my errand. The good Queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter,
Here 'tis ; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the Child.*]

Leo. Out !

A mankind witch ! hence with her, out o' door :
A most intelligencing bawd !

Paul. Not so ;

I am as ignorant in That, as you
In so intic'ling me ; and no less honest,
Than you are mad ; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leo. Traitors !

Will you not push her out ? give her the bastard.

[*To Antigonus.*]

Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd ; unrooted
By thy dame *Partlet*-here. Take up the bastard,
Take't up, I say ; give't to thy croan.

Paul. For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Take't up the Princess, by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon't !

Leo. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So, I would, you did : then 'twere past all doubt,
You'd call your children yours.

Leo. A nest of traytors !

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I ; nor any

But one, that's here ; and that's himself. For he
 The sacred honour of himself, his Queen's,
 His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
 Whose sting is sharper than the sword's ; and will not
 (For as the case now stands, it is a curse
 He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
 The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
 As ever oak or stone was found.

Leo. A callat

Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband,
 And now baits me !——This brat is none of mine ;
 It is the issue of *Polixenes*.
 Hence with it, and together with the dam,
 Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours ;

And, might we lay th' old proverb to your charge,
 So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold, my lords,
 Altho' the print be little, the whole matter
 And copy of the father ; eye, nose, lip,
 The trick of's frown, his forehead, nay, the valley,
 The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek, his smiles,
 The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.
 And thou, good Goddess Nature, which hast made it
 So like to him that got it, if thou hast
 The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
 No yellow in't ; lest she suspect, as he does,
 Her children not her husband's.

Leo. A gross hag !

And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
 That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands,
 That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
 Hardly one subject.

Leo. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
 Can do no more.

Leo. I'll ha' thee burnt.

Paul. I care not ;

It is an heretick that makes the fire,
 Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant,
 But

But this most cruel usage of your Queen
 (Not able to produce more accusation
 Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something favours
 Of tyranny; and will ignoble make you,
 Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leo. On your allegiance,
 Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
 Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
 If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you, do not push me, I'll be gone.
 Look to your babe, my lord, 'tis yours; *Jove* send her
 A better guiding spirit! What need these hands?
 You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
 Will never do him good, not one of you.
 So, so: farewell, we are gone. [Exit.

Leo. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.
 My child? away with't. Even thou, thou that hast
 A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
 And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
 Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:
 Within this hour bring me word it is done,
 And by good testimony, or I'll seize thy life,
 With what thou else call'st thine: if thou refuse,
 And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so:
 The bastard brains with these my proper hands
 Shall I dash out: go take it to the fire,
 For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, Sir:
 These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
 Can clear me in't.

Lord. We can; my royal Liege,
 He is not guilty of her coming hither:

Leo. You're liars all.

Lords. 'Beseech your Highness, give us better credit.
 We've always truly serv'd you, and beseech you
 So to esteem of us: and on our knees we beg,
 (As recompence of our dear services
 Past, and to come) that you do change this purpose,
 Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
 Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel——

Leo. I am a feather for each wind that blows :
 Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
 And call me father ? better burn it now,
 Than curse it then. But be it ; let it live :
 It shall not neither.—You, Sir, come you hither ;

[*To Antigonus.*

You, that have been so tenderly officious
 With lady *Margery*, your midwife there,
 To save this bastard's life ; (for 'tis a bastard,
 So sure as this beard's grey) what will you adventure
 To save this brat's life ?

Ant. Any thing, my Lord,
 That my ability may undergo,
 And nobleness impose : at least, thus much ;
 I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
 To save the innocent ; any thing possible.

Leo. It shall be possible ; swear by this sword,
 Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my Lord.

Leo. Mark and perform it ; see'st thou ? for the fail
 Of any point in't shall not only be
 Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife,
 Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoyn thee,
 As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
 This female bastard hence, and that thou bear it
 To some remote and desert place, quite out
 Of our dominions ; and that there thou leave it,
 (Without more mercy,) to its own protection
 And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
 It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
 On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,
 That thou commend it strangely to some place,
 Where chance may nurse, or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this : tho' a present death
 Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe ;
 Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
 To be thy nurses ! Wolves and bears, they say,
 (Casting their savageness aside) have done
 Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous
 In more than this deed does require ; and blessing,

Against

Against this cruelty, fight on thy side!
 Poor thing, condemn'd to loss.— [*Exit, with the Child.*]

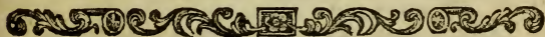
Leo. No; I'll not rear
 Another's issue.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Please your Highness, posts,
 From those you sent to th' oracle, are come
 An hour since. *Cleomines* and *Dion*,
 Being well arriv'd from *Delphos*, are both landed,
 Hastening to th' court.

Lord. So please you, Sir, their speed
 Hath been beyond account.

Leo. Twenty-three days
 They have been absent: this good speed foretels,
 The great *Apollo* suddenly will have
 The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords,
 Summon a session, that we may arraign
 Our most disloyal Lady; for as she hath
 Been publickly accus'd, so shall she have
 A just and open tryal. While she lives,
 My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,
 And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt severally.*]



A C T III.

SCENE, *A Part of Sicily, near the
 Sea-side.*

Enter Cleomines and Dion.

CLEOMINES.

THE climate's delicate, the air most sweet,
 Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing
 The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
 For most it caught me, the celestial habits,

(Methinks, I so should term them,) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice —
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i'th' offering!

Cleo. But of all, the burst
And the ear-deafning voice o'th' oracle,
Kin to *Jove's* thunder, so surpriz'd my sense,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If th' event o'th' journey
Prove as successful to the Queen, (O be't so!)
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.

Cleo. Great *Apollo*,
Turn all to th' best! these proclamations,
So forcing faults upon *Hermione*,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end the business; when the oracle,
(Thus by *Apollo's* great divine seal'd up,)
Shall the contents discover: something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go; fresh horses:
And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *represents a Court of Justice.*

Leontes, Lords and Officers, appear properly seated.

Leo. **T**HIS session, (to our great grief, we pronounce,)
Ev'n pushes 'gainst our heart. The party try'd,
The daughter of a King, our wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd; — let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.
Produce the prisoner. —

Offi. It is his Highness' pleasure, that the Queen
Appear in person here in court. Silence!

Hermione is brought in, guarded; Paulina, and Ladies, attending.

Leo. Read the indictment.

Offi. Hermione, Queen to the worthy Leontes, King of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, King of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the King, thy royal husband; the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but That Which contradicts my accusation; and The testimony on my part, no other But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot me To say, Not guilty: mine integrity, Being counted falshood, shall, as I express it, Be so receiv'd. But thus, if powers divine Behold our human actions, as they do, I doubt not then, but innocence shall make False accusation blush, and tyranny Tremble at patience.—You, my Lord, best know, Who least will seem to do so, my past life Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true, As I am now unhappy; which is more Than history can pattern, tho' devis'd, And play'd, to take spectators. For behold me A fellow of the royal bed, which owe A moiety of the throne, a great King's daughter, The mother to a hopeful Prince, here standing To prate and talk for life and honour, 'fore Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it As I weigh grief which I would spare: for honour, 'Tis a derivative from me to mine, And only That I stand for. I appeal To your own conscience, Sir, before Polixenes Came to your court, how I was in your grace, How merited to be so; since he came,

With

With what encounter so uncurrant I
 Have strain'd t'appear thus; if one jot beyond
 The bounds of honour, or in act, or will
 That way inclining, hardned be the hearts
 Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
 Cry, fie, upon my grave!

Leo. I ne'er heard yet,
 That any of those bolder vices wanted
 Less impudence to gain-say what they did,
 Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough;
 Tho' 'tis a saying, Sir, not due to me.

Leo. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,
 What comes to me in name of fault, I must not
 At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*,
 With whom I am accus'd, I do confess,
 I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;
 With such a kind of love, as might become
 A lady like me; with a love, even such,
 So and no other, as your self commanded:
 Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
 Both disobedience and ingratitude
 To you, and towards your friend; whose love had
 spoke,

Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
 That it was yours. Now for Conspiracy,
 I know not how it tastes, tho' it be dish'd
 For me to try how; all I know of it,
 Is, that *Camillo* was an honest man;
 And why he left your Court, the Gods themselves
 (Wotting no more than I,) are ignorant.

Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
 What you have underta'en to do in's absence.

Her. Sir,
 You speak a language that I understand not;
 My life stands in the level of your dreams,
 Which I'll lay down.

Leo. Your Actions are my Dreams.
 You had a Bastard by *Polixenes*,

And I but dream'd it :— as you were past all shame,
 (Those of your Fact are so) so past all truth;
 Which to deny, concerns more than avails: for as
 Thy brat hath been cast out, like to it self,
 No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
 More criminal in thee than it) so thou
 Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage
 Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats ;
 The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek :
 To me can life be no commodity.
 The crown and comfort of my life, your Favour,
 I do give lost ; for I do feel it gone,
 But know not how it went. My second joy,
 The first-fruits of my body, from his presence
 I'm barr'd like one infectious. My third comfort,
 (Starr'd most unluckily,) is from my breast
 (The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth)
 Hal'd out to murder ; my self on every post
 Proclaim'd a strumpet ; with immodest hatred
 The child-bed privilege deny'd, which 'longs
 To women of all fashion : lastly, hurried
 Here to this place, i'th' open air, before
 I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
 Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
 That I should fear to die ? therefore proceed :
 But yet hear this ; mistake me not ; no life,——
 I prize it not a straw ; but for mine honour,
 Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd
 Upon surmises, (all proofs sleeping else,
 But what your jealousies awake,) I tell you,
 'Tis Rigour, and not Law. Your Honours all,
 I do refer me to the Oracle :
Apollo be my judge.

Enter Dion and Cleomines.

Lord. This your request
 Is altogether just ; therefore bring forth,
 And in *Apollo's* name, his Oracle.

Her. The Emperor of *Russia* was my father,

Oh,

Oh, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's tryal; that he did but see
The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes
Of Pity, not Revenge!

Offi. You here shall swear upon the Sword of Justice,
That you, *Cleomines* and *Dion*, have
Been both at *Delphos*, and from thence have brought
This seal'd up Oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great *Apollo's* Priest; and that since then
You have not dar'd to break the holy Seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leo. Break up the Seals, and read.

Offi. *Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo
a true Subject, Leontes a jealous Tyrant, his innocent babe
truly begotten; and the King shall live without an heir,
if That, which is lost, be not found.*

Lords. Now blessed be the great *Apollo!*

Her. Praised!

Leo. Hast thou read truth?

Offi. Ay, my lord, even so as it is here set down.

Leo. There is no truth at all i'th' Oracle;
The Session shall proceed; this is meer falsehood.

. *Enter Servant.*

Ser. My lord the King, the King,—

Leo. What is the business?

Ser. O Sir, I shall be hated to report it.

The Prince your son, with meer conceit and fear
Of the Queen's Speed, is gone.

Leo. How gone?

Ser. Is dead.

Leo. *Apollo's* angry, and the heav'ns themselves
Do strike at my injustice.—How now, there?

Her. faints.

Pau. This news is mortal to the Queen: look down,
And see what death is doing.

Leo. Take her hence;

Her heart is but o'er-charg'd; she will recover.

[*Exeunt Paulina and ladies with Hermione.*

I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:
 'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
 Some remedies for life. *Apollo*, pardon
 My great Prophaneness 'gainst thine Oracle!
 I'll reconcile me to *Polixenes*,
 New woo my Queen, recal the good *Camillo*;
 (Whom I proclaim a man of Truth, of Mercy)
 For being transported by my jealousies
 To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the Minister, to poison
 My friend *Polixenes*; which had been done,
 But that the good mind of *Camillo* tardied
 My swift Command; tho' I with death, and with
 Reward, did threaten, and encourage him,
 Not doing it, and being done; he (most humane,
 And fill'd with Honour) to my kingly Guest
 Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,
 Which you knew great, and to the certain hazard
 Of all incertainties himself commended,
 No richer than his honour: how he glisters
 Through my dark Rust! and how his Piety
 Does my deeds make the blacker!

Enter Paulina.

Pau. Woe the while!

O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
 Break too. —————

Lord. What fit is this, good lady?

Pau. What studied torments, Tyrant, hast for me?
 What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling?
 burning

In leads, or oils? what old, or newer, torture
 Must I receive? whose every word deserves
 To taste of thy most worst. Thy Tyranny
 Together working with thy Jealousies,
 (Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
 For girls of nine!) O, think, what they have done,
 And then run mad, indeed; stark mad; for all
 Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.

That

That thou betray'dst *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing; (8)
 That did but shew thee of a Soul inconstant,
 And damnable ingrateful: nor was't much,
 Thou would'st have poison'd good *Camillo's* honour,
 To have him kill a King: poor trespasses,
 More monstrous standing by; whereof I reckon
 The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter,
 To be, or none, or little; tho' a devil
 Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:
 Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
 Of the young Prince, whose honourable thoughts
 (Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart,
 That could conceive a gross and foolish Sire
 Blemish'd his gracious Dam: this is not, no,
 Laid to thy answer; but the last, O lords,
 When I have said, cry, woe! the Queen, the Queen,—
 The sweetest, dearest, creature's dead; and vengeance
 for't

Not dropt down yet.

Lord. The higher Powers forbid!

Pau. I say, she's dead: I'll swear't: if word, nor oath,
 Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
 Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,
 Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
 As I would do the Gods. But, O thou tyrant!
 Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
 Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
 To nothing but Despair. A thousand knees,
 Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
 Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
 In storm perpetual, could not move the Gods

(8) *That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas Nothing;*

That did but shew thee, of a Fool, inconstant,

And damnable ingrateful.] I have ventur'd at a slight Al-
 teration here, against the Authority of all the Copies. It is
 certainly too gross and blunt in *Paulina*, tho' She might im-
 peach the King of Fooleries in some of his past Actions and
 Conduct, to call him downright a Fool. And it is much more
 pardonable in her to arraign his Morals, and the Qualities of
 his Mind, than rudely to call him *Idiot* to his Face.

To

To look that way thou wert.

Leo. Go on, go on:

Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

Lord Say no more;

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I'th' boldness of your speech.

Pau. I am sorry for't.

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent: alas, I've shew'd too much
The rashness of a woman; he is touch'd
To th' noble heart. What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief. Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you; rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal Sir, forgive a foolish woman;
The love I bore your Queen—lo, fool again!—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children:
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too. Take you your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leo. Thou didst speak but well,

When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queen and son;
One Grave shall be for both. Upon them shall
The causes of their death appear unto
Our shame perpetual; once a day I'll visit
The Chappel where they lye, and tears, shed there,
Shall be my recreation. So long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me
To these sorrows.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE *changes to Bohemia. A desert Country; the Sea at a little distance.*

Enter Antigonus with a Child, and a Mariner.

Ant. THOU art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd
upon
The desarts of *Bohemia*?

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear,
We've landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heav'ns with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon's.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done! get thee aboard,
Look to thy bark, I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
Too far i'th' land; 'tis like to be loud weather.
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away.
I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I'm glad at heart
To be so rid o' th' business.

[*Exit.*

Ant. Come, poor babe;
I have heard, but not believ'd, the spirits of the dead
May walk again; if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another,
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow
So fill'd, and so becoming; in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts; the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her. " Good *Antigonus*,
" Since fate, against thy better disposition,
" Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
" Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,

" Places

" Places remote enough are in *Bohemia*,
 " There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
 " Is counted lost for ever and ever, *Perdita*,
 " I pr'ythee, call't. For this ungentle business,
 " Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
 " Thy wife *Paulina* more."——And so, with shrieks,
 She melted into air. Affrighted much,
 I did in time collect myself, and thought
 This was so, and no slumber: Dreams are toys,
 Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,
 I will be squar'd by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
 Of King *Polixenes*, it should here be laid,
 Either for life or death, upon the earth
 Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!

[Laying down the child.

There lye, and there thy character: there these,
 Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty
 one,

And still rest thine. The storm begins;——Poor wretch,
 That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
 To loss, and what may follow, (weep I cannot,
 But my heart bleeds: and most accur'd am I
 To be by oath enjoin'd to this.) Farewel!

The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
 A lullaby too rough: I never saw

The heav'ns so dim by day. A savage clamour!

Well may I get aboard! this is the chace;

I am gone for ever.

[Exit, pursued by a bear.

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and
 three and twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest:
 for there is nothing in the *between* but getting wenches
 with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting—
 hark you now!—would any but these boil'd brains of
 nineteen, and two and twenty, hunt this weather? They
 have scar'd away two of my best sheep, which, I fear,
 the wolf will sooner find than the master; if any where

I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, brouzing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking up the child.*] Mercy on's, a bearne! a very pretty bearne! a boy, or a child, I wonder! a pretty one, a very pretty one; sure, some 'scape: tho' I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the 'scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity, yet I'll tarry 'till my son come: he hollow'd but even now; Whoa, ho-hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!——

Shep. What, art so near? if thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land; but I am not to say, it is a sea; for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore; but that's not to the point; oh, the most piteous cry of the poor souls, sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallow'd with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hog'shead. And then for the land service,—— to see how the Bear tore out his shoulder-bone, how he cry'd to me for help, and said, his name was *Antigonus*, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it. But first, how the poor souls roar'd, and the sea mock'd them. And how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him; both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now, I have not wink'd since I saw these sights; the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half din'd on the gentleman; he's at it now.

(9) *Shep.*

(9) *Shep.* 'Would, I had been by to have help'd the nobleman.

Clo. I would, you had been by the ship-side, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing.— [Aside.

Shep. Heavy matters, heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now blefs thyself; thou meet'st with things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a fight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy, open't; so, let's see: it was told me, I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changling: open't; what's within, boy?

(10) *Clo.* You're a made old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!—

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and will prove so. Up with it, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrefie. Let my sheep go: come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings, I'll go see if the Bear be gone from the gentleman; and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou may'st discern by

(9) *Shep.* *Would, I had been by to have help'd the old Man.*] Tho' all the printed Copies concur in this reading, I am persuaded, we ought to restore, *Nobleman*. The Shepherd knew nothing of *Antigonus's* Age; besides, the Clown had just told his Father, that he said, his Name was *Antigonus a Nobleman*, and no less than three times in this short Scene, the Clown, speaking of him, calls him the *Gentleman*.

(10) *You're a mad old Man; if the Sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all Gold!*] This the Clown says upon his opening his Fardel, and discovering the Wealth in it. But this is no Reason why he should call his Father a *mad old Man*. I have ventur'd to correct in the Text.—*You're a made old Man: i. e. your Fortune's made by this adventitious Treasure.* So our Poet, in a Number of other Passages.

that

that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th' sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i'th' ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Time, as Chorus.

Time. I, that please some, try all, both joy and terror

Of good and bad, that mask and unfold error; (11)
 Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
 To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
 To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
 O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untry'd
 Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
 To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
 To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
 The same I am, ere ancient't order was,
 Or what is now receiv'd. I witness to
 The times, that brought them in; so shall I do
 To th' freshest things now reigning, and make stale
 The glistering of this present, as my tale
 Now seems to it: your patience this allowing,
 I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing,
 As you had slept between. *Leontes* leaving
 Th' effects of his fond jealousies, so grieving
 That he shuts up himself; imagine me,
 Gentle spectators, that I now may be
 In fair *Bohemia*; and remember well,
 I mention here a son o'th' King's whom *Florizel*
 I now name to you; and with speed so pace
 To speak of *Perdita*, now grown in grace

(11) ——— [*That make and unfold Error.*] This does not in my Opinion take in the Poet's Thought. Time does not make mistakes, and discover them, at different Conjunctions; but the Poet means, that Time often for a Season covers Errors, which he afterwards displays and brings to Light. I chuse therefore to read;

————— that maske and unfold Error.

Equal

Equal with wondring. What of her ensues,
I list not prophesie. But let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth. A shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is th' argument of time; of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now:
If never, yet that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly, you never may. [Exit.



A C T IV.

S C E N E, *the Court of Bohemia.*

Enter Polixenes and Camillo.

P O L I X E N E S.

I Pray thee, good *Camillo*, be no more importunate;
'tis a sickness denying thee any thing, a death to
grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country;
though I have for the most part been aired abroad, I
desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent King,
my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows
I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which
is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov'st me, *Camillo*, wipe not out the rest
of thy services by leaving me now; the need I have of
thee, thine own goodness hath made: better not to have
had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou having made me
businesses, which none, without thee, can sufficiently
manage, must either stay to execute them thy self, or
take away with thee the very services thou hast done;
which if I have not enough consider'd, (as too much I
cannot,) to be more thankful to thee shall be my study;
and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that
fatal country *Sicilia*, pr'ythee, speak no more; whose
very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that
penitent,

penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled King my brother, whose loss of his most precious Queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the Prince *Florizel* my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the Prince; what his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have (missingly) noted, he is of late much retired from court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appear'd.

Pol. I have consider'd so much, *Camillo*, and with some care so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, Sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note; the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. (12) That's likewise a part of my intelligence; and, I fear, the Engle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place, where we will (not ap-

(12) *That's likewise part of my Intelligence; but, I fear the Angle that plucks our Son thither.*] The disjunctive here, I think, makes stark Nonsense of the Context: and the Editors have palm'd an Allusion in the Word *Angle*, which seems foreign to the Sense of the Passage. As, before, in the *Taming of the Shrew*, *Angel* is mistakenly put for *Engle*: so, I suspect, *Angle*, by the same easy Corruption, is here. I have there prov'd the Use and Meaning of the Word. I'll proceed briefly to justify the Emendation I have here made, by shewing how naturally it falls in with the Sense we should expect. *Camillo* had just told the King, he had heard of such a Shepherd, and of a Daughter he had of most rare Note. *Ay*, replies the King, *that's a Part of my Intelligence too*; and, *I fear*, [that Daughter is] the Siren, the Decoy, the Invitation, that plucks our Son thither.

pearing what we are) have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of *Sicilia*.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best *Camillo*—we must disguise our selves.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the Country.

Enter Autolicus singing.

WHEN daffadils begin to peere,
 With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,
 Why, then comes in the sweet o'th' year;
 For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.
 The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
 With, hey! the sweet birds, O how they sing!
 Doth set my pugging tooth on edge:
 For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.
 The lark, that tirra-lyra chaunts,
 With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay:
 Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
 While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince *Florizel*, and in my time wore three-pile, but now I am out of service.

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?

The pale moon shines by night:

And when I wander here and there,

I then do go most right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,

And bear the sow-skin budget;

Then my account I well may give,

And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffick is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linnen. My father nam'd me *Autolicus*, being litter'd under *Mercury*; who, as I am, was likewise a snapper-up of unconfider'd trifles: with die and drab, I purchas'd this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the high-way;

beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.— A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see,— Every eleven weather tod, every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool too?

Aut. If the sprindge hold, the cock's mine.—

[*Aside.*

Clo. I cannot do't without compters. Let me see, what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast, three pound of sugar, five pound of currants, rice— what will this filter of mine do with rice? but my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nose-gays for the shearers; three-man song-men all, and very good ones, but they are most of them means and bases; but one Puritan among them, and he sings psalms to horn-pipes. I must have saffron to colour the warden-pies, mace— dates— none— that's out of my note: nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many raisins o'th' sun.

Aut. Oh, that ever I was born!

[*Groweling on the ground.*

Clo. I'th' name of me—

Aut. Oh, help me, help me: pluck but off these rags, and then death, death—

Clo. Alack, poor soul, thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. Oh, Sir, the loathsomness of them offends me, more than the stripes I have receiv'd, which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, Sir, and beaten; my mony and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a footman?

Aut. A footman, sweet Sir, a footman.

Clo.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

[*Helping him up.*]

Aut. Oh! good Sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor soul.

Aut. O good Sir, softly, good Sir: I fear, Sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear Sir; good Sir, softly; you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any mony? I have a little mony for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet Sir; no, I beseech you, Sir; I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have mony, or any thing I want: offer me no mony, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he, that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, Sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good Sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court; they cherish it to make it stay here, and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would say, Sir. I know this man well, he hath been since an ape-bearer, then a process-server, bailiff; then he compass'd a motion of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lyes; and, having flown over many navish professions, he settled only in a rogue; some call him *Autolicus*.

Clo. Out upon him, prig! for my life, prig;—he aunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, Sir; he, Sir, he; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all *Bohemia*; if you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, Sir, I am no fighter; I am false of heart that way, and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet Sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk; I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on thy way?

Aut. No, good-fac'd Sir; no, sweet Sir.

Clo. Then, farewell, I must go to buy spices for our sheep-shearing. [Exit.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet Sir! Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd, and my name put into the book of virtue!

S O N G.

*Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily bent the stile-a.*

*A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.*

[Exit.

S C E N E, *the Prospect of a Shepherd's Cotte.*

Enter Florizel and Perdita.

Flo. **T**HESSE your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess, but *Flora*
Peering in *April's* front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the Queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extreams it not becomes me:
Oh pardon, that I name them: your high self,
The gracious mark o'th' land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that our feasts

In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired; sworn, I think,
To shew myself a glafs.

Flo. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight a-cross
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now *Jove* afford you cause!
To me the difference forges dread, your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear; even now I tremble
To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did: oh, the fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vildly bound up! what would he say! or how
Should I in these my borrow'd flaunts behold
The sternness of his presence!

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity: the Gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them. *Jupiter*
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green *Neptune*
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd God,
Golden *Apollo*, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O, but, dear Sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by th' power o'th' King:
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak, that you must change this
purpose,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest *Perdita*,
With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o'th' feast; or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if

I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
 Tho' destiny say *no*. Be merry, (Gentle,)
 Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
 That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
 Lift up your countenance, as 'twere the day
 Of celebration of that nuptial, which
 We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady fortune,
 Stand you auspicious!

*Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, Servants;
 with Polixenes and Camillo disguis'd.*

Flo. See, your guests approach;
 Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
 And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fie, daughter; when my old wife liv'd, upon
 This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,
 Both dame and servant; welcom'd all, serv'd all;
 Would sing her song, and dance her turn; now here
 At upper end o'th' table, now i'th' middle:
 On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire
 With labour; and the thing she took to quench it
 She would to each one sip. You are retired,
 As if you were a feasted one, and not
 The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid
 These unknown friends to's welcome, for it is
 A way to make us better friends, more known.
 Come, quench your blushes, and present your self
 That which you are, mistress o'th' feast. Come on,
 And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
 As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Sirs, welcome. *[To Pol. and Cam.]*
 It is my father's will, I should take on me
 The hostessship o'th' day; you're welcome, Sirs.
 Give me those flowers there, *Dorcas*.—Reverend Sirs,
 For you there's rosemary and rue, these keep
 Seeming and favour all the winter long:
 Grace and remembrance be unto you both,
 And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdes,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o'th' season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flowers,
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustick garden's barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art, which in their pideness shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean; so over that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes; you see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scyon to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art,
Which does mend nature, change it rather; but
The art it self is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth, to set one slip of them:
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well; and only therefore
Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savoury, marjoram,
The mary-gold, that goes to bed with th' sun,
And with him rises, weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age. Y'are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!

You'd be so lean, that blasts of *January*
Would blow you through and through. Now, my fairest
friend,

I would, I had some flowers o'th' spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin-branches yet
Your maiden-heads growing: O *Proserpina*,
For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let'st fall
From *Dis's* waggon! daffadils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of *March* with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of *Juno's* eyes,
Or *Cytherea's* breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright *Phæbus* in his strength; (a malady
Most incident to maids;) bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lillies of all kinds,
The flower-de-lis being one. O, these I lack
To make you garlands of, and, my sweet friend,
To strow him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What? like a coarse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a coarse; or if,—not to be buried
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers;
Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
In whitson pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do,

Still betters what is done. When you speak, (sweet)
I'd have you do it ever; when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so, give alms;
Pray, so; and for the ord'ring your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o'th' sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function. Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you're doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are Queens.

Per.

Per. O Doricles,

Your praises are too large; but that your youth
And the true blood, which peeps forth fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd;
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think, you have

As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't. But, come; our dance, I pray;
Your hand, my *Perdita*; so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green-ford; nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than her self,
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something, (13)

That makes her blood look out: good sooth, she is
The Queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up.

Dor. *Mopsa* must be your mistress; marry, garlick to
mend her kissing with——

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our man-
ners; come, strike up.

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this,
Who dances with your daughter?

(13) ————— *He tells her Something,*

*That makes her Blood look on't.] Thus all the old Edi-
tions corruptedly. I dare say, I have restor'd the true Reading;
and the Meaning must be this. The Prince tells her Something,
that calls the Blood up into her Cheeks, and makes her blush. She, but
a little before, uses a like Expression to describe the Prince's
Sincerity, which appear'd in the honest Blood rising on his Face.*

Your Praises are too large; but that your Youth

And the true Blood, which peeps forth fairly through it,

Do plainly give you out an unstain'd Shepherd,

Shep. They call him *Doricles*, and he boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding; but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it:
He looks like sooth; he says, he loves my daughter,
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand and read
As 'twere my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kifs to chuse
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing, tho' I report it
That should be silent; if young *Doricles*
Do light upon her, she shall bring him That
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O master, if you did but hear the pedler at the
door, you would never dance again after a tabor and
pipe: no, the bag-pipe could not move you; he sings
several tunes, faster than you'll tell mony; he utters
them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens' ears grew to
his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he shall come in;
I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter
merrily set down; or a very pleasant thing indeed, and
sung lamentably.

Ser. He hath songs for man, or woman, of all sizes;
no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has
the prettiest love-songs for maids, so without bawdry,
(which is strange) with such delicate burthens of dil-do's
and fa-ding's: jump her and thump her: and where
some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mis-
chief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes
the maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man;*
puts him off, flights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm,*
good man.

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-con-
coited fellow; has he any unbraided wares?

Ser. He hath ribbons of all the colours i'th' rainbow;
points,

points, more than all the lawyers in *Bohemia* can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gros; inkles, caddises, cambricks, lawns; why, he sings them over, as they were Gods and Goddeses; you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on't.

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach, singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in's tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlers that have more in 'em than you'd think, sifter.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolicus singing.

*Lawn as white as driven snow,
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses,
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle-bracelets, neck-lace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears:
Pins, and poaking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy,
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry.
Come buy, &c.*

Clo. If I were not in love with *Mopsa*, thou should'st take no mony of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the feast, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'may be, he has paid you more; which will shame you to give him again.

Clo.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they should wear their faces? is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kill-hole, to whistle of these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'tis well, they are whifpring: clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done: come, you promis'd me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my mony?

Aut. And, indeed, Sir, there are cozeners abroad, therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, Sir, for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some; I love a ballad in print, or a life; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed with twenty mony bags at a burthen; and how she long'd to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the widwife's name to't, one mistress *Taleporter*, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by; and let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, of a fish that appear'd upon the coast, on *Wednesday* the fourscore of *April*, forty thousand fadom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids; it was thought, she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her; the ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another. ———

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man*; there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear, 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month' ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

Aut. *Get you hence, for I must go,
Where it fits not you to know.*

Dor. *Whither?*

Mop. *O whither?*

Dor. *Whither?*

Mop. *It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell.*

Dor. *Me too, let me go thither:*

Mop. *Or thou goest to th' grange, or mill,*

Dor. *If to either, thou dost ill:*

Aut. *Neither.*

Dor. *What neither?*

Aut. *Neither.*

Dor. *Thou hast sworn my love to be;*

Mop. *Thou hast sworn it more to me:*

Then whither goest? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them: come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both: Pedler, let's have the first choice; follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.

S O N G.

*Will you buy any tape, or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
And silk, and thread, any toys for your head
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the Pedler; mony's a medler,
That doth utter all mens ware-a.*

[*Ex. Clown, Autolicus, Dorcas, and Mopsa.*

Enter a Servant.

Ser. (14) Master, there are three goat-herds, three shepherds, three neat-herds, and three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair, they call themselves Saltiers: and they have a dance, which the wenches say is a gallymaufry of gambols, because they are not in't: but they themselves are o'th' mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling,) it will please plentifully.

Step. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, Sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those, that refresh us: 'pray, let's see these four-threes of herdsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, Sir, hath danc'd before the King; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by th' square.

Step. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in; but quickly now.

(14) *Master, there are three Carters, three Shepherds, three Neat-herds, and three Swine-herds,*] Thus all the printed Copies hitherto. Now, in two Speeches after this, these are call'd four three's of Herdsmen. But could the Carters properly be call'd Herdsmen? At least, they have not the final Syllable, *Herd*, in their Names; which, I believe, *Shakespeare* intended, all the four three's should have. I have therefore guess'd that he wrote; ——— *Master, there are three Goat-herds, &c.* And so, I think, we take in the four Species of Cattle usually tended by Herdsmen.

Here

Here a Dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter. Is it not too far gone? 'tis time to part them; He's simple, and tells much.—How now, fair shepherd? Your heart is full of something, that doth take Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young, And handed love, as you do, I was wont To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd The pedler's filken treasury, and have pour'd it To her acceptance; you have let him go, And nothing marted with him. If your las's Interpretation should abuse, and call this Your lack of love or bounty; you were straited For a reply, at least, if you make care Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know,
She prizes not such trifles as these are;
The gifts, she looks from me, are packt and lockt
Up in my heart, which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my love
Before this ancient Sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd. I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or *Ethiopian's* tooth, or the fann'd snow
That's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand, was fair before! I've put you out;
But, to your protestation: let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, and heav'ns, and all;
That were I crown'd the most imperial monarch
Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them,
Without her love; for her imploy them all;

Commend

Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shews a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak

So well, nothing so well, no, nor mean better.

By th' pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain;

And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be

I th' virtue of your daughter; one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet,
Enough then for your wonder: but come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand,

And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, a-while; 'beseech you,
Have you a father?

Flo. I have; but what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.

Pol. Methinks, a father

Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table: 'pray you once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age, and alt'ring rheums? can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and, again, does nothing,
But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good Sir;

He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong

Something unfilial : Reason, my son
Should chuse himself a wife ; but as good reason,
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this ;

But for some other reasons, my grave Sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No ; he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son, he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not :
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young Sir,

[*Discovering himself.*]

Whom son I dare not call : thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd. Thou a scepter's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook ! Thou old traytor,
I'm sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week. And thou fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know
The royal fool thou coap'st with ———

Shep. O my heart !

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and
made

More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knack, as never
I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from succession ;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than *Deucalion* off : mark thou my words ;
Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,
Tho' full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it : and you, enchantment,
Worthy enough a herdsman ; yea him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,

Unworthy thee ; if ever, henceforth, thou
 These rural latches to his entrance open,
 Or hoope his body more with thy embraces,
 I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
 As thou art tender to it.

[*Exit.*]

Per. Even here undone :

I was not much afraid ; for once or twice
 I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
 The self-same sun, that shines upon this court,
 Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
 Looks on alike. Wilt please you, Sir, be gone ?

[*To Florizel.*]

I told you, what would come of this. 'Beseech you,
 Of your own state take care : this dream of mine,
 Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
 But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father ?
 Speak, ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
 Nor dare to know That which I know. O Sir,

[*To Florizel.*]

You have undone a man of fourscore three,
 That thought to fill his grave in quiet ; yea,
 To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
 To lye close by his honest bones ; but now
 Some hangman must put on my shrowd, and lay me
 Where no priest shovels in dust. O cursed wretch !

[*To Perdita.*]

That knew'st, This was the Prince ; and would'st ad-
 venture

To mingle faith with him. Undone, undone !
 If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
 To die when I desire.

[*Exit.*]

Flo. Why look you so upon me ?
 I am but sorry, not afraid ; delay'd,
 But nothing alter'd : what I was, I am ;
 More straining on, for plucking back ; not following
 My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
 You know your father's temper : at this time

He

He will allow no speech, (which I do guess,
 You do not purpose to him;) and as hardiy
 Will he endure your fight, as yet I fear;
 Then, 'till the fury of his Highness settle,
 Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.

I think, *Camillo*——

Cam. Even he, my Lord.

Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus?
 How often said, my dignity would last
 But 'till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
 The violation of my faith, and then
 Let nature crush the sides o'th' earth together,
 And mar the seeds within!——Lift up thy looks!——
 From my succession wipe me, father, I
 Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy; if my reason
 Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
 If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
 Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, Sir.

Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow;
 I needs must think it honesty. *Camillo*,
 Not for *Bobemia*, nor the pomp that may
 Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
 The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
 In unknown fadoms, will I break my oath
 To this my fair belov'd: therefore, I pray you,
 As you have ever been my father's friend,
 When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
 To see him any more) cast your good counsels
 Upon his passion; let myself and fortune
 Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
 And so deliver, I am put to sea
 With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
 And, most opportune to our need, I have
 A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
 For this design. What course I mean to hold

Shall

Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, *Perdita*——
I'll hear you by and by.

[*To Cam.*

Cam. He's irremovable,
Resolv'd for flight: now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchase the fight again of dear *Sicilia*,
And that unhappy King, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

[*Aside*

Flo. Now, good *Camillo*;
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, i'th' love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's musick
To speak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recompenc'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the King,
And through him, what's nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction;
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration,) on mine honour,
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness, where you may
Enjoy your mistress; from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by
(As, heav'ns forefend!) your ruin. Marry her,
And with my best endeavours, in your absence,
Your discontented father I'll strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, *Camillo*,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?

That

That I may call thee something more than man,
And after That trust to thee?

Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as th'unthought-on accident is guilty
Of what we wildly do, so we profess
Our selves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me:
This follows, if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight, make for *Sicilia*;
And there present your self, and your fair Princess
(For so, I see, she must be) 'fore *Leontes*;
She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth; asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
As 'twere i'th' father's person; kisses the hands
Of your fresh Princess; o'er and o'er divides him,
'Twixt his unkindness, and his kindness: th' one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy *Camillo*,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the King your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your Bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down; (15)
The which shall point you forth at every fitting,
What you must say; that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,

(15) *Things known betwixt us three I'll write you down,
The which shall point you forth at ev'ry fitting,
What you must say;—* Every *Sitting*, methinks, gives
but a very poor Idea. Every *sitting*, as I have ventur'd to cor-
rect the Text, means, ev'ry convenient Opportunity: every
Juncture, when it is *fit* to speak of such, or such, a Point.

And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you :
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of your selves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores ; most certain,
To miseries enough : no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one, to take another :
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loth to be : besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true :
I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so ?
There shall not at your father's house, these seven
years,
Be born another such.

Flo. My good *Camillo*,
She is as forward of her Breeding, as
She is i'th' rear o' our birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis Pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, Sir, for this :
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest *Perdita*——
But, oh, the thorns we stand upon ! *Camillo*,
Preserver of my father, now of me ;
'The medicine of our House ! how shall we do ?
We are not furnish'd like *Bohemia's* son,
Nor shall appear in *Sicily*——

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this : I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lye there : it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The Scene, you play, were mine. For instance, Sir,
That

That you may know you shall not want; one word.—

[*They talk aside.*]

Enter Autolicus.

Aut. Ha, ha, what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass, pomander, browch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tye, bracelet, horn-ring to keep my Pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer; by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use, I remember'd. My good Clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the wenches song, that he would not stir his pettitoes 'till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears; you might have pinch'd a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my Sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses: and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the King's son, and scar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[*Camillo, Flor. and Perd. come forward.*]

Cam. Nay; but my letters by this means being there,

So soon as you arrive, shall clear that Doubt.

Flor. And those that you'll procure from King *Leontes* ———

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!

All that you speak shews fair.

Cam. Who have we here?

[*Seeing Autol.*]

We'll make an instrument of this; omit

Nothing may give us aid.

Aut.

Aut. If they have over-heard me now : why, hanging
[*Aside*

Cam. How now, good fellow,
Why shak'st thou so ? fear not, man,
Here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be so still ; here's no body will steal
That from thee ; yet for the outside of thy poverty, we
must make an exchange ; therefore discafe thee in-
stantly : (thou must think, there's necessity in't) and
change garments with this gentleman : tho' the penny-
worth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's
some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir ; (I know ye well
enough.)

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, dispatch : the gentleman is half
fled already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, Sir ? (I smell the trick
on't.)

Flo. Dispatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had Earnest, but I cannot with
conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.

Fortunate Mistrefs ! (let my Prophecy
Come home to ye,) you must retire your self
Into some covert ; take your sweet-heart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows ; muffle your face,
Dismantle you ; and, as you can, disliken
The truth of your own Seeming ; that you may
(For I do fear eyes over you) to ship-board
Get undescry'd.

Per. I see, the Play so lyes,
That I must bear a Part.

Cam. No remedy——
Have you done there ?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat :
Come, lady, come : farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, Sir.

Flo.

Flo. O *Perdita*, what have we twain forgot?

Pray you, a word.

Cam. What I do next, shall be to tell the King
[*Aside.*]

Of this Escape, and whither they are bound:

Wherein my hope is, I shall so prevail

To force him after; in whose company

I shall review *Sicilia*; for whose fight

I have a woman's Longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!

Thus we set on, *Camillo*, to th' sea-side.

[*Exit Flor. with Per.*]

Cam. The swifter speed, the better. [*Exit.*]

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for th' other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange? sure, the Gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The Prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the King withal, I would not do't; I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my Profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside,— here's more matter for a hot brain; every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Cl. See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the King she's a Changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Cl. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Cl. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the King; and, so,
your

your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those things you found about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her; this being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the King's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely, puppies! [*Aside.*]

Shep. Well; let us to the King; there is That in this Farthel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not, what impediment this Complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. 'Pray heartily, he be at the Palace.

Aut. Tho' I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: let me pocket up my Pedler's excrement. How now, rustiques, whither are you bound?

Shep. To th' Palace, an it like your Worship.

Aut. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that farthel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your age, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting for to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, Sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy; let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie; but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel, therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your Worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken your self with the manner.

Shep. Are you a Courtier, an like you, Sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seest thou not the air of the Court in these enfoldings? hath not my gate in it the measure of the Court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not, on thy baseness, court-contempt? think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from thee thy business, I am there-

therefore no Courtier? I am courtier, *Cap-a-pè*; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there; whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, Sir, is to the King.

Aut. What Advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant; say, you have none.

Shep. None, Sir; I have no pheasant cock, nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we, that are not simple men! Yet Nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I will not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great Courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomly.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical; a Great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The farthel there? what's i'th' farthel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lyes such secrets in this farthel and box, which none must know but the King; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to th' speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, Sir?

Aut. The King is not at the Palace; he is gone aboard a new ship, to purge melancholy and air himself; for if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the King is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, Sir, about his son that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, Sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, tho' remov'd fifty times, shall all come

under the hangman; which tho' it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! some say, he shall be ston'd; but that death is too soft for him, say I: draw our throne into a sheep-coat! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easie.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, Sir, do you hear, an't like you, Sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flay'd alive, then 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest, then stand 'till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recover'd again with *Aqua-vitæ*, or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, (and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims) shall he be set against a brick-wall, the Sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the King; being something gently consider'd, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalf, and if it be in man, besides the King to effect your suits, here is a man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority; close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn Bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold; shew the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember, ston'd, and flay'd alive.——

Shep. An't please you, Sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have; I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn 'till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, Sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, Sir; but tho' my case be a pitiful one, I hope, I shall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut.

Aut. Oh, that's the case of the shepherd's son; hang him, he'll be made an example.

Cl. Comfort, good comfort; we must to the King, and shew our strange sights; he must know, 'tis none of your daughter, nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is perform'd; and remain, as he says, your Pawn 'till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you, walk before toward the sea-side, go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Cl. We are blest'd in this man, as I may say, even blest'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us; he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shep. and Clown.*

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, *Fortune* would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion: gold, and a means to do the Prince my master good; which, who knows how That may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him; if he think it fit to shoar them again, and that the complaint they have to the King concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue, for being so far officious; for I am proof against that Title, and what shame else belongs to't: to him will I present them, there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*





ACT V.

SCENE *changes to Sicilia.*

Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulina, and Servants.

CLEOMINES.

SIR, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A faint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence, than done trespass. At the last,
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them, forgive your self.

Leo. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did my self; which was so much,
That heir-less it hath made my Kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man (16)
Bred his hopes out of.

Pau. True, too true, my lord;
If one by one you wedded all the world,
Or, from the All that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman; she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leo. I think so. Kill'd?
Kill'd? she I kill'd? I did so, but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter

(16) *Destroy'd the sweet'st Companion, that e'er Man
Bred his hopes out of, true.*

Pau. *Too true, my Lord.*] A very slight Examination will convince ev'ry intelligent Reader, that, *true*, here has jump'd out of its place in all the Editions. What the King would say, is absolutely complete without it: and the placing it, where the printed Copies have done, is an Embarrassment to the Sense. These two Reasons, I hope, will be sufficient to justify my Transposition.

Upon

Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady;
You might have spoke a thousand things, that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Pau. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.

Dio. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most soveraign name; consider little,
What dangers (by his highness' fail of issue)
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Uncertain lookers on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice, the former Queen is well?
What holier, than for royalty's repair,
For present comfort, and for future good,
To bless the bed of Majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't?

Pau. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone; besides, the Gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:
For has not the divine *Apollo* said,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That King *Leontes* shall not have an heir,
'Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my *Antigonus* to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
My lord should to the heav'ns be contrary;
Oppose against their wills. — Care not for issue;

[To the King.

The crown will find an heir. Great *Alexander*
Left his to th' worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leo. Good *Paulina*,
Who hast the memory of *Hermione*,
I know, in honour: O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel! then, even now

I might have look'd upon my Queen's full eyes,
Have taken treasure from her lips!

Pau. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leo. Thou speak'st truth :
No more such wives, therefore no wife; one worse,
And better us'd, would make her fainted spirit (17)
Again possess her corps; and on this stage,
(Where we offend her now) appear soul-vezt,
And begin, Why to me?—

Pau. Had she such power,
She had just cause.

Leo. She had, and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Pau. I should so :
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me, for what dull part in't
You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Shoud'd rift to hear me, and the words that follow'd
Should be, Remember mine.

Leo. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else, dead coals: fear thou no wife :
I'll have no wife, *Paulina*.

Pau. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leo. Never, *Paulina*; so be bless'd my spirit!

Pau. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Pau. Unless another,
As like *Hermione* as is her picture,

(17) ————— would make her fainted Spirit

Again possess her Corps, and on this Stage

(Where we Offenders now appear) soul-vezt,

And begin, &c.] 'Tis obvious, that the Grammar is defective; and the Sense consequently wants supporting. The slight Change, I have made, cures Both: and, surely, 'tis an Improvement to the Sentiment for the King to say, that *Paulina* and He offended his dead Wife's Ghost with the Subject of a second Match; rather than in general Terms to call themselves *Offenders, Sinners*.

Affront

Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good Madam, pray, have done.

Pau. Yet, if my lord will marry; if you will, Sir;
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To chuse you a Queen; she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such,
As, walk'd your first Queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Leo. My true *Paulina*,
We shall not marry, 'till thou bid'st us.

Pau. That
Shall be, when your first Queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince *Florizel*,
Son of *Polixenes*, with his princess (she,
The fairest I have yet beheld) desires access
To your high presence.

Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness; his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us,
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leo. His princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Yes; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Pau. Oh *Hermione*,
As every present time doth boast it self
Above a better, gone; so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you your self
Have said, and writ so; but your writing now
Is colder than that theme; she had not been,
Nor was she to be equall'd; thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say, you've seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, Madam;
The one I have almost forgot, (your pardon)

The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
 Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
 Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
 Of all professors else, make profelites
 Of who she but bid follow.

Pau. How? not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
 More worth than any man: men, that she is
 The rarest of all women.

Leo. Go, *Cleomines*;

Your self (assisted with your honour'd friends)
 Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange
 He thus should steal upon us. [*Exit* Cleo.]

Pau. Had our prince

(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd
 Well with this lord; there was not full a month
 Between their births.

Leo. Pr'ythee, no more; cease; thou know'st,
 He dies to me again; when talk'd of: sure,
 When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
 Will bring me to consider that which may
 Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.

Enter Florizel, Perdita, Cleomines, and others.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince,
 For she did print your royal father off,
 Conceiving you. Were I but twenty one,
 Your father's image is so hit in you,
 His very air, that I should call you brother,
 As I did him, and speak of something wildly
 By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome,
 As your fair princess, goddess!—oh! alas!
 I lost a couple, that 'twixt heav'n and earth
 Might thus have stood begetting wonder, as
 You gracious couple do; and then I lost
 (All mine own folly!) the society,
 Amity too of your brave father, whom
 (Tho' bearing misery) I desire my life
 Once more to look on.

Flo. Sir, by his command

Have

Have I here touch'd *Sicilia*, and from him
 Give you all greetings, that a King, (at friend)
 Can send his brother; and but infirmity,
 Which waits upon worn times, hath something seiz'd
 His wish'd ability, he had himself
 The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
 Measur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves,
 He had me say so, more than all the scepters,
 And those that bear them living.

Leo. Oh, my brother!

Good gentleman, the wrongs I have done thee stir
 Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
 So rarely kind, are as interpreters
 Of my behind-hand slackness. Welcome hither,
 As is the spring to th' earth. And hath he too
 Expos'd this paragon to th' fearful usage
 (At least, ungentle) of the dreadful *Neptune*,
 To greet a man, not worth her pains; much less,
 Th' adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,

She came from *Libya*.

Leo. Where the warlike *Smalus*,

That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal Sir,

From thence; from him, whose daughter
 His tears proclaim'd his parting with her; thence
 (A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
 To execute the charge my father gave me,
 For visiting your highness; my best train
 I have from your *Sicilian* shores dismiss'd,
 Who for *Bohemia* bend, to signifie
 Not only my success in *Libya*, Sir,
 But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
 Here, where we are.

Leo. The blessed Gods

Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
 Do climate here! You have a holy father,
 A graceful gentleman, against whose person,
 So sacred as it is, I have done sin;
 For which the heavens, taking angry note,

324 *The WINTER'S TALE.*

Have left me issue-less; and your father's bless'd,
 As he from heaven merits it, with you,
 Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
 Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
 Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble Sir,
 That, which I shall report, will bear no credit,
 Were not the proof so high. Please you, great Sir,
Bobemia greets you from himself, by me;
 Desires you to attach his son, who has,
 His dignity and duty both cast off,
 Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
 A shepherd's daughter.

Leo. Where's *Bobemia*? speak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him.
 I speak amazedly, and it becomes
 My marvel, and my message: to your court
 Whilst he was hastning, in the chase, it seems,
 Of this fair couple, meets he on the way
 The father of this seeming lady, and
 Her brother, having both their country quitted
 With this young Prince.

Flo. *Camillo* has betray'd me;
 Whose honour and whose honesty 'till now
 Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge;
 He's with the king your father.

Leo. Who? *Camillo*?

Lord. *Camillo*, Sir, I spake with him; who now
 Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
 Wretches so quake; they kneel, they kiss the earth;
 Forswear themselves, as often as they speak:
Bobemia stops his ears, and threatens them
 With divers deaths, in death.

Per. Oh, my poor father!
 The heav'n sets spies upon us, will not have
 Our contract celebrated.

Leo. You are marry'd?

Flo.

Flo. We are not, Sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first;
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leo. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a King?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leo. That once, I see, by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
(Most sorry) you have broken from his liking;
Where you were ty'd in duty; and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up;
Though *Fortune*, visible an enemy,
Should chafe us, with my father; power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. 'Beseech you, Sir,
Remember, since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now; with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leo. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Pau. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't; not a month
'Fore your Queen dy'd, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leo. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made——But your petition
[To Florizel.

Is yet unanswer'd; I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I'm friend to them and you; upon which errand
I now go toward him, therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make: come, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E, *near the Court in Sicilia.*

Enter Autolicus, and a Gentleman.

Aut. B Eseech you, Sir, were you present at this relation?

1 Gent. I was by at the opening of the farthel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it; whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber: only this, methought, I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the King, and *Camillo*, were very notes of admiration; they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes. There was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they look'd, as they had heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroy'd; a notable passion of wonder appear'd in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if th' importance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more: the news, *Rogero*?

2 Gent. Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfill'd; the King's daughter is found; such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the lady *Paulina*'s Steward, he can deliver you more. How goes it now, Sir? this news, which is call'd true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion; has the King found his heir?

3 Gent. Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circum-

circumstance: That which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen *Hermione*—her jewel about the neck of it,—the letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know to be his character,—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother,—the affection of nobleness, which nature shews above her breeding,—and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the King's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two Kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner, that it seem'd, sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our King being ready to leap out of himself, for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, oh, thy mother, thy mother! then asks *Bohemia* forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old shepherd, who stands by, like a weather-beaten conduit of many Kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of *Antigonus*, that carry'd hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale still, which will have matters to rehearse, tho' credit be asleep, and not an ear open; he was torn to pieces with a bear; this avouches the shepherd's son, who has not only his innocence, which seems much to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his, that *Paulina* knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wreckt the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd; so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even
then

then lost, when it was found. But, oh, the noble combat, that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in *Paulina*. She had one eye declin'd for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the Oracle was fulfill'd. She lifte the Princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes; for by such was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, (caught the water, tho' not the fish,) was, when at the relation of the Queen's death with the manner how she came to it, bravely confess'd and lamented by the King, how attentiveness wounded his daughter; 'till, from one sign of dolour to another she did, with an, *alas!* I would fain say, bleed tears for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble, there changed colour; some swooned, all forrowed; if all the world could have seen't, the woe had been universal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No. The Princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of *Paulina*, a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by (18) that rare *Italian* master, *Julio Romano*; who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape

(18) that rare *Italian Master, Julio Romano*;] All the Encomiums, put together, that have been conferr'd on this excellent Artist in Painting and Architecture, do not amount to the fine Praise here given him by our Author. He was born in the Year 1492, liv'd just that Circle of Years which our *Shakespeare* did, and dy'd Eighteen Years before the latter was born. Fine and generous, therefore, as this Tribute of Praise must be own'd, yet it was a strange Absurdity, sure, to thrust it into a Tale, the Action of which is suppos'd within the Period of Heathenism, and whilst the Oracles of *Apollo* were consulted. This, however, was a known and wilful Anachronism; which might have slept in Obscurity, perhaps *Mr. Pope* will say, had I not animadverted on it.

He so near to *Hermione* hath done *Hermione*, that they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer. Thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

2 *Gent.* I thought, she had some great matter there in hand, for she hath privately twice or thrice a-day, ever since the death of *Hermione*, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [Exeunt.]

Aut. Now had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the Prince; told him, I heard them talk of a farthel, and I know not what; but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy, I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, Sir; you denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: see you these cloaths? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born. You were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, Sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have; but I was a gentleman born before
my

my father; for the King's son took me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two Kings call'd my father brother; and then the Prince my brother, and the Princess my sister, call'd my father, father, and so we wept; and there was the first gentleman-like tear that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay, or else 'twere hard luck, being in so prosperous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, Sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the Prince, my master.

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand; I will swear to the Prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in *Bohemia*.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? let boor and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend: and I'll swear to the Prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands; and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it; and, I would, thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, Sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow; if do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, now being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark, the Kings and the Princes, our kindred, are going to see the Queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE *changes to Paulina's House.*

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo,
Paulina, *Lords and Attendants.*

Leo. O Grave and good *Paulina*, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign Sir,
did not well, I meant well; all my services
You have paid home. But that you have vouchsaf'd,
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit;
It is a surplus of your Grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leo. O *Paulina*,
We honour you with trouble; but we came
To see the statue of our Queen. Your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content,
In many singularities; but we saw not
That, which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lovely, apart. But here it is; prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death; behold, and say, 'tis well!

[*Paulina draws a curtain, and discovers Hermione
standing like a statue.*]

I like your silence, it the more shews off
Your wonder; but yet speak, first you, my Liege,
Comes it not something near?

Leo. Her natural posture!
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say, indeed,
Thou art *Hermione*; or rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender
As infancy and grace. But yet, *Paulina*,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seems.

Pol. Oh, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence,
Which lets go by some sixteen years; and makes her
As she liv'd now.

Leo. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. Oh, thus she stood;
Even with such life of Majesty, (warm life,
As now it coldly stands,) when first I woo'd her.
I am ashamed; do's not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it? oh, royal piece!
There's magick in thy Majesty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From my admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee.

Per. And give me leave,
And do not say 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,
Dear Queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Paul. O, patience; ———
The statue is but newly fix'd; the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My Lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my Lord,
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is mine,)
I'd not have shew'd it.

Leo. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy
May think anon, it move.

Leo. Let be, let be;

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
 What was he, that did make it? see, my Lord,
 Would you not deem, it breath'd; and that those veins
 Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done!

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leo. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,
 As we were mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain.

My Lord's almost so far transported, that
 He'll think anon, it lives.

Leo. O sweet *Paulina*,
 Take me to think so twenty years together:
 No settled senses of the world can match
 The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

Paul. I'm sorry, Sir, I have thus far stirr'd you; but
 I could afflict you further.

Leo. Do, *Paulina*;
 For this affliction has a taste as sweet
 As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
 There is an air comes from her. What fine chizzel
 Could ever yet cut breath? let no man mock me,
 For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my Lord, forbear;
 The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
 You'll marr it, if you kiss it; stain your own
 With oily painting; shall I draw the curtain?

Leo. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
 Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,
 Or sit presently the chappel, or resolve you
 For more amazement; if you can behold it,
 I'll make the statue move, indeed; descend,
 And take you by the hand; but then you'll think,
 Which I protest against, I am assisted
 By wicked powers.

Leo. What you can make her do,
 I'm content to look on; what to speak,
 I'm content to hear; for 'tis as easie

To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith; then, all stand still:
And those, that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leo. Proceed;
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Musick; awake her: strike; [Mus]
'Tis time, descend; be stone no more; approach,
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away:
Bequeath to death your numness; for from him
Dear life redeems you; you perceive, she stirs;

Hermione comes down

Start not; her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful; do not shun her,
Until you see her die again, for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand;
When she was young, you woo'd her; now in age,
Is she become the suitor.

Leo. Oh, she's warm; [Embracing h]
If this be magick, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make it manifest where she has liv'd,
Or how stol'n from the dead?

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears, she lives,
'Tho' yet she speak not. Mark a little while.
Please you to interpose, fair Madam, kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing; turn, good Lady:
Our *Perdita* is found.

[Presenting Perdita, who kneels to Her.]

Her. You Gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head; tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how fou

Thy father's court ; for thou shalt hear, that I,
Knowing by *Paulina* that the Oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd
Myself, to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for That ;
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all, your exultation
Partake to every one ; I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament 'till I am lost.

Leo. O peace, *Paulina* :
Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife. This is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine,
But how, is to be question'd ; for I saw her,
As I thought, dead ; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable husband. Come, *Camillo*,
And take her by the hand ; whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted ; and here justified
By us, a pair of Kings. Let's from this place.
What ? look upon my brother : Both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion : this, your son-in-law,
And son unto the King——whom heav'ns directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good *Paulina*,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd. Hastily lead away. [*Exeunt omnes.*]



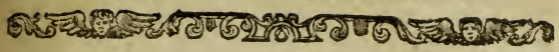
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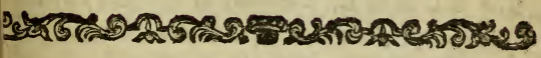


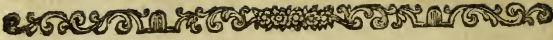
T H E

L I F E and D E A T H

O F

K I N G J O H N.





Dramatis Personæ.

KING John.

Prince Henry, *Son to the King.*

Arthur, *Duke of Bretagne, and Nephew to the King.*

Pembroke,

Effex,

Salisbury,

Hubert,

Bigot,

Faulconbridge, *Bastard-Son to Richard the First.*

Robert Faulconbridge, *suppos'd Brother to the Bastard.*

James Gurney, *Servant to the Lady Faulconbridge.*

Peter of Pomfret, *a Prophet.*

Philip, *King of France.*

Lewis, *the Dauphin.*

Arch-Duke of Austria.

Card. Pandulpho, *the Pope's Legate.*

Melun, *a French Lord.*

Chatilion, *Ambassador from France to King John.*

Elinor, *Queen-Mother of England.*

Constance, *Mother to Arthur.*

Blanch, *Daughter to Alphonso King of Castile, and Neice to King John.*

Lady Faulconbridge, *Mother to the Bastard, and Robert Faulconbridge.*

Citizens of Angiers, Heralds, Executioners, Messenger Soldiers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE, sometimes in England; and, sometimes, in France.



T H E

(1) The LIFE and DEATH of

K I N G J O H N.

A C T I.

SCENE, *The Court of England.*

*Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex,
and Salisbury, with Chatilion.*

King J O H N.



OW, say, *Chatilion*, what would *France*
with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the
King of *France*,

In my behaviour, to the Majesty,
The borrow'd Majesty of *England* here.

Eli. A strange beginning; borrow'd Majesty!

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassie.

(1) *The Life and Death* ———] Tho' this Play have this
Title, yet the Action of it begins at the thirty-fourth Year of
his Life; and takes in only some Transactions of his Reign
to the Time of his Demise, being an Interval of about seven-
teen Years.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother *Geffrey's* son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories:
To *Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine*:
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,
Which sways usurpingly these several titles;
And put the same into young *Arthur's* hand,
Thy nephew, and right-royal Sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud controul of fierce and bloody war,
Tⁿ inforce these rights so forcibly with-held.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for
blood,

Controulment for controulment; so answer *France*.

Chat. Then take my King's defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my embassie.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace.
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of *France*,
For ere thou canst report, I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.
So, hence! be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And fullen presage of your own decay.
An honourable conduct let him have,
Pembroke, look to't; farewell, *Chatilion*.

[*Exeunt Chat. and Pem.*]

Eli. What now, my son, have I not ever said,
How that ambitious *Constance* would not cease,
Till she had kindled *France* and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented, and made whole
With very easy arguments of love;
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful, bloody, issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right for us.—

Eli. Your strong possession much more than your
right,

Or else it must go wrong with you and me;
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but heav'n, and you, and I shall hear.

Exeunt.

Essex. My Liege, here is the strangest controversie,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard : shall I produce the men ?

K. John. Let them approach. -
Our abbies and our priories shall pay
This expedition's charge——What men are you ?

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip, his Brother.

Phil. Your faithful subject, I, a gentleman
Born in *Northamptonshire*, and eldest son,
As I suppose, to *Robert Faulconbridge*,
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of *Cœur-de-lion* knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou ?

Robert. The son and heir to that same *Faulconbridge*.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir ?

You came not of one mother then, it seems ?

Phil. Most certain of one mother, mighty King,
That is well known ; and, as I think, one father :

But for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heav'n, and to my mother ;

Of that I doubt, as all mens' children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man ! thou dost shame thy
mother,

And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Phil. I, Madam ? no, I have no reason for it ;

That is my brother's plea, and none of mine ;

The which if he can prove, he pops me out

At least from fair five hundred pound a year :

Heav'n guard my mother's honour, and my land !

K. John. A good blunt fellow ; why, being younger
born,

Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance ?

Phil. I know not why, except to get the land ;

But, once, he slander'd me with bastardy :

But whether I be true begot or no,

That still I lay upon my mother's head ;

But that I am as well begot, my Liege,

Let fair fall the bones, that took the pains for me !)

Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.

If old Sir *Robert* did beget us both,
 And were our father, and this son like him ;
 O old Sir *Robert*, father, on my knee
 I give heav'n thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a mad-cap hath heav'n lent us
 here ?

Eli. He hath a trick of *Cœur-de-lion's* face,
 The accent of his tongue affecteth him :
 Do you not read some tokens of my son
 In the large composition of this man ?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
 And finds them perfect *Richard* : Sirrah, speak,
 What doth move you to claim your brother's land ?

Phil. Because he hath a half-face, like my father,
 With that half-face would he have all my land ? (2)
 A half-fac'd groat, five hundred pound a year !

Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my father liv'd,
 Your brother did imploy my father much ;——

(2) *With half that Face*] But why with *half that Face* ?
 There is no Question but the Poet wrote, as I have restor'd
 the Text, *With that half-face*——*Mr. Pope*, perhaps, will be
 angry with me for discovering an *Anachronism* of our Poet's,
 in the next Line ; where he alludes to a Coin not struck till
 the Year 1504, in the Reign of King *Henry VII.* viz. a Groat,
 which, as well as the half Groat, bore but half-faces impress'd.
de Stow's Survey of London, p. 47. *Holingshed*, *Camden's*
Remains, &c. The Poet sneers at the meagre sharp Visage of
 the elder Brother, by comparing him to a Silver Groat, that
 bore the King's Face in Profile, so shew'd but half the Face:
 The Groats of all our Kings of *England*, and, indeed, all their
 other Coins of Silver, one or two only excepted, had a full
 Face crown'd ; till *Henry VII.* at the Time above-mention'd,
 coin'd Groats and half Groats, as also some Shillings, with
 half Faces, that is, Faces in Profile, as all our Coin has now.
 The first Groats of King *Henry VIII.* were like these of his Fa-
 ther ; tho' afterwards he return'd to the broad Faces again.
 These Groats, with the Impression in Profile, are undoubtedly
 here alluded to : tho', as I said, the Poet is knowingly guilty
 of an *Anachronism* in it : for, in the Time of King *John* there
 were no Groats at all : they being first, as far as appears,
 coin'd in the Reign of King *Edward III.*

Phil.

Phil. Well, Sir, by this you cannot get my land.
Your tale must be, how he imploy'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an embassie
To *Germany*; there with the Emperor
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
Th' advantage of his absence took the King,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where, how he did prevail, I shame to speak:
But truth is truth; large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father speak himself)
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it on his death,
That this, my mother's son, was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time:
Then, good my Liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:
And if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lyes on the hazard of all husbands,
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world.
In sooth, he might; then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him; this concludes,
My mother's son did get your father's heir,
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's Will be of no force
To dispossess that child, which is not his?

Phil. Of no more force to dispossess me, Sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*,
And, like thy brother, to enjoy thy land:
Or the reputed son of *Cœur-de-lion*,

Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

Phil. Madam, and if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, Sir *Robert* his, like him;
And if my legs were two such riding rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuf; my face so thin, (3)
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, "look, where three farthings
goes!

And to his shape were heir to all this land;"
'Would, I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it ev'ry foot to have this face:
I would not be Sir *Nobbe* in any case.

Eli. I like thee well; wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to *France*.

Phil. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance;
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Phil. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Phil. *Philip*, my Liege, so is my name begun;
Philip, good old Sir *Robert's* wife's eldest son.

(3) ————— my Face so thin,

That in mine Ear I durst not stick a Rose,

Lest Men should say, Look, where three-farthings goes!]

In this very obscure Passage our Poet is anticipating the Date of another Coin; humourously to rally a thin Face, eclipsed, as it were, by a full-blown *Rose*. We must observe, to explain this Allusion, that Queen *Elizabeth* was the first, and indeed the only, Prince who coin'd in *England* three-half pence, and three-farthing Pieces. She at one and the same Time, coin'd Shillings, Six-pences, Groats, Three-pences, Two-pences, Three-half-pence, Pence, Three-farthings, and Half-pence: And these Pieces all had her Head, and were alternately with the *Rose* behind, and without the *Rose*. The Shilling, Groat, Two-pence, Penny, and Half-penny had it not: The other intermediate Coins, viz. the Six-pence, Three-pence, Three-half-pence, and Three-farthings had the *Rose*.

K. *John*. From henceforth bear his name, whose form thou bear'st :

Kneel thou down *Philip*, but rise up more great ;
Arise Sir *Richard*, and *Plantagenet*.

Phil. Brother by th' mother's side, give me your hand ;

My father gave me honour, yours gave land.
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, Sir *Robert* was away !

Eli. The very spirit of *Plantagenet* !
I am thy grandam ; *Richard*, call me so.

Phil. Madam, by chance, but not by truth ; what though ?

Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch :
Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night,
And have is have, however men do catch ;
Near or far off, well won is still well shot ;
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. *John*. Go, *Faulconbridge*, now hast thou thy desire ;

A landless Knight makes thee a landed 'Squire :
Come, Madam ; and come, *Richard* ; we must speed
For *France*, for *France* ; for it is more than need.

Phil. Brother, adieu ; good fortune come to thee,
For thou was got i'th' way of honesty.

[*Exeunt all but Philip*]

A foot of honour better than I was,
But many a many foot of land the worse !
Well, now can I make any *Joan* a lady.
Good-den, Sir *Richard*,—Godamercy, fellow ;
And if his name be *George*, I'll call him *Peter* ;
For new-made honour doth forget mens' names :
'Tis too respective and unfociable
For your conversing. Now your traveller,
He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess ;
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
My picqued man of countries ;—My dear Sir,
(Thus leaning on mine elbow, I begin)

I shall beseech you,—that is question now;
 And then comes answer like an ABC-book:
 O Sir, says answer, at your best command,
 At your employment, at your service, Sir:—
 No, Sir, says question, I, sweet Sir, at yours,—
 And so e'er answer knows what question would,
 Saving in dialogue of compliment;
 And talking of the *Alps* and *Apennines*,
 The *Pyrenean* and the river *Po*;
 It draws towards supper in conclusion, so.
 But this is worshipful society,
 And fits the mounting spirit like myself:
 For he is but a bastard to the time,
 That doth not smack of observation;
 (And so am I, whether I smack or no:)
 And not alone in habit and device,
 Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
 But from the inward motion to deliver
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth;
 Which tho' I will not practise to deceive,
 Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.
 But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?
 What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,
 That will take pains to blow a horn before her?
 O me! it is my mother; now, good lady,
 What brings you here to court so hastily?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge, and James Gurney.

Lady. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he,
 That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Phil. My brother *Robert*, old Sir *Robert's* son,
Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man,
 Is it Sir *Robert's* son, that you seek so?

Lady. Sir *Robert's* son? ay, thou unrev'rend boy,
 Sir *Robert's* son: why scorn'st thou at Sir *Robert*?
 He is Sir *Robert's* son; and so art thou.

Phil. *James Gurney*, wilt thou give us leave a while?

Gur. Good leave, good *Philip*.

Phil.

Phil. Philip!———spare me, *James*; (4)
There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit James*

Madam, I was not old Sir *Robert's* son,
Sir *Robert* might have eat his part in me
Upon *Good-Friday*, and ne'er broke his fast:
Sir *Robert* could do well; marry, confess!
Could he get me? Sir *Robert* could not do it;
We knew his handy-work; therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholden for these limbs?
Sir *Robert* never holpe to make this leg.

Lady. Hast thou conspir'd with thy brother too,
That, for thine own gain, should'st defend mine honour?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Phil. Knight, Knight, good mother——— *Basilisco*
like. (5)

What?

(4) —— *Philip, sparrow, James.*] Thus the old Copies; and Mr. *Pope* has attempted to gloss this Reading by telling us, that *Philip* is the common Name for a tame Sparrow. So that then *Faulconbridge* would say, *Call me Philip? You may as well call me Sparrow.*———The Allusion is very mean and trifling: and every Body, I believe, will chuse to embrace Mr. *Warburton's* Emendation, which I have inserted into the Text. *Spare me, and Forbear me,* it may be observed, are our Author's accustomed Phrases; either when any one wants another to leave him, or would be rid of a displeasing Subject.

(5) Knight, Knight,———*good Mother, Basilisco like.*] Thus must this Passage be pointed; and, to come at the Humour of it, I must clear up an old Circumstance of Stage-History. *Faulconbridge's* Words here carry a conceal'd Piece of Satire on a stupid Drama of that Age, printed in 1599, and call'd *Soliman and Perseda*. In this Piece there is the Character of a bragging cowardly Knight, call'd *Basilisco*. His Pretension to Valour is so blown and seen thro', that *Piston*, a Buffoon-servant in the Play, jumps upon his Back, and will not disengage him, till he makes *Basilisco* swear upon his dudgeon Dagger to the Contents, and in the Terms, he dictates to him: as, for Instance,

Baf. O, I swear, I swear.

Pist. By the Contents of this Blade,

Baf. By the Contents of this Blade,

Pist.

What! I am dub'd; I have it on my shoulder:
 But, mother, I am not Sir *Robert's* son;
 I have disclaim'd Sir *Robert*, and my land;
 Legitimation, name, and all is gone:
 Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
 Some proper man, I hope; who was it, mother?

Lady. Hast thou deny'd thy self a *Faulconbridge*?

Pil. As faithfully, as I deny the devil.

Lady. King *Richard Cœur-de-lion* was thy father;
 By long, and vehement, suit I was seduc'd
 To make room for him in my husband's bed.
 Heav'n lay not my transgression to my charge!
 Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
 Which was so strongly urg'd past my defence.

Pil. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
 Madam, I would not wish a better father.
 Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
 And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly;
 Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
 Subjected tribute to commanding love;
 Against whose fury, and unmatched force,
 The awless lion could not wage the fight;
 Nor keep his princely heart from *Richard's* hands.
 He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
 May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
 With all my heart I thank thee for my father.
 Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well
 When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.

Pist. *I, the aforesaid Basilisco,*

Baf. *I, the aforesaid Basilisco,*

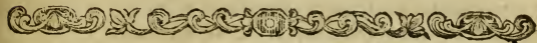
Knight, good fellow, knight, knight,——

Pist. *Knave, good fellow, knave, knave,——*

So that 'tis clear, our Poet is sneering at this Play; and makes *Philip*, when his Mother calls him *Knave*, throw off that Reproach by humourously laying claim to his new Dignity of *Knighthood*; as *Basilisco* arrogantly insists on his Title of *Knight* in the Passage above quoted. The old Play is an execrable bad one; and, I suppose, was sufficiently exploded in the Representation: which might make this Circumstance so well known, as to become the Butt for a Stage-Sarcasm.

Come,

Come, lady, I will shew thee to my kin,
 And they shall say, when *Richard* me begot,
 If thou hadst said him *noy*, it had been sin;
 Who says, it was, he lyes; I say, 'twas not. [*Exeunt.*]



A C T II.

SCENE, *before the Walls of Angiers in France.*

Enter Philip King of France, Lewis the Dauphin, the Archduke of Austria, Constance, and Arthur.

LEWIS.

BEFORE *Angiers* well met, brave *Austria*.
Arthur! that great fore-runner of thy blood
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
 And fought the holy wars in *Palestine*,
 By this brave Duke came early to his grave:
 And for amends to his posterity,
 At our importance hither is he come,
 To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
 And to rebuke the usurpation
 Of thy unnatural uncle, *English John*.

Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you *Cœur-de-lion's* death
 The rather, that you give his off-spring life;
 Shadowing their right under your wings of war.

I give you welcome with a pow'rless hand,
 But with a heart full of unstained love:

Welcome before the gates of *Angiers*, Duke.

Lewis. A noble boy! who would not do thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
 As seal to this indenture of my love;

That to my home I will no more return,

Till *Angiers* and the right thou hast in *France*,

Together

Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
 Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
 And coops from other lands her islanders ;
 Ev'n till that *England*, hedg'd in with the main,
 That water-walled bulwark, still secure
 And confident from foreign purposes,
 Ev'n till that outmost corner of the west,
 Salute thee for her King. Till then, fair boy,
 Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
 Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
 To make a more requital to your love.

Aust. The peace of heav'n is theirs, who list their
 swords
 In such a just and charitable war.

K. Philip. Well then, to work ; our engines shall be
 bent

Against the brows of this resisting town ;
 Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
 To cull the plots of best advantages.
 We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
 Wade to the market-place in *Frenchmens'* blood,
 But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your Embassie,
 Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood.
 My lord *Chatilion* may from *England* bring
 That right in peace, which here we urge in war ;
 And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
 That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter Chatilion.

K. Philip. A wonder, lady ! lo, upon thy wish
 Our messenger *Chatilion* is arrived ;
 What *England* says, say briefly, gentle lord,
 We coldly pause for thee. *Chatilion*, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this poultry siege,
 And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
 Hath put himself in arms ; the adverse winds,
 Whose leisure I have staid, have giv'n him time

To land his legions all as soon as I.
 His marches are expedient to this town,
 His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
 With him along is come the mother-Queen;
 An *Até*, stirring him to blood and strife.
 With her, her neice, the lady *Blanch* of *Spain*;
 With them a bastard of the King deceas'd,
 And all th' unsettled humours of the land;
 Rash, inconfid'rate, fiery voluntaries,
 With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,
 Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
 Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
 To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
 In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
 Than now the *English* bottoms have waft o'er,
 Did never float upon the swelling tide,
 To do offence and scathe in christendom.
 The interruption of their churlish drums [Drums beat
 Cuts off more circumstance; they are at hand.
 To parly, or to fight, therefore prepare.

K. *Philip*. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much.
 We must awake endeavour for defence;
 For courage mounteth with occasion:
 Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

*Enter King of England, Faulconbridge, Elinor, Blanch,
 Pembroke, and others.*

K. *John*. Peace be to *France*, if *France* in peace permit
 Our just and lineal entrance to our own:
 If not, bleed *France*, and peace ascend to heav'n.
 Whilst we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
 Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heav'n.

K. *Philip*. Peace be to *England*, if that war return
 From *France* to *England*, there to live in peace!
England we love; and for that *England's* sake
 With burthen of our armour here we sweat;
 This toil of ours should be a work of thine.
 But thou from loving *England* art so far,
 That thou hast under-wrought its lawful King;

Cut off the sequence of posterity ;
 Out-faced infant state ; and done a rape
 Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
 Look here upon thy brother *Geffrey's* face.
 These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his ;
 This little abstract doth contain that large,
 Which dy'd in *Geffrey* ; and the hand of time
 Shall draw this brief into as large a volume.
 That *Geffrey* was thy elder brother born,
 And this his son ; *England* was *Geffrey's* right,
 And this is *Geffrey's* ; in the name of God,
 How comes it then, that thou art call'd a King,
 When living blood doth in these temples beat,
 Which own the crown that thou o'er-maisterest ?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission,
France,

To draw my answer to thy articles ?

K. Philip. From that supernal judge, that stirs good
 thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,
 To look into the blots and stains of right.
 That judge hath made me guardian to this boy ;
 Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
 And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Philip. Excuse it, 'tis to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is't, that thou dost call usurper, *France* ?

Const. Let me make answer : thy usurping son. —

Eli. Out, insolent ! thy bastard shall be King,
 That thou may'st be a Queen, and check the world !

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true,
 As thine was to thy husband ; and this boy,
 Liker in feature to his father *Geffrey*,
 Than thou and *John*, in manners being as like
 As rain to water, or devil to his dam.

My boy a bastard ! by my soul, I think,
 His father never was so true-begot ;
 It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy
 father.

Const.

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Aust. Peace. ———

Faulc. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Faulc. One that will play the devil, Sir, with you, An a' may catch your hide and you alone.

You are the hare, of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead Lions by the beard;
I'll smoak your skin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to't; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that Lion's robe,
That did disrobe the Lion of that robe.

Faulc. It lyes as fightly on the back of him, (6)
As great *Alcides*' shews upon an afs;
But, afs, I'll take that burthen from your back,
Or lay on that, shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?

King *Philip*, determine what we shall do strait.

K. *Philip*. Women and fools, break off your conference;

King *John*, this is the very sum of all;

England, and *Ireland*, *Anjou*, *Touraine*, *Maine*,

In right of *Arthur* I do claim of thee:

Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

(6) *It lyes as fightly on the Back of him,*

As great Alcides' Shoes upon an Afs.] But why his *Shoes*, in the Name of Propriety? For let *Hercules* and his *Shoes* have been really as big as they were ever suppos'd to be, yet they (I mean, the *Shoes*) would not have been an Overload for an *Afs*. I am perswaded, I have retriev'd the true Reading; and let us observe the Justness of the Comparison now. *Faulconbridge* in his Resentment would say this to *Austria*, "That Lion's Skin, which my great Father King *Richard* once wore, looks as uncouthly on thy Back; as that other noble Hide, which was borne by *Hercules*, would look on the Back of an Afs." A double Allusion was intended; first, to the *Fable* of the *Afs* in the *Lion's Skin*: then *Richard I.* is finely set in Competition with *Alcides*; as *Austria* is satirically coupled with the *Afs*.

K. *John*.

K. John. My life as soon.—I do defie thee, *France*.
Arthur of Britain, yield thee to my hand;
 And out of my dear love I'll give thee more,
 Than e'er the coward-hand of *France* can win.
 Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Const. Do, child, go to it grandam, child.
 Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
 Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig;
 There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace;
 I would, that I were low laid in my grave;
 I am not worth this coil, that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you, whe're she does or no!
 His grandam's wrong, and not his mother's shames,
 Draws those heav'n-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
 Which heav'n shall take in nature of a fee:
 Ay, with these crystal beads heav'n shall be brib'd
 To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heav'n and earth?

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heav'n and earth,
 Call me not slanderer; thou, and thine, usurp
 The domination, royalties and rights
 Of this oppressed boy; this is thy eldest son's son,
 Infortunate in nothing but in thee:
 Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
 The canon of the law is laid on him;
 Being but the second generation
 Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,
 That he is not only plagued for her sin,
 But God hath made her sin and her the plague:
 On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,
 And with her plague her sin; his injury,
 Her injury, the beadle to her sin,
 All punish'd in the person of this child,
 And all for her, a plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadvis'd scold, I can produce

A will, that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will!—— a wicked will;

A woman's will, a cankered grandam's will.

K. Phil. Peace, Lady; pause, or be more temperate:

It ill beseems this presence to cry Aim

'To these ill-tuned repetitions.

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls

These men of *Angiers*; let us hear them speak,

Whose title they admit, *Arthur's* or *John's*.

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

Enter a Citizen upon the Walls.

Cit. Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. Philip. 'Tis *France*, for *England*.

K. John. *England* for itself;

You men of *Angiers* and my loving subjects——

K. Philip. You loving men of *Angiers*, *Arthur's* subjects,

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle——

K. John. For our advantage; therefore hear us first:

These flags of *France*, that are advanced here

Before the eye and prospect of your town,

Have hither march'd to your endamagement.

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;

And ready mounted are they to spit forth

Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:

All preparations for a bloody siege

And merciless proceeding, by these *French*,

Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;

And, but for our approach, those sleeping siones,

That as a waste do girdle you about,

By the compulsion of their ordinance

By this time from their fixed beds of lime

Had been dishabited, and wide havock made

For bloody power to rush upon your peace.

But on the sight of us your lawful King,

(Who painfully with much expedient march

Have brought a counter-check before your gates,

To save unscratch'd your city's threatned cheeks)

Behold,

Behold, the *French*, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parole ;
 And now, instead of bullets wrap'd in fire,
 To make a shaking fever in your walls,
 They shoot but calm words folded up in smok,
 To make a faithless error in your ears ;
 Which trust accordingly, kind citizens ;
 And let in us, your King, whose labour'd spirits,
 Fore-weary'd in this action of swift speed,
 Crave harbourage within your city-walls.

K. Philip. When I have said, make answer to us both.
 Lo! in this right hand, whose protection
 Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
 Of him it holds, stands young *Plantagenet* ;
 Son to the elder brother of this man,
 And King o'er him, and all that he enjoys.
 For this down-trodden equity, we tread
 In warlike march these greens before your town :
 Being no further enemy to you,
 Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
 In the relief of this oppressed child,
 Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
 To pay that duty, which you truly owe
 To him that owns it; namely, this young prince.
 And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
 Save in aspect, hath all offence seal'd up :
 Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
 Against th' invulnerable clouds of heav'n ;
 And with a blessed, and unvext retire,
 With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruis'd,
 We will bear home that lusty blood again,
 Which here we came to spout against your town ;
 And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.
 But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
 'Tis not the rounder of your old-fac'd walls
 Can hide you from our messengers of war :
 Tho' all these *English*, and their discipline,
 Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
 Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,
 In that behalf which we have challeng'd it ?
 Or shall we give the signal to our rage,

And stalk in blood to our possession?

Cit. In brief, we are the King of *England's* subjects;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.

Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the King,
To him will we prove loyal; till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of *England* prove the
King?

And if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of *England's* breed——

Faulc. (Bastards, and else.)

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Philip. As many, and as well-born bloods as those——

Faulc. (Some bastards too.)

K. Philip. Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

Cit. Till you compound, whose right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls,
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful tryal of our kingdom's King!

K. Philip. Amen, Amen.——Mount, chevaliers, to
arms!

Faulc. Saint *George*, that swing'd the dragon, and e'er
since

Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your den, sirrah, with your Lionsess,
I'd set an ox-head to your Lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.——

[*To Austria.*]

Aust. Peace, no more.

Faulc. O, tremble; for you hear the Lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain, where we'll set forth
In best appointment all our regiments.

Faulc. Speed then to take th' advantage of the field.

K. Philip. It shall be so; and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand. God, and our right!

[*Exeunt.*]

A long Charge sounded: then, after excursions, enter the Herald of France with trumpets to the gates.

F. Her. You men of *Angiers*, open wide your gates,
And let young *Arthur Duke of Bretagne* in;
Who by the hand of *France* this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an *English* mother,
Whose sons lye scatter'd on the bleeding ground:
And many a widow's husband groveling lyes,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;
While victory with little los doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the *French*;
Who are at hand triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors; and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's King, and yours.

Enter English Herald with Trumpets.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of *Angiers*; ring your bells;
King *John*, your King and *England's*, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day.
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt in *Frenchmens'* blood.
There stuck no plume in any *English* Crest,
That is removed by a staff of *France*.
Our Colours do return in those same hands;
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty *English*, all with purpled hands;
Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes.
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our tow'rs we might behold,
From first to last, the Onset and Retire
Of both your armies, whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured;
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd
blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted
power.

Both are alike, and both alike we like;
One must prove greatest. While they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

Enter

Enter the two Kings with their Powers, at several Doors.

K. *John.* France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?

Say, shall the current of our Right run on?
Whose passage, vext with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell
With course disturb'd ev'n thy confining shores;
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. *Philip.* England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood

In this hot tryal, more than we of *France*;
Rather lost more. And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay by our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear;
Or add a royal number to the dead;
Gracing the scroul, that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of Kings.

Faulc. Ha! Majesty,—how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of Kings is set on fire!

Oh, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his phangs;
And now he feasts, mouthing the flesh of men
In undetermin'd differences of Kings.

Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry havock, Kings; back to the stained field,
You equal Potents, fiery-kindled spirits!

Then let Confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death.

K. *John.* Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K. *Philip.* Speak, Citizens, for *England*, who's your King?

Cit. The King of *England*, when we know the King.

K. *Philip.* Know him in us, that here hold up his Right.

K. *John.* In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here;
Lord of our presence, *Angiers*, and of you.

Cit.

Cit. A greater pow'r, than ye, denies all this; (7)
 And till it be undoubted, we do lock
 Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates.
 Kings of our fears,——until our fears resolv'd
 Be by some certain King purg'd and depos'd.

Faulc. By heav'n, the Scroyles of *Angiers* flout you,
 Kings,
 And stand securely on their battlements,
 As in a Theatre, whence they gape and point
 At your industrious Scenes and Acts of death.
 You royal presences, be rul'd by me;
 Do like the Mutines of *Jerusalem*,
 Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
 Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town.
 By east and west let *France* and *England* mount
 Their batt'ring cannon charged to the mouths;
 Till their soul-fearing clamours have braul'd down
 The flinty ribs of this contemptuous City.
 I'd play incessantly upon these jades;
 Even till unfenced desolation
 Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
 That done, dissever your united strengths,
 And part your mingled Colours once again;
 Turn face to face, and bloody point to point.
 Then in a moment fortune shall cull forth
 Out of one side her happy minion;
 To whom in favour she shall give the day,
 And kiss him with a glorious Victory.
 How like you this wild counsel, mighty States?
 Smacks it not something of the Policy?

K. John. Now by the sky, that hangs above our
 heads,
 I like it well. *France*, shall we knit our Pow'rs,
 And lay this *Angiers* even with the ground,

(7) *A greater Pow'r than We denies all this;*] We must certainly read, as Mr. Warburton acutely observ'd to Me;

A greater Pow'r, than Ye, denies all this:

i. e. Tho' each of You pretend to be our rightful Kings, you are as yet only so in swaying over our Fears, in the Terrors we have of you; not acknowledg'd Kings in our Obedience.

Then,

Then, after, fight who shall be King of it?

Faulc. And if thou hast the mettle of a King,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these sawcy walls;
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why, then defie each other; and, pell-mell,
Make work upon our selves for heav'n or hell.

K. Philip. Let it be so; say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this City's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Philip. Our thunder from the south
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Faulc. O prudent discipline! from North to South;
Austria and *France* shoot in each other's mouth.
I'll stir them to it; come, away, away!

Cit. Hear us, great Kings; vouchsafe a while to
stay,

And I shall shew you peace, and fair-fac'd league;
Win you this city without stroak or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field;
Persever not, but hear me, mighty Kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour; we are bent to
hear.

Cit. That daughter there of *Spain*, the lady *Blanch*,
Is near to *England*; look upon the years
Of *Lewis* the *Dauphin*, and that lovely maid.
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in *Blanch*?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in *Blanch*?
If love, ambitious, sought a match of Birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady *Blanch*?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young *Dauphin* every way compleat:
If not compleat of——say, he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, (to name Want,)
If Want it be not, that she is not he.

He is the half part of a blessed man, (8)
 Left to be finished by such a She:
 And she a fair divided Excellence,
 Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
 Oh! two such silver currents, when they join,
 Do glorifie the banks that bound them in:
 And two such shores, to two such streams made one,
 Two such controlling bounds shall you be, Kings,
 To these two Princes, if you marry them.
 This union shall do more than battery can,
 To our fast-closed gates: for at this match,
 With swifter Spleen than Powder can enforce,
 The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
 And give you entrance; but without this match,
 The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
 Lions so confident, mountains and rocks
 So free from motion; no, not death himself
 In mortal fury half so peremptory,
 As we to keep this City.

Faulc. Here's a stay,
 That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death
 Out of his rags. Here's a large mouth, indeed,
 That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks and seas
 Talks as familiarly of roaring Lions,
 As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.
 What Cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
 He speaks plain cannon-fire, and smoak and bounce,
 He gives the bastonado with his tongue:
 Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his,
 But buffets better than a fist of *France*;
 Zounds! I was never so bethumpt with words,
 Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match
 Give with our Neice a dowry large enough;
 For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie

(8) *He is the half Part of a blessed Man,*

Left to be finished by such as She:] The ingenious Dr. *This*
 prescrib'd that Reading, which I have here restor'd to the Text
 and which is absolutely requisite to the Sense of the Passage

Thy now unſur'd aſſurance to the Crown,
 That yon green boy ſhall have no Sun to ripe
 The bloom, that promiſeth a mighty fruit.
 I ſee a Yielding in the looks of *France*;
 Mark, how they whiſper; urge them, while their ſouls
 Are capable of this ambition;
 Leſt zeal now melted by the windy breath
 Of ſoft petitions, pity and remorse,
 Cool and congeal again to what it was.

Cit. Why answer not the double Majeſties
 This friendly Treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. Philip. Speak, *England*, firſt, that hath been for-
 ward firſt

To ſpeak unto this City: what ſay you?

K. John. If that the *Dauphin* there, thy Princely ſon,
 Can in this book of beauty read, *I love*;
 Her dowry ſhall weigh equal with a Queen.
 For *Anjou*, and fair *Touraine*, *Maine*, *Poitiers*, (9)
 And all that we upon this ſide the ſea,
 Except this City now by us beſieg'd,
 Find liable to our Crown and Dignity,
 Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
 In titles, honours, and promotions;

(9) For **ANGIERS** and fair *Touraine*, *Maine*, *Poitiers*,
 And all that We upon this Side the Sea,
 Except this City now by us beſieg'd,

Find liable, &c.] This is a remarkable Inſtance of Careleſſ-
 neſs in a Point that ſtares common Senſe full in the Face: and
 yet thus all the Editors in their profound Sagacity. What was
 the City beſieg'd, but *Angiers*? King *John*, conſenting to match
 the Lady *Blanch* with the *Dauphin*, agrees, in Part of her Dow-
 ry, to give up all he held in *France*, except the City of *Angiers*
 which he now beſieg'd and laid Claim to. But could it be
 thought, that he ſhould at one and the ſame time give up all
 except *Angiers*, and give up *That* too? *Anjou* was one of the
 Provinces, which the *English* held in *France*; and which the
 French King by *Chatilion* claim'd of *K. John* in Right of Duke
Arthur, at the very Opening of the Play. *Angiers*, inſtead of
Anjou, has been falſely printed in ſeveral other Paſſages of
 this Hiſtory.

As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any Princess of the world.

K. Philip. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's
face.

Lewis. I do, my lord, and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle;
The shadow of my self form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a Sun, and makes your son a shadow.
I do protest, I never lov'd my self,
Till now, infixed, I beheld my self,
Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye.

[*Whispering with Blanch.*

Faulc. Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye!

Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!

And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espie

Himself love's traitor: this is pity now,

That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be,
In such a Love, so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will in this respect is mine.

If he see aught in you, that makes him like,

That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,

I can with ease translate it to my will:

Or if you will, to speak more properly,

I will enforce it easily to my love.

Further I will not flatter you, my lord,

That all I see in you is worthy love,

'Than this; that nothing do I see in you,

(Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your
judge)

That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young Ones? what say you,
my Neice?

Blanch. That she is bound in Honour still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, Prince *Dauphin*, can you love
this lady?

Lewis. Nay, ask me, if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John.

K. *John*. Then do I give *Volquessen, Touraine, Maine, Poitiers*, and *Anjou*, these five Provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand Marks of *English* coin.
Philip of *France*, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy Son and Daughter to join hands.

K. *Philip*. It likes us well; young Princes, close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for, I am well assur'd,
That I did so, when I was first assur'd.

K. *Philip*. Now, Citizens of *Angiers*, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made:
For at *Saint Mary's* Chappel presently
The Rites of Marriage shall be solemniz'd.
Is not the lady *Constance* in this troop?
I know, she is not; for this Match made up
Her presence would have interrupted much.
Where is she and her son, tell me, who knows?

Lewis. She's sad and passionate at your Highness' Tent.

K. *Philip*. And, by my faith, this league, that we have made,

Will give her sadness very little Cure.
Brother of *England*, how may we content
This widow lady? in her Right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way
To our own vantage.

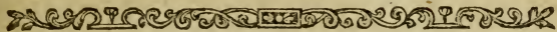
K. *John*. We will heal up all,
For we'll create young *Arthur* Duke of *Britain*,
And Earl of *Richmond*; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of. Call the lady *Constance*;
Some speedy Messenger bid her repair
To our Solemnity: I trust, we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd-for, unprepared, Pomp.

[*Ex. all but Faulconbr.*

Faulc. Mad world, mad Kings, mad composition!

John, to stop *Arthur's* Title in the whole,
 Hath willingly departed with a part:
 And *France*, whose armour Conscience buckled on,
 Whom Zeal and Charity brought to the field,
 As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear
 With that same purpose-changer, that fly devil,
 That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,
 That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
 Of Kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
 Who having no external thing to lose
 But the word Maid, cheats the poor maid of that;
 That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling Commodity,
 Commodity, the bias of the world,
 The world, which of it self is poised well,
 Made to run even, upon even ground;
 Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
 This sway of motion, this Commodity,
 Makes it take head from all indifferency,
 From all direction, purpose, course, intent.
 And this same bias, this Commodity,
 This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
 Clapt on the outward eye of fickle *France*,
 Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
 From a resolv'd and honourable war,
 To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—
 And why rail I on this Commodity?
 But for because he hath not wooed me yet:
 Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
 When his fair angels would salute my palm;
 But that my hand, as unattempted yet,
 Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
 Well, while I am a beggar, I will rail;
 And say, there is no sin but to be rich:
 And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
 To say, there is no vice, but beggary.
 Since Kings break faith upon commodity,
 Gain, be my lord; for I will worship thee!

[Exit



A C T III.

SCENE, *The French King's Pavilion.**Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.*

C O N S T A N C E.

GONE to be marry'd! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be
friends!

Shall *Lewis* have *Blanch*, and *Blanch* those provinces?
It is not so, thou hast mis-spoke, mis-heard;
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again,
It cannot be; thou dost but say, 'tis so.
I trust, I may not trust thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a King's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
For I am sick, and capable of fears;
Opprest with wrongs, and therefore full of fears:
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears,
And, tho' thou now confess thou didst but jest,
With my vext spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad sighs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again, not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them false,
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. Oh, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die ;
And let belief and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desp'rate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall and die.

Lewis wed *Blanch* ! O boy, then where art thou ?
France friend with *England* ! what becomes of me ?
Fellow, be gone, I cannot brook thy fight :
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done ?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, mother, be content.

Const. If thou, that bidst me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and stand'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots, and fightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks ;
I would not care, I then would be content :
For then I should not love thee : no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy !
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great.
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lillies boast,
And with the half-blown rose. But fortune, oh !
She is corrupted, chang'd, and, won from thee,
Adulterates hourly with thine uncle *John* ;
And with her golden hand hath pluckt on *France*
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and to *John* ;
That strumpet fortune, that usurping *John* !
Tell me, thou fellow, is not *France* forsworn ?
Envenom him with words ; or get thee gone,
And leave these woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, Madam,
I may not go without you to the Kings.

Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with thee.

I will instruct my Sorrows to be proud;
 For Grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop.
 To me, and to the State of my great Grief,
 Let Kings assemble: for my Grief's so great,
 That no Supporter but the huge firm earth
 Can hold it up: Here I and Sorrow sit:

Here is my Throne, bid Kings come bow to it. (10)

[Sits down on the Floor.]

Enter

(10) ——— *bid Kings come bow to it.*] I must here account for the Liberty I have taken to make a Change in the Division of the 2d and 3d Acts. In the old Editions, the 2d Act was made to end here; tho' 'tis evident, Lady *Constance* here, in her Despair, seats herself on the Floor: and She must be supposed, as I formerly observ'd, immediately to rise again, only to go off and end the Act decently; or the *flat Scene* must shut her in from the Sight of the Audience, an Absurdity I cannot wish to accuse *Shakespeare* of. Mr. *Gildon* and some other Criticks fancied, that a considerable Part of the 2d Act was lost; and that the Chasm began here. I had joined in this Suspicion of a Scene or two being lost; and unwittingly drew Mr. *Pope* into this Error. "It seems to be so, says he, and it were to be wish'd the Restorer (meaning Me,) could supply it." To deserve this Great Man's Thanks, I'll venture at the Task; and hope to convince my Readers, that nothing is lost; but that I have supplied the suspected Chasm, only by rectifying the Division of the Acts. Upon looking a little more narrowly into the Constitution of the Play, I am satisfied that the 3d Act ought to begin with that Scene, which has hitherto been accounted the Last of the 2d Act: and my Reasons for it are these. The Match being concluded, in the Scene before That, betwixt the *Dauphin* and *Blanch*, a Messenger is sent for Lady *Constance* to K. *Philip's* Tent, for Her to come to *St. Mary's* Church to the Solemnity. The Princes all go out, as to the Marriage; and the *Bastard* staying a little behind, to descant on Interest and Commodity, very properly ends the Act. The next Scene then, in the *French King's* Tent, brings us *Salisbury* delivering his Message to *Constance*, who, refusing to go to the Solemnity, sets herself down on the Floor. The whole Train returning from the Church to the *French King's* Pavilion, *Philip* expresses such Satisfaction on Occasion of the happy Solemnity of that Day; that *Constance* rises from the Floor,

Enter King John, King Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Elinor,
Faulconbridge, and Austria.

K. *Philip*. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed
day

Ever in *France* shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist;
Turning with splendor of his precious eye
The meagre cloddy earth to glitt'ring gold.
The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it, but a holy-day.

Const. A wicked day, and not an holy-day.— [*Rising.*
What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letter should be set
Among the high tides in the kalendar?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray, that their burthens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be crost:
But on this day, let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made;
This day, all things begun come to ill end,
Yea, faith itself to hollow falshood change!

K. *Philip*. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my Majesty?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit
Resembling Majesty, which, touch'd and try'd,
Proves valueless: you are forsworn, forsworn.
You came in arms to spill my enemies blood,

and joins in the Scene by entering her Protest against their Joy, and cursing the Business of the Day. Thus, I conceive, the Scenes are fairly continued; and there is no Chasm in the Action: but a proper Interval made both for *Salisbury's* coming to Lady *Constance*, and for the Solemnization of the Marriage. Besides, as *Faulconbridge* is evidently the Poet's favourite Character; 'twas very well judg'd to close the *Act* with his Soliloquy.

But

But now in arms, you strengthen it with yours.
 The grappling vigour, and rough frown of war,
 Is cold in amity and painted peace,
 And our oppression hath made up this league :
 Arm, arm, ye heav'ns, against these perjur'd Kings :
 A widow cries, be husband to me, heav'n !
 Let not the hours of this ungodly day
 Wear out the day in peace ; but ere sun-set,
 Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd Kings.
 Hear me, oh, hear me !

Aust. Lady *Constance*, peace.

Const. War, war, no peace ; peace is to me a war.

O *Lymoges*, O *Austria* ! thou dost shame
 That bloody spoil : thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward,
 Thou little valiant, great in villany !
 Thou ever strong upon the stronger side ;
 Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
 But when her humourous ladyship is by
 To teach thee safety ! thou art perjur'd too,
 And sooth'ft up greatness. What a fool art thou,
 A ramping fool, to brag, to stamp, and swear,
 Upon my party ; thou cold-blooded slave,
 Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side ?
 Been sworn my foldier, bidding me depend
 Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength ?
 And dost thou now fall over to my foes ?
 Thou wear a lion's hide ! doff it for shame,
 And hang a calve's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man would speak those words to me !

Faulc. And hang a calve's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'ft not say so, villain, for thy life.

Faulc. And hang a calve's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Methinks, that *Richard's* pride and *Richard's* fall
 Should be a precedent to fright you, Sir.

Faulc. What words are these ? how do my sinews
 shake !

My father's foe clad in my father's spoil !
 How doth *Alecto* whisper in my ears,
 " Delay not, *Richard*, kill the villain trait ;
 " Disrobe him of the matchless monument,

“ Thy father’s triumph o’er the savage:” —
 Now by his soul I swear, my father’s soul,
 Twice will I not review the morning’s rise,
 Till I have torn that trophy from thy back ;
 And split thy heart, for wearing it so long.

K. *John*. We like not this, thou dost forget thyself.

Enter Pandulph.

K. *Philip*. Here comes the holy Legate of the Pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed Deputies of heav’n !
 To thee, King *John*, my holy errand is ;
 I *Pandulph*, of fair *Milain* Cardinal,
 And from Pope *Innocent* the Legate here,
 Do in his name religiously demand
 Why thou against the Church, our holy Mother,
 So wilfully dost spurn, and force perforce
 Keep *Stephen Langton*, chosen Archbishop
 Of *Canterbury*, from that holy See ?
 This in our ’foresaid holy Father’s name,
 Pope *Innocent*, I do demand of thee.

K. *John*. What earthly name to interrogatories
 Can task the free breath of a sacred King ?
 Thou canst not, Cardinal, devise a name
 So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
 To charge me to an answer, as the Pope.
 Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of *England*
 Add thus much more, that no *Italian* priest
 Shall tithe or toll in our dominions :
 But as we under heav’n are supreme head,
 So, under him, that great Supremacy,
 Where we do reign, we will alone uphold ;
 Without th’ assistance of a mortal hand.
 So tell the Pope, all rev’rence set apart
 To him and his usurp’d authority.

K. *Philip*. Brother of *England*, you blaspheme in this.

K. *John*. Tho’ you, and all the Kings of Christendom
 Are led so grossly by this meddling Priest,
 Dreading the curse, that money may buy out ;
 And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
 Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,

Who

Who in that sale sells pardon from himself:
 Tho' you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
 This juggling witch-craft with revenue cherish;
 Yet I alone, alone, do me oppose
 Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then by the lawful power that I have,
 Thou shalt stand curst, and excommunicate;
 And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
 From his allegiance to an heretick;
 And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
 Canonized and worshipp'd as a Saint,
 That takes away by any secret course
 Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be,
 That I have room with *Rome* to curse a while.
 Good father Cardinal, cry thou, *Amen*,
 To my keen curses; for without my wrong
 There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There's law, and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Const. And for mine too; when law can do no right,
 Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong:
 Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
 For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law;
 Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
 How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand. *Philip* of *France*, on peril of a curse,
 Let go the hand of that arch-heretick;
 And raise the pow'r of *France* upon his head,
 Unless he do submit himself to *Rome*.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, *France*? do not let go thy
 hand.

Const. Look to that, devil! lest that *France* repent,
 And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.——

Aust. King *Philip*, listen to the Cardinal.

Faulc. And hang a calve's-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
 Because——

Faulc. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. *Philip*, what say'st thou to the Cardinal?

Const. What should he say, but as the Cardinal?

Lewis. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is purchase of a heavy curse from *Rome*,
Or the light loss of *England* for a friend;
Forgo the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of *Rome*.

Const. *Lewis*, stand fast; the Devil tempts thee
here (11)

In likeness of a new and trimmed bride.

Blanch. The lady *Constance* speaks not from her faith:
But from her need.

Const. Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need:
O, then tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. John. The King is mov'd, and answers not to this.

Const. O, be remov'd from him, and answer well.

Aust. Do so, King *Philip*; hang no more in doubt.

Faulc. Hang nothing but a calve's-skin, most sweet
lout.

K. Philip. I am perplext, and know not what to say.

Pand. What can'st thou say, but will perplex thee
more,

If thou stand excommunicate and curst?

K. Philip. Good rev'rend father, make my person
yours;

And tell me, how you would bestow yourself.

This royal hand and mine are newly knit,

And the conjunction of our inward souls

(11) ————— the Devil tempts thee here

In Likeness of a new untrimmed Bride.] Tho' all the
Copies concur in this Reading, yet as *untrimmed* cannot bear
any Signification to square with the Sense required, I cannot
help thinking it a corrupted Reading. I have ventur'd to
throw out the Negative, and read;

In Likeness of a new and trimmed Bride.

i. e. of a new Bride, and One, deck'd and adorn'd as well by
Art as Nature.

Marry'd in league, coupled and link'd together
 With all religious strength of sacred vows :
 The latest breath, that gave the sound of words,
 Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
 Between our kingdoms and our royal Selves.
 And even before this truce, but new before,
 No longer than we well could wath our hands
 To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
 Heav'n knows, they were besmear'd and over-stain'd
 With slaughter's pencil ; where revenge did paint
 The fearful diff'rence of incensed Kings.
 And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,
 So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
 Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret ?
 Play fast and loose with faith ? so, jest with heav'n ?
 Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
 As now again to snatch our palm from palm ?
 Un-swear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed
 Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
 And make a riot on the gentle brow
 Of true sincerity ? O holy Sir,
 My reverend father, let it not be so ;
 Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
 Some gentle order, and we shall be blest
 To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
 Save what is opposite to *England's* love.
 Therefore, to arms ! be champion of our Church !
 Or let the Church our mother breathe her curse,
 A mother's curse on her revolting son.
France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
 A chafed lyon by the mortal paw,
 A fasting tyger safer by the tooth,
 Than keep in peace that hand, which thou dost hold.

K. Philip. I may dis-join my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith ;
 And, like a civil war, set'st oath to oath,
 Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
 First made to heav'n, first be to heav'n perform'd ;
 That is, to be the champion of our Church.

What

What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thyself;
 And may not be performed by thyself.
 For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
 Is not amiss, when it is truly done:
 And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
 The truth is then most done, not doing it.
 The better act of purposes mistook
 Is to mistake again; tho' indirect,
 Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
 And falshood falshood cures; as fire cools fire,
 Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd.
 It is religion that doth make vows kept,
 But thou hast sworn against religion:
 By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou swear'st:
 And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,
 Against an oath the truth thou art unsure
 To swear, swear only not to be forsworn;
 Else what a mockery should it be to swear?
 But thou dost swear, only to be forsworn,
 And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
 Therefore thy latter vows, against thy first,
 Is in thyself rebellion to thyself.
 And better conquest never canst thou make,
 Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
 Against these giddy, loose suggestions:
 Upon which better part, our pray'rs come in,
 If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know,
 The peril of our curses light on thee
 So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off;
 But, in despair, die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion.

Faulc. Will't not be?

Will not a calve's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lewis. Father, to arms.

Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day?

Against the blood that thou hast married?

What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?

Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,

Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp?

O husband, hear me; (ah! alack, how new

Is husband in my mouth ?) ev'n for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous *Dauphin*, alter not the doom
Forethought by heav'n.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love ; what motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife ?

Const. That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds,
His honour. Oh, thine honour, *Lewis*, thine honour !—

Lewis. I muse, your Majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on ?

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Philip. Thou shalt not need. *England*, I'll fall
from thee.

Const. O fair return of banish'd Majesty !

Eli. O foul revolt of *French* inconstancy !

K. John. *France*, thou shalt rue this hour within this
hour.

Faulc. Old time the clock-setter, that bald sexton
time,

Is it, as he will ? well then, *France* shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercastr with blood : fair day, adieu !
Which is the side that I must go withal ?

I am with both, each army hath a hand,

And in their rage, I having hold of both,

They whirl asunder, and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win :

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose :

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine :

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive :

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose :

Affured loss, before the match be play'd.

Lewis. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life
dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.

[*Exit* Faulconbridge.

France,

And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.

Give me thy hand, I had a thing to say——
But I will fit it with some better time.

By heaven, *Hubert*, I'm almost asham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your Majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so
yet,——

But thou shalt have——and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.

I had a thing to say——but, let it go:

The sun is in the heav'n, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,

Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,

To give me audience. If the midnight bell (14)

Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth

Sound one unto the drowsie race of night;

If this same were a church-yard where we stand,

And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;

Or if that furlly spirit Melancholy

Had bak'd thy blood and made it heavy-thick,

Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,

Making that ideot laughter keep mens' eyes,

And strain their cheeks to idle merriment;

(A passion hateful to my purposes)

Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,

Hear me without thine ears, and make reply

Without a tongue, using conceit alone,

Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;

(14) —— If the mid-night Bell

Did with his iron Tongue, and brazen Mouth,

Sound on into the drowsy race of Night;] I do not think,

that *sound on* gives here that Idea of Solemnity and Horror, which, 'tis plain, our Poet intended to impress by this fine Description; and which my Emendation conveys. *i. e.* If it were the still part of the Night, or *One* of the Clock in the Morning, when the Sound of the Bell strikes upon the Ear with most Awe and Terror. And it is very usual with our *Shakespeare* in other Passages to express the Horror of a Midnight Bell.

Then,

Then, in despite of broad-ey'd watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But ah, I will not——yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Tho' that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heav'n, I'd do't.

K. John. Do not I know, thou would'st?
Good *Hubert, Hubert, Hubert*, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend;
He is a very serpent in my way,
And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lyes before me. Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your Majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now. *Hubert*, I love thee;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember:——Madam, fare you well.

[*Returning to the Queen.*]

I'll send those pow'rs o'er to your Majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee!

K. John. For *England*, cousin, go.

Hubert shall be your man, t'attend on you

With all true duty; on, toward *Calais*, ho! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to the French Court.*

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulpho, and Attendants.

K. Philip. SO, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole Armado of collected sail
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort, all shall yet go well.

K. Philip. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not *Angiers* lost?

Arthur

Arthur ta'en Pris'ner? diverse dear friends slain?
 And bloody *England* into *England* gone,
 O'er-bearing interruption, spite of *France*?

Lewis. What he hath won, that hath he fortify'd:
 So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
 Such temp'rate order in so fierce a cause,
 Doth want example; who hath read, or heard,
 Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Philip. Well could I bear that *England* had this praise,
 So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter Constance.

Look, who comes here? a grave unto a soul,
 Holding th' eternal spirit 'gainst her will
 In the vile prison of afflicted breath;
 I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now, now see the issue of your peace.

K. Philip. Patience, good lady; comfort, gentle
Constance.

Const. No, I defie all counsel, and redress,
 But that, which ends all counsel, true redress,
 Death, death; oh amiable, lovely death!
 Thou odoriferous stench, sound rottenness,
 Arise forth from thy couch of lasting night,
 Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
 And I will kiss thy detestable bones;
 And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
 And ring these fingers with thy household worms;
 And stop this gap of breath with fulsom dust,
 And be a carrion monster, like thy self;
 Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smil'st,
 And kiss thee as thy wife; misery's love,
 O come to me!

K. Philip. O fair affliction, peace.

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry;
 O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth,
 Then with a passion I would shake the world,
 And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
 Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
 And scorns a modern invocation.

Pand.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so ;
 I am not mad ; this hair I tear is mine ;
 My name is *Constance*, I was *Geffrey's* wife :
 Young *Arthur* is my son, and he is lost !
 I am not mad ; I would to heaven, I were !
 For then, 'tis like, I should forget myself.
 Oh, if I could, what grief should I forget !
 Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
 And thou shalt be canoniz'd, Cardinal.
 For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
 My reasonable part produces reason
 How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
 And teaches me to kill or hang myself.
 If I were mad, I should forget my son,
 Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he :
 I am not mad ; too well, too well I feel
 The diff'rent plague of each calamity.

K. Philip. Bind up those tresses ; O, what love I note
 In the fair multitude of those her hairs ;
 Where but by chance a silver drop hath fall'n,
 Ev'n to that drop ten thousand wiewy friends
 Do glew themselves in sociable grief ;
 Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
 Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To *England*, if you will. —

K. Philip. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will ; and wherefore will I do it ?
 I tore them from their bonds, and cry'd aloud,
 O, that these hands could so redeem my son,
 As they have giv'n these hairs their liberty !
 But now I envy at their liberty,
 And will again commit them to their bonds ;
 Because my poor child is a prisoner,
 And, father Cardinal, I have heard you say,
 That we shall see and know our friends in heav'n ;
 If that be, I shall see my boy again.
 For since the birth of *Cain*, the first male-child,
 To him that did but yesterday suspire,
 There was not such a gracious creature born.

But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
 And chase the native beauty from his cheek;
 And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
 As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
 And so he'll die: and, rising so again,
 When I shall meet him in the court of heav'n
 I shall not know him; therefore never, never,
 Must I behold my pretty *Arthur* more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.——

K. Philip. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child;
 Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
 Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts;
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
 Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
 Fare you well; had you such a loss as I,
 I could give better comfort than you do.
 I will not keep this form upon my head,

[*Tearing off her head-cloaths.*]

When there is such disorder in my wit.

O lord, my boy, my *Arthur*, my fair son!

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!

My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure!

[*Exit.*]

K. Philip. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

[*Exit.*]

Lewis. There's nothing in this world can make me
 joy;

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,

Vexing the dull ear of a drowsie man.

A bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,

That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,

Ev'n in the instant of repair and health,

The fit is strongest: evils that take leave,

On their departure, most of all shew evil.

What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lewis. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.

No, no; when fortune means to men most good,
 She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye.
 'Tis strange to think how much King *John* hath lost
 In this, which he accounts so clearly won.

Are not you griev'd, that *Arthur* is his prisoner?

Lewis. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.

Now hear me speak with a prophetick spirit;
 For ev'n the breath of what I mean to speak
 Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
 Out of the path which shall directly lead
 Thy foot to *England's* throne: and therefore mark.

John hath seiz'd *Arthur*, and it cannot be
 That whilst warm life plays in that infant's veins,
 The misplac'd *John* should entertain an hour,
 A minute, nay, one quiet breath, of rest.

A scepter, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
 Must be as boist'rously maintain'd, as gain'd.

And he, that stands upon a slipp'ry place,
 Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.

That *John* may stand, then *Arthur* needs must fall;
 So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lewis. But what shall I gain by young *Arthur's* fall?

Pand. You, in the right of lady *Blanch* your wife,
 May then make all the claim that *Arthur* did.

Lewis. And lose it, life and all, as *Arthur* did.

Pand. How green you are, and fresh in this old
 world?

John lays you plots; the times conspire with you;

For he, that steeps his safety in true blood,
 Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.

This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
 Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;

That no so small advantage shall step forth
 To check his reign, but they will cherish it.

No nat'ral exhalation in the sky,

No 'scape of nature, no distemper'd day,

No common wind, no custom'd event,

But they will pluck away its nat'ral cause,

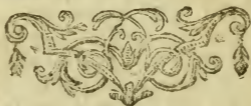
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,

Abortives, and presages, tongues of heav'n
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon *John*.

Lewis. May be, he will not touch young *Arthur*'s life;
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O Sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young *Arthur* be not gone already,
Ev'n at this news he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of *John*.
Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot;
And O, what better matter breeds for you
Than I have nam'd!—The bastard *Faulconbridge*
Is now in *England*, ransacking the church,
Offending charity. If but twelve *French*
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand *English* to their side;
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. Noble *Dauphin*;
Go with me to the King: 'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent.
Now that their souls are top-full of offence,
For *England* go; I will whet on the King.

Lewis. Strong reason makes strong actions: let us go;
If you say *ay*, the King will not say *no*. [Exeunt.]



A C T IV.

SCENE *changes to* England.*A Prison.**Enter Hubert and Executioners.*

HUBERT.

HEAT me these irons hot, and, look, thou stand
 Within the arras; when I strike my foot
 Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth;
 And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
 Fast to the chair: be heedful; hence, and watch.

Exe. I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you; look to't.—
 Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

*Enter Arthur.**Arth.* Good morrow, Hubert.*Hub.* Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
 To be more prince) as may be. You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.*Arth.* Mercy on me!

Methinks, no body should be sad but I;

Yet I remember when I was in *France*,

Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,

Only for wantonness. By my christendom,

So were I out of prison, and kept sheep,

I should be merry as the day is long.

And so I would be here, but that, I doubt,

My uncle practises more harm to me.

He is afraid of me, and I of him.

Is it my fault, that I was *Geffrey's* son?

Indeed, it is not; and I would to heav'n,

I were your son, so you would love me, *Hubert*.*Hub.*

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lyes dead;
Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch. [*Aside.*]

Art. Are you sick, *Hubert*? you look pale to day;
In sooth, I wou'd, you were a little sick;
That I might sit all night and watch with you.
Alas, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.
Read here, young *Arthur*——— [*Shewing a paper.*]
How now, foolish rheum, [*Aside.*]
Turning dis-piteous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.———
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Art. Too fairly, *Hubert*, for so foul effect.
Must you with irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Art. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Art. Have you the heart? when your head did but ake,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows;
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me)
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon chear'd up the heavy time,
Saying, what lack you? and where lyes your grief?
Or what good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning. Do, an if you will:
If heav'n be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why then, you must——Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you.

Hub. I've sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Art. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it.

The iron of itself, tho' heat red-hot,
 Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
 And quench its fiery indignation,
 Even in the matter of mine innocence :
 Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
 But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
 Are you more stubborn-hard, than hammer'd iron ?
 Oh ! if an Angel should have come to me,
 And told me, *Hubert* should put out mine eyes,
 I would not have believ'd him : no tongue, but *Hubert's* :
Hub. Come forth ; do, as I bid you.

[*Stamps, and the men enter.*]

Arth. O save me, *Hubert*, save me ! my eyes are out,
 Ev'n with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous-rough ?
 I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
 For heav'n's sake, *Hubert*, let me not be bound.
 Nay, hear me, *Hubert*, drive these men away,
 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb.

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
 Nor look upon the iron angrily :
 Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
 Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within ; let me alone with him.

Exec. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed. [*Exeunt*]

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend ;
 He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart ;
 Let him come back, that his compassion may
 Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy ?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heav'n ! that there were but a moth in yours,
 A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandring hair,
 Any annoyance in that precious sense :
 Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
 Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise ? go to, hold your tongue.—

Arth. *Hubert*, the utterance of a brace of tongues

Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes :
 Let me not hold my tongue : let me not, *Hubert* ;
 Or, *Hubert*, if you will, cut out my tongue,
 So I may keep mine eyes. O spare mine eyes !
 Though to no use, but still to look on you.
 Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
 And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth, the fire is dead with grief,
 Being create for comfort, to be us'd
 In undeserv'd extreams ; see else your self,
 There is no malice in this burning coal ;
 The breath of heav'n hath blown its spirit out,
 And strew'd repentant ashes on its head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
 And glow with shame of your proceedings, *Hubert* :
 Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes :
 And like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,
 Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
 All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
 Deny their office ; only you do lack
 That mercy which fierce fire and iron extend,
 Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live ; I will not touch thine eye,
 For all the treasure that thine uncle owns :
 Yet am I sworn ; and I did purpose, boy,
 With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like *Hubert*. All this while
 You were disguised.

Hub. Peace : no more. Adieu,
 Your uncle must not know but you are dead.
 I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports :
 And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
 That *Hubert*, for the wealth of all the world,
 Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heav'n ! I thank you, *Hubert*.

Hub. Silence, no more ; go closely in with me.
 Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exit.]

SCENE *changes to the Court of England.*

Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords.

K. *John.* **H**ERE once again we sit, once again
crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with chearful eyes.

Pemb. This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,
Was once superfluous; you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off:
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt:
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

Sal. Therefore to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before;
To gild refined gold, to paint the lilly,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heav'n to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

Pemb. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And in the last repeating troublesome;
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pemb. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness; (15)
And oftentimes excusing of a fault

(15) *They do confound their Skill in Covetousness.*] i. e. Not by their Avarice, but in an eager Emulation, an intense Desire of excelling; as in *Henry V.*

*But if it be a Sin to covet Honour,
I am the most offending Soul alive.*

Doth make the fault the worfe by the excuse:
As patches, fet upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was fo patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel; but it pleas'd your highness
To over-bear it; and we're all well pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Must make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong.
And more, more strong (the lesser is my fear)
I shall endue you with: mean time, but ask
What you would have reform'd, that is not well,
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pemb. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
(Both for myself and them; but chief of all,
Your safety; for the which, myself and they
Bend their best studies;) heartily request
Th' infranchisement of *Arthur*; whose restraint
Doth move the murm'ring lips of discontent
To break into this dang'rous argument;
If what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why shou'd your fears, (which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong) then move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barb'rous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our good we do no further ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal, that he have liberty.

Enter Hubert.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his youth
To your direction. *Hubert,* what news with you?

Pemb.

Pemb. This is the man, should do the bloody deed :
 He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine.
 The image of a wicked heinous fault
 Lives in his eye ; that close aspect of his
 Does shew the mood of a much-troubled breast.
 And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
 What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the King doth come and go,
 Between his purpose and his conscience,
 Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set : (16)
 His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pemb. And when it breaks, I fear, will issue thence
 The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.
 Good lords, although my will to give is living,
 The suit which you demand is gone, and dead.
 He tells us, *Arthur* is deceas'd to night.

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd, his sickness was past cure.

Pemb. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
 Before the child himself felt he was sick.
 This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me ?
 Think you, I bear the shears of destiny ?
 Have I commandment on the pulse of life ?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play, and 'tis shame
 That greatness should so grossly offer it :
 So thrive it in your game, and so farewell !

Pemb. Stay yet, lord *Salisbury*, I'll go with thee,
 And find th' inheritance of this poor child,
 His little kingdom of a forced grave.
 That blood, which own'd the breadth of all this isle,
 Three foot of it doth hold ; bad world the while !
 This must not be thus borne ; this will break out
 To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt. [*Exeunt.*

(16) *Like Heralds, 'twixt two dreadful Battles set ;*] But Heralds are not planted, I presume, in the midst betwixt two Lines of Battle ; tho' they, and Trumpets, are often sent over from Party to Party, to propose Terms, demand a Parley, &c. I have therefore ventur'd to read, *set*,

Enter a Messenger.

K. John. They burn in indignation; I repent.
There is no sure foundation set on blood;
No certain life achiev'd by others' death — *[Aside.*
A fearful eye thou hast; where is that blood, *[To the Mesf.*
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm;
Pour down thy weather: how goes all in *France*?

Mesf. From *France* to *England* never such a power,
For any foreign preparation,
Was levy'd in the body of a land.
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them:
For when you should be told, they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? where is my mother's care?
That such an army should be drawn in *France*,
And she not hear of it?

Mesf. My Liege, her ear
Is stop't with dust: the first of *April*, dy'd
Your noble mother; and, as I hear, my lord,
The lady *Constance* in a frenzie dy'd
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true or false, I know not.

K. John. With-hold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers. What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my estate in *France*?
Under whose conduct came those powers of *France*,
That, thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here?

Mesf. Under the *Dauphin*.

Enter Faulconbridge, and Peter of Pomfret.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings. Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? Do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Faul. But if you be afraid to hear the worst,
Then let the worst unheard fall on your head.

K. John.

K. *John*. Bear with me, Cousin ; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide ; but now I breath again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, fpeak it of what it will.

Faulc. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The fums I have collected fhall exprefs.
But as I travell'd hither thro' the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied ;
Poffeft with rumours, full of idle dreams ;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear,
And here's a Prophet that I brought with me
From forth the ftreets of *Pomfret*, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels :
To whom he fung in rude harfh-founding rhimes,
That, ere the next *Ascenſion-day* at noon,
Your Highnefs ſhould deliver up your crown.

K. *John*. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore did'ſt thou ſo ?

Peter. Fore-knowing, that the truth will fall out ſo.

K. *John*. *Hubert*, away with him, imprifon him,
And on that day at noon, whereon he ſays
I ſhall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to ſafety, and return,
For I muſt uſe thee. — O my gentle couſin,

[*Exit Hubert, with Peter.*]

Hear'ſt thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd ?

Faulc. The *French*, my Lord ; men's mouths are full
of it :

Befides, I met lord *Bigot* and lord *Salisbury*,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to ſeek the grave
Of *Arthur*, who, they ſay, is kill'd to night
On your ſuggeſtion.

K. *John*. Gentle kinfman, go
And thruſt thyſelf into their company :
I have a way to win their loves again :
Bring them before me.

Faulc. I will ſeek them out.

K. *John*. Nay, but make haſte : the better foot before !
O, let me have no ſubject enemies,
When adverſe foreigners affright my towus

With dreadful pomp of stout invasion.

Be *Mercury*, set feathers to thy heels ;

And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Faulc. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

[*Exit.*

K. John. Spoke like a sprightly noble gentleman.

Go after him ; for he, perhaps, shall need

Some messenger betwixt me and the Peers ;

And be thou he.

Mef. With all my heart, my Liege.

[*Exit.*

K. John. My mother dead !

Enter Hubert.

Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were seen to night :

Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about

The other four, in wond'rous motion.

K. John. Five moons ?

Hub. Old men and beldarns, in the streets,

Do prophesie upon it dangerously :

Young *Arthur's* death is common in their mouths ;

And, when they talk of him, they shake their heads,

And whisper one another in the ear.

And he, that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist,

Whilst he, that hears, makes fearful action

With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,

The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,

With open mouth swallowing a taylor's news ;

Who with his shears and measure in his hand,

Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste

Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,

Told of a many thousand warlike *French*,

That were embatteled and rank'd in *Kent*.

Another lean, unwash'd artificer

Cuts off his tale, and talks of *Arthur's* death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these
fears ?

Why urgest thou so oft young *Arthur's* death ?

Thy hand hath murder'd him : I had a cause

To wish him dead, but thou had'st none to kill him.

Hub.

Hub. Had none, my Lord? why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of Kings, to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant,
To break into the bloody house of life:
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law, to know the meaning
Of dang'rous majesty; when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour, than advis'd respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal, for what I did.

K. John. Oh, when the last account 'twixt heav'n and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation.
How oft the sight of means, to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done? for hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind.
But taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of *Arthur's* death.
And thou, to be endeared to a King,
Mad'st it no conscience to destroy a Prince.

Hub. My Lord ———

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,

When I spake darkly what I purpos'd:
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
Or bid me tell my tale in express words;
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me.
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, did'st let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name. —
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My Nobles leave me, and my state is brav'd,

Ev'n at my gates, with ranks of foreign pow'rs ;
 Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
 This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
 Hostility and civil tumult reigns,
 Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
 I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
 Young *Arthur* is alive : this hand of mine
 Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand,
 Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
 Within this bosom never enter'd yet
 The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,
 And you have slander'd nature in my form ;
 Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
 Is yet the cover of a fairer mind,
 Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth *Arthur* live ? O, haste thee to the Peers,
 Throw this report on their incens'd rage,
 And make them tame to their obedience.
 Forgive the comment that my passion made
 Upon thy feature, for my rage was blind ;
 And soul imaginary eyes of blood
 Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
 Oh, answer not, but to my closet bring
 The angry lords with all expedient haste.
 I conjure thee but slowly : run more fast. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E, a Street before a Prison.

Enter Arthur on the Walls, disguis'd.

Arth. **T**HE wall is high, and yet will I leap down.
 Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not !
 There's few or none do know me : if they did,
 This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
 I am afraid, and yet I'll venture it.
 If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
 I'll find a thousand shifts to get away :
 As good to die, and go ; as die, and stay. [*Leaps down.*
 Oh me ! my Uncle's spurs are in these stones :
 Heav'n take my soul, and *England* keep my bones ! [*Dies.*
Enter

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury and Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at St. *Edmondsbury*;
It is our safety; and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pem. Who brought that letter from the Cardinal?

Sal. The Count *Melun*, a noble lord of *France*,
Whose private with me of the *Dauphin's* love
Is much more gen'ral than these lines import.

Bigot. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or rather then set forward, for 'twill be
Two long day's journey, lords, or ere we meet.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Once more to day well met, distemper'd lords;
The King by me requests your presence strait.

Sal. The King hath dispossest himself of us;
We will not line his thin, bestained cloak
With our pure honours: nor attend the foot,
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks.
Return, and tell him so: we know the worst.

Faulc. What e'er you think, good words, I think,
were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

Faulc. But there is little reason in your grief,
Therefore 'twere reason, you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, Sir, impatience hath its privilege.

Faulc. 'Tis true, to hurt its master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison: what is he lyes here?

[*Seeing* Arthur.

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely
beauty!

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Bigot. Or when he doom'd this beauty to the grave,
Found it too precious princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir *Richard*, what think you? have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard, or could you think,
Or do you almost think, altho' you see,

What

What you do see? could thought, without this object,
 Form such another? 'tis the very top,
 The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest
 Of murder's arms; this is the bloodiest shame,
 The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke,
 That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,
 Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pem. All murders past do stand excus'd in this;
 And this so sole, and so unmatchable,
 Shall give a holiness, a purity,
 To the yet-unbegotten sins of time;
 And prove a deadly blood-shed but a jest,
 Exempl'd by this heinous spectacle.

Faulc. It is a damned and a bloody work,
 The graceless action of a heavy hand:
 If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?
 We had a kind of light, what would ensue.
 It is the shameful work of *Hubert's* hand,
 The practice and the purpose of the King:
 From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
 Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
 And breathing to this breathless excellence
 The incense of a vow, a holy vow!
 Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
 Never to be infected with delight,
 Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
 Till I have set a glory to this hand,
 By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pem. {
Bigot. { Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste, in seeking you;
Arthur doth live, the King hath sent for you.

Sal. Oh, he is bold, and blushes not at death;
 Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law? [*Drawing his Sword.*]

Faulc. Your sword is bright, Sir, put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murd'rer's skin.

Hub.

Hub. Stand back, Lord *Salisbury*; stand back, I say; By heav'n, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours. I would not have you, Lord, forget yourself, Nor tempt the danger of my true defence; Left I, by marking of your rage, forget Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Bigot. Out, dunghill! dar'it thou brave a Nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life; but yet I dare defend My innocent life against an Emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murd'rer.

Hub. Do not prove me so; Yet, I am none. Whose tongue foe'er speaks false, Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lyes.

Pem. Cut him to pieces.

Faulc. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gaul you, *Faulconbridge*.

Faulc. Thou wert better gaul the devil, *Salisbury*. If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot, Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame, I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime, Or I'll so maul you, and your toasting-iron, That you shall think, the devil is come from hell.

Bigot. What will you do, renowned *Faulconbridge*? Second a villain, and a murderer?

Hub. Lord *Bigot*, I am none.

Bigot. Who kill'd this Prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well: I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weep My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes, For villany is not without such rheum; And he, long traded in it, makes it seem Like rivers of remorse and innocence.

Away with me all you, whose souls abhor Th' uncleanly favour of a slaughter-house, For I am stifled with the smell of sin.

Bigot. Away tow'rd *Bury*, to the *Dauphin* there.

Pem. There, tell the King, he may enquire us out.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

Faulc. Here's a good world; knew you of this fair work?
Beyond

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, (if thou didst this deed of death)
Art thou damn'd, *Hubert*.

Hub. Do but hear me, Sir.

Faulc. Ha? I'll tell thee what,
Thou'rt damn'd so black—— nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince *Lucifer*.
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul——

Faulc. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread,
That ever spider twisted from her womb,
Will strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on: or would'st thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath,
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

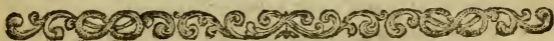
Faulc. Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How easie dost thou take all *England* up! (17)

(17) *How easie dost thou take all England up,*

From forth this Morsel of dead Royalty?] But how did
Hubert take *England* up, from forth the dead Body of young
Arthur? Most sagacious Editors! The stupid Pointing, which
has prevail'd in all the Copies, makes stark Nonsense of the
Passage. My Pointing restores it to its genuine Purity. *Faul-*
conbridge, seeing *Hubert* take up the Body of the dead Prince,
makes two Reflections: —*How easie*, says he, *dost thou take*
up all England in that Burthen! and then, That the Life,
Right, and Truth of the Realm was fled to Heaven from out
the breathless Coarse of that slaughter'd Royalty, &c.

From

From forth this morsel of dead Royalty,
 The life, the right, and truth of all this Realm
 Is fled to heav'n; and *England* now is left
 To tug and scramble, and to part by th' teeth
 The un-owed interest of proud-swelling State.
 Now for the bare-pickt bone of Majesty,
 Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest;
 And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace.
 Now Pow'rs from home and discontents at home
 Meet in one line: and vast confusion waits
 (As doth a Raven on a sick, fall'n beast)
 The imminent Decay of wrested Pomp.
 Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can
 Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,
 And follow me with speed; I'll to the King;
 A thousand businesses are brief at hand,
 And heav'n it self doth frown upon the Land. *Exeunt.*



A C T V.

SCENE, *the Court of ENGLAND.*

Enter King John, Pandulph, and Attendants.

K. JOHN.

THUS I have yielded up into your hand
 The circle of my Glory. *Giving the Crown.*
Pand. Take again

From this my hand, as holding of the Pope,
 Your sovereign Greatness and Authority.

K. *John.* Now keep your holy word; go meet the
French,

And from his Holiness use all your power
 To stop their Marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.
 Our discontented Counties do revolt;
 Our people quarrel with obedience;
 Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,
 To stranger blood, to foreign Royalty;

This

This inundation of mistemper'd humour
 Rests by you only to be qualify'd.
 Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,
 That present medicine must be ministred,
 Or Overthrow incurable insues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
 Upon your stubborn usage of the Pope:
 But since you are a gentle convertite,
 My tongue shall hush again this storm of war;
 And make fair weather in your blust'ring Land.
 On this *Ascension-day*, remember well,
 Upon your oath of service to the Pope,
 Go I to make the *French* lay down their arms. [*Exit.*]

K. John. Is this *Ascension-day*? did not the Prophet
 Say, that before *Ascension-day* at noon
 My Crown I should give off? even so I have:
 I did suppose, it should be on constraint;
 But, heav'n be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. All *Kent* hath yielded, nothing there holds out
 But *Dover-Castle*: *London* hath receiv'd,
 Like a kind host, the *Dauphin* and his Powers.
 Your Nobles will not hear you, but are gone
 To offer service to your enemy;
 And wild amazement hurries up and down
 The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
 After they heard, young *Arthur* was alive?

Faulc. They found him dead, and cast into the streets,
 An empty casket, where the jewel, life,
 By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain *Hubert* told me, he did live.

Faulc. So on my soul he did, for aught he knew:
 But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
 Be great in act, as you have been in thought:
 Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
 Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
 Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
 Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow

Of bragging horror : so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the Great,
Grow great by your example ; and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.

Away, and glister like the God of war,
When he intendeth to become the field ;
Shew boldness and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the Lion in his den,
And fright him there ? and make him tremble there ?
Oh, let it not be said ! Forage, and run
To meet displeasure farther from the doors ;
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

K. *John*. The Legate of the Pope hath been with
me,
And I have made a happy peace with him ;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the Powers
Led by the *Dauphin*.

Faulc. Oh inglorious league !
Shall we, upon the footing of our Land,
Send fair-play-orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive ? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd, filken, Wanton brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike foil,
Mocking the air with Colours idely spread,
And find no check ? let us, my Liege, to arms :
Perchance, the Cardinal can't make your peace ;
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw, we had a purpose of defence.

K. *John*. Have thou the ord'ring of this present
time.

Faulc. Away then, with good courage ; yet, I know,
Our Party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt*.



SCENE *changes to the Dauphin's Camp, at St. Edmundsbury. (18.)*

Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, and Soldiers.

Lewis. MY lord *Melun*, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance :
Return the president to these lords again,
That having our fair order written down,
Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the Sacrament ;
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble *Dauphin*, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal and un-urg'd faith
To your proceedings ; yet believe me, Prince,
I am not glad that such a Sore of time
Should seek a plaister by contemn'd revolt ;
And heal th' inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many. Oh, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker : oh, and there,
Where honourable rescue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of *Salisbury*.
But such is the infection of the time,

(18) *at St. Edmondsbury.*] I have ventur'd to fix the Place of the Scene here, which is specified by none of the Editors, on the following Authorities. In the preceding Act, where *Salisbury* has fix'd to go over to the *Dauphin*, he says,

Lords, I will meet him at St. Edmondsbury.

And Count *Melun*, in this last Act, says ;

————— *and many more with me,*
Upon the Altar at St. Edmondsbury ;
Even on that Altar, where We swore to You
Dear Amity, and everlasting Love.

And it appears likewise from the *Troublesom Reign* of King *John*, in two Parts, (the first rough Model of this Play) that the Interchange of Vows betwixt the *Dauphin* and the *English* Barons was at *St. Edmondsbury*.

That,

That, for the health and physick of our Right,
 We cannot deal but with the very hand
 Of stern injustice, and confus'd wrong.
 And is't not pity, oh my griev'd friends!
 That we, the sons and children of this Isle,
 Were born to see so sad an hour as this,
 Wherein we step after a stranger March (19)
 Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
 Her enemies ranks? (I must withdraw and weep
 Upon the Spot of this enforced cause;)
 To grace the gentry of a Land remote,
 And follow unacquainted Colours here?
 What, here? O nation, that thou could'st remove!
 That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
 Would bear thee from the knowledge of thy self,
 And grapple thee unto a Pagan shore!
 Where these two christian armies might combine
 The blood of malice in a vein of league,
 And not to spend it so un-neighbourly.

Lewis. A noble temper dost thou shew in this;
 And great affection, wrestling in thy bosom,
 Doth make an earthquake of Nobility.
 Oh, what a noble combat hast thou fought,
 Between compulsion, and a brave respect!
 Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
 That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks.
 My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
 Being an ordinary inundation:
 But this effusion of such manly drops,
 This show'r, blown up by tempest of the soul,
 Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd,
 Than had I seen the vaulty top of heav'n
 Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.

(19) *Wherein we step after a stranger, march*

Upon her gentle Bosom,] Thus all the printed Copies have
 mistakingly pointed this Passage: but, with Submission to the
 former Editors, the Word *Stranger* is here an Adjective in its
 Usage, and to be coupled to *March*, which is its Substantive
 and no Verb. And to step after a *stranger March*, is, What he
 presently calls in other Terms, following *unacquainted Colours*.

List

Lift up thy brow, renowned *Salisbury*,
 And with a great heart heave away this storm.
 Commend these waters to those baby-eyes,
 That never saw the giant world enrag'd;
 Nor met with fortune, other than at feasts,
 Full-warm of blood, of mirth, of gossipping.
 Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
 Into the purse of rich prosperity,
 As *Lewis* himself; so, Nobles, shall you all,
 That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter Pandulph.

And even there, methinks, an angel spake!
 Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
 To give us warrant from the hand of heav'n,
 And on our actions set the name of Right
 With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble Prince of *France*!
 The next is this: King *John* hath reconcil'd
 Himself to *Rome*; his spirit is come in,
 That so stood out against the holy Church,
 The great Metropolis and See of *Rome*.
 Therefore thy threatenng Colours now wind up,
 And tame the savage spirit of wild war;
 That, like a Lion foster'd up at hand,
 It may lye gently at the foot of peace:
 And be no further harmful than in shew.

Lewis. Your Grace shall pardon me, I will not back:
 I am too high-born to be propertied,
 To be a secondary at controul;
 Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
 To any soveraign State throughout the world.
 Your breath first kindled the dead coal of war,
 Between this chastis'd Kingdom and my self;
 And brought in matter, that should feed this fire.
 And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out,
 With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
 You taught me how to know the face of Right,
 Acquainted me with int'rest to this Land;
 Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart:

And

And come ye now, to tell me *John* hath made
 His peace with *Rome*? what is that peace to me?
 I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
 After young *Arthur*, claim this Land for mine:
 And now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
 Because that *John* hath made his peace with *Rome*?
 Am I *Rome*'s slave? what penny hath *Rome* borne,
 What men provided, what munition sent,
 To under-prop this action? is't not I,
 That undergo this charge? who else but I,
 And such as to my Claim are liable,
 Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
 Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le Roy! as I have bank'd their towns?
 Have I not here the best cards for the game,
 To win this easie match, plaid for a Crown?
 And shall I now give o'er the yielded Set?
 No, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lewis. Outside or inside, I will not return,
 Till my attempt so much be glorified,
 As to my ample hope was promised,
 Before I drew this gallant head of war;
 And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
 To outlook Conquest, and to win Renown
 Ev'n in the jaws of danger, and of death.

[*Trumpet sounds.*

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. According to the fair Play of the world,
 Let me have audience: I am sent to speak,
 My holy lord of *Milain*, from the King:
 I come, to learn how you have dealt for him:
 And as you answer, I do know the scope
 And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The *Dauphin* is too willfull-opposite,
 And will not temporize with my entreaties:
 He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Faulc. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,

The Youth says well. Now hear our *English* King;
 For thus his Royalty doth speak in me:
 He is prepar'd; and reason too, he should.
 This apish and unmannerly approach,
 This harness'd mask, and unadvised revel,
 This unhair'd sawciness and boyish troops, (20)
 The King doth smile at; and is well-prepar'd
 To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
 From out the circle of his Territories.
 That hand which had the strength, ev'n at your door,
 To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;
 To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;
 To crouch in litter of your stable-planks,
 To lye, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks;
 To herd with swine; to seek sweet safety out,
 In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake,
 Ev'n at the crying of our nation's Crow,
 Thinking his voice an armed *English* man;
 Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,
 That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
 No; know, the gallant Monarch is in arms;
 And like an Eagle o'er his Aiery tow'rs,
 To soufe annoiance that comes near his nest.
 And you degen'rate, you ingrate Revolts,
 You bloody *Nero's*, ripping up the womb
 Of your dear mother *England*, blush for shame.
 For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
 Like *Amazons*, come tripping after drums;
 Their Thimbles into armed Gantlets change,

(20) *This unheard Sawciness, and boyish Troops,*] Thus the printed Copies in general: but *unheard* is an Epithet of very little Force, or Meaning here; besides, let us observe how 'tis coupled. *Faulconbridge* is sneering at the *Dauphin's* Invasion, as an unadvis'd Enterprize, favouring of Youth and Indiscretion; the Result of Childishness, and unthinking Rashness: and he seems altogether to dwell on this Character of it, by calling his Preparation *boyish Troops, dwarfish War, pigmy Arms, &c.* which, according to my Emendation, sort very well with *unhair'd*, i. e. *unbearded Sawciness*.

Their

Their Needles to Lances, and their gentle Hearts
To fierce and bloody Inclination.

Lewis. There end thy Brave, and turn thy face in
peace;

We grant, thou canst out-scold us; fare thee well:
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a babler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Faulc. No, I will speak.

Lewis. We will attend to neither:

Strike up the drums, and let the tongue of war
Plead for our int'rest, and our being here.

Faulc. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten; do but start
An Echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And ev'n at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverb'rate all as loud as thine.
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder. For at hand
(Not trusting to this halting Legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport, than need)
Is warlike *John*; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death; whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the *French*.

Lewis. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Faulc. And thou shalt find it, *Dauphin*, do not doubt.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to a Field of Battle.*

Alarms. Enter King John and Hubert.

K. John. **H**OW goes the day with us? oh, tell me,
Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear; how fares your Majesty?

K. John. This feaver, that hath troubled me so long,
Lyes heavy on me: oh, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, your valiant kinsman, *Faulconbridge*,
Desires your Majesty to leave the field;

And fend him word by me which way you go.

K. *John*. Tell him, tow'rd *Swinstead*, to the Abbey there.

Mef. Be of good Comfort: for the great Supply,
That was expected by the *Dauphin* here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on *Godwin*-sands.
This news was brought to *Richard* but ev'n now;
The *French* fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. *John*. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on tow'rd *Swinstead*; to my Litter strait;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to the French Camp.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke and Bigot.

Sal. I Did not think the King so stor'd with friends.

Pemb. Up once again; put spirit in the *French*:
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That mis-begotten devil, *Faulconbridge*,
In spite of spight, alone upholds the day.

Pemb. They say, King *John*, sore sick, hath left the field.
Enter Melun, wounded.

Melun. Lead me to the Revolts of *England* here.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.

Pemb. It is the Count *Melun*.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Melun. Fly, noble *English*, you are bought and sold;
Untread the rude way of Rebellion, (21)

And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King *John*, and fall before his feet:
For if the *French* be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompence the pains you take,

(21) Unthread the rude Eye of Rebellion.] Tho' all the Copies concur in this Reading, how poor is the Metaphor of unthreading the Eye of a Needle? And, besides, as there is no Mention made of a Needle, how remote and obscure is the Allusion without it? The Text, as I have restor'd it, is easy and natural; and it is the Mode of Expression, which our Author is every where fond of, to tread and untread, the Way, Path, Steps, &c.

By

By cutting off your heads; thus hath he sworn,
 And I with him, and many more with me,
 Upon the altar at St. *Edmundsbury*;
 Ev'n on that altar, where we swore to you
 Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible! may this be true!

Melun. Have I not hideous death within my view?
 Retaining but a quantity of life,
 Which bleeds away, ev'n as a form of wax
 Resolveth from its figure 'gainst the fire?
 What in the world should make me now deceive,
 Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
 Why should I then be false, since it is true,
 That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
 I say again, if *Lewis* do win the day,
 He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
 Behold another day break in the east.
 But ev'n this night, whose black contagious breath
 Already smoaks about the burning crest
 Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,
 Ev'n this ill night, your breathing shall expire;
 Paying the fine of rated treachery,
 Ev'n with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
 If *Lewis* by your assistance win the day.
 Commend me to one *Hubert*, with your King;
 The love of him, and this respect besides,
 (For that my grandfire was an *Englishman*,)
 Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
 In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
 From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
 Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
 In peace; and part this body and my soul,
 With contemplation, and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee, and beshrew my soul
 But I do love the favour and the form
 Of this most fair occasion, by the which
 We will untread the steps of damned flight;
 And, like a bated and retired flood,
 Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
 Stoop low within those bounds, we have o'er-look'd;

And calmly run on in obedience
 Ev'n to our ocean, to our great King *John*.
 My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence,
 For I do see the cruel pangs of death
 Right in thine eye. Away, my friends; new flight;
 And happy newness, that intends old right!
 [*Exeunt, leading off Melun.*]

SCENE changes to a different part of the French
 Camp.

Enter Lewis, and his Train.

Lewis. THE sun of heav'n, methought, was loth to
 set,
 But staid, and made the western welkin blush;
 When th' *English* measur'd backward their own ground
 In faint retire: oh, bravely came we off,
 When with a volley of our needless shot,
 After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
 And wound our tatter'd colours clearly up,
 Last in the field, and almost lords of it! —

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where is my prince, the *Dauphin*?

Lewis. Here; what news?

Mes. The count *Melun* is slain; the *English* lords
 By his perswasion are again fall'n off;
 And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
 Are cast away, and sunk on *Godwin* sands.

Lewis. Ah foul, shrewd, news! Beshrew thy very heart,
 I did not think to be sad to night,
 As this hath made me. Who was he, that said,
 King *John* did fly, an hour or two before
 The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mes. Who ever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lewis. Well; keep good quarter, and good care to
 night;
 The day shall not be up so soon as I,
 To try the fair adventure of to morrow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE,

SCENE, an open Place in the Neighbourhood of Swinstead Abbey.

Enter Faulconbridge, and Hubert, severally.

Hub. WHO's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

Faulc. A friend. What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of *England*.

Faulc. And whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee?

Why may not I demand of thine affairs,
As well as thou of mine?

Faulc. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will upon all hazards well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:
Who art thou?

Faulc. Who thou wilt; and, if thou please,
Thou may'st be-friend me so much, as to think,
I come one way of the *Plantagenets*.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless night (22)
Have done me shame; brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Faulc. Come, come; *sans compliment*, what news abroad?

Hub. Why here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

Faulc. Brief then: and what's the news?

Hub. O my sweet Sir, news fitting to the night;
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Faulc. Shew me the very wound of this ill news,
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

(22) *Unkind Remembrance; thou and endless Night*

Have done me shame:—] Why, *endless Night*? *Hubert* means no more, than that the Dulness of his Recollection, and the Darkness of the Night, had disgraced him in his not knowing *Faulconbridge* by the Tone of his Voice. Our Author certainly wrote, *eye-less*. Mr. *Warburton* likewise concurr'd in starting this Emendation.

Hub.

Hub. The King, I fear, is poison'd by a Monk:
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
T' acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Faulc. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out; the King
Yet speaks; and, peradventure, may recover.

Faulc. Who didst thou leave to tend his Majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come
back,

And brought Prince *Henry* in their company;
At whose request the King hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Majesty.

Faulc. With-hold thine indignation, mighty heav'n!
And tempt us not to bear above our power.

I'll tell thee, *Hubert*, half my pow'rs this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide;

These *Lincoln*-washes have devoured them;
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped.

Away, before: conduct me to the King;

I doubt, he will be dead, or e'er I come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the Orchard in Swinestead Abbey.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury and Bigot.

Henry. IT is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain,
(Which, some suppose, the soul's frail dwelling house,)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretel the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pemb. His highness yet doth speak, and holds belief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison, which assaileth him.

Henry. Let him be brought into the orchard here;
Doth he still rage?

Pemb.

Pemb. He is more patient,
Than when you left him ; even now he sung.

Henry. Oh vanity of sickness ! fierce extreams
In their continuance will not feel themselves.
Death having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them ; invisible his siege is now,
Against the mind ; the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies ;
Which, in their throng, and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should
sing :——

I am the cygnet to this pale, faint swan,
Who chaunts a doleful hymn to his own death ;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, Prince ; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest,
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

King John brought in.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room ;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust :
I am a scribbled form drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

Henry. How fares your Majesty ?

K. John. Poison'd, ill fare ! dead, forsook, cast off ;
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw ;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom : nor intreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. I ask not much,
I beg cold comfort ; and you are so strait,
And so ungrateful, you deny me that.

Henry. Oh, that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you !

K. John. The salt of them is hot.

Within

Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable, condemned blood.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Oh! I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your Majesty.

K. John. Oh! cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crackt and burnt;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Faulc. The *Dauphin* is preparing hitherward,
Where, heav'n he knows, how we shall answer him.
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The King dies.*]

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear:
My Liege! my Lord!—but now a King—now thus.

Henry. Ev'n so must I run on, and ev'n so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a King, and now is clay?

Faulc. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge:
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heav'n,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.
Now, now, you stars, that move in your bright spheres,
Where be your pow'rs? shew now your mended faiths,
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:
Strait let us seek, or strait we shall be sought;
The *Dauphin* rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems, you know not then so much as we:
The Cardinal *Pandulph* is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the *Dauphin*;

And

And brings from him such offers of our peace,
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Faulc. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well finewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already ;
For many Carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his Cause and Quarrel
To the disposing of the Cardinal :
With whom your self, my self, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Faulc. Let it be so ; and you, my noble Prince,
With other Princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's Funeral.

Henry. At *Worcester* must his body be interr'd.
For so he will'd it.

Faulc. Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal State, and Glory of the Land !
To whom, with all Submission on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services,
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a Spot for evermore.

Henry. I have a kind soul, that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Faulc. Oh, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been before-hand with our griefs.
This *England* never did, nor never shall,
Lye at the proud foot of a Conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound it self.
Now these her Princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them !—Nought shall make us rue,
If *England* to it self do rest but true.

Exeunt omnes.

The End of the Third Volume.

