

A SHAKESPEARE READER

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WILHELM VIETOR

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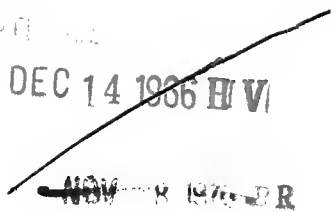
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# SHAKESPEARE'S PRONUNCIATION.



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- A SHAKESPEARE PHONOLOGY, with a Rime-Index to the Poems as a Pronouncing Vocabulary. (Companion volume to A SHAKESPEARE READER.) Marburg: *Elwert*. XVI, 290 pp. Paper covers, 5 m. 40; cloth, 6 m.
- DEUTSCHE LAUTTAFEL (70×87 cm). Unmounted, 1 m. 50; on linen, with rollers, 2 m. 50. ENGLISCHE LAUTTAFEL (100×130 cm). FRANZÖSISCHE LAUTTAFEL (100×130 cm). Unmounted, 2 m. each; on linen, with rollers, 4 m. each. Sound-charts, German, English and French. Printed in three colours. Each with German, English and French text. (Marburg: *Elwert*; London: *Hachette & Co.*)
- WIE IST DIE AUSSPRACHE DES DEUTSCHEN ZU LEHREN? Marburg: *Elwert*. 4<sup>th</sup> ed. 1906. 33 pp. Paper covers, 60 pf.
- ELEMENTE DER PHONETIK DES DEUTSCHEN, ENGLISCHEN UND FRANZÖSISCHEN. Leipzig: *Reisland*. 5<sup>th</sup> ed. 1905. XIII, 386 pp. Paper covers, 7 m. 20; cloth, 8 m.
- KLEINE PHONETIK DES DEUTSCHEN, ENGLISCHEN UND FRANZÖSISCHEN. Leipzig: *Reisland*. 4<sup>th</sup> ed. 1905. XVI, 132 pp. Paper covers, 2 m. 40; cloth, 2 m. 80.
- (English edition: ELEMENTS OF PHONETICS, ENGLISH, FRENCH AND GERMAN. Translated and adapted by Walter Rippmann from Prof. Viëtor's "Kleine Phonetik." London: *Dent & Co.* 1899. 4<sup>th</sup> thousand. X, 137 pp. Cloth, 2s. 6d. net.)
- DIE AUSSPRACHE DES SCHRIFTDEUTSCHEN. Mit phonetischen Texten. Leipzig: *Reisland*. 6<sup>th</sup> ed. 1905. VIII, 119 pp. Paper covers, 1 m. 60; boards, 1 m. 80.
- GERMAN PRONUNCIATION: Practice and Theory. Leipzig: *Reisland*. 3<sup>rd</sup> ed. 1903. VIII, 137 pp. Paper covers, 1 m. 60; cloth, 2 m.
- DE UITSpraak VAN HET HOOGDUITSCH. Voor Nederlanders bewerkt door W. Viëtor en T. G. G. Valette. Haarlem: *de Erven F. Bohn*. 2<sup>nd</sup> revised ed. 1902. IV, 48 pp. Paper covers, 50 cts.
- DEUTSCHES LESEBUCH IN LAUTSCHRIFT. Leipzig: *Teubner*. Part I. 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. 1904. XII, 158 pp. Part II. 1902. VI, 139 pp. Cloth, 3 m. each.
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# SHAKESPEARE'S PRONUNCIATION

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## A SHAKESPEARE READER

*IN THE OLD SPELLING  
AND WITH A PHONETIC TRANSCRIPTION*

BY

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OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, &c.

"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I  
pronounced it to you..."

MARBURG I. H.  
N. G. ELWERT.

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## PREFACE.

IN order to illustrate what I believe to be the pronunciation of Shakespeare, I have selected a variety of extracts for *vivâ voce* reading from Venus and Adonis, The Rape of Lucrece, and the Sonnets, and from all the plays in the first Folio, with the exception of The Comedy of Errors, Henry VI., Troilus and Cressida, and Titus Andronicus. I venture to hope that the familiar passages here presented in a phonetic form will thus gain a new antiquarian interest, without losing anything of their old power and charm. In spite of the deplorable state of the text and other difficulties I have not resisted the temptation to include in this unpretending "Shakespeare revival" part of the amusing French scene in Henry V.

My sincerest thanks are due to Lektor H. Smith, M. A., of Marburg, and to Dr. A. Buchenau, of Darmstadt, for the trouble they have taken in helping to secure the typographical correctness of the texts. Most of the sheets have also been kindly revised by Herr stud. phil. W. Schwank and Herr stud. phil. F. Tischner.

MARBURG, July 1906.

W. V.

## ABBREVIATIONS.

F = (first) Folio.

Q = (first) Quarto.

om. = omitted.

Q<sub>2</sub> = second Quarto.

Other contractions do not require any explanation.

## KEY TO PHONETIC TRANSCRIPTION.

(Reprinted from A Shakespeare Phonology, §§ 4, 6 and 7.)

\* \* The phonetic notation is that of the Association  
Phonétique Internationale.

## VOWELS.

	<i>Palatal, or Front.</i>	<i>Mixed.</i>	<i>Velar, or Back.</i>
<i>High.</i>	i:, i, ij, iu		u:, u, uw
<i>Mid.</i>	e:, e, eu	ə	o:, o, oi, ou
<i>Low.</i>	æ:, æ, æi		a:

*Shakespearean Sounds.*      *Modern Sounds.*[i:] in *be* = Northern E. *e* in *be*; no after-glide.[i] › *lip* = *i* in *lip*.[ij] › *by* = exaggerated London E. (and usual  
Cockney) *e* in *be*.[iu] › *due* = *u* in *due*; the first element stressed.[e:] › *sea* = Northern E. *ea* in *bearing*.[e] › *let* = *e* in *let*.[eu] › *few* = *e* in *let* followed by *oo* in *too*; the first  
element stressed.[æ:] › *name* = *a* in *can*, long.[æ] › *can* = *a* in *can*; the less palatal Northern E.  
variety.

- [æi] » *day* = *a* in *can* followed by *e* in *be*; opener than *ay* in *day*.
- [a:] » *saw* = Northern E. and Cockney *a* in *father*.
- [o:] » *go* = less open than *aw* in *saw*; like the first element of *ow* in *own*.
- [o] » *on* = less open than *o* in *on*.
- [oi] » *joy* = *oy* in *joy*; the first element, however, less open.
- [ou] » *own* = *ow* in *own* (cf. [o:]).
- [u:] in *too* = Northern E. *oo* in *too*; no after-glide.
- [u] » *up* = *u* in *put*.
- [uw] » *how* = exaggerated London E. *oo* in *too*.

All the vowels, when unstressed, are more or less obscured, verging on [ə] (which is now used for *a* in *about*, *o* in *bishop*, &c.).

---

 CONSONANTS.

	<i>Labial.</i>	<i>Dental.</i>	<i>Palatal, or Front.</i>	<i>Velar, or Back.</i>
<i>Stops.</i>	b-p	d-t		g-k
<i>Nasals.</i>	m	n		ŋ
<i>Liquids.</i>		l, r		
<i>Continuants.</i>	w, v-f	ð-θ, z-s, ʒ-ʃ	j-ç	x

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# A SHAKESPEARE READER.

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## PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

THE following texts are printed from the first Quarto of each of the poems, and from the first Folio of the plays respectively. Mistakes have been corrected in the text, the original readings, except in the case of irrelevant irregularities in punctuation and the like, being given in a note.

In accordance with the companion volume, *A Shakespeare Phonology*, the phonetic transcription is intentionally general and simple. As word and sentence stress are wholly or mostly the same as in present English, and as occasional deviations in word stress are sufficiently indicated by the metre, they have not been marked. Similarly, weak vowels have not been distinguished from the corresponding strong vowels; thus [æ] is used for [ǣ] as well as for [æ], *ago* e. g. appearing as [ægo:], i. e. [ǣ'go:], and almost [ə'go:]. Phonetic doublets have been only sparingly added. Fluctuations in quantity are pointed out by inserting (:) into the text. Where the (:) is restricted to riming words, as in the case of *love* = [lu(:)v], the meaning is that Shakespeare possibly deviated from his regular form in order to improve the rime.

---

FROM VENUS AND ADONIS.

LOUE comforteth like sun-shine after raine,  
800 But lufts effect is tempeft after funne,  
Loues gentle spring doth alwayes fresh remaine,  
Lufts winter comes, ere fommer halfe be donne:  
Loue fuffets not, luft like a glutton dies:  
Loue is all truth, luft full of forged lies.

\* \* \*

LO here the gentle larke wearie of reft,  
From his moyft cabinet mounts vp on hie,  
855 And wakes the morning, from whole filuer breft,  
The funne arifeth in his maieftie,  
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,  
That Ceader tops and hils, feeme burnisht gold.

Venus falutes him with this faire good morrow,  
860 Oh thou cleare god, and patron of all light,  
From whom ech lamp, and fhining ftar doth borrow,  
The beautious influence that makes him bright,  
There liues a fonne that fuckt an earthly mother,  
May lend thee light, as thou doeft lend to other.

865 This fayd, fhe hafteth to a mirtle groue,  
Mufing the morning is fo much ore-worne,  
And yet fhe heares no tidings of her loue;  
She harkens for his hounds, and for his horne,  
Anon fhe heares them chaunt it luftily,  
870 And all in haft fhe coafteth to the cry.

FROM VENUS AND ADONIS.

luv kumforteθ lijk sunfijn æfter ræin,  
 but lusts efekt iz tempest æfter sun; 800  
 luvz dzent,l sprinj duθ a:lwæiz fref remæin,  
 lusts winter kumz e:r sumer hæ:f bi dun;  
     luv surfets not, lust lijk æ gluton dijk;  
     luv iz a:l triuθ, lust ful ov fordzed lijk.

\* \* \*

1o:, he:r de dzent,l lærk, we:ri ov rest,  
 from his moist kæbnet muwnts up on hij,  
 ænd wæ:ks de mornij, from hwuz:z silver brest 855  
 ðe sun ærijzeθ in hiz mædzestij;  
     hwu: duθ ðe world so glø:rūsli bihould,  
     ðæt se:der-tops ænd hilz si:m burnift gould.

ve:nus sæliuts him wið ðis fæir gud-moro:z  
 "o: ðuw kle:r god, ænd pætron ov a:l lijt, 860  
 from hwu:m e:tf læmp ænd fijniņ stær duθ boro:  
 ðe beutiūs infliuens ðæt mæ:ks him brijt,  
     ðer livz æ sun ðæt sukt æn e(:)rθli muðer,  
     mæi lend di: lijt, æz ðuw dust lend tu uder."

ðis sæid, fi hæ(:)steθ tu æ mirt,l gro:v, 865  
 miuziņ de mornij iz so mutf o:rworn,  
 ænd jit fi he:rz no tijdiņ ov her lu(:)v:  
 fi hærk,nz for hiz huwndz ænd for hiz horn:  
     ænon fi he:rz ðem tfænt it lustilij,  
     ænd a:l in hæ(:)st fi ko:steθ tu ðe krij. 870

And as she runnes, the bushes in the way,  
 Some catch her by the necke, some kisse her face,  
 Some twine<sup>1</sup> about her thigh to make her stay,  
 She wildly breaketh from their strict imbrace,  
 875 Like a milch Doe, whose swelling dugs do ake,  
 Halting to feed her fawne, hid in some brake.

\* \* \*

SHE lookes vpon his lips, and they are pale,  
 She takes him by the hand, and that is cold,  
 1125 She whispes in his eares a heauie tale,  
 As if they heard the wofull words she told:  
 She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,  
 Where lo, two lamps burnt out in darknesse lies.

Two glasse where her selfe, her selfe beheld  
 1180 A thousand times, and now no more reflect,  
 Their vertue lost, wherein they late exceld,  
 And euerie beautie robd of his effect;  
 Wonder of time (quoth she) this is my spight,  
 That thou being dead, the day shuld yet be light.

1185 Since thou art dead, lo here I prophecie,  
 Sorrow on loue hereafter shall attend:  
 It shall be wayted on with ieaousie,  
 Find sweet beginning, but vnfaourie end,  
 Nere settled equally, but high or lo,  
 1140 That all loues pleasure shall not match his wo.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,  
 Bud, and be blasted, in a breathing while,  
 The bottome poyson, and the top ore-strawd  
 With sweets, that shall the truest sight beguile,  
 1145 The strongest bodie shall it make most weake,  
 Strike the wife dumbe, and teach the foole to speake.

<sup>1</sup> twin'd.

ænd æz fi runz, ðe bufez in ðe wæi  
 sum kætʃ her bij ðe nek, sum kis her fæ:s,  
 sum twijn æbuwt her θij tu mæ:k her stæi:  
 fi wijldli bre:keθ from ðæir strikt imbræ:s,  
 lik æ miltʃ do:, hwu:z sweliŋ dugz du æ:k, 875  
 hæ(:)stiŋ tu fi:d her fa:n hid in sum bræ:k.

\* \* \*

fi lurks upon hiz lips, ænd ðæi ær pæ:l;  
 fi tæ:ks him bij ðe hænd, ænd ðæt iz kould;  
 fi hwisperz in hiz e:rz æ he(:)vi tæ:l, 1125  
 æz if ðæi hærd ðe wo:ful wordz fi tould;  
 fi lifts ðe kofe:r-lidz ðæt klo:z hiz iyz,  
 hwe:r, lo:, tu: læmps, burnt uwt, in dærknes liyz;

tu: glæsez, hwe:r herself herself biheld  
 æ θuwzænd tijmz, ænd nuw no mo:r reflekt; 1180  
 ðæir vertiu lost, hwe:rin ðæi læ:t ekseld,  
 ænd ev(e)ri beuti robd ov hiz efekt:

"wunder ov tijm," kwoθ fi:, "ðis iz mij spijt,  
 ðæt, ðuw bi:ŋ ded, ðe ðæi fu:ld jit bi lijt.

"sins ðuw ært ded, lo:, he:r ij profesij: 1185  
 soro: on luv he:ræfter sæl ætend:  
 it sæl bi wæited on wið dzelusij,  
 fijnd swit: biginiŋ, but unsæ:v(o)ri end,  
 ne:r setled e:kwæli, but hij or lo:,  
 ðæt a:l luvz ple(:)ziur sæl not mætʃ hiz wo:. 1140

"it sæl bi fik,l, fa:ls, ænd ful ov fra:d,  
 bud ænd bi blæsted in æ bre:ðiŋ-hwiyl;  
 ðe botom poiz,n, ænd ðe top o:rstra:d  
 wið swit:s ðæt sæl ðe triuest sijt bigijl:  
 de strongest bodi sæl it mæ:k mo:st we:k, 1145  
 strik ðe wijz dum ænd te:tʃ ðe fu:l tu spe:k.

It shall be sparing, and too full of ryot,  
 Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures,  
 The staring ruffian shall it keepe in quiet,  
 1150 Pluck down the rich, inrich the poore with treasures,  
 It shall be raging mad, and fillie milde,  
 Make the yoong old, the old become a childe.

It shall suspect where is no cause of feare,  
 It shall not feare where it should most mistrust,  
 1155 It shall be mercifull, and too seueare,  
 And most deceiuing, when it seemes most iust,  
 Peruerse it shall be, where it showes most toward,  
 Put feare to valour, courage to the coward.

It shall be cause of warre, and dire euent,  
 1160 And set diffention twixt the sonne, and fire,  
 Subiect, and seruill to all discontents:  
 As drie combustious matter is to fire,  
 Sith in his prime, death doth my loue destroy,  
 They that loue best, their loues shall not enioy.

1165 By this the boy that by her side laie kild,  
 Was melted like a vapour from her sight,  
 And in his blood that on the ground laie spild,  
 A purple floure sproong vp, checkred with white,  
 Resembling well his pale cheekes, and the blood,  
 1170 Which in round drops, vpon their whiteneffe stood.

She bowes her head, the new-sproong floure to smel,  
 Comparing it to her Adonis breath,  
 And saies within her bosome it shall dwell,  
 Since he himselfe is rest from her by death;  
 1175 She crop's the stalke, and in the breach appears,  
 Green-dropping sap, which she compares to teares.

"it fæl bi spæ:riŋ ænd tu: ful ov rijot,  
 te:tfiŋ dekrepit æ:dʒ tu tre(:)d de me(:)ziurz;  
 de stæ:riŋ rufiæn fæl it ki:p in kwijet,  
 pluk duwn de ritf, inritf de pur wid tre(:)ziurz; 1150  
 it fæl bi ræ:dʒiŋ-mæd ænd sili-mijld,  
 mæ:k de juŋ ould, de ould bikum æ tʃijld.

"it fæl suspekt hwe:r iz no ka:z ov fe:r;  
 it fæl not fe:r hwe:r it fu:ld mo:st mistrust;  
 it fæl bi mersiful ænd tu: seve:r, 1155  
 ænd mo:st dese:viŋ hwen it si:mz mo:st dʒust;  
 pervers it fæl bi hwe:r it souz mo:st towærd,  
 put fe:r tu væler, kurædz tu de kuwærd.

"it fæl bi ka:z ov wær ænd dijr events,  
 ænd set disensjōn twikst de sun ænd sijr; 1160  
 subdʒekt ænd servil tu a:l diskontents,  
 æz drij kombustjūs mæter iz tu fi:r:  
 siθ in hiz prijm de(:)θ duθ mij luv destroi,  
 dæi dæt luv best dæir luvz fæl not indʒoi."

bij dis, de boi dæt bij her sijd læi kild 1165  
 wæz melted lijk æ væ:por from her sijt,  
 ænd in hiz blod dæt on de gruwnd læi spild,  
 æ purp,l fluwr spruŋ up, tʃekred wid hwijt,  
 rezembliŋ wel hiz pæ:l tʃi:ks ænd de blod  
 hwitf in ruwnd drops upon dæir hwijtnes stud. 1170

fi buwz her hed, de niu-spruŋ fluwr tu smel,  
 kompæ:riŋ it tu her ædo:nis bre(:)θ,  
 ænd sæiz, wiðin her bu:zom it fæl dwel,  
 sins hi: himself iz reft from her bij de(:)θ:  
 fi krops de sta:k, ænd in de bre:tf æpe:rʒ 1175  
 gri:n dropiŋ sæp, hwitf fi kompæ:rʒ tu te:rʒ.

Poore floure (quoth she) this was thy fathers guife,  
 Sweet iffue of a more sweet fmelling fire,  
 For euerie little griefto wet his eies,  
 1180 To grow vnto himfelfe was his defire;  
 And fo tis thine, but know it is as good,  
 To wither in my brest, as in his blood.

Here was thy fathers bed, here in my brest,  
 Thou art the next of blood, and tis thy right.  
 1185 Lo in this hollow cradle take thy reft,  
 My throbbing hart fhall rock thee day and night;  
 There fhall not be one minute in an houre,  
 Wherein I wil not kiffe my sweet loues floure.

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,  
 1190 And yokes her filuer doues, by whole fwift aide,  
 Their miftrefle mounted through the emptie skies,  
 In her light chariot, quickly is conuaide,  
 Holding their courfe to Paphos, where their queen,  
 Meanes to immure her felfe, and not be feen.

FROM THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

THOSE that much couet are with gaine fo fond,  
 1285 That what they haue not, that which they poffeffe  
 They fcatteer and vnloofe it from their bond,  
 And fo by hoping more they haue but leffe,  
 Or gaining more, the profite of excelfe  
 Is but to furfet, and fuch griefes fultaine,  
 140 That they proue banckrout in this poore rich gain.



"pur fluwr," kwoθ fi, "dis wæz dij fæderz gijz—  
 swit isiu ov æ mo:r swit-smeliḡ sijr—  
 for ev(e)ri lit,l gri:f tu wet hiz i:z:  
 tu gro: unto himself wæz hiz dezi:r, 1180  
     ænd so: tiz dijn; but kno:, it iz æs gud  
     tu wi:der in mij brest æz in hiz blud.

"he:r wæz dij fæderz bed, he:r in mij brest;  
 duw ært de nekst ov blud, ænd tiz dij ri:jt:  
 lo:, in dis holo: kræ:d,l tæ:k dij rest, 1185  
 mij θrobiḡ hært fæl rok di dæi ænd ni:jt:  
     ðer fæl not bi o:n miniut in æn uwr  
     hwe:rin ij wil not kis mij swit luvz fluwr."

dus we:ri ov ðe world, æwæi fi hijz,  
 ænd jo:k:s her silver duvz; bij hwu:z swift æid 1190  
 dæir mistres muwnted θru: ðe empti skijz  
 in her lijt tʃærʔot kwikli iz konvæid;  
     houldiḡ dæir ku:rs tu pæ:fos, hwe:r dæir kw:i:n  
     me:nz tu imiur herzelf ænd not bi si:n.

---

 FROM THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

do:z dæt mutʃ kuvet ær wið gæin so fond,  
 dæt hwæt dæi hæ:v not, dæt hwitʃ dæi pozes 1195  
 dæi skæter ænd unlus it from dæir bond,  
 ænd so:, bij ho:piḡ mo:r, dæi hæ:v but les;  
 or, gæiniḡ mo:r, ðe profit ov ek:ses  
     iz but tu surfet, ænd sutʃ gri:f:s sustæin,  
     dæt dæi pru:v bæḡkruwt in dis pur-ritʃ gæin. 120

The ayme of all is but to nourse the life,  
 With honor, wealth, and ease in wainyng age:  
 And in this ayme there is such thwarting strife,  
 That one for all, or all for one we gage:  
 145 As life for honour, in fell battailes rage,  
     Honor for wealth, and oft that wealth doth coft  
     The death of all, and altogether loft.

So that in ventring ill, we leaue to be  
 The things we are, for that which we expect:  
 150 And this ambitious foule infirmitie,  
 In hauing much torments vs with defect  
 Of that we haue: so then we doe neglect  
     The thing we haue, and all for want of wit,  
     Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

\*           \*

HER lillie hand, her rosie cheeke lies vnder,  
 Coofning the pillow of a lawfull kisse:  
 Who therefore angrie seemes to part in funder,  
 Swelling on either side to want his blisse.  
 390 Betweene whole hils her head intombed is;  
     Where like a vertuous Monument shee lies,  
     To be admir'd of lewd vnhalloved eyes.

Without the bed her other faire hand was,  
 On the greene couerlet whose perfect white  
 395 Showed like an Aprill dazie on the grasse,  
 With pearlie fwet resembling dew of night.  
 Her eyes like Marigolds had sheath'd their light,  
     And canopied in darkeness sweetly lay,  
     Till they might open to adorne the day.

ðe æim ov a:l iz but tu nurs ðe lijf  
 wið onor, welθ, ænd e:z, in wæ:niŋ æ:dz;  
 ænd in dis æim ðer iz sutf θwærtiŋ strijf,  
 ðæt o:n for a:l, or a:l for o:n wi gæ:dz;  
 æz lijf for onor in fel bætlz rædz; 145  
 onor for welθ; ænd oft ðæt welθ duθ kost  
 ðe de(:)θ ov a:l, ænd a:ltugeðer lost.

so ðæt in ventriŋ il wi le:v tu bi:  
 ðe θiŋz wi æ:r for ðæt hwitf wi ekspekt;  
 ænd ðis æmbisiūs fuwl infirmiti:, 150  
 in hæ:viŋ mutf, torments us wið defekt  
 ov ðæt wi hæ:v: so ðen wi du neglekt  
 ðe θiŋ wi hæ:v; ænd a:l for wænt ov wit,  
 mæ:k sumθiŋ noθiŋ bij a:gmentiŋ it.

\* \* \*

her lili hænd her ro:zi tʃi:k lijz under,  
 kuzniŋ ðe pilo: ov æ la:ful kis;  
 hwu:, ðe:rfo:r æŋgri, si:mz tu pært in sunder,  
 sweliŋ on e:ðer sijd tu wænt hiz blis;  
 bitwi:n hwu:z hilz her hed intu:med iz:<sup>1</sup> 390  
 hwe:r, lijk æ vertiūs moniument ʃi lijz,  
 tu bi ædmijrd ov leud unhæloud ijz.

wiðuwt ðe bed her uder fæir hænd wæz,<sup>2</sup>  
 on ðe gri:n kuverlet; hwu:z perfekt hwijt  
 ʃoud lijk æn æ:pril dæizi on ðe græs, 395  
 wið perli swe(:)t, rezembliŋ deu ov nijt.  
 her ijz, lijk mærigouldz, hæð ʃe:ðd ðæir lijt,  
 ænd kænopid in dærknes swirtli læi,  
 til ðæi mijt o:p,n tu ædorn ðe dæi.

<sup>1</sup> Or is. <sup>2</sup> wæs.

400 Her haire like golden threeds playd with her breath,  
 O modeft wantons, wanton modestie!  
 Showing lifes triumph in the map of death,  
 And deaths dim looke in lifes mortalitie.  
 Ech in her sleepe themfelues fo beautifie,  
 405 As if betweene them twaine there were no strife,  
 But that life liu'd in death, and death in life.  
 Her breafts like Iuory globes circled with blew,  
 A paire of maiden worlds vnconquered,  
 Saue of their Lord, no bearing yoke they knew,  
 410 And him by oath they truely honored.  
 These worlds in TARQVIN new ambition bred,  
 Who like a fowle vfurper went about,  
 From this faire throne to heaue the owner out.

---

 SONNET XVIII.

SHALL I compare thee to a Summers day?  
 Thou art more louely and more temperate:  
 Rough windes do fhake the darling buds of Maie,  
 And Sommers leafe hath all too fhort a date:  
 5 Sometime too hot the eye of heauen fhines,  
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,  
 And euery faire from faire some-time declines,  
 By chance, or natures changing courfe vntrim'd:  
 But thy eternall Sommer fhall not fade,  
 10 Nor loofe poffeffion of that faire thou ow'ft,  
 Nor fhall death brag thou wandr'ft in his fhade,  
 When in eternall lines to time thou grow'ft,  
 So long as men can breath or eyes can fee,  
 So long liues this, and this giues life to thee.

---

her hæir, lijk Gould, n 0re(:)dz, <sup>1</sup> plæid wið her bre(:)0; 400  
 o: modest wæntonz! wænton modestij!

fo:ij lijfs trijulf in ðe mæp ov de(:)0,  
 ænd de(:)0s dim luk in lijfs mortælitij:

e:tf in her sli:p demselvz so beutfij,

æz if bitwi:n ðem twæin ðer wer no strijf, 405

but ðæt lijf livd in de(:)0, ænd de(:)0 in lijf.

her brests, lijk ijv(o)ri glo:bz sirkled wið bliu,

æ pæir ov mæid, n worldz unkonkered,

sæ:v ov ðæir lord no be:rij jo:k ðæi kniu,

ænd him bij o:0 ðæi triuli onored. 410

ðez worldz in tærkwin niu æmbiſion bred;

hwu:, lijk æ fuwl iuzurper, went æbuwt

from ðis fæir 0ro:n tu he:v de ouner uwt.

---

### SONNET XVIII.

ſæl ij kompær di tu æ ſumerz dæi?

ðuw ært mo:r luvli ænd mo:r temperæt:

ruf wijndz du ſæk ðe dærlig budz ov mæi,

ænd ſumerz lei:s hæ0 a:l tu: fort æ dæit:

ſumtijm tu: hot ðe ij ov he(:)v, n ſijnz, 5

ænd oft, n iz hiz Gould kompleksion dimd;

ænd ev(e)ri fæir from fæir ſumtijm dekljnz,

bij tſæns or næ:tiurz tſændzij ku:rs untrimd;

but dij eternæl ſumer ſæl not fæ:d

nor lu:z pozeſion ov ðæt fæir ðuw oust; 10

nor ſæl de(:)0 bræg ðuw wændrest in hiz ſæ:d,

hwen in eternæl lijnz tu tijm ðuw grouſt:

so loj æz men kæn bre:d or ijz kæn ſi;

so loj livz ðis ænd ðis givz lijf tu di.

---

<sup>1</sup> Or 0ri:dz.

## SONNET XXX.

WHEN to the Seflions of fweet filent thought,  
 I fommon vp remembrance of things paf,

I figh the lacke of many a thing I fought,  
 And with old woes new waile my deare times wafte:

5 Then can I drowne an eye (vn-vf'd to flow)  
 For precious friends hid in deaths dateles night,  
 And weepe a fresh loues long fince canceld woe,  
 And mone th'expençe of many a vannisht light.

Then can I greeue at greeuances fore-gon,  
 10 And heauily from woe to woe tell ore  
 The fad account of fore-bemoned mone,  
 Which I new pay, as if not payd before.

But if the while I thinke on thee (deare friend)  
 All lofles are reftord, and forrowes end.

## SONNET XXXIII.

FULL many a glorious morning haue I feene,  
 Flatter the mountaine tops with foueraine eie,  
 Kiffing with golden face the meddowes greene;  
 Guilding pale ftreames with heauenly alcumy:

5 Anon permit the bafeft cloudes to ride,  
 With ougly rack on his celeftiall face,  
 And from the for-lorne world his viſage hide  
 Stealing vnfeene to weft with this difgrace:

Euen fo my Sunne one early morne did ſhine,  
 10 With all triumphant ſplendor on my brow,  
 But out alack, he was but one houre mine,  
 The region cloude hath mask'd him from me now.

Yet him for this, my loue no whit difdaineth,  
 Suns of the world may ftaine, when heuens  
 fun ftaineth.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ftainteh.

## SONNET XXX.

hwen tu ðe sesionz ov swit sijlent ðout  
 ij sumon up remembræns ov ðinjz pæst,  
 ij sij ðe læk ov mænī æ ðinj ij sout,  
 ænd wið ould wo:z niu wæil mij ðe:r tijmz wæst :  
 ðen kæn ij druwn æn ij, uniuzd tu flo:, 5  
 for presius frendz hid in de(:)ðs dæ:tles niht,  
 ænd wi:p æfref luvz loḡ sins kæns,ld wo:,  
 ænd mo:n ðekspens ov mænī æ væniht sijt:  
 ðen kæn ij gri:v æt gri:vænsez forgo:n,  
 ænd he(:)vili from wo: tu wo: tel o:r 10  
 ðe sæd ækuwnt ov fo:r-bimo:ned mo:n,  
 hwitf ij niu pæi æz if not pæid bifo:r.  
 but if ðe hwijl ij ðinj on ði:, ðe:r frend,  
 a:l losez ær resto:rd ænd sorouz end.

## SONNET XXXIII.

ful mænī æ glo:rīus mornij hæv ij sin  
 flæter ðe muwntæin-tops wið sov(e)ræin ij,  
 kisij wið gould,n fæ:s ðe medouz grin,  
 gi(:)ldij pæ:l stre:mz wið he(:)vnli ælkimij;  
 ænon permit ðe bæ:sest kluwdz tu rijd 5  
 wið ugli ræk on hiz selestiæl fæ:s,  
 ænd from ðe forlorn world hiz vizædz hijd,  
 ste:lijn unsin tu west wið ðis disgræ:s:  
 i:vn so: mij sun o:n e(:)rli morn did fijn  
 wið a:l-trijumfænt splendor on mij bruw; 10  
 but uwt, ælæk! hi wæz but o:n uwr mijn;  
 ðe re:dʒion kluwd hæθ mæskt him from mi nuw.  
 jit him for ðis mij luv no hwit disdæineθ;  
 suns ov ðe world mæi stæin, hwen he(:)vnz sun  
 stæineθ.

## SONNET LV.

NOT marble, nor the gilded monuments<sup>1</sup>  
 Of Princes shall out-live this powrefull rime,  
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents  
 Then vnwept stone, besmeer'd with fluttish time.  
 5 When wastefull warre shall *Statues* ouer-turne,  
 And broiles roote out the worke of masonry,  
 Nor *Mars* his sword, nor warres quick fire shall burne<sup>2</sup>  
 The liuing record of your memory.  
 Gainst death, and all obliuious enmity<sup>3</sup>  
 10 Shall you pace forth, your praise shall stil finde roome,  
 Euen in the eyes of all posterity  
 That weare this world out to the ending doome.  
 So til the iudgement that your selfe arise,  
 You liue in this, and dwell in louers eies.

## SONNET LXXIII.

THAT time of yeare<sup>4</sup> thou maist in me behold,  
 When yellow leaues, or none, or few doe hange  
 Vpon those boughes which shake against the coud,  
 Bare ruin'd<sup>5</sup> quiers, where late the sweet birds sang.  
 5 In me thou seest the twi-light of such day,  
 As after Sun-set fadeth in the West,  
 Which by and by blacke night doth take away,  
 Deaths second selfe that seals vp all in rest.  
 In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,  
 10 That on the ashes of his youth doth lye,

<sup>1</sup> monument., <sup>2</sup> burne., <sup>3</sup> emnity. <sup>4</sup> yeeare. <sup>5</sup> rn'wd.



## SONNET LV.

not mærb,l, nor ðe gi(:)lded moniuments \*  
 ov prinsez, sæl uwtliv ðis puwrful rijm;  
 but iu sæl sijn mo:r brijt in ðe:z kontents  
 ðen unswept sto:n bisme:rd wid slutif tijm.  
 hwen wæ(:)stful wær sæl stætiuz overturn, 5  
 ænd broilz ru:t uwt ðe wurk ov mæ:sonrij,  
 nor mærz hiz sword nor wærz kwik fi:r sæl burn  
 ðe livij rekord ov iur memori:j.  
 gæinst de(:)θ ænd a:l-oblivius enmitij  
 sæl iu pæ:s furθ; iur præiz sæl stil fijnd ru:m 10  
 i:vn in ðe ijz ov a:l posteritij  
 ðæt we:r ðis world uwt tu ðe endij du:m.  
     so:, til ðe dzudzment ðæt iurself ærijz,  
     iu liv in ðis, ænd dwel in luverz ijz.

## SONNET LXXIII.

ðæt tijm ov je:r ðuw mæist in mi: biould  
 hwen jelo: lervz, or no:n, or feu, du hæŋ  
 upon ðo:z buwz hwitf sæ:k ægæinst ðe kould,  
 bæ:r riuind kwijrz, hwe:r lært ðe swirt birdz sæŋ.  
 in mi: ðuw si:st ðe twijlijt ov sutf dæi 5  
 æz æfter sunset fæ:deθ in ðe west,  
 hwitf bij ænd bij blæk nijt duθ tæ:k æwæi,  
 de(:)θs sekond self, ðæt se:lz up a:l in rest.  
 in mi: ðuw si:st ðe glo:ij ov sutf fi:r  
 ðæt on ðe æfez ov hiz jiuθ duθ lij, 10





5 O no, it is an euer fixed marke  
 That lookes on tempests and is neuer shaken;  
 It is the star to euery wandring barke,  
 Whole worths vnknowne, although his hight<sup>1</sup> be  
 taken.

Lou's not Times foole, though rolie lips and cheeks  
 10 Within his bending fickles compasse come,  
 Loue alters not with his breefe houres and weekes,  
 But beares it out euen to the edge of doome:  
 If this be error and vpon me proued,  
 I neuer writ, nor no man euer loued.

---

FROM THE TEMPEST.

ACT I. SCENE II.

*Ariel. Song.*

COME vnto these yellow lands,  
 And then take hands:  
 Curtied when you haue, and kift  
 380 The wilde waues whift:  
 Foote it featly heere, and there,  
 And sweete Sprights the burthen beare.<sup>2</sup>

*Burthen dispersedly.*

Harke, harke, bowgh-wowgh:<sup>3</sup>  
 The watch-Dogges barke, bowgh-wowgh.<sup>4</sup>

*Ar.*

385 Hark, hark, I heare,  
 The straine of Itrutting Chanticleere  
 Cry cockadidle-dowe.

<sup>1</sup> highth.

<sup>2</sup> beare the burthen.

<sup>3</sup> bowgh wawgh.

<sup>4</sup> -wawgh.

o:, no: ! it iz æn ever-fiksed mærk  
 dæt lu:ks on tempests ænd iz never jæ:k,n;  
 it iz ðe stær tu ev(e)ri wændriŋ bærk  
 hwu:z wurθs unknown a:lðou hiz hijt bi tæ:k,n.

5

luvz not tijmz fu:l, ðou ro:zi lips ænd tʃi:ks  
 widin hiz bendiŋ sik,lz kumpæs ku(:)m;  
 luv a:lterz not wið hiz bri:f uwrz ænd wi:ks,  
 but be:rz it uwt i:vn tu ðe edʒ ov du:m.  
 if ðis bi eror ænd upon mi pru:vd,  
 ij never writ, nor no: mæn ever lu(:)vd.

10

## FROM THE TEMPEST.

## ACT I. SCENE II.

æ:rjel. soŋ.]

kum untu ðe:z jelo: sændz,  
 ænd ðen tæ:k hændz:  
 kurtsid hwen iu hæv ænd kist  
 de wijld wæ:rvz hwist,  
 fut it fertli he:r ænd ðe:r;  
 ænd, swit sprijts, ðe burð,n be:r.

380

burð,n (dispersedli).]

hærk, hærk! buw-wuw.  
 ðe wætʃ-dogz bærk: buw-wuw.

æ:rjel.]

hærk, hærk! ij he:r  
 ðe stræin ov strutiŋ tʃæntikle:r  
 krij, kok-æ-did,l-duw.

385

*Ariell. Song.*

395 Full fadom fiue thy Father lies,  
 Of his bones are Corrall made:  
 Those are pearles that were his eies,  
 Nothing of him that doth fade,  
 But doth suffer a Sea-change  
 400 Into something rich, and ltrange:  
 Sea-Nymphs hourly ring his knell.

*Burthen.*Ding-dong.<sup>1</sup>*Ar.*<sup>2</sup>

Harke now I heare them, ding-dong bell.

\* \* \*

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

OUR Reuels now are ended: These our actors,  
 (As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and  
 150 Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,  
 And like the baselesse fabricke of this vision  
 The Clowd-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallaces,  
 The solemne Temples, the great Globe it selfe,  
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolue,  
 155 And like this insubstantiall Pageant faded  
 Leaue not a racke behinde: we are such stufte  
 As dreames are made on; and our little life  
 Is rounded with a sleepe.

\* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> ding dong.<sup>2</sup> *Not in F.*

æ:rïel. soŋ.]

ful fædom fijv dij fæder lijz; 395  
 ov hiz bo:nz ær koræl mæ:d;  
 ðo:z ær pe(:)rlz ðæt wer hiz ijz:  
 noθij ov him ðæt duθ fæ:d  
 but duθ sufer æ se:tʃændz  
 intu sumθij ritʃ ænd strændz. 400  
 se:nimfs uwrlī riŋ hiz knel:

burð,n.]

dij-don.

æ:rïel.]

hærk! nuw ij he:r ðem, —dij-don, bel.

\* \* \*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

uwr rev,lz nuw ær ended. ðe:z uwr æktorz,  
 æz ij fo:rtould iu, wer a:l spirits ænd  
 ær melted intu æir, intu θin æir: 150  
 ænd, lijk ðe bæ:sles fæbrik ov ðis vizion,  
 ðe kluwd-kæpt tuwrz, ðe gordzjus pælæsez,  
 ðe solem temp,lz, ðe gre:t glo:b itself,  
 je:, a:l hwitʃ it inherit, fæl dizolv  
 ænd, lijk ðis insubstænsjæl pædzent fæ:ded, 155  
 le:v not æ ræk bihijnd. wi ær sutʃ stuf  
 æz dre:mz ær mæ:d on, ænd uwr lit,l lijf  
 iz ruwnded wið æ sli:p.

\* \* \*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Ariell sings.*

WHERE the Bee sucks, there suck I,  
 In a Cowllips bell, I lie,  
 90 There I cowch when Owles doe crie,  
 On the Batts backe I doe flie  
 After Sommer merrily.  
 Merrily, merrily, shall I liue now,  
 Under the bloffom that hangs on the Bow.

---

## FROM THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

## ACT IV. SCENE II.

*Song.*

WHO is Siluia? what is she?  
 40 That all our Swaines commend her?  
 Holy, faire, and wife is she,  
 The heauen such grace did lend her,  
 That she might admired be.  
 Is she kinde as she is faire?  
 45 For beauty liues with kindnesse:  
 Loue doth to her eyes repaire,  
 To helpe him of his blindnesse:  
 And being help'd, inhabits there.  
 Then to Siluia, let vs sing,  
 50 That Siluia is excelling;  
 She excels each mortall thing  
 Vpon the dull earth dwelling.  
 To her let vs Garlands bring.

---



## ACT V. SCENE I.

æ:rīel siŋz.]

hwe:r de bi: suks, ðe:r suk ij:  
 in æ kuwslips bel ij lij;  
 ðe:r ij kuwtf hwen uwlz du krij.  
 on ðe bæts bæk ij du flij  
 æfter sumer merilij.

90

merili, merili fæl ij liv nuw  
 under de blosom ðæt hæŋz on ðe buw.

## FROM THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

## ACT IV. SCENE II.

[soŋ.]

hwu: iz silviæ? hwæt iz fi,  
 ðæt a:l uwr swæinz komend her?  
 ho:li, fæir, ænd wijz iz fi;  
 ðe he(:)vn sutf græ:s did lend her,  
 ðæt fi milt ædmijred bi.

40

iz fi kijnd æz fi iz fæir?  
 for beuti livz wið kijndnes.  
 luv duθ tu her i:z repæir,  
 tu help him ov hiz blijndnes,  
 ænd, bi:iŋ helpt, inhæbits ðe:r.

45

ðen tu silviæ let us siŋ,  
 ðæt silviæ iz ekseliŋ;  
 fi: ekselz e:tf mortæl θiŋ  
 upon ðe dul e(:)rθ dweliŋ:  
 tu her let us gærlændz briŋ.

50

## FROM THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Shallow.* SIR *Hugh*, perfwade me not: I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it, if hee were twenty Sir *Iohn Falstaffs*,<sup>1</sup> he shall not abufe *Robert Shallow* Esquire.

5 *Shen.* In the County of *Glocester*, Iustice of Peace and Coram.

*Shal.* I (Cofen *Slender*) and *Cust-alorum*.

*Shen.* I, and *Rato lorum* too; and a Gentleman borne (Master Parson) who writes himselfe  
10 *Armigero*, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, *Armigero*.

*Shal.* I that I doe, and haue done any time these three hundred yeeres.

*Shen.* All his successors (gone before him)  
15 hath don't: and all his Ancestors (that come after him) may: they may giue the dozen white Lucas in their Coate.

*Shal.* It is an olde Coate.

*Euans.* The dozen white Lowfes doe become  
20 an old Coat well: it agrees well passant: It is a familiar beast to man, and signifies Loue.

*Shal.* The Lufe is the fresh-fish, the salt-fish, is an old Coate.

. . . . .  
*Fal.* Now, Master *Shallow*, you'll complaine of me to the King?

*Shal.* Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd  
115 my deere, and broke open my Lodge.

*Fal.* But not kil's'd your Keepers daughter?

<sup>1</sup> *Falstaffs*.

## FROM THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

fælo:.] sir hiu, perswæ:rd mi not: ij wil mæ:k æ stær-tfæmber mæter ov it: if hi wer twenti sir dzon fa:lstæfs, hi fæl not æbiuz robert fælo:, eskwijr.

slender.] in ðe kuwnti ov gloster, dzustis ov 5 pe:s ænd ko:ræm.

fælo:.] ij, kuz,n slender, ænd kustælo:rum.

slender.] ij, ænd ræto-lo:rum tu:; ænd æ dzent,l-mæn born, mæster pæron; hwu: wrijts himself ærmidzero:, in æni bil, wærænt, kwitæns, or obli-10 gæ:sion, ærmidzero:.

fælo:.] ij, ðæt ij du:; ænd hæv dun æni tijm ðe:z θri: hundred jerrz.

slender.] a:l hiz suksesorz go:n bifo:r him hæθ dunt, ænd a:l hiz ænsestorz ðæt kum æfter him 15 mæi: ðæi mæi giv ðe duz,n hwijt liusez in ðæir ko:t.

fælo:.] it iz æn ould ko:t.

evænz.] ðe duz,n hwijt luwsez du bikum æn ould ko:t wel; it ægri:z wel, pæsænt; it iz æ 20 fæmilæar be:st tu mæn, ænd signifijz luv.

fælo:.] ðe lius iz ðe fresf fif; ðe sa:lt fif iz æn ould ko:t.

. . . . .

fa:lstæf.] nuw, mæster fælo:, iul komplæin ov mi tu ðe kiŋ?

fælo:.] knijt, iu hæv be:t,n mij men, kild mij ðe:r, ænd bro:k o:p,n mij lodz. 115

fa:lstæf.] but not kist iur ki:perz ðæ:ter?

*Shal.* Tut, a pin: this shall be answer'd.

*Fal.* I will answer it straight, I have done all this:  
That is now answer'd.

120 *Shal.* The Councill shall know this.

*Fal.* 'Twere better for you if it were known  
in council: you'll be laugh'd at.

*Eu.* *Pauca verba*; (Sir *Iohn*) good worts.

*Fal.* Good worts? good Cabidge; *Slender*,  
125 I broke your head: what matter have you against me?

*Slen.* Marry sir, I have matter in my head  
against you, and against your cony-catching Rascalls,  
*Bardolf*, *Nym*, and *Pistoll*.

130 *Bar.* You Banbery Cheefe.

*Slen.* I, it is no matter.

*Pist.* How now, *Mephostophilus*?

*Slen.* I, it is no matter.

*Nym.* Slice, I lay; *pauca, pauca*: Slice, that's  
135 my humor.

*Slen.* Where's *Simple* my man? can you  
tell, *Cofen*?

*Eua.* Peace, I pray you: now let vs vnder-  
140 stand: there is three Vmpires in this matter, as I  
vnderstand; that is, *Maister Page* (fidelicet *Maister  
Page*) and there is my selfe, (fidelicet my selfe)  
and the three party is (lastly, and finally) mine Host  
of the Garter.<sup>1</sup>

*Ma. Pa.* We three to hear it, and end it be-  
145 tween them.

*Euan.* Ferry goot,<sup>2</sup> I will make a priefe of it  
in my note-booke, and we wil afterwards orke vpon  
the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

\* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> Gater.      <sup>2</sup> goo't.

fælo:.] tut, æ pin! dis fæl bi ænswerd.

fa:lstæf.] ij wil ænswer it stræit; ij hæv dun  
a:l dis. ðæt iz nuw ænswerd.

fælo:.] ðe kuwnsel fæl kno: dis. 120

fa:lstæf.] twer beter for iu if it wer knoun  
in kuwnsel: iul bi læft æt.

evænz.] pa:kæ verbæ, sir dzon; gud worts.<sup>1</sup>

fa:lstæf.] gud worts!<sup>1</sup> gud kæbidz. slender, ij  
bro:k iur hed: hwæt mæter hæv iu ægæinst mi:?<sup>125</sup>

slender.] mæri, sir, ij hæv mæter in mij hed  
ægæinst iu; ænd ægæinst iur kuni-kætfinj ræskælz,  
bærdolf, nim, ænd pistol.

bærdolf.] iu bænberi tfi:z! 130

slender.] ij, it iz no mæter.

pistol.] huw nuw, mefostofilus!

slender.] ij, it iz no mæter.

nim. slijs, ij sæi! pa:kæ, pa:kæ: slijs! ðæts  
mij hiumor. 135

slender.] hwe:rz simp,l, mij mæn? kæn iu  
tel, kuz,n?

evænz.] pe:s, ij præi iu. nuw let us under-  
stænd. ðer iz ðri: umpijrz in dis mæter, æz ij<sup>140</sup>  
understænd; ðæt iz, mæster pæ:dz, fideliset mæster  
pæ:dz; ænd ðer iz mijsel, fideliset mijsel; ænd  
ðe ðri: pærti iz, læstli ænd fijnæli, mijn ho:st ov  
de gærter.

mæster pæ:dz.] wi: ðri:, tu he:r it ænd end it  
bitwi:n dem. 145

evænz.] feri gut: ij wil mæ:k æ pri:f ov it in  
mij no:t-bu:k; ænd wi wil æfterwærdz urk upon  
ðe ka:z wid æz gre:t diskritli æz wi kæn.

\* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> Or wurts.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

10 *Mist. Pag.* HOW now Sir *Hugh*, no Schoole  
to day?

*Eua.* No: Maister *Slender* is let the Boyes  
leauē to play.

*Qui.* 'Blessing of his heart.

15 *Mist. Pag.* Sir *Hugh*, my husband faies my  
sonne profits nothing in the world at his Booke:  
I pray you aske him some questions in his Accidence.

*Eu.* Come hither *William*; hold vp your  
head; come.

20 *Mist. Pag.* Come-on Sirha; hold vp your  
head; answere your Maister, be not afraid.

*Eua.* *William*, how many Numbers is in  
Nownes?

*Will.* Two.

*Qui.* Truly, I thought there had bin one  
25 Number more, becaufe they say od's-Nownes.

*Eua.* Peace, your tatlings. What is (*Faire*)  
*William*?

*Will.* *Pulcher*.

*Qu.* Powlcats? there are fairer things then  
30 Powlcats, fure.

*Eua.* You are a very simplicity 'oman:<sup>1</sup> I pray  
you peace. What is (*Lapis*) *William*?

*Will.* A Stone.

*Eua.* And what is a Stone (*William*?)

35 *Will.* A Peeble.

*Eua.* No; it is *Lapis*: I pray you remember  
in your praine.

*Will.* *Lapis*.

<sup>1</sup> o'man.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

mistres pæ:dʒ.] huw nuw, sir hiu! no: sku:l<sup>10</sup>  
tu-dæi?

evænz.] no:; mæster slender iz let ðe boiz le:r v  
tu plæi.

kwikli.] blesij ov hiz hært!

mistres pæ:dʒ.] sir hiu, mij huzbænd sæiz mij  
sun profits noθij in ðe world æt his bu:k. ij præi<sup>15</sup>  
iu, æsk him sum kwestjonz in hiz æksidens.

evænz.] kum hiðer, wiljæm; hould up iur  
hed; kum.

mistres pæ:dʒ.] kum on, siræ; hould up iur<sup>20</sup>  
hed; ænswer iur mæster, bi: not æfræid.

evænz.] wiljæm, huw mæni numberz iz in  
nuwnz?

wiljæm.] tu:.

kwikli.] triuli, ij θout ðer hæd bin o:n number<sup>25</sup>  
mo:r, bika:z ðæi sæi, "odz nuwnz."

evænz.] pe:s iur tætljz! hwæt iz "fæir,"  
wiljæm?

wiljæm.] pulker.

kwikli.] poulkæts! ðer ær fæirer θijz ðæn  
poulkæts, siur. 30

evænz.] iu ær æ veri simplisiti umæn: ij præi  
iu, pe:s. hwæt iz "læpis," wiljæm?

wiljæm.] æ sto:n.

evænz.] ænd hwæt iz æ sto:n, wiljæm?

wiljæm.] æ pi:b,l. 35

evænz.] no:, it iz "læpis:" ij præi iu, remember  
in iur præin.

wiljæm.] læpis.

40 *Eua.* That is a good *William*: what is he  
(*William*) that do's lend Articles.

*Will.* Articles are borrowed of the Pronoune;  
and be thus declined. *Singulariter nominatiuo*  
*hic, hæc, hoc.*

45 *Eua.* *Nominatiuo hig, hag, hog*: pray you  
marke: *genitiuo huius*: Well: what is your *Accusa-*  
*tive-case*?

*Will.* *Accusatiuo hinc.*

*Eua.* I pray you haue your remembrance  
(childe) *Accusatiuo hing, hang, hog.*

50 *Qu.* Hang-hog, is latten for Bacon, I warrant  
you.

. . . . .

*Eu.* Shew me now (*William*) some declensions  
of your Pronounes.

*Will.* Forfooth, I haue forgot.

80 *Eu.* It is *Qui, que, quod*; if you forget your  
*Quies*, your *Ques*, and your *Quods*, you must be  
preeches: Goe your waies and play, go.

*M. Pag.* He is a better scholler then I thought  
he was.

85 *Eu.* He is a good sprag-memory: Farewel  
*Mis. Page.*

*Mis. Page.* Adieu good Sir *Hugh*: Get you  
home boy, Come we stay too long.



evænz.] dæt iz æ gud wilǽm. hwæt iz hi,  
wilǽm, dæt duz lend ærtik,lz? 40

wilǽm.] ærtik,lz ær boroud ov de pro:nuwn,  
ænd bi ðus dekljnd, sinǵiulæ:riter, 'nominætijvo:,  
hik, hæc,<sup>1</sup> hok.

evænz.] nominætijvo:, hig, hæc, hog: præi iu,  
mærk: dʒenitijvo:, hiudzus. wel, hwæt iz iur ækiuzæ-<sup>45</sup>  
tiv kæ:s?

wilǽm.] ækiuzætijvo:, hiŋk.

evænz.] ij præi iu, hæ:v iur remembræns, tfjild;  
ækiuzætijvo:, huŋc, hæŋc, hog.

kwikli.] "hæŋ-hog" iz læt,n for bæ:k,n, ij<sup>50</sup>  
wærænt iu.

. . . . .

evænz.] fo: mi nuw, wilǽm, sum deklensjonz  
ov iur pro:nuwnz.

wilǽm.] forsu:θ, ij hæv forgot.

evænz.] it iz kwij, kwe:, kwod: if iu forget  
iur "kwijz," iur "kwe:z," ænd iur "kwodz," iu<sup>50</sup>  
must bi pri:tʃez. go: iur wæiz, ænd plæi; go:

mistres pæ:dʒ.] hi iz æ beter skoler ðen ij  
θout hi wæz.

evænz.] hi iz æ gud spræg memori. fæ:rwel,<sup>55</sup>  
mistres pæ:dʒ.

mistres pæ:dʒ.] ædiu, gud sir hiu. get iu  
ho:m, boi. kum, wi stæi tu: loŋ.

---

<sup>1</sup> Or he(i)k; *but cf. l. 44.*

## FROM MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

## ACT II. SCENE II.

*Ifab.* YET shew some pittie.

100 *Ang.* I shew it most of all, when I show Iustice;  
 For then I pittie those I doe not know,  
 Which a dismis'd offence, would after gaule  
 And doe him right, that answering one foule wrong  
 Lienes not to act another. Be satisfied;  
 105 Your Brother dies to morrow; be content.

*Ifab.* So you must be the first that giues this  
 sentence,  
 And hee, that suffers: Oh, it is excellent  
 To haue a Giants strength: but it is tyrannous  
 To vse it like a Giant.

*Luc.* That's well said.

110 *Ifab.* Could great men thunder  
 As *Ioue* himselfe do's, *Ioue* would neuer be quiet,  
 For euery pelting petty Officer  
 Would vse his heauen for thunder;  
 Nothing but thunder: Mercifull heauen,  
 115 Thou rather with thy sharpe and fulpherous bolt  
 Splits the vn-wedgable and gnarled Oke,  
 Then the soft Mertill: But man, proud man,  
 Drest in a little briefe authoritie,  
 Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,  
 120 (His glasseie Effence) like an angry Ape  
 Plaies such phantastique tricks before high heauen,  
 As makes the Angels weepe: who with our spleenes,  
 Would all themselues laugh mortall.

\* \* \*



## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Ifa.* WHAT saies my brother?

*Cla.* Death is a fearefull thing.

*Ifa.* And shamed life, a hatefull.

*Cla.* I, but to die, and go we know not where,  
 To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot,  
 120 This sensible warme motion, to become  
 A kneaded clod; And the delighted spirit  
 To bath in fierie floods, or to recide  
 In thrilling Region of thicke-ribbed Ice,  
 To be imprison'd in the viewlesse windes  
 125 And blowne with restlesse violence round about  
 The pendant world: or to be worse then worst  
 Of thole, that lawlesse and incertaine thought,  
 Imagine howling, 'tis too horrible.  
 The wearieft, and most loathed worldly life  
 130 That Age, Ache, peniury,<sup>1</sup> and imprisonment  
 Can lay on nature, is a Paradise  
 To what we feare of death.

\* \* \*

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Song.*

TAKE, oh take thole lips away,  
 That so sweetly were forsworne,  
 And thole eyes: the breake of day,  
 Lights that do mislead the Morne,  
 5 But my kisses bring againe, bring againe,  
 Seales of loue, but seal'd in vaine, seal'd in  
 vaine.

---

<sup>1</sup> periury.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

izæbelæ.] hwæt sæiz nij bruder?

kla:dīor.] de(:)θ iz æ fe:rful θiŋ.

izæbelæ.] ænd fæ:med lijf æ hæ:tful.

kla:dīor.] ij, but tu dij, ænd go: wi kno: not hwe:r;

tu lij in kould obstruksion ænd tu rot;

ðis sensib,l wærm mo:sion tu bikum 120

æ kne(:)ded klod; ænd ðe delijted spirit

tu bæ:ð in fijri fludz, or tu rezijd

in θriliŋ re:dziōn ov θik-ribed ijs;

tu bi impriz,nd in ðe viules wijndz,

ænd bloun wid restles vij(o)lens ruwnd æbuwt 125

ðe pendænt world; or tu bi wurs ðen wurst

ov ðo:z ðæt la:les ænd insertæin θout

imædzin huwliŋ: tiz tu: horib,l!

ðe we:rriest ænd mo:st lo:ðed worldli lijf

ðæt æ:dz, æ:ts, peniurī ænd impriz,nment 130

kæn læi on næ:tiur iz æ pærædijs

tu hwæt wi fe:r ov de(:)θ.

\* \* \*

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

[soŋ.]

tæ:k, o:, tæ:k ðo:z lips æwæi,

ðæt so switli wer forsworn;

ænd ðo:z ijz, ðe bre:k ov dæi,

lijts ðæt du misle:ð ðe morn:

but mij kisez briŋ ægæin, briŋ ægæin; 5

se:lz ov luv, but se:ld in væin, se:ld in  
væin.

## FROM MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

## ACT II. SCENE III.

*Song.*

SIGH no more Ladies, sigh no more,  
 65 Men were deceiuers euer,  
 One foote in Sea, and one on fhore,  
 To one thing constant neuer,  
 Then sigh not fo, but let them goe,  
 And be you blithe and bonnie,  
 70 Conuerting all your founds of woe,  
 Into hey nony nony.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,  
 Of dumps fo dull and heauy,  
 The fraud of men was<sup>1</sup> ever fo,  
 75 Since fummer firft was leauy,  
 Then sigh not fo, &c.

\* \* \*

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Hero.* O GOD of loue! I know he doth deserue,  
 As much as may be yeilded to a man.  
 But Nature neuer fram'd a womans heart,  
 50 Of powder stufte then that of *Beatrice*:  
 Difdaine and Scorne ride sparkling in her eyes,  
 Mis-prizing what they looke on, and her wit  
 Values it selfe fo highly, that to her  
 All matter else seemes weake: she cannot loue,  
 55 Nor take no shape nor proiect of affection,  
 Shee is fo selfe indeared.

<sup>1</sup> were *F*, was *Q*.

## FROM MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

## ACT II. SCENE III.

[soŋ.]

sij no mo:r, læ:diz, sij no mo:r,  
 men wer dese:verz ever, 65  
 o:n furt in se: ænd o:n on fo:r,  
 tu o:n θiŋ konstænt never:  
 ðen sij not so:, but let ðem go:,  
 ænd bi: iu blijð ænd boni,  
 konværtiŋ a:l iur suwndz ov wo: 70  
 intu hæi noni, noni.

siŋ no mo:r ditiz, siŋ no mo:,  
 ov dumps so dul ænd he:vi;  
 ðe fra:d ov men wæz ever so:,  
 sins sumer first wæz le:vi: 75  
 ðen sij not so:, &c.

\* \* \*

## ACT III. SCENE I.

he:ro:.] o: god ov luv! ij kno: hi duθ dezerv  
 æz mutf æz mæi bi ji:lded tu æ mæn:  
 but næ:tiur never fræ:md æ wumænz hært 50  
 ov pruwder stuf ðen ðæt ov be:ætris;  
 disdæin ænd skorn riŋd spærkliŋ in her iŋz,  
 mispriŋz iŋ hwæt ðæi lu:k on, ænd her wit  
 væliuz itself so hijli ðæt tu her  
 a:l mæter els si:mz we:k: fi kænot luv,  
 nor tæ:k no fæ:p nor prodzekt ov æfeksion, 55  
 fi iz so self-inde:rd.

*Vrsula.* Sure I thinke so,  
And therefore certainly it were not good  
She knew his loue, lest she make sport at it.

*Hero.* Why you speake truth, I neuer yet saw  
man,

60 How wise, how noble, yong, how rarely featur'd,  
But she would spell him backward: if faire fac'd,  
She would sweare the gentleman should be her sifter:  
If blacke, why Nature drawing of an anticke,  
Made a foul blot: if tall, a launce ill headed:  
65 If low, an agot very vildlie cut:  
If speaking, why a vane blowne with all windes:  
If silent, why a blocke moued with none.  
So turnes she euery man the wrong side out,  
And neuer giues to Truth and Vertue, that  
70 Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

\* \* \*

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

*Bene.* LADY *Beatrice*, haue you wept all this  
while?

*Beat.* Yea, and I will weepe a while longer.

*Bene.* I will not desire that.

260 *Beat.* You haue no reason, I doe it freely.

*Bene.* Surelie I do beleuee your fair cofin is  
wrong'd.

*Beat.* Ah, how much might the man deserue  
of mee that would right her!

265 *Bene.* Is there any way to shew such friendship?

*Beat.* A verie euen way, but no such friend.

*Bene.* May a man doe it?

*Beat.* It is a mans office, but not yours.





*Bene.* I doe loue nothing in the world so well  
270 AS you, is not that strange?

*Beat.* As strange as the thing I know not,  
it were as possible for me to say, I loued nothing  
so well as you, but beleeu me not, and yet I lie  
275 not, I confesse nothing, nor I deny nothing, I am  
lorry for my coulin.

*Bene.* By my sword *Beatrice* thou lou'ft me.

*Beat.* Doe not sweare by it and eat it.

*Bene.* I will sweare by it that you loue mee,  
and I will make him eat it that sayes I loue not you.

280 *Beat.* Will you not eat your word?

*Bene.* With no sawce that can be deuised to  
it, I protest I loue thee.

*Beat.* Why then God forgiue me.

*Bene.* What offence sweet *Beatrice*?

285 *Beat.* You haue stayed me in a happy howre,  
I was about to protest I loued you.

*Bene.* And doe it with all thy heart.

*Beat.* I |loue you with so much of my heart,  
that none is left to protest.

## FROM LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

### ACT II. SCENE 1.

ANOTHER of these Students at that time,  
85 Was there with him, if<sup>1</sup> I haue heard a truth.

*Berowne* they call him, but a merrier man,  
Within the limit of becomming mirth,  
I neuer spent an houres talke withall.

<sup>1</sup> as *F*, if *Q*.

benedik.] ij du luv noθij in de world so wel  
æz iu: iz not dæt strændz? 270

be:ætris.] æz 'strændz æz de θij ij kno: not,  
it wer æz posib,l for mi tu sæi ij luvd noθij so  
wel æz iu: but bili:v mi not; ænd jit ij lij not;  
ij konfes noθij, nor ij denij noθij. ij æm sori 275  
for mij kuz,n.

benedik.] bij mij sword, be:ætris, duw luvst mi:.

be:ætris.] du: not swe:r bij it, ænd ert it.

benedik.] ij wil swe:r bij it dæt iu luv mi:;  
ænd ij wil mæ:k him ert it dæt sæiz ij luv not iu.

be:ætris.] wil iu not ert iur word? 280

benedik.] wið no: sa:s dæt kæn bi devijzd tu  
it. ij protest ij luv di:.

be:ætris.] hwij den, god forgiv mi:!

benedik.] hwæt ofens, swirt be:ætris?

be:ætris.] iu hæv stæid mi in æ hæpi uwr: 285  
ij wæz æbuwt tu protest ij luvd iu.

benedik.] ænd du: it wið a:l dij hært.

be:ætris.] ij luv iu wið so mutf ov mij hært  
dæt no:n iz left tu protest.

## FROM LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

### ACT II. SCENE I.

ænuder ov de:z stiudents æt dæt tijm  
wæz de:r wið him, if ij hæv hærd æ triuθ.  
beruwn dæi ka:l him; but æ merier mæn,  
widin de limit ov bikumiņ mirθ,  
ij never spent æn uw,rz ta:k wiða:l: 65

His eye begets occasion for his wit,  
 70 For euery object that the one doth catch,  
 The other turnes to a mirth-mouing iest,  
 Which his faire tongue (conceits expofitor)  
 Deliuers in fuch apt and gracious words,  
 That aged eares play treuant at his tales,  
 75 And yonger hearings are quite rauifhed.  
 So fweet and voluble is his difcourfe.

\*            \*            \*

ACT IV. SCENE III.

O WE haue made a Vow to ftudie, Lords,  
 And in that vow we haue forfworne our Bookes:  
 820 For when would you (my Leege) or you, or you?  
 In leaden contemplation haue found out  
 Such fiery Numbers as the prompting eyes,  
 Of beauties tutors haue inrich'd you with:  
 Other flow Arts intirely keepe the braine:  
 825 And therefore finding barraine practizers,  
 Scarce fhew a harueft of their heauy toyle.  
 But Loue firft learned in a Ladies eyes,  
 Liues not alone emured in the braine:  
 But with the motion of all elements,  
 830 Courfes as fwift as thought in euery power,  
 And giues to euery power a double power,  
 About their functions and their offices.  
 It addes a precious feeing to the eye:  
 A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde,  
 835 A Louers eare will heare the loweft found  
 When the fufpicious head of theft is ftopt.  
 Loues feeling is more foft and fenfible,  
 Then are the tender hornes of Cockled Snayles.

hiz ij bigets okæ:zïon for hiz wit;  
 for ev(e)ri obdzekt dæt de o:n duθ kætf 70  
 de uder turnz tu æ mirθ-mu:viŋ dzest,  
 hwitf hiz fæir tuŋ, konsæits ekspozitor,  
 deliverz in sutf æpt ænd græ:sïus wordz  
 dæt æ:dzed e:rz plæi triuænt æt hiz tæ:lz  
 ænd jungger he:rriŋz ær kwijt rævifed; 75  
 so swirt ænd voliub,l iz hiz disku:rs.

\* \* \*

ACT IV. SCENE III.

o:, wi hæv mæ:d æ vuw tu studi, lordz,  
 ænd in dæt vuw wi hæv forsworn uwr bu:ks.  
 for hwen wu:ld iu, mij li:dz, or iu, or iu, 820  
 in le(:)d,n kontemplæ:sïon hæv fuwnd uwt  
 sutf fijri numberz æz de promptiŋ ijz  
 ov beutiz tiutorz hæv inritft iu wiθ?  
 uder slo: ærts intijrli ki:p de bræin;  
 ænd ðe:rfo:r, fijndiŋ bæræin præktiserz, 825  
 skærs fo: æ hærvest ov ðæir he(:)vi toil:  
 but luv, first lerned in æ læ:diz ijz,  
 livz not ælo:n imiured in de bræin;  
 but, wid ðe mo:sïon ov a:l elements,  
 kursez æz swift æz θout in ev(e)ri puwr, 830  
 ænd givz tu ev(e)ri puwr æ dub,l puwr,  
 æbuw ðæir funksïonz ænd ðæir ofisez.  
 it ædz æ presïus si:ŋ tu ðe ij;  
 æ luverz ijz wil gæ:z æn e:g,l bliŋd;  
 æ luverz e:r wil he:r de lo:est suwnd, 835  
 hwen ðe suspisïus hed ov θeft iz stopt:  
 luvz fi:liŋ iz mo:r soft ænd sensib,l  
 ðen ær de tender hornz ov kokled snæilz;

Loues tongue proues dainty, *Bachus* grosse in tafte,  
 340 For Valour, is not Loue a *Hercules*?  
 Still climing trees in the *Hesperides*.  
 Subtill as *Sphinx*, as Iweet and muficall,  
 As bright *Apollo's* Lute, Itrung with his haire.  
 And when Loue fpeakes, the voyce of all the Gods,  
 345 Make heauen drowfie with the harmonie.  
 Neuer durft Poet touch a pen to write,  
 Vntill his Inke were tempred with Loues fighes:  
 O then his lines would rauifh fauage eares,  
 And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.  
 350 From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue.  
 They fparcle ftill the right promethean fire,  
 They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Achademes,  
 That fhew, containe, and nourifh all the world.  
 Elle none at all in aught proues excellent.

\* \* \*

ACT V. SCENE II.

*Spring.*<sup>1</sup>

WHEN Dafies pied, and Violets blew,  
 905 And Ladie-smockes all filuer white:  
 And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew,  
 Do paint the Medowes with delight:<sup>2</sup>  
 The Cuckow then on euerie tree,  
 Mockes married men, for thus fings he,  
 910 Cuckow.  
 Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,  
 Vnpleafing to a married eare.

<sup>1</sup> *Not in F.*  
906, 905, 907.

<sup>2</sup> *Ll. 904 to 907 arranged 904,*

luvz tuŋ pru:vz dæinti bækus gro:s in tæ:st:  
 for vælor, iz not luv æ herkiule:z, 340  
 stil klijmij tri:z in ðe hesperide:z?  
 subtil æz sfiŋks; æz swi:t ænd miuzikæl  
 æz brijt æpolo:z liut, struŋ wið hiz hæir:  
 ænd hwen luv spe:ks, ðe vois ov a:l ðe godz  
 mæ:k he(:)v,n druwzi wið ðe hæroni. 345  
 never durst po:et tutf æ pen tu wrijt  
 until hiz iŋk wer tempred wið luvz sijz;  
 o:, ðen hiz lijnz wu:ld rævif sævædz e:rz  
 ænd plænt in tijrænts mijld hiuiliti.  
 from wimenz ijz ðis doktrin ij derijv: 350  
 ðæi spærk,l stil ðe rijt prome:θiæn fijr;  
 ðæi ær ðe burks, ðe ærts, ðe ækæde:mz,  
 ðæt fo:, kontæin ænd nurif a:l ðe world:  
 els no:n æt a:l in a:t pru:vz ekselent.

\* \* \*

ACT V. SCENE II.

[sprinj.]

hwen dæiziz pijd ænd vij(o)lets bliu  
 ænd læ:di-smoks a:l silver hwijt 905  
 ænd kukuw-budz ov jelo: hiu  
 du pæint ðe medouz wið delijt,  
 ðe kukuw ðen, on ev(e)ri tri,  
 moks mærid men; for ðus sijz hir,  
 kukuw; 910  
 kukuw, kukuw: o: word ov fe:r,  
 unple:zij tu æ mærid e:r!

When Shepherds pipe on Oaten strawes,  
 And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens clockes:  
 915 When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Dawes,  
 And Maidens bleach their summer smockes:  
 The Cuckow then on euerie tree  
 Mockes married men; for thus sings he,  
 Cuckow.  
 920 Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,  
 Vnpleasing to a married eare.

*Winter.*

When Ificles hang by the wall,  
 And Dicke the Shepheard<sup>1</sup> blowes his naile;  
 And Tom beares Logges into the hall,  
 925 And Milke comes frozen home in paille:  
 When blood is nipt, and waies be fowle,  
 Then nightly sings the staring Owle,  
 Tu-whit.<sup>2</sup>  
 Tu-whit to-who: A merrie note,  
 930 While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.  
 When all aloud the winde doth blow,  
 And coffing drownes the Parsons law:  
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
 And Marrians nose lookes red and raw:  
 When roasted Crabs hisse in the bowle,  
 Then nightly sings the staring Owle,  
 Tu-whit.<sup>2</sup>  
 Tu whit to-who: A merrie note,  
 While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.

<sup>1</sup> Sphepheard.

<sup>2</sup> *Not in QF.*



hwen fepherdz pijp on o:t,n stra:z  
 ænd meri lærks ær pluwmenz kloks,  
 hwen turt,lz tre(:)d, ænd ru:ks, ænd da:z, 915  
 ænd mæid,nz ble:tʃ ðæir sumer smoks,  
 ðe kukuw ðen, on ev(e)ri tri:,  
 moks mærid men; for ðus siŋz hi,  
 kukuw;  
 kukuw, kukuw: o: word ov ferr, 920  
 unple:ziŋ tu æ mærid e:r!

[winter.]

hwen ijsik,lz hæŋ bij ðe wa:l  
 ænd dik ðe fepherd blouz hiz næil  
 ænd tom be:rz logz intu ðe ha:l  
 ænd milk kumz fro:z,n ho:m in pæil, 925  
 hwen blud iz nipt ænd wæiz bi fuwl,  
 ðen niŋtli siŋz ðe stæ:riŋ uwl,  
 tiu-hwit;  
 tiu-hwit, tu-hwu:, æ meri no:t,  
 hwijl gre:si dzo:n duθ ki:l ðe pot. 930

hwen a:l æluwd ðe wijnd duθ bló:  
 ænd kofiŋ druwnz ðe pærsonz sa:  
 ænd birdz sit bru:diŋ in ðe sno:  
 ænd mæriænz no:z lu:ks red ænd ra:,  
 hwen ro:sted kræbz his in ðe boul, 935  
 ðen niŋtli siŋz ðe stæ:riŋ uwl,  
 tiu-hwit;  
 tiu-hwit, tu-hwu:, æ meri no:t,  
 hwijl gre:si dzo:n duθ ki:l ðe pot.

## FROM A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

## FROM ACT II. SCENE I.

*Ob.* . . . . .

MY gentle *Pucke* come hither; thou remembrest  
 Since once I sat vpon a promontory,  
 150 And heard a Meare-maide on a Dolphins backe,  
 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,  
 That the rude sea grew ciuill at her song,  
 And certaine starres shot madly from their Spheares,  
 To heare the Sea-maids musicke.

*Puc.* I remember.

155 *Ob.* That very time I saw <sup>1</sup> (but thou couldst not)  
 Flying betweene the cold Moone and the earth,  
*Cupid* all arm'd; a certaine aime he tooke  
 At a faire Vestall, throned by the West,  
 And loos'd his loue-shaft smartly from his bow,  
 160 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts,  
 But I might see young *Cupids* fiery shaft  
 Quencht in the chaste beames of the watry Moone;  
 And the imperiall Votresse passed on,  
 In maiden meditation, fancy free.  
 165 Yet markt I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell.  
 It fell vpon a little westerne flower;  
 Before, milke-white; now purple with loues wound,  
 And maidens call it, Loue in idlenessse.  
 Fetch me that flower; the hearb I shew'd thee  
 once,  
 170 The iuyce of it, on sleeping eye-lids laid,  
 Will make or man or woman madly dote

<sup>1</sup> say *F*, saw *Q*.

## FROM A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

## FROM ACT II. SCENE I.

oberon.] . . . . .  
 mij dzent, l puk, kum heder. duw remembrest  
 sins o:ns ij sæt upon æ promontori,  
 ænd hærd æ me(:)rmæid on æ dolfinz bæk 150  
 ut(e)riŋ sutf dulset ænd hærmo:nīus bre(:)θ  
 dæt de riud se: griu sivil æt her soŋ  
 ænd sertæin stærz fot mædli from dæir sfer:rz,  
 tu he:r de se:-mæidz miuzik.]

puk.] ij remember.

oberon.] dæt veri tijm ij sa:, but duw ku:ldst not, 155  
 flijing bitwi:n de kould mu:n ænd de e(:)rθ,  
 kiupid a:l ærmd: æ sertæin æim hi tu:k  
 æt æ fæir vestæl θro:ned bij de west,  
 ænd lust hiz luv-ſæft smærtli from hiz bo:,  
 æz it fu:ld pe:rs æ hundred θuwzænd hærts; 160  
 but ij mijt si: juŋ kiupidz fijri ſæft  
 kwentst in de tſæ(:)st be:rmz ov de wæt(e)ri mu:n,  
 ænd de imperi:æl vor:t(æ)res pæsed on,  
 in mæid,n meditæ:sion, fænsi-fri:  
 jit mærkt ij hwe:r de boult ov kiupid fel: 165  
 it fel upon æ lit, l western fluwr,  
 bifo:r milk-hwijt, nuw purp, l wid luvz wuwnd,  
 ænd mæid,nz ka:l it luv-in-ijd, lnes.  
 fetf mi dæt fluwr; de herb ij foud di o:ns:

de dzius ov it on sli:pŋ ij-lidz læid 170  
 wil mæ:k or mæn or wumæn mædli do:t

Vpon the next liue creature that it sees.

Fetch me this hearbe, and be thou heere againe,  
Ere the *Leuiathan* can swim a league.

175 *Pucke*. Ile put a girdle round<sup>1</sup> about the earth,  
In forty minutes.<sup>2</sup> . . . . .

\* \* \*

FROM ACT II. SCENE II.

*Fairies Sing.*

YOU spotted Snakes with double tongue,  
10 Thorny Hedgehogges be not seene,  
Newts and blinde wormes do no wrong,  
Come not neere our Fairy Queene.  
Philomele with melodie,  
Sing in our<sup>3</sup> sweet Lullaby,  
15 Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,  
Neuer harme,  
Nor spell, nor charme,  
Come our louely Lady nye,  
So good night with Lullaby.

2. *Fairy.*

20 Weauing Spiders come not heere,  
Hence you long leg'd Spinners, hence:  
Beetles blacke approach not neere;  
Worme nor Snayle doe no offence.  
Philomele with melody, &c.

1. *Fairy.*

25 Hence away, now all is well;  
One aloofe, stand Centinell.

\* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> round *om.* *F*, round *Q*.  
*prose.*

<sup>2</sup> *Ll.* 175, 176 printed as

<sup>3</sup> your *F*, our *Q*.

upon ðe nekst lijv kre:tiur ðæt it si:z.  
 fetʃ mi ðis herb; ænd bi: ðuw her ægæin  
 e:r ðe leviæθæn kæn swim æ le:g.

puk.] ijl put æ gird,l ruwnd æbuwt ðe e(:)rθ 175  
 in fo:rti miniuts. . . . .

\* \* \*

## FROM ACT II. SCENE II.

[fæiriz siŋ.]

iu spotted snæ:ks wið ðub,l tuŋ,  
 θorni hedz hogz, bi: not si:n; 10  
 niuts ænd blijnd-wurmz, ðu: no wroŋ,  
 kum not ne:r uwr fæiri kwi:n.

filomel, wið melodij  
 siŋ in uwr swirt lulæbij;  
 lulæ, lulæ, lulæbij, lulæ, lulæ, lulæbij: 15  
 ne(:)ver hærm,  
 nor spel nor tʃærm,  
 kum uwr luvlij læ:di nij;  
 so:, gud ni:t, wið lulæbij.

sekond fæiri.]

werviŋ spijderz, kum not he:r; 20  
 hens, iu loŋ-legd spinerz, hens!  
 birt,lz blæk, æpro:tʃ not neir;  
 wurm nor snæil, ðu: no: ofens.

filomel, wið melodij, &c.

first fæiri.]

hens, æwæi! nuw a:l iz wel: 25  
 orn ælu:f stænd sentinel.

\* \* \*

## FROM ACT III. SCENE I.

115 *Bot.* WHY do they run away? This is a  
knauery of them to make me afeard.

*Sn.* O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; What doe  
I see on thee?

*Bot.* What do you see? You see an Affe-  
120 head of your owne, do you?

*Pet.* Blesse thee *Bottome*, blesse thee; thou  
art tranflated.

*Bot.* I see their knauery; this is to make an  
125 affe of me, to fright me if they could; but I will  
not stirre from this place, do what they can. I will  
walke vp and downe here, and I will sing that  
they shall heare I am not afraid.

The Woodfell cocke, so blacke of hew,  
With Orenge-tawny bill.

130 The Throftle, with his note so true,  
The Wren with<sup>1</sup> little quill.

*Tyta.* What Angell wakes me from my  
flowry bed?

*Bot.*

The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Larke,  
The plainlong Cuckow gray;

135 Whose note full many a man doth marke,  
And dares not anfwere, nay.

For indeede, who would set his wit to so foolish  
a bird? Who would giue a bird the lye, though  
he cry Cuckow, neuer so?

<sup>1</sup> and *F*, with *Q*.

## FROM ACT III. SCENE I.

botom.] hwij du ðæi run æwæi? ðis iz æ 115  
knæ:veri ov ðem tu mæ:k mi æfe:rd.

snuwt.] o: botom, ðuw ært tʃændzɔd! hwæt  
du ij si: on ði:?

botom.] hwæt du iu si:? iu si: æn æs-hed ov 120  
iur oun, du: iu?

per:ter.] bles ði:, botom! bles ði:! ðuw ært  
træns:læ:ted.

botom.] ij si: ðæir knæ:veri: ðis iz tu mæ:k  
æn æs ov mi:; tu frijt mi:, if ðæi ku:ld. but ij wil 125  
not stur from ðis plæ:s, du: hwæt ðæi kæn: ij wil  
wæ:k up ænd duwn he:r, ænd ij wil siŋ, ðæt ðæi  
ʃæl he:r ij æm not æfræid.

ðe wu:z,l kok so blæk ov hiu,  
wið orændz-tani bil,  
ðe θrost,l wið hiz no:t so triu, 130  
ðe wren wið lit,l kwil,—

titæ:nǣ.] hwæt ændz,l wæ:ks mi from mi  
fluwri bed?

botom.]

ðe fintʃ, ðe spæro: ænd ðe lærk,  
ðe plæin-sonʃ kukuw græi,  
hwu:z no:t ful mænǣ æ mæn duθ mærk, 135  
ænd dæ:rz not ænswer næi;—

for, indid, hwu: wu:ld set hiz wit tu so fulrif æ  
bird? hwu: wu:ld giv æ bird ðe lij, ðou hi krij  
“kukuw” never so:?

140 *Tyta.* I pray thee gentle mortall, sing againe,  
 Mine eare is much enamored of thy note;  
 So is mine eye enthralled to thy fhape,  
 And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth moue me<sup>1</sup>  
 On the first view to say, to sweare I loue thee.

145 *Bot.* Me-thinkes mistresse, you should haue  
 little reason for that: and yet to say the truth,  
 reason and loue keepe little company together,  
 now-adayes. The more the pittie, that some honest  
 neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I  
 150 can gleeke vpon occasion.

*Tyta.* Thou art as wise, as thou art beautifull.

*Bot.* Not so neither: but if I had wit enough  
 to get out of this wood, I haue enough to serue  
 mine owne turne.

155 *Tyta.* Out of this wood, do not desire to goe,  
 Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.  
 I am a spirit of no common rate:  
 The Summer still doth tend vpon my ftate,  
 And I doe loue thee; therefore goe with me,  
 160 Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee;  
 And they shall fetch thee Iewels from the deepe,  
 And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleepe:  
 And I will purge thy mortall grossenesse so,  
 That thou shalt like an airie spirit go.  
 165 Pease-blossome, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seede!<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Ll.* 142, 143, 144 arranged as 144, 142, 143.

<sup>2</sup> *The following stage direction takes the place of l. 165: Enter Pease blossome, Cobweb, Moth, Mustard-seede, and foure Fairies.*



titæ:nǣ.] ij præi ði:, dzent,l mortæl, siŋ ægæin: 140  
 mijn er iz mutf enæmord ov diŋ no:t;  
 so: iz mijn ij enθræ:led tu diŋ fæ:p;  
 ænd diŋ fæir vertiuz fors perfors duθ mu:v mi:  
 on ðe first viu tu sæi, tu swe:r, ij luv di:.

botom.] miθiŋks, mistres, iu fu:ld hæv lit,l re:z,n 145  
 for ðæt: ænd jit, tu sæi ðe triuθ, re:z,n ænd luv  
 ki:p lit,l kumpæni tageder nuw-æ-dæiz; ðe mo:r  
 ðe piti ðæt sum onest ne:borz wil not mæ:k dem  
 frendz. næi, ij kæn gli:k upon okæ:zïon. 150

titæ:nǣ.] ðuw ært æz wijz æz ðuw ært beutiful.

botom.] not so:, ne:ðer: but if ij hæd wit  
 inuf tu get uwt ov ðis wud, ij hæv inuf tu serv  
 mijn oun turn.

titæ:nǣ.] uwt ov ðis wud du: not dezi:r tu go:: 155  
 ðuw fælt remæin he:r, hweder<sup>1</sup> ðuw wilt or no:.  
 ij æm æ spirit ov no komon ræt:  
 ðe sumer stil duθ tend upon mij stæ:t;  
 ænd ij du luv di:: ðe:rfor:, go: wið mi:;  
 ijl giv di fæiriz tu ætend on di:, 160  
 ænd ðæi fæl fetf di dziuelz from ðe di:p,  
 ænd siŋ hwijl ðuw on presed fluwrz dust sli:p:  
 ænd ij wil purdʒ diŋ mortæl gro:snes so:  
 ðæt ðuw fælt lijk æn æiri spirit go:.  
 pe:zblosom! kobweb! moθ! ænd mustærdsi:d! 165

<sup>1</sup> Or hwe:r.

*Peaf.* Ready.

*Cob.* And I.

*Moth.* And I.

*Muf.* And I.

*All.* Where shall we go?<sup>1</sup>

*Tita.* Be kinde and curteous to this Gentleman,  
Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eies,  
Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,  
170 With purple Grapes, greene Figs, and Mulberries,  
The honie-bags steale from the humble Bees,  
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighes,  
And light them at the fierie<sup>2</sup> Glow-wormes eyes,  
To haue my loue to bed, and to arife:  
175 And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies,  
To fan the Moone-beames from his sleeping eies.  
Nod to him Elues, and doe him curtesies.

1. *Fai.* Haile mortall, haile.

180 2. *Fai.* Haile.

3. *Fai.* Haile.

\* \* \*

FROM ACT V. SCENE I.

*Hip.* 'TIS strange my *Thefeus*, that these louers  
I speake of.

*The.* More strange then true. I neuer may  
beleuee

These anticke fables, nor these Fairy toyes,  
Louers and mad men haue such leething braines,  
5 Such shaping phantasies, that apprehend

<sup>1</sup> *Ll.* 166 to 170 printed as one line, as follows:  
*Fai.* Ready; and I, and I, and I. Where shall we go?  
<sup>2</sup> fierie-.

pe:zblosom.] redi.  
 kobweb.] ænd ij.  
 moθ.] ænd ij.  
 mustærdsi:d.] ænd ij.  
 a:l.] hwe:r fæl wi go:?  
 titæ:nǣ.] bi kijnd ænd kurtēus tu dis dzent,lmæn ;  
 hop in hiz wæ:ks ænd gæmbol in hiz i:z ;  
 fi:d him wið æ:prikoks ænd deuberiz,  
 wið purp,l græ:ps, gri:n figz, ænd mulberiz ; 170  
 ðe huni-bægz ste:l from ðe humb,l-bi:z,  
 ænd for ni:jt-tæ:perz krop ðæir wæks,n θijz  
 ænd lijt ðem æt ðe fijri glo:-wurmz i:z,  
 tu hæ(:)v mij luv tu bed ænd tu ærijz ;  
 ænd pluk ðe wi:nz from pæinted buterfli:z 175  
 tu fæn ðe mu:nbe:mz from hiz sli:pi:n i:z :  
 nod tu him, elvz, ænd du: him kurtesijz.  
 first fæiri.] hæil, mortæl, hæil !  
 sekond fæiri.] hæil! 180  
 θird fæiri.] hæil!

\* \* \*

FROM ACT V. SCENE I.

hipolitæ.] tiz strændz, mij θe:zēus, ðæt ðe:z  
 luverz spe:k ov.  
 θe:zēus.] mo:r strændz ðen triu: ij ne(:)ver mæi  
 bili:v  
 ðe:z æntik fæ:b,lz, nor ðe:z fæiri toiz.  
 luverz ænd mædmen hæv sutf si:ðin bræinz,  
 sutf fæ:pi:n fæntæsis, ðæt æprehend 5

More then coole reason euer comprehends.<sup>1</sup>  
 The Lunaticke, the Louer, and the Poet,  
 Are of imagination all compact.  
 One sees more diuels then vafte hell can hold;  
 10 That is the mad man. The Louer, all as franticke,  
 Sees *Helens* beauty in a brow of *Egipt*.  
 The Poets eye in a fine frenzy rolling,  
 Doth glance from heauen to earth, from earth to  
 heauen.<sup>2</sup>

And as imagination bodies forth  
 15 The forms of things vnknowne; the Poets pen  
 Turnes them to fhapes, and giues to airy<sup>3</sup> nothing,  
 A locall habitation, and a name.  
 Such tricks hath ftrong imagination,<sup>4</sup>  
 That if it would but apprehend some ioy,  
 20 It comprehends some bringer of that ioy.  
 Or in the night, imagining some feare,  
 How easie is a bush fuppos'd a Beare?

*Hip.* But all the ftorie of the night told ouer,  
 And all their minds transfigur'd fo together,  
 25 More witneffeth than fancies images,  
 And growes to fomething of great conftancie;  
 But howfoeuer, ftrange, and admirable.

---

<sup>1</sup> *L. 5 ends with more.*    <sup>2</sup> *L. 12 ends with glance.*  
<sup>3</sup> *aire.*    <sup>4</sup> *Ll. 14 to 18 printed as four, ending with*  
*things . . . fhapes . . . habitation . . . imagination.*

mo:r den ku:l re:z,n ever komprehendz.  
 ðe liunætik, ðe luvr ænd ðe po:et  
 ær ov imædzinæ:sion a:l kompækt.  
 o:n si:z mo:r di:vilz<sup>1</sup> ðen væst hel kæn hold,  
 ðæt iz, ðe mædmæn: ðe luvr, a:l æz fræntik, 10  
 si:z helenz beuti in æ bruw ov e:dzipt:  
 ðe po:ets ij, in æ fi:n frenzi rouliŋ,  
 duθ glæns from he(:)vn tu e(:)rθ, from e(:)rθ tu  
 he(:)vn;  
 ænd æz imædzinæ:sion bodiz furθ  
 ðe fo(:)rms ov θi:ŋz unknoun, ðe po:ets pen 15  
 turnz ðem tu fæ:ps ænd givz tu æiri noθiŋ  
 æ lo:kæl hæbitæ:sion ænd æ næ:m.  
 sutf triks hæθ stroŋ imædzinæ:sion,  
 ðæt, if it wu:ld but æprehend sum dzoi,  
 it komprehendz sum bringer ov ðæt dzoi; 20  
 or in ðe ni:t, imædziniŋ sum fe:r,  
 huw e:zi iz æ buf supo:zd æ be:r!  
 hipolitæ.] but a:l ðe sto:ri ov ðe ni:t tould o(:)ver,  
 ænd a:l ðæir mi:ndz trænsfigiurd so: tugeðer,  
 mo:r witneseθ ðæn fænsiz imædzez 25  
 ænd grouz tu sumθiŋ ov gre:t konstænsi;  
 but, huwsoever, strændz ænd ædmiræb,l.

---

<sup>1</sup> Or di:v,lz.

## FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

FROM ACT III. SCENE II.

*A Song.*

TELL me where is fancie bred,  
 Or in the heart, or in the head:  
 65 How begot, how nourished.  
     Replie, replie.  
 It is engendred in the eyes,  
 With gazing fed, and Fancie dies,  
 In the cradle where it lies:  
 70 Let vs all ring Fancies knell.  
     Ile begin it. Ding, dong, bell.  
*All.* Ding, dong, bell.

\* \* \*

FROM ACT IV. SCENE I.

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd,  
 185 It droppeth as the gentle raine from heauen  
 Vpon the place beneath. It is twice blest,  
 It bleffeth him that giues, and him that takes,  
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes  
 The throned Monarch better then his Crowne.  
 190 His Scepter shewes the force of temporall power,  
 The attribute to awe and Maiestie,  
 Wherein doth lit this dread and feare of Kings:  
 But mercy is about this sceptred sway,  
 It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,  
 195 It is an attribute to God himselfe;  
 And earthly power doth then shew likest Gods

## FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

## FROM ACT III. SCENE II.

[æ soŋ.]

tel mi: hwe:r iz fænsi bred,  
 or in ðe hært or in ðe hed?  
 huw bigot, huw nurifed?

65

replij, replij.

it iz endzendred in ðe ijz,  
 wid gæ:ziŋ fed; ænd fænsi diŋ  
 in ðe kræ:d,l hwe:r it liŋz.

let us a:l riŋ fænsiz knel:

70

ijl bigin it,—diŋ, doŋ, bel.

a:l.] diŋ, doŋ, bel.

\* \* \*

## FROM ACT IV. SCENE I.

ðe kwælitiv ov mersi iz not stræind,  
 it dropeð æz ðe dzent,l ræin from he(:)vn  
 upon ðe plæ:s bine:th: it iz twijs blest;  
 it bleseð him ðæt givz ænd him ðæt tæ:ks:  
 tiz miŋtīest in ðe miŋtīest: it bikumz

185

ðe θro:ned monærk beter ðen hiz kruwn;  
 hiz septer fouz ðe fors ov temporæl puwr,  
 ðe ætribiut tu a: ænd mædzesti,

190

hwerrin duθ sit ðe dre(:)d ænd fe:r ov kiŋz;  
 but mersi iz æbuv dis septred swæi;  
 it iz enθro:ned in ðe hærts ov kiŋz,  
 it iz æn ætribiut tu god himself;  
 ænd e(:)rθli puwr duθ ðen fo: lijkest godz

195

When mercie seasons Iustice. Therefore Iew,  
 Though Iustice be thy plea, confider this,  
 That in the course of Iustice, none of vs  
 200 Should see saluation: we do pray for mercie,  
 And that same prayer, doth teach vs all to render  
 The deeds of mercie. . . . .

\* \* \*

FROM ACT V. SCENE I.

*Lor.* THE moone shines bright. In such a night  
 as this,

When the sweet winde did gently kisse the trees,  
 And they did make no noyse,<sup>1</sup> in such a night  
*Troylus* me thinkes mounted the Troian walls,  
 5 And ligh'd his soule toward the Grecian tents  
 Where *Cressed*<sup>2</sup> lay that night.

*Ief.* In such a night  
 Did *Thisbie* fearefully ore-trip the dewe,  
 And saw the Lyons shadow ere himselfe,  
 And ranne dismayed away.

*Loren.* In such a night  
 10 Stood *Dido* with a Willow in her hand  
 Vpon the wilde sea bankes, and waft her Loue  
 To come againe to Carthage.

*Ief.* In such a night  
*Medea* gathered the enchanted hearbs  
 That did renew old *Eson*.

*Loren.* In such a night  
 15 Did *Ieffica* steale from the wealthy Iewe,  
 And with an Vnthrif Loue did runne from Venice,  
 As farre as Belmont.

<sup>1</sup> nnyle (*misprint*).

<sup>2</sup> *Sic*.



hwen mersi se:z,nz dzustis. ðe:rfo:r, dziu,  
 ðou dzustis bi: ðij ple:, konsider ðis,  
 ðæt, in ðe ku:rs ov dzustis, no:n ov us  
 fu:ld si: sælvæ:sion: wi du præi for mersi; 200  
 ænd ðæt sæ:m præir duθ te:tʃ us a:l tu render  
 ðe di:dz ov mersi. . . . .

\* \* \*

## FROM ACT V. SCENE I.

lorenzo:.] ðe mu:n ʃijnz brijt: in sutʃ æ nijt  
 æz ðis,  
 hwen ðe swi:t wijnd did dzentli kis ðe tri:z  
 ænd ðæi did mæ:k no noiz, in sutʃ æ nijt  
 troilus miθiŋks muwnted ðe tro:dzæn wa:lz  
 ænd sijð hiz soul towærd ðe gre:sʃæn tents, 5  
 hwe:r kresid læj ðæt nijt.

dzesikæ.] in sutʃ æ nijt  
 did θizbe fe:rfuli o:rtrip ðe deu  
 ænd sa: ðe lijonz ʃædo: e:r himself  
 ænd ræn dismæid æwæi.

lorenzo:.] in sutʃ æ nijt  
 stu(:)d dijdø: wið æ wilo: in her hænd 10  
 upon ðe wijld se: bæŋks ænd wæft her luv  
 tu kum ægæin tu kærθædz.

dzesikæ.] in sutʃ æ nijt  
 mede:æ gæðred ðe intʃænted herbz  
 ðæt did reniu ould e:zon.

lorenzo:.] in sutʃ æ nijt  
 did dzesikæ ste:l from ðe welθi dziu 15  
 ænd wið æn unθrift luv did run from venis  
 æz fær æz belmont.

*Ief.* In such a night  
 Did young *Lorenzo* sweare he lou'd her well,  
 Stealing her soule with many vowes of faith,  
 20 And nere a true one.

*Loren.* In such a night  
 Did pretty *Ieffica* (like a little shrow)  
 Slander her Loue, and he forgaue it her.

*Ieffi.* I would out-night you did no body come:  
 But harke, I heare the footing of a man.

. . . . .  
*Loren.* . . . . .

How sweet the moone-light sleepest vpon this banke,  
 55 Heere will we sit, and let the sounds of musicke  
 Creepe in our eares, soft stilnes and<sup>1</sup> the night  
 Become the tutches of sweet harmonie:

Sit *Ieffica*, looke how the floore of heauen  
 Is thicke inlayed with pattens of bright gold,  
 60 There's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdst

But in his motion like an Angell sings,  
 Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubins;  
 Such harmonie is in immortall soules,  
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay

65 Doth grossly close it in,<sup>2</sup> we cannot heare it:  
 Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a hymne,  
 With sweetest tutches pearce your Mistresse eare,  
 And draw her home with musicke.

*Ieffi.* I am neuer merry when I heare sweet  
 musique.

70 *Lor.* The reason is, your spirits are attentiu:  
 For doe but note a wilde and wanton heard  
 Or race of youthful and vnhandled colts,  
 Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,

<sup>1</sup> e. i. stilnes, and *F*, as above *Q*.      <sup>2</sup> in it.

dzesikæ.] in sutf æ nijt  
 did juḡ lorenzo: swe:r hi luvd her wel,  
 sterliḡ her soul wið mæni vuwz ov fæiθ  
 ænd ne:r æ triu o:n. 20

lorenzo:.] in sutf æ nijt  
 did priti<sup>1</sup> dzesikæ, lijk æ lit,l fro:,  
 slænder her luv, ænd hi: forgæ:v it her.  
 dzesikæ.] ij wu:ld uwt-nijt iu, did no bodi kum;  
 but, hærk, ij he:r ðe futiḡ ov æ mæn.

lorenzo:.] . . . . .  
 huw swit ðe mu:nliḡ sli:ps upon ðis bæḡk!  
 he:r wil wi sit ænd let ðe suwndz ov miuzik 55  
 kri:p in uwr e:rz: soft stilnes ænd ðe nijt  
 bikum ðe tutfez ov swit hæroni.

sit, dzesikæ. lu:k huw ðe flur ov he(:)vn  
 iz θik inlæid wið pætenz ov brijt gould:  
 ðerz not ðe sma:lest orb hwitf ðuw biholdst 60  
 but in hiz mo:sion lijk æn ændz,l siḡz,  
 stil kwijriḡ tu ðe juḡ-ijd tferubinz;  
 sutf hæroni iz in imortæl soulz;  
 but hwijlst ðis mudi vestiur ov dekæi  
 duθ gro:sli klo:z it in, wi kænnot he:r it. 65  
 kum, ho:! ænd wæ:k diænæ wið æ him:  
 wið swittest tutfez pe:rs iur mistres e:r  
 ænd dra: her ho:m wið miuzik.

dzesikæ.] ij (æ)m never meri hwen ij he:r swit  
 miuzik.

lorenzo:.] ðe re:z,n iz, iur spirits ær ætentiv: 70  
 for du: but no:t æ wijld ænd wænton herd,  
 or ræ:s ov jiuθful ænd unhændled koults,  
 fetfiḡ mæd buwndz, belðiḡ ænd neiḡ luwd,

<sup>1</sup> Or preti.

Which is the hot condition of their bloud,  
 75 If they but heare perchance a trumpet sound,  
 Or any ayre of mulicke touch their eares,  
 You fhall perceiue them make a mutuall stand,  
 Their fauage eyes turn'd to a modeft gaze,  
 By the fweet power of mulicke: therefore the Poet  
 80 Did faine that *Orpheus* drew trees, ftones, and floods:  
 Since naught fo ftockifh, hard, and full of rage,  
 But mulicke for the<sup>1</sup> time doth change his nature,  
 The man that hath no mulicke in himfelfe,  
 Nor is not moued with concord of fweet founds,  
 85 Is fit for treafons, ftratagemes, and fpoyles,  
 The motions of his fpirit are dull as night,  
 And his affections darke as *Erobus*,<sup>2</sup>  
 Let no fuch man be trusted. . . . .

---

FROM AS YOU LIKE IT.

FROM ACT II. SCENE I.

*Duk. Sen.* NOW my Coe-mates, and brothers  
 in exile:

Hath lot old cuftome made this life more fweete  
 Then that of painted pompe? Are not thefe woods  
 More free from perill then the eniuous Court?  
 5 Heere feele we but<sup>3</sup> the penaltie of *Adam*,  
 The feafons difference, as the Icie phange  
 And churlifh chiding of the winters winde,  
 Which when it bites and blowes vpon my body  
 Euen till I fhinke with cold, I fmile, and fay  
 10 This is no flattery: thefe are counfellors

<sup>1</sup> the *om. F*, the *Q*.      <sup>2</sup> *Sic F*, *Terebus Q*.      <sup>3</sup> not.

hwitf iz ðe hot kondiſion ov ðæir blud;  
 if ðæi but heir pertſæns æ trumpet ſuwnd, 75  
 or æni æir ov miuzik tutf ðæir e:rz,  
 iu ſæl perſe:v ðem mæ:k æ miutſſæl stænd,  
 ðæir sævædz ijz turnd tu æ modest gæ:z  
 bij ðe swit puwr ov miuzik: ðerfor: ðe po:et  
 did fæin ðæt orfæus driu tri:z, sto:nz ænd fludz; 80  
 ſins næt so ſtokiſ, hærd, ænd ful ov ræ:dz,  
 but miuzik for ðe tijm duθ tſændz hiz næ:tiur.  
 ðe mæn ðæt hæθ no miuzik in himſelf,  
 nor iz not mu:vd wið konkord ov swit ſuwndz,  
 iz fit for tre:z,nz, strætædzemz, ænd ſpoilz; 85  
 ðe mo:ſionz ov hiz ſpir(i)t ær dul æz niſt,  
 ænd hiz æfekſionz dærk æz erebus:  
 let no: ſutf mæn bi trusted. . . . .

## FROM AS YOU LIKE IT.

## FROM ACT II. SCENE I.

diuk ſe:njor.] nuw, mij ko:-mæ:ts ænd bruderz  
 in ekſijl,  
 hæθ not ould kuſtom mæ:d ðis lijf mo:r swit  
 ðen ðæt ov pæinted pomp? ær not ðe:z wudz  
 mo:r fri: from peril ðen ðe envjūs ku:rt?  
 heir fi:l wi but ðe penælti ov ædæm, 5  
 ðe ſe:z,nz dif(e)rens, æz ðe ijsi fæſj  
 ænd tſurlif tſijdiſ ov ðe winterz wijnd,  
 hwitf, hwen it bijts ænd blouz upon mij bodi,  
 irvn til ij ſriſk wið kould, ij ſmiſl ænd sæi  
 "ðis iz no flæt(e)ri: ðe:z ær kuwnſelorz 10



ðæt fi:liŋli perswæ:rd mi hwæt ij æm."
   
 swi:t ær ðe iusez ov ædversiti,
   
 hwitf, lijk ðe to:d, ugli ænd venemus,
   
 we:rz jit æ presi:us d:ziuel in hiz hed;
   
 ænd ðis uwr lijf eksemp: from publik ha:nt
   
 fijndz tu:nz in tri:z, bu:ks in ðe runiŋ bru:ks,

15

sermonz in sto:nz ænd gud in ev(e)ri þiŋ.
   
 ij wu:ld not tʃændz it.

æmñenz.] hæpi iz iur græ:s,
   
 ðæt kæn træ:slæ:t ðe stubbornes ov fortiun
   
 intu so kwijet ænd so swi:t æ stijl.

20

\* \* \*

ACT II. SCENE V.

[soŋ.]

under ðe grin:wud tri:
   
 hwu: luvz tu lij wið mi:,
   
 ænd turn hiz meri no:t
   
 untu ðe swi:t birdz þoro:t,
   
 kum heder, kum heder, kum heder:
   
 he:r sæl hi si:
   
 no enemi:
   
 but winter ænd ruf weder.

5

hwu: duθ æmbi:ʃon fun
   
 ænd luvz tu liv ið sun,
   
 si:kiŋ ðe fu:d hi erts
   
 ænd ple:zd wið hwæt hi gets,
   
 kum heder, kum heder, kum heder,
   
 he:r sæl hi si:, &c.

40

45

\* \* \*

## ACT II. SCENE VII.

ALL the world's a stage,  
 140 And all the men and women, meere Players;  
 They haue their *Exits* and their Entrances,  
 And one man in his time playes many parts,  
 His Acts being seuen ages. At first the Infant,  
 Mewling, and puking in the Nurles armes:  
 145 Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell  
 And shining morning face, creeping like Inaile  
 Vnwillingly to schoole. And then the Louer,  
 Sighing like Furnace, with a wofull ballad,  
 Made to his Mistresse eye-brow. Then, a Soldier,  
 150 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the Pard,  
 Ielous in honor, Iodaine, and quicke in quarrell,  
 Seeking the bubble Reputation  
 Euen in the Canons mouth: And then, the Iustice,  
 In faire round belly, with good Capon lin'd,  
 155 With eyes seuer, and beard of formall cut,  
 Full of wise sawes, and moderne instances,  
 And so he playes his part. The sixt age shifts  
 Into the leane and flipper'd Pantaloone,  
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,  
 160 His youthfull hofe well sau'd, a world too wide,  
 For his shrunke shanke, and his bigge manly voice,  
 Turning againe toward childish trebble pipes,  
 And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all,  
 That ends this strange euentfull historie,  
 165 Is second childishnesse, and meere obliuion,  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans euery thing.

\* \* \*



## ACT II. SCENE VII.

a:l de worldz æ stæ:dz,  
 ænd a:l de men ænd wimen me:rli plæierz: 140  
 ðæi hæ:v ðæir eksits ænd ðæir entrænsez;  
 ænd o:n mæn in hiz tijm plæiz mæni pærts,  
 hiz ækts bi:(i)ŋ sev,n æ:dgez. æt first de infænt,  
 meuliŋ ænd piukiŋ in ðe nursez ærmz.  
 ðen—ðe hwijniŋ sku:l-boi, wið hiz sætsf,l 145  
 ænd sijniŋ morniŋ fæ:s, kri:piŋ lijk snæil  
 unwiliŋli tu sku:l. ænd ðen ðe luvr,  
 sijiŋ lijk furnæs, wið æ wo:ful bæ:læd  
 mæ:ð tu hiz mistres ijbruw. ðen æ souldiër,  
 ful ov strændz o:θs ænd berded lijk de pærd, 150  
 dzelus in onor, sudæin ænd kwik in kwærel,  
 si:kiŋ ðe bub,l repiutæ:sion  
 i:vn in ðe kænonz muwθ. ænd ðen ðe dzustis,  
 in fæir ruwnd beli wið gud kæ:p,n lijnd,  
 wið ijz sever ænd berd ov formæl kut, 155  
 ful ov wijz sa:z ænd modern instænsez;  
 ænd so: hi: plæiz hiz pært. ðe sikst æ:dz fifts  
 intu ðe le:n ænd sliperd pæntælum,  
 wið spektæk,lz on no:z ænd puwtf on sijd,  
 hiz jiuθful ho:z, wel sæ:vd, æ world tu: wijd 160  
 for hiz sruŋk sæŋk; ænd hiz big mænli vois,  
 turniŋ ægæin towærd<sup>1</sup> tsijdif treb,l, pijs  
 ænd hwist,lz in hiz suwnd. læst se:n ov a:l,  
 ðæt ends ðis strændz eventful histori,  
 iz sekond tsijdifnes ænd me:r oblivion, 165  
 sænz ti:θ, sænz ijz, sænz tæ:st, sænz ev(e)ri θiŋ.

\* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> Or toird.

*Song.*

BLOW, blow, thou winter winde,  
 175 Thou art not so vnkinde,  
     As mans ingratitude:  
 Thy tooth is not so keene,  
 Because thou art not seene,  
     Although thy breath be rude.  
 180 Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, vnto the greene holly,  
 Most frendship, is fayning; most Louing, meere folly:  
 Then<sup>1</sup> heigh ho, the holly,  
 This life is most iolly.

Freize, freize, thou bitter skie  
 185 That doft not bight so nigh  
     As benefitts forgot:  
 Though thou the waters warpe,  
 Thy sting is not so sharpe,  
     As freind remembred not.  
 190 Heigh ho, sing, &c.

\*            \*            \*

## ACT V. SCENE III.

*Song.*

IT was a Louer, and his laffe,  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
 That o're the greene corne feild did passe,  
 20 In<sup>2</sup> spring time, the onely pretty ring<sup>3</sup> time,  
 When Birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding.  
 Sweet Louers loue the spring.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The.      <sup>2</sup> In the.      <sup>3</sup> rang.      <sup>4</sup> *The last stanza is printed as the second.*

[soŋ.]

blo:, blo:, ðuw winter wijnd,  
 ðuw ært not so unkijnd 175  
     æz mænz ingrætitiud;  
 dij tu:θ iz not so kijn,  
 bika:z ðuw ært not sin,  
     a:lðu dij bre(:)θ bi riud.  
 hæi-ho:! siŋ, hæi-ho:! untu ðe grin holi: 180  
 mo:st frendſip iz fæiniŋ, mo:st luviŋ mer:r foli:  
     ðen, hæi-ho:, ðe holi!  
     ðis lijf iz mo:st dzoli.  
  
 fri:z, fri:z, ðuw biter skij,  
     ðæt dust not bijt so nij 185  
     æz benefits forgot:  
 ðou ðuw ðe wæterz wærp,  
     dij stiŋ iz not so ſærp  
     æz frend remembred not.  
 hæi-ho:! siŋ, &c. 190

\* \* \*

ACT V. SCENE III.

[soŋ.]

it wæz æ luver ænd hiz læs,  
     wid æ hæi, ænd æ ho:, ænd æ hæi nonino:,  
 ðæt o:r ðe grin kornfi:ld did pæs  
     in sprinj tijm, ðe o:nli preti riŋ tijm, 20  
 hwen birdz du siŋ, hæi diŋ æ diŋ, diŋ:  
 swi:t luverz luv ðe sprinj.

Betweene the acres of the Rie,  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino:  
 25 These prettie Country folks would lie,  
 In spring time, &c.

This Carroll they began that houre,  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino:  
 How that a life was but a Flower,  
 30 In spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
 For loue is crowned with the prime,  
 In spring time, &c.

## FROM THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

- 160 *Pet.* . . . . .  
 Come *Kate* sit downe, I know you haue a stomacke,  
 Will you giue thankes, sweete *Kate*, or else shall I?  
 What's this, Mutton?  
*I. Ser.* I.  
*Pet.* Who brought it?  
*Peter.* I.  
*Pet.* 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meate:  
 165 What dogges are these? Where is the rascall Cooke?  
 How durft you villaines bring it from the dresser  
 And serue it thus to me that loue it not?  
 There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:  
 You heedlesse iolt-heads, and vnmaner'd flaues.  
 170 What, do you grumble? Ile be with you straight.

bitwīn ðe ækerz ov ðe rij,  
 wið æ hæi, ænd æ ho:, ænd æ hæi nonino:,  
 ðe:z preti kuntri fo:ks wu:ld lij, 25  
 in sprinj tijm, &c.

ðis kærrol ðæi bigæn ðæt uwr,  
 wið æ hæi, ænd æ ho:, ænd æ hæi nonino:,  
 huw ðæt æ lijf wæz but æ fluwr  
 in sprinj tijm, &c. 30

ænd ðe:rfo:r tæ:k ðe prezent tijm,  
 wið æ hæi, ænd æ ho:, ænd æ hæi nonino:;  
 for luv iz kruwned wið ðe prijn  
 in sprinj tijm, &c.

---

FROM THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

petru:kjō:] . . . . . 160  
 kum, kært, sit duwn; ij kno: iu hæv æ stumæk.  
 wil iu giv θænjks, swit kært; or els fæl ij?  
 hwæts ðis? mut,n?

first servænt.] ij.

petru:kjō:] hwu: brout it?

pet:er.] ij.

petru:kjō:] tiz burnt; ænd so: iz a:l ðe mert.  
 hwæt dogz ær ðe:z! hwe:r iz ðe ræskæl ku:k? 165  
 huw durst iu, vilæinz, briñ it from ðe dreser,  
 ænd serv it ðus tu mi: ðæt luv it not?  
 ðe:r, tæ:k it tu iu, trentferz, kups, ænd a:l:  
 iu hi:dles dzoulthedz ænd unmænerd slæ:rvz!  
 hwæt, du iu grumb,l? ij! bi wið iu stræt. 170

*Kate.* I pray you husband be not so disquiet,  
The meate was well, if you were so contented.

*Pet.* I tell thee *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dried  
away,

And I expreffely am forbid to touch it:

175 For it engenders choller, planteth anger,  
And better 'twere that both of vs did faft,  
Since of our felues, our felues are chollericke,  
Then feede it with fuch over-rofted flefh:

Be patient, to morrow't fhall be mended,  
180 And for this night we'l faft for companie.

Come I wil bring thee to thy Bridall chamber.

\* \* \*

ACT V. SCENE II.

Fie, fie, vnknit that threatning<sup>1</sup> vnkinde brow,  
And dart not fcornefull glances from thofe eies,  
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Gouvernour.  
It blots thy beautie, as frofts doe bite the Meads,  
140 Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds fhake faire budds,  
And in no fence is meete or amiable.

A woman mou'd, is like a fountaine troubled,  
Muddie, ill feeming, thicke, bereft of beautie,  
And while it is fo, none fo dry or thirftie  
145 Will daigne to lip, or touch one drop of it.  
Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy keeper,  
Thy head, thy foueraigne: One that cares for thee,  
And for thy maintenance commits<sup>2</sup> his body  
To painfull labour, both by fea and land:  
150 To watch the night in ftormes, the day in cold,

<sup>1</sup> thretaning.

<sup>2</sup> maintenance. Commits.

kæ:t.] ij præi iu, huzbænd, bi not so diskwijet:  
de me:t wæz wel, if iu wer so kontented.

petru:kjō:.] ij tel di:, kæ:t, twæz burnt ænd drijd  
æwæi;

ænd ij ekspresli æm forbid tu tutʃ it,  
for it indzenderz koler, plænteθ æŋger; 175  
ænd beter twe:r dæt bo:θ ov us did fæst,  
sins, ov uwrselvz, uwrselvz ær kolerik,  
ðen fi:d it wið sutʃ over-ro:sted fleʃ.  
bi pæ:sient; tu-morout ʃæl bi mended,  
ænd, for ðis nijt, wi:l fæst for kumpæni: 180  
kum, ij wil briŋ ði tu ðij brijdæl tʃæmber.

\* \* \*

ACT V. SCENE II.

fij, fij! unknit dæt θre(:)tniŋ unkijnd bruw,  
ænd dært not skornful glæensez from ðo:z ijz,  
tu wuwnd ðij lord, ðij kiŋ, ðij guvernor:  
it blots ðij beuti æz frosts du bijt ðe me:dz,  
konfuwndz ðij fæ:m æz hwirlwijndz ʃæk fæir budz, 140  
ænd in no: sens iz mit or æ:miæb,l.<sup>1</sup>  
æ wumæn mu:vd iz lijk æ fuwntæin trubled,  
mudi, il-si:miŋ, θik, bireft ov beuti;  
ænd hwijl it iz so:, no:n so drij or θirsti  
wil dæin tu sip or tutʃ o:n drop ov it. 145  
ðij huzbænd iz ðij lord, ðij lijf, ðij ki:per,  
ðij hed, ðij suv(e)ræin; o:n dæt kæ:rz for di:,  
ænd for ðij mæintenæns komits biz bodi  
tu pæinful læ:bor bo:θ bij se: ænd lænd,  
tu wætʃ ðe nijt in stormz, ðe dæi in kould, 150

<sup>1</sup> Or æ:miæbl.

Whil't thou ly'ft warme at home, secure and safe,  
 And craues no other tribute at thy hands,  
 But loue, faire lookes, and true obedience;  
 Too little payment for fo great a debt.  
 155 Such dutie as the fubiect owes the Prince,  
 Euen fuch a woman oweth to her husband:  
 And when fhe is froward, peeuiſh, fullen, fowre,  
 And not obedient to his honeſt will,  
 What is ſhe but a foule contending Rebel,  
 160 And graceleſſe Traitor to her louing Lord?  
 I am aſham'd that women are fo ſimple,  
 To offer warre, where they ſhould kneele for peace:  
 Or ſeeke for rule, ſupremacie, and ſway,  
 When they are bound to ſerue, loue, and obay.  
 165 Why are our bodies ſoft, and weake, and ſmooth,  
 Vnapt to toyle and trouble in the world,  
 But that our ſoft conditions, and our harts,  
 Should well agree with our externall parts?  
 Come, come, you froward and vnable wormes,  
 170 My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,  
 My heart as great, my reaſon haplie more,  
 To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne;  
 But now I ſee our Launces are but ſtrawes:  
 Our ſtrength as weake, our weakenefſe paſt compare,  
 175 That ſeeming to be moſt, which we indeed leaſt are.  
 Then vale your ſtomackes, for it is no boote,  
 And place your hands below your husbands foote:  
 In token of which dutie, if he pleaſe,  
 My hand is readie, may it do him eaſe.

---



hwijlst ðuw lijst wærm æt ho:m, sekiur ænd særf;  
 ænd kræ:vz no uder tribiut æt dij hændz  
 but luv, fæir luks ænd triu oberdiens;  
 tu: lit,l pæiment for so gre:t æ det.  
 sutʃ diuti æz ðe subdʒekt ouz ðe prins 155  
 i:vn sutʃ æ wumæn o:eθ tu her huzbænd;  
 ænd hwen ʃi iz<sup>1</sup> frowærd, pi:viʃ, sulen, suwr,  
 ænd not oberdiēt tu hiz onest wil,  
 hwæt iz ʃi but æ fuwl kontendiŋ rebel  
 ænd græsles træitor tu her luvinŋ lord? 160  
 ij æm æʃæ:md ðæt wimen ær so simp,l  
 tu ofer wær hwe:r ðæi ʃu:ld kni:l for pe:s,  
 or si:k for riul, siupremæsi ænd swæi,  
 hwen ðæi ær buwnd tu serv, luv ænd obæi.  
 hwij ær uwr bodiz soft ænd we:k ænd smu:θ, 165  
 unæpt tu toil ænd trub,l in ðe world,  
 but ðæt uwr soft kondiʃionz ænd uwr hærts  
 ʃu:ld wel ægri: wið uwr eksternæl pærts?  
 kum, kum, iu frowærd ænd unæ:b,l wurmz!  
 mij mijnd hæθ bi:n<sup>2</sup> æz big æz o:n ov iurz, 170  
 mij hært æz gre:t, mij re:z,n hæpli mo:r,  
 tu bændi word for word ænd fruwn for fruwn;  
 but nuw ij si: uwr lænsez ær þut stra:z,  
 uwr strengθ æz we:k, uwr we:knes pæst kompær,  
 ðæt si:mij tu bi mo:st hwitʃ wi indi:d le:st æ:r. 175  
 ðen væil iur stumæks, for it iz no but,  
 ænd plæ:s iur hændz bilo: iur huzbændz fut:  
 in to:k,n ov hwitʃ diuti, if hi ple:z,  
 mij hænd iz re(:)di; mæi it du: him e:z.

---

<sup>1</sup> Or ʃi:z.      <sup>2</sup> bin.

## FROM TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

IF Muficke be the food of Loue, play on,  
 Giue me exceffe of it: that furfetting,  
 The appetite may ficken, and fo dye.  
 That ftraine agen, it had a dying fall:  
 5 O, it came ore my eare, like the fweet found  
 That breathes vpon a banke of Violets;  
 Stealing, and giuing Odour. Enough, no more,  
 'Tis not fo fweet now, as it was before.  
 O fpirit of Loue, how quicke and frefh art thou,  
 10 That notwithstanding thy capacitie,  
 Receiueth as the Sea. Nought enters there,  
 Of what validity, and pitch fo ere,  
 But falles into abatement, and low price  
 Euen in a minute; fo full of fhapes is fancie,  
 15 That it alone, is high fantafticall.

\* \* \*

## ACT II. SCENE III.

*Clowne fings.*

40 O Miftris mine where are you roming?  
 O ftay and heare, your true loues coming,  
 That can fmg both high and low.  
 Trip no further prettie fweeting:  
 Iourneys end in louers meeting,  
 45 Euey wife mans fonne doth know.

FROM TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

if miuzik bi ðe furd ov luv, plæi on;  
 giv mi ekses ov it, ðæt, surfetiŋ,  
 ðe æpetijt mæi sik,n, ænd so: dij.  
 ðæt stræin ægæin!<sup>1</sup> it hæd æ dijiŋ fa:l:  
 o:, it kæ:m o:r mij e:r lijk ðe swirt suwnd, 5  
 ðæt bre:dz upon æ bæŋk ov vijolets,  
 ste:liŋ ænd giviŋ o:dor! inuf; no mo:r:  
 tiz not so swirt nuw æz it wæz bifo:r.  
 o: spir(i)t ov luv! huw kwik ænd frefj ært ðuw,  
 ðæt, notwiðstændiŋ diŋ kæpæsiti 10  
 rese:veθ æz ðe sei, nout enterz ðe:r,  
 ov hwæt væliditi ænd pitf soe:r,  
 but fa:lz intu æbærtment ænd lo: prijs,  
 i:vn in æ miniut: so ful ov fæ:ps iz fænsi  
 ðæt it ælo:n iz hij fæntæstikæl. 15

\* \* \*

ACT II. SCENE III.

[kluwn siŋz.]

o: mistres miŋ, hwe:r ær iu ro:miŋ? 40  
 o:, stæi ænd he:r; iur triu luvz ku(:)miŋ,  
 ðæt kæn siŋ bo:θ hij ænd lo:  
 trip no furðer, priti swirtŋ;  
 dzurnæiz end in luverz mi:tiŋ  
 ev(e)ri wijz mænz sun duθ kno:. 45

<sup>1</sup> Or ægen.

What is loue, tis not heereafter,  
Present mirth, hath present laughter:

50 What's to come, is still vnfore.  
In delay there lies no plentie,  
Then come kisse me sweet and twentie:  
Youths a stuffe will not endure.

\* \* \*

ACT II. SCENE IV.

*Song.*

COME away, come away death,  
And in sad cypresse let me be laide.

Flye<sup>1</sup> away, flie<sup>2</sup> away breath,  
55 I am flaine by a faire cruell maide:  
My shrowd of white, stuck all with Ew,  
O prepare it.  
My part of death no one so true  
Did fhare it.

60 Not a flower, not a flower sweete  
On my blacke coffin, let there be strowne:<sup>3</sup>  
Not a friend, not a friend greet  
My poore corpes, where my bones shall bethrowne:  
A thousand thousand lighes to saue,  
65 Lay me ô where  
Sad true louer neuer find my graue,  
To weepe there.

\* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> Fye.      <sup>2</sup> fie.      <sup>3</sup> ftrewne.

hwæt iz luv? tiz not he:ræfter;  
 prezent mirθ hæθ prezent læfter;  
     hwæts tu kum iz stil unsiur: 50  
 in delæi ðer lijz no plenti;  
 ðen kum kis mi, swirt ænd twenti,  
     jiuθs æ stuf wil not endiur.<sup>1</sup>

\* \* \*

ACT II. SCENE IV.

[SON.]

kum æwæi, kum æwæi, de(:)θ,  
     ænd in sæd sijpres let mi bi læid;  
 flij æwæi, flij æwæi, bre(:)θ;  
     ij æm slæin bij æ fæir kriuel mæid. 55  
 mij fruwd ov hwijt, stuk a:l wið iu,  
     o:, prepær it!  
 mij pært ov de(:)θ, no o:n so triu  
     did fæ:r it.

not æ fluwr, not æ fluwr swirt, 60  
     on mij blæk kofin let ðer bi stroun;  
 not æ frend, not æ frend grit  
     mij purr korps, hwe:r mij bo:nz fæl bi θroun:  
 æ θuwzænd θuwzænd sijz tu sæ:r,v,  
     læi mi, o:, hwe:r 65  
 sæd triu luver never<sup>2</sup> fijnd mij grærv,  
     tu wi:p ðe:r!

\* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> Or indiuur.      <sup>2</sup> neir.

## ACT III. SCENE IV.

*Ol.* . . . . .

How now *Maluolio*?

*Mal.* Sweet Lady, ho, ho.

*Ol.* Smil'ft thou?

20 I lent for thee vpon a sad occasion.<sup>1</sup>

*Mal.* Sad Lady, I could be sad: This does make some obstruction in the blood: This crosse-gartering, but what of that?<sup>2</sup> If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true Sonnet is:  
25 Please one, and please all.

*Ol.*<sup>3</sup> Why how doest thou man?<sup>4</sup> What is the matter with thee?

*Mal.* Not blacke in my minde, though yellow in my legges: It did come to his hands, and Com-  
30 maunds shall be executed. I thinke we doe know the sweet Romane hand.

*Ol.* Wilt thou go to bed *Maluolio*?

*Mal.* To bed? I sweet heart, and Ile come to thee.

35 *Ol.* God comfort thee: Why dost thou smile so, and kisse thy hand so oft?

*Mar.* How do you *Maluolio*?

*Maluo.* At your request:<sup>4</sup> Yes, Nightingales anfwere Dawes.

40 *Mar.* Why appeare you with this ridiculous boldnesse before my Lady.

*Mal.* Be not afraid of greatnesse: 'twas well writ.

<sup>1</sup> *Ll.* 19, 20 printed as one line.      <sup>2</sup> *Ll.* 21 to 24  
(. . . that?) printed as three lines ending sad: — blood:  
—that?      <sup>3</sup> *Mal.*      <sup>4</sup> Line ends here.

## ACT III. SCENE IV.

olivīæ.] . . . . .

huw nuw, mælvo:līo:!

mælvo:līo:.] swi:t læ:di, ho:, ho:.

olivīæ.] smijst ðuw?

ij sent for ði: upon æ sæd okæ:zīon. 20

mælvo:līo:.] sæd, læ:di! ij ku:ld bi sæd: ðis duz  
mæ:k 'sum obstruksion in ðe blud, ðis kros-gærteriŋ;  
but hwæt ov ðæt? if it ple:z ðe ij ov o:n, it iz  
wið mi: æz ðe veri triu sonet iz, "ple:z o:n, ænd  
ple:z a:l." 25

olivīæ.] hwij, huw dust ðuw, mæn? hwæt  
iz ðe mæter wið ði:?

mælvo:līo:.] not blæk in mij mijnd, ðou jelo:  
in mij legz. it did kum (to) hiz hændz, ænd komændz  
fæl bi eksekiuted: ij θiŋk wi du kno: ðe swi:t ro:mæn æo  
hænd.

olivīæ.] wilt ðuw go: (tu) bed, mælvo:līo:?

mælvo:līo:.] tu bed? ij, swi:t-hært, ænd ijl  
kum tu ði:.

olivīæ.] god kumfort ði:! hwij dust ðuw 35  
smijl so: ænd kis ðij hænd so oft?

mærijæ.] huw du: iu, mælvo:līo:?

mælvo:līo:.] æt iur rekwest! jes; nijtiŋgæ:lz  
ænswer da:z.

mærijæ.] hwij æpe:r iu wið ðis ridikiulus bould- 40  
nes bifo:r mij læ:di?

mælvo:līo:.] "bi: not æfræid ov gre:tnes:"  
twæz wel writ.

*Ol.* What meant thou by that *Maluolio*?

45 *Mal.* Some are borne great.

*Ol.* Ha?

*Mal.* Some atcheeue greatnesse.

*Ol.* What sayst thou?

*Mal.* And some haue greatnesse thrust vpon  
50 them.

*Ol.* Heauen restore thee.

*Mal.* Remember who commended thy yellow  
stockings.

*Ol.* Thy yellow stockings?

55 *Mal.* And with'd to see thee crosse garter'd.

*Ol.* Crosse garter'd?

*Mal.* Go too, thou art made, if thou desir'ft  
to be so.

*Ol.* Am I made?

60 *Mal.* If not, let<sup>1</sup> me see thee a seruant still.

*Ol.* Why this is verie Midfommer madnesse.

---

## FROM THE WINTER'S TALE.

### ACT II. SCENE I.

*Her.* TAKE the Boy to you: he so troubles me,  
'Tis past enduring.

*Lady.* Come (my gracious Lord)  
Shall I be your play-fellow?

*Mam.* No, Ile none of you.

*Lady.* Why (my sweet Lord?)

5 *Mam.* You'le kisse me hard, and speake to me, as if  
I were a Baby still. I loue you better.

<sup>1</sup> ler.



- olivīæ.] hwæt me:nst ðuw bij ðæt, mælvo:līo:?  
 mælvo:līo:.] “sum ær born gret;”— 45  
 olivīæ.] hæ?  
 mælvo:līo:.] “sum ætʃi(:)v gre:tnes;”—  
 olivīæ.] hwæt sæist ðuw?  
 mælvo:līo:.] “ænd sum hæv gre:tnes θrust  
 upon ðem.” 50  
 olivīæ.] he(:)vn resto:r ði:!  
 mælvo:līo:.] “remember hwu: komended ðij  
 jelo: stokiŋz;”—  
 olivīæ.] ðij jelo: stokiŋz!  
 mælvo:līo:.] “ænd wiʃt tu si: ði kros-gærterd.” 55  
 olivīæ.] kros-gærterd!  
 mælvo:līo:.] “go: tu:, ðuw ært mæ:d, if ðuw  
 deziʃst tu bi: so:;”—  
 olivīæ.] æm ij mæ:d?  
 mælvo:līo:.] “if not, let mi si: ði æ servænt stil.” 60  
 olivīæ.] hwij, ðis iz veri midsummer mædnes.

## FROM THE WINTER'S TALE.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

- hermijone:.] tæk ðe boi tu: iu: hi: so trub,lz mi:,  
 tiz pæst indiuriŋ.  
 læ:di.] kum, mij græ:sīus lord,  
 ʃæl ij bi iur plæi-felo:?  
 mæmilīus.] no:, ijl no:n ov iu.  
 læ:di.] hwij, mij swit lord?  
 mæmilīus.] iul kis mi hærd ænd spe:k tu mi æz if s  
 ij wer æ bæ:bi stil. ij luv iu beter.

2. *Lady.* And why so (my Lord?)

*Mam.* Not for becaufe

Your Browes are blacker (yet black-browes they say  
Become some Women best, so that there be not  
10 Too much haire there, but in a Cemicircle,  
Or a halfe-Moone, made with a Pen.)

2. *Lady.* Who taught 'this?

*Mam.* I learn'd it out of Womens faces: pray  
now,

What colour are your eye-browes?

*Lady.* Blew (my Lord.)

*Mam.* Nay, that's a mock: I haue seene a  
Ladies Nose  
15 That ha's beene blew, but not her eye-browes.

. . . . .  
*Her.* . . . . . Come Sir, now  
I am for you againe: 'Pray you fit by vs,  
And tell's a Tale.

*Mam.* Merry, or sad, shal't be?

*Her.* As merry as you will.

25 *Mam.* A sad Tale's best for Winter: I haue one  
Of Sprights, and Goblins.<sup>1</sup>

*Her.* Let's haue that (good Sir.)  
Come-on, fit downe, come-on, and doe your best,  
To fright me with your Sprights: you're powrefull  
at it.

*Mam.* There was a man.

*Her.* . . . . . Nay, come fit downe: then on.

<sup>1</sup> *L. 25 ends with Winter, l. 26 with Goblins.*

sekond læ:di.] ænd hwij so:, mij lord?

mæmilīus.] not for bika:z

iur bruwz ær blæker; jit blæk bruwz, dæi sæi,

bikum sum wimen best, so dæt ðer bi: not

tu: mutʃ hæir ðe:r, but in æ semisirk,l, 10

or æ ha:f-mu:n mæ:d wið æ pen.

sekond læ:di.] hwu: ta:t ðis?

mæmilīus.] ij lernd it uwt ov wimenz fæ:sez.

præi nuw

hwæt kulor ær iur ij-bruwz?

læ:di.] bliu, mij lord.

mæmilīus.] næi, dæts æ mok: iju si:n æ læ:diz

no:z

dæt hæz bi:n bliu, but not her ij-bruwz. 15

. . . . .

hermijone:.] . . . . kum, sir, nuw

ij æm for iu ægæin: præi iu, sit bij us,

ænd tels æ tæ:l.

mæmilīus.] meri or sæd fælt bi:?

hermijone:.] æz meri æz iu wil.

mæmilīus.] æ sæd tæ:lz best for winter: ij hæ:v o:n 25

ov sprijts ænd goblinz.

hermijone:.] lets hæ:v dæt, gud sir.

kum on, sit duwn: kum on, ænd du: iur best

tu frijt mi wið iur sprijts; iur puwrful æt it.

mæmilīus.] ðer wæz æ mæn—

hermijone:.] næi, kum, sit duwn; ðen on.

80 *Mam.* Dwelt by a Church-yard: I will tell it  
 softly,  
 Yond Crickets shall not heare it.  
*Her.* Come on then,  
 And giu't me in mine eare.<sup>1</sup>

\* \* \*

ACT IV. SCENE III.

*Song.*

IOG-ON, Iog-on, the foot-path way,  
 And merrily hent the Stile-a:  
 A merry heart goes all the day,  
 185 Your sad tyres in a Mile-a.

FROM KING JOHN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A FOOT of Honor better then I was,  
 But many a many foot of Land the worfe.  
 Well, now can I make any *Ioane* a Lady,  
 185 Good den Sir *Richard*, Godamercy fellow,  
 And if his name be *George*, Ile call him *Peter*;  
 For new made honor doth forget mens names:  
 'Tis too respectiue, and too lociable  
 For your conuerfion, now your traueller,  
 190 Hee and his tooth-picke at my worfhips melle,  
 And when my knightly ftomacke is fuffis'd,  
 Why then I fucke my teeth, and catechize  
 My picked man of Countries: my deare fir,

<sup>1</sup> Come . . . eare *printed as one line.*

mæmilūs.] dwelt bij æ tʃurtʃjærd: ij wil tel it<sup>so</sup>  
softli;

jond krikets ʃæl not he:r it.

hermijone:.] kum on, ðen,  
ænd givt mi in mijn e:r.

\* \* \*

## ACT IV. SCENE III.

[soŋ.]

dzog on, dzog on, ðe furt-pæθ wæi,  
ænd merili hent ðe stijl-æ:  
æ meri hært go:z a:l ðe dæi,  
iur sæd tijrz in æ mijl-æ.

185

## FROM KING JOHN.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

æ furt ov onor beter ðen ij wæz;  
but mænī æ mæni furt ov lænd ðe wurs.  
wel, nuw kæn ij mæ:k æni dzo:n æ læ:di.  
“gud den, sir ritʃærd:”—“god-æ-mersi, felo:!”— 185  
ænd if hiz næ:m bi dzordz, ijl ka:l him pe:ter;  
for niu-mæ:d onor duθ forget menz næ:mz;  
tiz tu: respektiv ænd tu: so:sīæb,l<sup>1</sup>  
for iur konversīon. nuw iur træveler,  
hi: ænd hiz tu:θpik æt mij wurʃips mes, 190  
ænd hwen mij knijtli stumæk iz sufijzd,  
hwij den ij suk mij ti:θ ænd kætækijz  
mij piked mæn ov kuntriz: “mij de:r sir,”

<sup>1</sup> Or so:sīæbl.

Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,  
 195 I shall beseech you; that is question now,  
 And then comes answer like an Afsy booke:  
 O fir, sayes answer, at your best command,  
 At your employment, at your seruice fir:  
 No fir, saies question, I sweet fir at yours,  
 200 And so ere answer knowes what question would,  
 Sauing in Dialogue of Complement,  
 And talking of the Alpes and Appenines,  
 The Perennean and the riuer *Poe*,  
 It drawes toward supper in conclusion so.

\* \* \*

ACT V. SCENE VII.

THIS England neuer did, nor neuer shall  
 Lye at the proud foote of a Conqueror,  
 But when it first did helpe to wound it selfe.  
 115 Now, these her Princes are come home againe,  
 Come the three corners of the world in Armes,  
 And we shall shooke them: Naught shall make vs rue,  
 If England to it selfe, do rest but true.

FROM KING RICHARD II.

ACT II. SCENE I.

40 THIS royall Throne of Kings, this sceptred Isle,  
 This earth of Maiefty, this seate of Mars,  
 This other Eden, demy paradise,  
 This Fortresse built by Nature for her selfe,  
 Against infection, and the hand of warre:

ðus, le:nij on mijn elbo:, ij bigin,  
 "ij sæl bisit:f iu"—ðæt iz kwestiön nuw; 195  
 ænd ðen kumz ænswer lijk æn æbsi burk:  
 "o: sir," sæiz ænswer, "æt iur best komænd;  
 æt iur employment; æt iur servis, sir:"  
 "no:, sir," sæiz kwestiön, "ij, swit sir, æt iurz:"  
 ænd so:, e:r ænswer knouz hwæt kwestiön wuld, 200  
 sæ:viñ in dijælog ov kompliment,  
 ænd ta:kiñ ov ðe ælps ænd æpenijnz,  
 ðe pirene:æn ænd ðe river po:,  
 it dra:z to:rd super in konkliuziön so:.

\* \* \*

ACT V. SCENE VII.

ðis iñlænd never did, nor never sæl,  
 lij æt ðe pruwð fut ov æ konkeror,  
 but hwen it first did help tu wuwnd itself.  
 nuw ðe:z her prinsez ær kum ho:m ægæin, 115  
 kum ðe ðri: kornorz ov ðe world in ærmz,  
 ænd wi: sæl fok ðem. næt sæl mæ:k us riu,  
 if iñlænd tu itself du rest but triu.

FROM KING RICHARD II.

ACT II. SCENE I.

ðis roiæl ðro:n ov kiñz, ðis septred ijl, 40  
 ðis e(:)rθ ov mædzesti, ðis se:t ov mærz,  
 ðis uder e:d,n, demi-pærædijs,  
 ðis fortres bilt bij næ:tiur for herself  
 ægæinst<sup>1</sup> infeksiön ænd ðe hænd ov wær,

<sup>1</sup> Or ægenst.

- 45 This happy breed of men, this little world,  
 This precious stone, set in the siluer sea,  
 Which serues it in the office of a wall,  
 Or as a Moate defenliue to a houle,  
 Against the enuy of lesse happier Lands,  
 50 This blessed plot, this earth, this Realme, this England,  
 . . . . .  
 This Land of such deere foules, this deere-deere Land,  
 Deere for her reputation through the world,  
 Is now Leas'd out (I dye pronouncing it)  
 60 Like to a Tenement or pelting Farme.  
 England bound in with the triumphant sea,  
 Whose rocky shore beates backe the enuious sledge  
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with flame,  
 With Inky blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.  
 65 That England, that was wont to conquer others,  
 Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe.  
 Ah! would the scandall vanish with my life,  
 How happy then were my ensuing death?

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 FROM THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

## ACT II. SCENE IV.

- Prince.* WHAT'S the matter?  
 175 *Falst.* What's the matter? here be foure of  
 vs, haue ta'ne a thousand pound this Morning.  
*Prince.* Where is it, *Jack*? where is it?  
 180 *Falst.* Where is it? taken from vs, it is: a  
 hundred vpon poore foure of vs.  
*Prince.* What, a hundred, man?



ðis hæpi bri:d ov men, ðis lit,l world, 45  
 ðis presūs sto:n set in ðe silver se:,  
 hwitf servz it in ðe ofis ov æ wa:l  
 or æz æ mo:t defensiv tu æ huws,  
 ægæinst ðe envi ov les hæpïer lændz,  
 ðis blesed plot, ðis e(:)rθ, ðis ri:lm, ðis iŋlænd, 50  
 . . . . .  
 ðis lænd ov sutf ðe:r soulz, ðis ðe:r ðe:r lænd,  
 ðe:r for her repiutæ:sion θru: ðe world,  
 iz nuw le:st uwt, ij dij pronuwnsiŋ it,  
 lijk tu æ tenement or peltiŋ færm: 60  
 iŋlænd, buwnd in wið ðe trijurfænt se:,  
 hwu:z roki fo:r be:ts bæk ðe envius si:dz  
 ov wæt(e)ri neptiun, (i)z nuw buwnd in wið fæ:m,  
 wið iŋki blots ænd rot,n pærtfment bondz:  
 ðæt iŋlænd, ðæt wæz wunt tu konker uðerz, 65  
 hæθ mæ:d æ fæ:mful konkwest ov itself.  
 æh, wu:ld ðe skændæl væniŋ wið mij liŋ,  
 huw hæpi ðen wer mij insiuiŋ de(:)θ!

## FROM THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

## ACT II. SCENE IV.

prins.] hwæts ðe mæter?

fa:lstæf.] hwæts ðe mæter! he:r bi four ov 175  
 us hæv tæ:n æ θuwzænd puwnd ðis morniŋ.

prins.] hwær iz it, dzæk? hwær iz it?

fa:lstæf.] hwær iz it! tæ:k,n from us it iz: æ 180  
 hundred upon pu:r four ov us.

prins.] hwæt, æ hundred, mæn?

*Falst.* I am a Rogue, if I were not at halfe Sword with a dozen of them two houres together. I haue  
 185 scaped by miracle. I am eight times thruft through the Doublet, foure through the Hefe, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hackt like a Hand-law, *ecce signum*. I neuer dealt better fince I was a man: all would not doe. A plague of all  
 190 Cowards: let them fpeake; if they fpeake more or leffe then truth, they are villaines, and the fonnes of darknelle.

*Prince.* Speake firs, how was it?

*Gad.* We foure fet upon fome dozen.

*Falst.* Sixteene, at leaft, my Lord.

195 *Gad.* And bound them.

*Peto.* No, no, they were not bound.

*Falst.* You Rogue, they were bound, euey man of them, or I am a Iew elle, an Ebrew Iew.

200 *Gad.* As we were fharing, fome fixe or feuen frefh men fet vpon vs.

*Falst.* And vnbound the reft, and then come in the other.

*Prince.* What, fought yee with them all?

205 *Falst.* All? I know not what yee call all: but if I fought not with fiftie of them, I am a bunch of Radifh: if there were not two or three and fiftie vpon poore olde *Iack*, then am I no two-legg'd Creature.

*Prin.*<sup>1</sup> Pray Heauen, you haue not murdered  
 210 fome of them.

*Falst.* Nay, that's pafst praying for, I haue pepper'd two of them: Two I am fure I haue payed,

<sup>1</sup> *Poin.*

fa:lstæf.] ij æm æ ro:g, if ij wer not æt hæf-  
 sword<sup>1</sup> wið æ duz,n ov ðem tu: uwrz tugeder. ij  
 hæv skæ:pt bij miræk,l. ij æm æit tijmz θrust θru: ðe<sup>185</sup>  
 dublet, four θru: ðe ho:z; mij bukler kut θru: ænd  
 θru:; mijswu(:)rd<sup>1</sup> hækt lijk æ hænd-sa:—ekse signum!  
 ij never delt beter sins ij wæz æ mæn: a:l wu:ld  
 not du:. æ plæg ov a:l kuwærdz! let ðem spe:k:<sup>190</sup>  
 if ðæi spe:k mo:r or les ðen triuθ, ðæi ær vilæinz  
 ænd ðe sunz ov dærknes.

prins.] spe:k, sirz; buw wæz it?

gædzhil.] wi: four set upon sum duz,n—

fa:lstæf.] siksti:n æt le:st mij lord.

gædzhil.] ænd buwnd ðem.

195

perto:.] no:, no:, ðæi wer not buwnd.

fa:lstæf.] iu ro:g, ðæi we:r buwnd, ev(e)ri mæn  
 ov ðem; or ij æm æ dziu els, æn e:briu dziu.

gædzhil.] æz wi wer fæ:riŋ, sum siks or seven<sup>200</sup>  
 fre:f men set upon us—

fa:lstæf.] ænd unbuwnd ðe rest, ænd ðen kum  
 in ðe uder.

prins.] hwæt, fout ji wið ðem a:l?

fa:lstæf.] a:l! ij kno: not hwæt ji ka:l a:l;<sup>205</sup>  
 but if ij fout not wið fifti ov ðem, ij æm æ buntf  
 ov rædif: if ðer wer not tu: or θri: ænd fifti upon  
 purr ould dzæk, ðen æm ij no tu:-legd kre:tiur.

prins.] præi he(:)vn iu hæv not murder(e)d<sup>210</sup>  
 sum ov ðem.

fa:lstæf.] næi, dæts pæst præiŋ for: ij hæv  
 peperd tu: ov ðem; tu: ij æm siur ij hæv pæid,

<sup>1</sup> Or swu(:)rd.

two Rogues in Buckrom Sutes. I tell thee what,  
 215 *Hal*, if I tell thee a Lye, spit in my face, call me  
 Horfe: thou knowest my olde ward:<sup>1</sup> here I lay,  
 and thus I bore my point; foure Rogues in Buck-  
 rom let driue at me.

*Prince*. What, foure? thou sayd'ft but two,  
 euen now.

220 *Falst*. Foure *Hal*, I told thee foure.

*Poin*. I, I, he said foure.

*Falst*. These foure came all a-front, and mainely  
 thrust at me; I made no more adoe, but tooke all  
 their seuen points in my Targuet, thus.

225 *Prince*. Seuen? why there were but foure,  
 euen now.

*Falst*. In Buckrom.

*Poin*. I, foure, in Buckrom Sutes.

230 *Falst*. Seuen, by these Hilts, or I am a Villaine  
 elle.

*Prin*. Prethee let him alone, whe shall haue  
 more anon.

*Falst*. Doest thou heare me, *Hal*?

*Prin*. I, and marke thee too, *Iack*.

235 *Falst*. Doe so, for it is worth the listning  
 too: these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

*Prin*. So, two more alreadye.

*Falst*. Their Points being broken.

*Poin*. Downe fell his Hofe.

240 *Falst*. Began to giue me ground; but I followed  
 me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought,  
 seuen of the eleuen I pay'd.

*Prin*. O monstrous! eleuen Buckrom men  
 245 growne out of two?

<sup>1</sup> word.

tu: ro:gz in bukrom siuts. ij tel di hwæt, hæl, if ij tel di æ lij, spit in mij fæ:s, ka:l mi hors. duw<sup>215</sup> knouest mij ould wærd: he:r ij læi, ænd ðus ij bo:r mij point. four ro:gz in bukrom let driyv æt mi:—

prins.] hwæt, four? duw sæidst but tu: i:v,n nuw.

fa:lstæf.] four, hæl; ij tould di four. 220

poinz.] ij, ij, hi sæid four.

fa:lstæf.] ðe:z four kæ:m a:l æ-frunt, ænd mæinli θrust æt mi:. ij mæ:d no mo:r ædu: but tu:k a:l ðæir sev,n points in mij tærget, ðus.

prins.] sev,n? hwij, ðer wer but four i:v,n<sup>225</sup> nuw.

fa:lstæf.] in bukrom?

poinz.] ij, four, in bukrom siuts.

fa:lstæf.] sev,n, bij ðe:z hilts, or ij æm æ<sup>230</sup> vilæin els.

prins.] pridi:, let him ælo:n; wi fæl hæ:v mo:r ænon.

fa:lstæf.] dust duw he:r mi, hæl?

prins.] ij, ænd mærk di tu:, dzæk.

fa:lstæf.] du: so, for it iz wurθ ðe listniȝ tu:.<sup>235</sup> ðe:z niȝ in bukrom ðæt ij tould ði ov—

prins.] so:, tu: mo:r a:lre(i)di.

fa:lstæf.] ðæir points bi:ȝ bro:k,n—

poinz.] duwn fel (h)iz ho:z.

fa:lstæf.] bigæn tu giv mi gruwnd: but ij<sup>240</sup> foloud mi klo:s, kæ:m in furt ænd hænd; ænd wið æ θout sev,n ov ðe elev,n ij pæid.

prins.] o: monstrus! elev,n bukrom men groun awt ov tu:!

*Falst.* But as the Deuill would haue it, three mil-begotten Knaues, in Kendall Greene, came at my Back, and let driue at me; for it was so darke, *Hal*, that thou could'ft not see thy Hand.

. . . . .  
*Prin.* Why, how could'ft thou know these men in Kendall Greene, when it was so darke, thou could'ft not see thy Hand? Come, tell vs your reason: what say'ft thou to this?

260 *Poin.* Come, your reason *Iack*, your reason.

*Falst.* What, vpon compulsion? No: were I at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not tell you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? If Reasons were as plentie  
 265 as Black-berries, I would giue no man a Reason vpon compulsion, I.

\* \* \*

ACT V. SCENE IV.

FARE thee well<sup>1</sup> great heart:  
 Ill-weau'd Ambition, how much art thou shrunke?  
 When that this bodie did containe a spirit,  
 90 A Kingdome for it was too small a bound:  
 But now two paces of the vilest Earth  
 Is roome enough. This Earth that beares the dead,  
 Beares not aliuie so stout a Gentleman.  
 If thou wer't sensible of curtesie,  
 95 I should not make so great a shew of Zeale.  
 But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,  
 And euen in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my selfe  
 For doing these fayre Rites of Tendernesse.

<sup>1</sup> Farewell *F*, Fare thee well *Q*.

fa:lstæf.] but, æz de di:v,l wu:ld hæ:v it, θri:  
misbigot,n knæ:rvz in kendæl gri:n kæ:m æt mij  
bæk ænd let dri:v æt mi; for it wæz so dærk, hæl,  
ðæt ðuw ku:ldst not si: dij hænd.

prins.] hwij, huw ku:ldst ðuw kno: ðe:z men  
in kendæl gri:n, hwen it wæz so dærk ðuw ku:ldst  
not si: dij hænd? kum, tel us iur re:z,n: hwæt sæist  
ðuw tu ðis?

poinz.] kum, iur re:z,n, dzæk, iur re:z,n: 260

fa:lstæf.] hwæt, upon kompulsïon? no:: we:r  
ij æt ðe stræpæ:do, or a:l ðe ræks in ðe world,  
ij wu:ld not tel iu on kompulsïon. giv iu æ re:z,n  
on kompulsïon! if re:z,nz wer æz plenti æz blæk-  
beriz, ij wu:ld giv no: mæn æ re:z,n upon kom-265  
pulsïon, ij.

\* \* \*

ACT V. SCENE IV.

fæ:r ði wel, greit hært!

il-we:vd æmbisïon, huw mutf ært ðuw frun:k!  
hwen ðæt ðis bodi did kontæin æ spirit,  
æ kin:dum for it wæz tu: sma:l æ buwnd; 90  
but nuw tu: pæ:sez ov ðe vijlest e(:)rθ  
iz ru:m inuf: ðis e(:)rθ ðæt be:rz ðe ded  
be:rz not ælijv so stuwt æ dzent,lmæn.  
if ðuw wert sensib,l ov kurtesi  
ij fu:ld not mæk so greit æ fo: ov ze:l: 95  
but, let mij fæ:vorz hijd dij mængled fæ:s;  
ænd, i:vn in dij bihæ:f, ijl θæŋk mijself  
for du:ij ðe:z fæir rijts ov tendernes.

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heauen,  
 100 Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the graue,  
 But not remembred in thy Epitaph.

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## FROM THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

HOW many thousand of my poorest Subjects  
 5 Are at this howre asleepe? O Sleepe, O gentle Sleepe,  
 Natures soft Nurse, how haue I frighted thee,  
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids downe,  
 And steepe my Sences in Forgetfulnesse?  
 Why rather (Sleepe) lyeest thou in smoakie Cribs,  
 10 Vpon vneasie Pallads stretching thee,  
 And huiht with buffing Night-flyes<sup>1</sup> to thy slumber,  
 Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great?  
 Vnder the Canopies of costly State,  
 And lull'd with founds of sweetest Melodie?  
 15 O thou dull God, why lyeest thou with the vilde,  
 In loathsome Beds, and leau'lt the Kingly Couch,  
 A Watch-case, or a common Larum-Bell?  
 Wilt thou, vpon the high and giddie Mast,  
 Seale vp the Ship-boyes Eyes, and rock his Braines,  
 20 In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,  
 And in the visitation of the Windes,  
 Who take the Ruffian Billowes by the top,  
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
 With deaff'ning Clamors in the flipp'ry Clouds,  
 25 That with the hurley, Death it selfe awakes?

<sup>1</sup> Night, flies.



ædiu, ænd tæ:k dij præiz wið ði tu he(:)v,n!  
 dij ignomi sli:p wið ði in ðe græ:v, 100  
 but not remembred in ðij epitæf!

## FROM THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

huw mæni ðuwzænd ov mij pu:rest subdʒekts  
 ær æt ðis uwr æsli:p! o: sli:p, o: dzent,l sli:p, 5  
 næ:tiurz soft nurs, huw hæv ij frijted ði,  
 dæt ðuw no mo:r wilt wæi mij ijlidz duwn  
 ænd sti:p mij sensez in forgetfulnes?  
 hwij ræder, sli:p, lijst ðuw in smo:ki kribz,  
 upon une:zi pælædz stretʃiŋ ði: 10  
 ænd hwiŋt<sup>1</sup> wið buziŋ niŋt-fliŋz tu ðij slumber,  
 ðen in ðe perfiumd tʃæmberz ov ðe gre:t,  
 under ðe kænopiz ov kostli stæ:t,  
 ænd luld wið suwndz ov swi:ttest melodi?  
 o: ðuw dul god, hwij lijst ðuw wið ðe vijld 15  
 in lo:θsum bedz, ænd le:vst ðe kiŋli kuwtʃ  
 æ wætʃ-kæ:s or æ komon lærum-bel?  
 wilt ðuw upon ðe hij ænd gidi mæst  
 se:l up ðe ʃip-boiz iŋz, ænd rok hiz bræinz  
 in kræ:d,l ov ðe riud impe:rrius surdz 20  
 ænd in ðe vizitæ:sion ov ðe wijndz,  
 huw: tæ:k ðe rufiæn bilouz bij ðe top,  
 kurlin ɔæir monstrus hedz ænd hæŋgiŋ ðem  
 wið defniŋ klæmorz in ðe sli:pri kluwdz,  
 dæt, wið ðe hurli, de(:)θ itself æwæ:ks? 25

<sup>1</sup> Or huft.

Canst thou (O partiall Sleepe) giue thy Repose  
 To the wet Sea-Boy, in an houre so rude:  
 And in the calmest, and most stillest Night,  
 With all appliances, and meanes to boote,  
 30 Deny it to a King? Then happy Lowe, lye downe,  
 Vneafie lyes the Head, that weares a Crowne.

\* \* \* \*

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

WILL Fortune neuer come with both hands full,  
 But write her faire words still in fouleſt Letters?  
 105 Shee eyther gives a Stomack, and no Foode,  
 (Such are the poore, in health) or elle a Feast,  
 And takes away the Stomack (such are the Rich,  
 That haue abouндance, and enioy it not.)

FROM KING HENRY V.

ACT III. SCENE IV.<sup>1</sup>

*Kath.* Alice, tu as esté<sup>2</sup> en Angleterre, et  
 tu bien parlas le Language.

*Alice.* Un<sup>3</sup> peu Madame.

*Kath.* Je te prie, m'enseigniez, il faut que  
 5 ie apprenne<sup>4</sup> a parler:<sup>5</sup> Coment<sup>6</sup> appelez<sup>7</sup> vous  
 la<sup>8</sup> main en Anglois?

*Alice.* La<sup>9</sup> main, elle<sup>10</sup> est<sup>11</sup> appellee<sup>7</sup> de Hand.

<sup>1</sup> *In order to serve as a basis for a "received" pronunciation, the text has been altered also in places where the F readings may be original (cf. le for la and les, apprend for apprenne, &c.). The Q texts differ so much that they have been disregarded. A few commas, &c. have been omitted or supplied.*

<sup>2</sup> este. <sup>3</sup> En.  
<sup>4</sup> apprend. <sup>5</sup> parlen. <sup>6</sup> Comient. <sup>7</sup> appelle. <sup>8</sup> le.  
<sup>9</sup> Le. <sup>10</sup> il. <sup>11</sup> &.

kænst duw, o: pærsǣl sli:p, giv dij repo:z  
 tu ðe wet sei:boi in æn uwr so riud,  
 ænd in ðe ka:mest ænd mo:st stilest nijt,  
 wid a:l æplijæensez ænd me:nz tu bur:t,  
 denij it tu æ kiŋ? ðen hæpi lo:, lij duwn! 80  
 une:zi lijz ðe hed ðæt we:rz æ kruwn.

\* \* \*

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

wil fortiun never kum wid bo:θ hændz ful,  
 but wrijt her fæir wordz stil in fuwlest leterz?  
 ʃi e:ðer givz æ stumæk ænd no fu:d; 105  
 sutʃ ær ðe pu:r, in helθ; or els æ fe:st  
 ænd tæ:ks æwæi ðe stumæk; sutʃ ær ðe ritʃ,  
 ðæt hæv æbundæns ænd indzoi it not.

FROM KING HENRY V.

ACT III. SCENE IV.<sup>1</sup>

kæθerin.] alisə, ty a(z) ete ā:n ā:gløtær:ə, e ty  
 bjī: parla lə lāga:zə.

ælis.] yī: pə, madamə.

kæθerin.] zə tə pri:ə mǣ:sejə; il fo: kə zaprən  
 a parler. kū:mǣ:(t) apøle:vu: la mǣi: ā:n ā:gløe: ? 5

ælis.] la mǣi: ? el ɛ:t apøle: "de hænd."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In our F. transcription, which can be only tentative, e, o, and ɛ, ɔ, stand for the close and open sounds respectively, whilst no distinction between different shades of "a" (a) and "eu" (ə) sounds has been attempted. i and y (= "u") are always close. ə is the indistinct "e féminine," ɥ, non-syllabic y. Nasal vowels are denoted by ɪ, &c. Vowel-length is more or less doubtful. The only new consonant is ɣ, i. e. the palatal nasal sound = "gn." <sup>2</sup> Or, after the F. manner, də hǣ:(n)d.

*Kath.* De Hand. E les<sup>1</sup> doÿts?<sup>2</sup>

*Alice.*<sup>3</sup> Les<sup>4</sup> doÿts, ma foy Ie oublie, les  
10 doÿts,<sup>5</sup> mays ie me louien(d)ray,<sup>6</sup> les<sup>1</sup> doÿts, ie  
penſe qu'ils ſont<sup>7</sup> appellés<sup>8</sup> de fingres, oui,<sup>9</sup> de  
fingres.

*Kath.*<sup>10</sup> La<sup>4</sup> main de Hand, les<sup>1</sup> doÿts de<sup>1</sup>  
Fingres, ie penſe que ie ſuis le bon eſcholier.  
15 I'ay gainié<sup>11</sup> deux<sup>12</sup> mots d'Anglois viſtement,  
coment appelez<sup>8</sup> vous les<sup>1</sup> ongles?

*Alice.* Les<sup>4</sup> ongles, nous<sup>13</sup> les appellons de Nayles.

*Kath.* De Nayles, eſcoute: dites moy, ſi ie  
parle bien: de Hand, de Fingres, e de Nayles.

20 *Alice.* C'eſt bien dict Madame, il eſt<sup>14</sup> fort  
bon Anglois.

*Kath.* Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.

*Alice.* De Arme, Madame.

*Kath.* E le<sup>15</sup> coude?<sup>16</sup>

25 *Alice.* D'Elbow.

*Kath.* D'Elbow: Ie m'en<sup>17</sup> fay la<sup>1</sup> repetition<sup>18</sup>  
de tous les mots que vous m'avés<sup>19</sup> apprins des a  
preſent.

*Alice.* Il eſt<sup>14</sup> trop difficile Madame, comme  
30 Ie penſe.

*Kath.* Excufe moy Alice, eſcoute, d'Hand, de  
Fingres,<sup>20</sup> de Nayles, d'Arma, de Bilbow.

*Alice.* D'Elbow, Madame.

*Kath.* O Seigneur Dieu, ie m'en<sup>17</sup> oublie, d'Elbow,  
coment appelez<sup>8</sup> vous le col?

<sup>1</sup> le.    <sup>2</sup> E le doÿts *given to Alice.*    <sup>3</sup> Kat.    <sup>4</sup> Le.  
<sup>5</sup> e doÿt.    <sup>6</sup> fouemeray.    <sup>7</sup> ont.    <sup>8</sup> appelle.    <sup>9</sup> on.  
<sup>10</sup> Alice.    *Only the second sentence given to Kath.*  
<sup>11</sup> gainie.    <sup>12</sup> diux.    <sup>13</sup> nous *om.*    <sup>14</sup> &.    <sup>15</sup> de.  
<sup>16</sup> coudee.    <sup>17</sup> men.    <sup>18</sup> repiticio.    <sup>19</sup> maves.    <sup>20</sup> Fingre.

kæθerin.] “de hænd.” e læ: dðe:?

ælis.] læ: dðe:? ma fðe, ʒubli:ə læ: dðe:; mæ: ʒə<sup>10</sup>  
mə suvji:(d)re. læ: dðe:? ʒə pā:sə kil sū:t apæle: “de  
fiŋgerz;” wi, “de fiŋgerz.”<sup>1</sup>

kæθerin.] la mēi:, “de hænd;” læ: dðe:, “de  
fiŋgerz;” ʒə pā:sə kə ʒə sʊi lə bū:n ekɔlje:; ʒe  
gape də: mo: dā:glðe: vitəmā:. kū:mā:(t) apæle:vu: 15  
lez ū:glə?

ælis.] lez ū:glə? nu: lez apəlū: “de næilz.”<sup>2</sup>

kæθerin.] “de næilz.” eku:tə; ditə-mðe si ʒe  
parlə bjī: “de hænd,” “de fiŋgerz,” e “de næilz.”

ælis.] sɛ: bjī: di, madamə; il ɛ: fɔ:r bū:n<sup>20</sup>  
ā:glðe:.

kæθerin.] ditə-mðe lā:glðe: pu:r lə bra:.

ælis.] “de ærm,”<sup>3</sup> madamə.

kæθerin.] e lə ku:də?

ælis.] “delbo:.”<sup>4</sup> 25

kæθerin.] “delbo:.” ʒə mā: fɛ: la repetisjū:  
də tu: læ: mo: kə vu: mave:(z) aprī:<sup>5</sup> dɛ:z a  
prezā:.

ælis.] il ɛ: trɔ(p) difisilə, madamə, kū:mə ʒə  
pā:sə. 30

kæθerin.] ɛksky:zə-mðe, alisə; eku:tə: “dænd,”  
“de fiŋgerz,” “de næilz,” “dærmæ,”<sup>6</sup> “de bilbo:.”

ælis.] “delbo:,” madamə.

kæθerin.] o: seɲɔ:r djə, ʒə mā:n ubli:ə! “delbo:.”  
kū:mā:(t) apæle:vu: lə kɔl?<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Or fi:(j)græz (cf. p. 107, note 2). <sup>2</sup> næ:ilz (cf. ib.).

<sup>3</sup> arm. <sup>4</sup> delbo. <sup>5</sup> aprī: (if we read “appris”).

<sup>6</sup> darmə. <sup>7</sup> ku:.

- 85 *Alice.* De Neck,<sup>1</sup> Madame.  
*Kath.* De Nick, e le menton?  
*Alice.* De Chin.  
*Kath.* De Sin: le col de Nick, le menton  
 40 de Sin.  
*Alice.* Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur en verité<sup>2</sup>  
 vous pronouciés<sup>3</sup> les mots auſi droit, que les<sup>4</sup>  
 Natifs d'Angleterre.

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FROM KING RICHARD III.

ACT I. SCENE I.

- NOW is the Winter of our Diſcontent,  
 Made glorious Summer by this Son of Yorke:  
 And all the clouds that lowr'd vpon our houſe  
 In the deepe boſome of the Ocean buried.  
 5 Now are our browes bound with Victorious Wreathes,  
 Our bruifed armes hung vp for Monuments;  
 Our ſterne Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings;  
 Our dreadfull Marches, to delightfull Meaſures.  
 Grim-vifag'd Warre, hath ſmooth'd his wrinkled  
 Front:  
 10 And now, in ſtead of mounting Barbed Steeds,  
 To fright the Soules of fearfull Aduerſaries,  
 He capers nimble in a Ladies Chamber,  
 To the laſciuious pleaſing of a Lute.  
 But I, that am not ſhap'd for ſportiuue trickes,  
 15 Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glaſſe:  
 I, that am Rudely ſtampt, and want loues Maiesty,

<sup>1</sup> Nick.

<sup>2</sup> verite.

<sup>3</sup> pronouciés.

<sup>4</sup> le.

ælis.] “de nek,” madamæ. 85

kæθerin.] “de nik.” e læ mā:tū:?

ælis.] “de tfin.”

kæθerin.] “de sin.” læ kɔl, “de nik;” læ mā:tū:,  
“de sin.” 40

ælis.] wi. so:f vɔtr ū:nɛ:r, ā: verite, vu:  
prɔnū:sje: læ: mo:(z) o:si drøe kə læ: natif dā:glætɛ:ræ.

## FROM KING RICHARD III.

## ACT I. SCENE 1.

nuw iz ðe winter ov uwr diskontent  
mæ:d glɔ:rɪus sumer bij ðis sun ov jork;  
ænd a:l ðe kluwdz ðæt luwrð upon uwr huws  
in ðe di:p bu:zom ov ðe o:sɪæn berid.  
nuw ær uwr bruwz buwnd wið vikto:rɪus wre:ðz; 5  
uwr briuzed ærmz huŋ up for moniuments;  
uwr stern ælærumz tʃændzd tu meri mi:tɪŋz  
uwr dredful mærtʃez tu deliʃtful me(:)ziurz.  
grim-vizædzd wær hæθ smu:dd hiz wrinkled frunt;

ænd nuw, insted ov muwntɪŋ bærbed sti:dz 10  
tu frijt ðe soulz ov fe:rful ædversæriz,  
hi kæ:perz nimbli in æ læ:diz tʃæmber  
tu ðe læsivɪus ple:ziŋ ov æ liut.

but ij, ðæt æm not ʃæ:pt for sportiv triks,  
nor mæ:d tu ku:rt æn æm(o)rus lu:kiŋ-glæs; 15  
ij, ðæt æm riudli stæmpt, ænd wænt luvz mædz(e)sti

To strut before a wanton<sup>1</sup> ambling Nymph:  
 I, that am curtail'd of this faire Proportion,  
 Cheated of Feature by dissembling Nature,  
 20 Deform'd, vn-finish'd, sent before my time  
 Into this breathing World, scarce halfe made vp,  
 And that so lamely and vn-fashionable;  
 That dogges barke at me, as I halt by them:  
 Why I (in this weake piping time of Peace)  
 25 Haue no delight to passe away the time,  
 Vnlesse to see my Shadow in the Sunne,  
 And descant on mine owne Deformity.  
 And therefore, since I cannot proue a Louer,  
 To entertaine these faire well spoken dayes,  
 30 I am determin'd to proue a Villaine,  
 And hate the idle pleasures of these dayes.

\* \* \*

ACT IV. SCENE III.

THE tyrannous and bloodie Act is done,  
 The most arch deed of pittious massacre  
 That euer yet this Land was guilty of:  
*Dighton* and *Forrest*, who I did suborne  
 5 To do this peece of ruthfull Butchery,  
 Albeit they were fleht Villaines, bloody Dogges,  
 Melted with tenderesse, and milde compaffion,  
 Wept like to Children, in their deaths sad Story.  
 O thus (quoth *Dighton*) lay the gentle Babes:  
 10 Thus, thus (quoth *Forrest*) girdling one another  
 Within their Alablafter innocent Armes:  
 Their lips were foure red Rofes on a Italke,  
 And in their Summer Beauty kift each other.

<sup>1</sup> wonton.



tu strut befo:r æ wænton æmbliŋ nimf;  
 ij, ðæt æm kurtæild ov ðis fæir proporsion,  
 tfe:ted ov fe:tiur bij disembling næ:tiur,  
 deformd, unfinist, sent befo:r mij tijm 20  
 intu ðis bre:ðin world, skærs ha:f mæ:d up,  
 ænd ðæt so: læ:mli ænd unfæ:siõnæb,l  
 ðæt dogz bærk æt mi: æz ij ha:lt bij ðem;  
 hwij, ij, in ðis we:k pijpin tijm ov pe:s,  
 hæv no: delijt tu pæs æwæi ðe tijm, 25  
 unles tu si: mij fædo: in ðe sun  
 ænd deskænt on mijn oun deformiti:  
 ænd ðe:rfo:r, sins ij kænot pru:v æ luver,  
 tu entertæin ðe:z fæir wel-spo:k,n dæiz,  
 ij æm determined tu pru:v æ vilæin 30  
 ænd hæ:t ðe ijd,l ple(:)ziurz ov ðe:z dæiz.

\* \* \*

ACT IV. SCENE III.

ðe tirænus ænd bludi ækt iz dun,  
 ðe mo:st ærtf di:d ov pitius mæsæker  
 ðæt ever jit ðis lænd wæz gilti ov.  
 dijton ænd forest, hwu: ij did suborn  
 tu du: ðis pi:s ov riuθful butferi, 5  
 a:lbi:(i)t ðæi wer flest vilæinz, bludi dogz,  
 melted wið tendernes ænd kijnd kompæsiõn  
 wept lijk tu: tchildren in ðæir de(:)θs sæd stori.  
 "o: ðus," kwoθ dijton, "læi ðe dzent,l bæ:bz:"  
 "ðus, ðus," kwoθ forest, "girdliŋ o:n ænuder 10  
 wiðin ðæir ælæblæster inosent ærmz:  
 ðæir lips wer four red ro:zez on æ sta:k,  
 ænd in ðæir sumer beuti kist ertf uder.

A Booke of Prayers on their pillow lay,  
 15 Which once<sup>1</sup>(quoth *Forrest*)almost chang'd my minde:  
 But oh the Diuell, there the Villaine stopt:  
 When *Dighton* thus told on, we smothered  
 The most replenished sweet worke of Nature,  
 That from the prime Creation ere she framed.  
 20 Hence both are gone with Conscience and Remorse,  
 They could not speake, and so I left them both,  
 To beare this tydings to the bloody King.

\*       \*       \*

ACT V. SCENE IV.

*Cat.* RESCUE my Lord of Norfolke, Rescue,  
Rescue:<sup>2</sup>

The King enacts more wonders then a man,  
 Daring an opposite to euery danger:  
 His horse is slaine, and all on foot he fights,  
 5 Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:  
 Rescue faire Lord, or else the day is lost.

*Rich.* A Horfe, a Horfe, my Kingdome for  
a Horfe.

*Cates.* Withdraw my Lord, Ile helpe you to  
a Horfe.

*Rich.* Slaue, I haue set my life vpon a cast,  
 10 And I will stand the hazard of the Dye:  
 I thinke there be fixe Richmonds in the field,  
 Fiue haue I slaine to day, in stead of him.  
 A Horfe, a Horfe, my Kingdome for a Horfe.

<sup>1</sup> one *F*, once *Q*.

<sup>2</sup> Rescue, Rescue: *a separate line.*

æ burk ov præi,rz on ðæir pilo: læi;  
 hwitf o:ns," kwoθ forest, "a:lmo:st tʃændzd mij mijnd; 15  
 but o:! ðe di:vil"—ðe:r ðe vilæin stopt;  
 hwen dijton ðus tould on: "wi smuderd  
 ðe mo:st replenifed swirt wurk ov næ:tiur,  
 ðæt from ðe prijm kreæ:sion e:r fi fræ:md."  
 hens bo:θ ær go:n wið konsiëns ænd remors; 20  
 ðæi ku:ld not spek; ænd so: ij left ðem bo:θ,  
 tu be:r ðis tijdijz tu ðe bludi kiŋ.

\* \* \*

ACT V. SCENE IV.

kæ:tsbi.] reskiu, mij lord ov norfouk, reskiu,  
reskiu!

ðe kiŋ enækts mo:r wunderz ðen æ mæn,  
 ðæ:riŋ æn opozit tu ev(e)ri dændzer:  
 hiz hors iz slæin, ænd a:l on furt hi fijts,  
 si:kiŋ for ritfmond in ðe θro:t ov de(:)θ. 5  
 reskiu, fæir lord, or els ðe ðæi iz lost!

ritfærd.] æ hors! æ hors! mij kiŋdum for æ  
hors!

kæ:tsbi.] wiθdra:, mij lord! ij help iu tu æ  
hors.

ritfærd.] slæ:v, ij hæv set mij lijf upon æ kæst,  
 ænd ij wil stænd ðe hæzærd ov ðe dij: 10  
 ij θiŋk ðer bi siks ritfmondz in ðe fi:ld;  
 fiyv hæv ij slæin tu-ðæi insted ov him.  
 æ hors! æ hors! mij kiŋdum for æ hors!

## FROM KING HENRY VIII.

## ACT III. SCENE II.

FAREWELL!<sup>1</sup> A long farewell to all my Greatnesse.  
 This is the state of Man; to day he puts forth  
 The tender Leaues of hopes, to morrow Blossomes,  
 And beares his blushing Honors thicke vpon him:  
 855 The third day, comes a Frost; a killing Frost,  
 And when he thinkes, good easie man, full surely  
 His Greatnesse is a ripening, nippes his roote,  
 And then he fals as I do. I haue ventur'd  
 Like little wanton Boyes that swim on bladders:  
 860 This many Summers in a Sea of Glory,  
 But farre beyond my depth: my high-blowne Pride  
 At length broke vnder me, and now ha's left me  
 Weary, and old with Seruice, to the mercy  
 Of a rude streame, that must for euer hide me.  
 865 Vaine pompe, and glory of this World, I hate ye,  
 I feele my heart new open'd. Oh how wretched  
 Is that poore man, that hangs on Princes fauors?  
 There is betwixt that smile we would aspire too,  
 That sweet Aspect of Princes, and their ruine,  
 870 More pangs, and feares then warres, or women haue;  
 And when he falles, he falles like Lucifer,  
 Neuer to hope againe.

---

<sup>1</sup> Farewell?.

## FROM KING HENRY VIII.

## ACT III. SCENE II.

fæ:rwel! æ loŋ fæ:rwel, tu a:l mij gre:tnes!  
 ðis iz ðe stæ:t ov mæn: tu-dæi hi puts furθ  
 ðe tender le:vz ov ho:ps; tu-moro: blosomz,  
 ænd be:rz hiz blufiŋ onorz θik upon him;  
 ðe θird dæi kumz æ' frost, æ kilinŋ frost, 855  
 ænd hwen hi θinŋks, gud e:zi mæn, ful siurli  
 hiz gre:tnes iz æ-rijpniŋ, nips hiz rust,  
 ænd ðen hi fa:lz, æz ij du:. ij hæv ventiurd,<sup>1</sup>  
 lijk lit,l wænton boiz ðæt swim on blæderz,  
 ðis mæni sumerz in æ se: ov glorri, 860  
 but fæ:r bi-jond mij depθ: mij hij-bloun prijd  
 æt leŋθ bro:k under mi: ænd nuw hæz left mi:,  
 we:ri ænd ould wið servis, tu ðe mersi  
 ov æ riud stre:m, ðæt must for ever hijd mi:  
 væin pomp ænd glo:ri ov ðis world, ij hært ji: 865  
 ij fi:l mij hært niu o:p,nd. o: huw wretsfed  
 iz ðæt pur:mæn ðæt hæŋz on prinsez fæ:vorz!  
 ðer iz, bitwikst ðæt smijl wi wu:ld æspijr tu,  
 ðæt swi:t æspekt ov prinsez, ænd ðeir riuin,  
 mo:r pæŋz ænd fe:rz ðen wærz or wimen hæ:v: 870  
 ænd hwen hi fa:lz, hi fa:lz lijk liusifer,  
 never tu ho:p ægæin.

---

<sup>1</sup> Or venterd.

## FROM CORIOLANUS.

## ACT V. SCENE III.

NAY, go not from vs thus:

If it were so, that our request did tend  
 To saue the Romanes, thereby to destroy  
 The Volces whom you serue, you might condemne vs  
 135 As poysonous of your Honour. No, our suite  
 Is that you reconcile them: While the Volces  
 May say, this mercy we haue shew'd: the Romanes,  
 This we receiu'd, and each in either side  
 Giue the All-haile to thee, and cry be Bleft  
 140 For making vp this peace. Thou know'ft (great  
 Sonne)

The end of Warres vncertaine: but this certaine,  
 That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit  
 Which thou shalt thereby reape, is such a name  
 Whose repetition will be dogg'd with Curses:  
 145 Whose Chronicle thus writ, The man was Noble,  
 But with his last Attempt, he wip'd it out:  
 Destroy'd his Country, and his name remaines  
 To th'insuing Age, abhorr'd. Speake to me Son:  
 Thou hast affected the fine<sup>1</sup> straines of Honor,  
 150 To imitate the graces of the Gods.  
 To teare with Thunder the wide Cheekes a'th'Ayre,  
 And yet to charge<sup>2</sup> thy Sulphure with a Boul  
 That should but riue an Oake. Why do'ft not speake?  
 Think'ft thou it Honourable for a Nobleman  
 155 Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speake you:  
 He cares not for your weeping. Speake thou Boy,

<sup>1</sup> fine.      <sup>2</sup> change.

## FROM CORIOLANUS.

## ACT V. SCENE III.

næi, go: not from us dus.

if it we:r so: ðæt uwr rekwest did tend  
 tu sæ:v ðe ro:mænz, ðe:rbij tu destroi  
 ðe volse:z hwu:m iu serv, iu mijt kondem us,  
 æz poiznus ov iur onor: no:; uwr siut 185  
 iz, ðæt iu rekonsijl ðem: hwijl ðe volse:z  
 mæi sæi "ðis mersi wi hæv foud;" ðe ro:mænz,  
 "ðis wi rese:vd;" ænd e:tf in e:ðer sijð  
 giv ðe a:l-hæil tu ði:, ænd krij "bi: blest  
 for mæ:kiŋ up ðis pe:s!" ðuw knoust, gre:t sun, 140

ðe end ov wæ:rz unsertæin, but ðis sertæin,  
 ðæt, if ðuw koŋker ru:m, ðe benefit  
 hwitf ðuw sælt ðe:rbij re:p iz sutf æ næ:m,  
 hwuz repetiŋon wil bi dogd wið kursez;  
 hwuz kronik,l ðus writ: "ðe mæn wæz no:b,l, 145  
 but wið hiz læst ætempt hi wijpt it uwt;  
 destroid hiz kuntri, ænd hiz næ:m remæinz  
 tu dinsiuiŋ æ:dz æbhord." spe:k tu mi:, sun:  
 ðuw hæst æfekted ðe fiŋ stræinz ov onor,  
 tu imitæ:t ðe græ:sez ov ðe godz: 150  
 tu te:r wið ðunder ðe wijð tji:ks o ðæir  
 ænd jit tu tŋærdz ðij sulfur wið æ boult  
 ðæt fu:ld but rijv æn o:k. hwij dust not spe:k?  
 ðiŋkst ðuw it on(o)ræbl for æ no:b,l mæn  
 stil tu remember wroŋz? ða:ter, spe:k iu: 155  
 hi kæ:rz not for iur wi:piŋ. spe:k ðuw, boi:

Perhaps thy childishnesse will moue him more  
 Then can our Reasons. There's no man in the world  
 More bound to's Mother, yet heere he let's me prate  
 160 Like one i'th' Stockes. Thou hast neuer in thy life,  
 Shew'd thy deere Mother any curtesie,  
 When she (poore Hen) fond of no second brood,  
 Ha's clock'd thee to the Warres: and safelie home  
 Loden with Honor. Say my Request's vniust,  
 165 And spurne me backe: But, if it be not so  
 Thou art not honest, and the Gods will plague thee  
 That thou restrain't from me the Duty, which  
 To a Mothers part belongs. He turnes away:  
 Down Ladies: let vs shame him with our knees  
 170 To his sur-name *Coriolanus* longs more pride  
 Then pitty to our Prayers. Downe: an end,  
 This is the last. So, we will home to Rome,  
 And dye among our Neighbours: Nay, behold's,  
 This Boy that cannot tell what he would haue,  
 175 But kneeles, and holds vp hands for fellowship,  
 Doe's reason our Petition with more strength  
 Then thou hast to deny't. Come, let vs go:  
 This Fellow had a Volcean to his Mother:  
 His Wife is in *Corioles*, and his Childe  
 180 Like him by chance: yet giue vs our dispatch:  
 I am husht vntill our City be afire,  
 And then Ile speak a litle.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> & then ile speak a litle, *not beginning a new line.*



perhæps dij tſijldifnes wil mu:v him mo:r  
 den kæn uwr re:z,nz. derz no: mæn in de world  
 mo:r buwnd tuz muder; jit he:r hi lets mi præ:t  
 lijk o:n id stoks. ðuw (hæ)st never in ðij lijf 160  
 foud dij de:r muder æni kurtesi,  
 hwen ſi:r, pu:r hen, fond ov no: sekond brud,  
 hæz klokt di tu de wærz ænd sæ:fli ho:m,  
 lo:d,n wið onor. sæi mij rekwests undgust,  
 ænd spurn mi bæ:k: but if it bi: not so:, 165  
 ðuw ært not onest; ænd de godz wil plærg ði,  
 ðæt ðuw restræinst from mi: de diuti hwitf  
 tū æ muderz pært bilongz. hi turnz æwæi:  
 duwn, læ:diz; let us ſæ:m him wið uwr kni:z.  
 tū (h)iz surnæ:m koriolæ:nus longz mo:r prijd 170  
 ðen piti tu uwr præi,rz. duwn: æn end;  
 ðis iz de læst: so: wi wil ho:m tu ru:m,  
 ænd dij æmoſ uwr næ:borz:<sup>2</sup> næi, bihoulds:  
 ðis boi, ðæt kænot tel hwæt hi wuld hærv,  
 but kni:lz ænd houldz up hændz for felo:ſip, 175  
 duz re:z,n uwr petiſion wið mo:r streſθ  
 den ðuw hæst tu denijt. kum, let us go: :  
 ðis felo: hæd æ volsæen tu hiz muder;  
 hiz wijf iz in kori(j)o:le:z, ænd hiz tſijld  
 lijk him bij tſæns. jit giv us uwr dispætſ: 180  
 ij (æ)m huft until uwr siti bi: æfi:r,  
 ænd ðen ijl spe:k æ lit,l.

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<sup>1</sup> Or næiborz.

## FROM ROMEO AND JULIET.

## ACT II. SCENE II.

25 *Rom.* She speakes.  
 Oh speake againe bright Angell, for thou art  
 As glorious to this night being ore my head,  
 As is a winged messenger of heauen  
 Vnto the white vpturned wondring eyes  
 30 Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,  
 When he bestrides the lazie puffing Cloudes,  
 And failes vpon the bosome of the ayre.

*Iul.* O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou  
*Romeo*?

Denie thy Father and refuse thy name:

85 Or if thou wilt not, be but sworne my Loue,  
 And Ile no longer be a *Capulet*.

*Rom.* Shall I heare more, or shall I speake  
 at this?

*Iu.* 'Tis but thy name that is my Enemy:  
 Thou art thy selfe, though not a *Mountague*,  
 40 What's *Mountague*? it is nor hand nor foote,  
 Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part<sup>1</sup>  
 Belonging to a man.<sup>2</sup> O be some other name!  
 What's in a name? that<sup>3</sup> which we call a Rose,  
 By any other word would smell as sweete,  
 45 So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cal'd,  
 Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,  
 Without that title. *Romeo*,<sup>4</sup> doffe thy name,  
 And for thy name which is no part of thee,  
 Take all my selfe.

<sup>1</sup> N. a., n. f., O be some other name *QF.*    <sup>2</sup> *Line ending here QF.*    <sup>3</sup> What? in a names that.    <sup>4</sup> title *Romeo.*



*Rom.* I take thee at thy word:  
 50 Call me but Loue, and Ile be new baptiz'd,  
 Hence foorth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

. . . . .  
*Iul.* Thou knowest the maske of night is on  
 my face,  
 Elle would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheeke,  
 For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,  
 Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie  
 What I haue spoke, but farewell Complement,  
 90 Doest thou Loue me?<sup>1</sup> I know thou wilt say I,  
 And I will take thy word, yet if thou swear't,  
 Thou maiest proue false: at Louers periuries  
 They say *Ioue* laughs,<sup>2</sup> oh gentle *Romeo*,  
 If thou dost Loue, pronounce it faithfully:  
 95 Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly wonne,  
 Ile frowne and be peruerse, and say thee nay,  
 So thou wilt woe: But else not for the world.  
 In truth faire *Mountague* I am too fond:  
 And therefore thou maiest thinke my hauour<sup>3</sup> light,  
 100 But trust me Gentleman, Ile proue more true,  
 Then those that haue more cunning<sup>4</sup> to be strange,  
 I should haue beene more strange, I must confesse,  
 But that thou ouer heard't ere I was ware  
 My true Loues passion, therefore pardon me,  
 105 And not impute this yeelding to light Loue,  
 Which the darke night hath so discovered.

*Rom.* Lady, by yonder blessed<sup>5</sup> Moone I vow,  
 That tips with siluer all these Fruite tree tops.

*Iul.* O sweare not by the Moone, th'inconstant  
 Moone,

<sup>1</sup> me *om.* *F*, me *Q*.    <sup>2</sup> laught.    <sup>3</sup> behaiour *F*, h. *Q*.  
<sup>4</sup> coyng *F*, more cunning *Q*.    <sup>5</sup> blessed *om.* *F*, bl. *Q*.

ro:mëo:.] ij tæk ði æt ðij word:  
 ka:l mi but luv, ænd ijl bi niu bæptijzd; 50  
 hensfurθ ij never wil bi ro:mëo:.

. . . . .  
 dʒiuliet.] ðuw knoust ðe mæsk ov niʒt iz on 85  
 mij fæ:s,  
 els wu:ld æ mæid,n bluf bipæint mij tʃi:k  
 for ðæt hwitʃ ðuw hæst hærd mi spe:k tu-niʒt.  
 fæin wu:ld ij dwel on form, fæin, fæin denij  
 hwæt ij hæv spo:k: but fæ:rwel kompliment!  
 dust ðuw luv mi:ʔ ij kno: ðuw wilt sæi "ij," 90  
 ænd ij wil tæk ðij worð: jit, if ðuw swe:rst  
 ðuw mæist pru:v fa:ls; æt luverz perdzjuriz,  
 ðæi sæi, dʒo:v læfs. o: dʒent,l ro:mëo:,  
 if ðuw dust luv, pronuwns it fæiθfuli:  
 or if ðuw θiŋkst ij æm tu: kwikli wun, 95  
 ijl fruwn ænd bi pervers ænd sæi ði næi,  
 so ðuw wilt wu:; but els, not for ðe world.  
 in triuθ, fæir muwntægiu, ij æm tu: fond,  
 ænd ðe:rfo:r ðuw mæist θiŋk mij hæ:vior liʒt:  
 but trust mi:, dʒent,l mæn, ijl pru:v mo:r triu 100  
 ðen ðo:z ðæt hæ:v mo:r kuniŋ tu bi strændz.  
 ij fu:ld hæv bi:n mo:r strændz, ij must konfes,  
 but ðæt ðuw overhærdst, e:r ij wæz wæ:r,  
 mij triu luvz pæsion: ðe:rfo:r pærdon mi:,  
 ænd not impiut ðis jilidiŋ tu liʒt luv, 105  
 hwitʃ ðe dærk niʒt hæθ so: diskuvered.

ro:mëo:.] læ:di, bij jonder blesed mu:n ij vuw  
 ðæt tips wið silver a:l ðe:z friut-tri: tops—  
 dʒiuliet.] o:, swe:r not bij ðe mu:n, dinkonstænt  
 mu:n,

110 That monethly changes in her circled Orbe,  
 Least that thy Loue proue likewise variable.

*Rom.* What shall I sweare by?

*Iul.* Do not sweare at all:

Or if thou wilt sweare by thy gracious selfe,  
 Which is the God of my Idolatry,

115 And Ile beleue thee.

*Rom.* If my hearts deare loue.

*Iuli.* Well do not sweare, although I ioy in thee:  
 I haue no ioy of this contract to night,  
 It is too rash, too vnaduil'd, too sudden,  
 Too like the lightning which doth cease to be  
 120 Ere one can say, it lightens, Sweete good night:  
 This bud of Loue by Summers ripening breath,  
 May proue a beautious Flower when next we meete:  
 Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repose and rest,  
 Come to thy heart, as that within my brest.

125 *Rom.* O wilt thou leaue me so vnfatisfied?

*Iuli.* What satisfaction can't thou haue to  
 night?

*Ro.* Th'exchange of thy Loues faithfull vow  
 for mine.

*Iul.* I gaue thee mine before thou did't  
 request it:

And yet I would it were to giue againe.

130 *Rom.* Would'tt thou withdraw it? For what  
 purpose Loue?<sup>1</sup>

*Iul.* But to be franke and giue it thee againe,  
 And yet I wish but for the thing I haue,  
 My bounty is as boundlesse as the Sea,  
 My Loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee  
 135 The more I haue, for both are Infinite.

\* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> For . . . Loue? *a separate line.*

ðæt munðli tʃændʒez in her sirkled orb, 110  
lest ðæt dij luv pru:v lijkwiʒ væ:riæb(.l.<sup>1</sup>

ro:məo:.] hwæt ʃæl ij swe:r bij?

dziuliēt.] du not swe:r æt a:l;

or, if ðuw wilt, swe:r bij dij græ:sius self,  
hwitʃ iz ðe god ov mij ijdolætri,  
ænd ijl biliv ði:.

115

ro:məo:.] if mij hærts de:r luv—

dziuliēt.] wel, du not swe:r a:lðou ij dʒoi in ði:

ij hæ:v no dʒoi ov ðis kontrækt tu-nijt:

it iz tu: ræʃ, tu: unædvijzd, tu: sudæin;<sup>2</sup>

tu: lijk ðe lijtniʒ, hwitʃ duθ se:s tu bi:

e:r o:n kæn sæi "it lijt,nz." switʃ, gud niʒ!

120

ðis bud ov luv, bij sumerz rijpniʒ bre(:)θ,

mæi pru:v æ beuti:s fluwr hwen nekst wi mi:t.

gud niʒ, gud niʒ! æz switʃ repo:z ænd rest

kum tu dij hært æz ðæt widin mij brest!

ro:məo:.] o:, wilt ðuw le:v mi so: unsætisfiʒd? 125

dziuliēt.] hwæt sætisfæksion kænst ðuw hæ:v  
tu-nijt?

ro:məo:.] ðekstʃændʒ ov dij luvz fæiθful vuw  
for miʒn.

dziuliēt.] ij gærv ði miʒn bifo:r ðuw didst  
rekwest it:

ænd jit ij wu:ld it we(:)r tu giv ægæin.

ro:məo:.] wu:ldst ðuw wiθdra: it? for hwæt 130  
purpos, luv?

dziuliēt.] but tu bi fræŋk, ænd giv it ði ægæin.

ænd jit ij wiʃ but for ðe θiʒ ij hæ:v:

mij buwnti iz æz buwndles æz ðe se:

mij luv æz ði:p; ðe mo:r ij giv tu ði:

ðe mo:r ij hæ:v, for bo:θ ær infinit.

135

\* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> Or væriæb(.l).

<sup>2</sup> sud,n.

## ACT V. SCENE 1.

IF I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,  
 My dreames presage some ioyfull news at hand:  
 My bosomes Lord<sup>1</sup> sits lightly in his throne:  
 And all this day an vnaccustom'd<sup>2</sup> spirit,  
<sup>5</sup>Lifts me aboue the ground with cheerefull thoughts.  
 I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,  
 (Strange dreame that giues a dead man leaue to thinke,)  
 And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,  
 That I reuiu'd and was an Emperour.  
<sup>10</sup>Ah me, how sweet is loue it selfe possest,  
 When but loues shadowes are so rich in ioy.

## FROM JULIUS CÆSAR.

## ACT III. SCENE II.

*Bru.* ROMANS, Countrey-men, and Louers, heare  
 mee for my cause, and be silent, that you may heare.  
<sup>15</sup>Beleeue me for mine Honor, and haue respect to  
 mine Honor, that you may beleeue. Censure me  
 in your Wisedom, and awake your Senses, that you  
 may the better Iudge. If there bee any in this  
 Assembly, any deere Friend of *Cæsars*, to him I  
<sup>20</sup>say, that *Brutus* loue to *Cæsar*, was no lesse then  
 his. If then, that Friend demand, why *Brutus*  
 rose against *Cæsar*, this is my answer: Not that I  
 lou'd *Cæsar* lesse, but that I lou'd Rome more. Had  
 you rather *Cæsar* were liuing, and dye all Slaues;

<sup>1</sup> L.      <sup>2</sup> thisan day an vccustom'd.



## ACT V. SCENE I.

if ij mæi trust ðe flæt(e)riŋ triuθ ov sli:p,  
 mij dre:mz presæ:dʒ sum dʒoiful niuz æt hænd:  
 mij bu:zomz lord sits lijtli in hiz θro:n;  
 ænd a:l ðis dæi æn unækustomd spirit  
 lifts mi æbuv ðe gruwnd wid tʃe:rful θouts. 5  
 ij dremt mij læ:di kæ:m ænd fuwnd mi ded—  
 strændʒ dre:m, ðæt givz æ ded mæn le:v tu θiŋk!—  
 ænd bre:dd sutʃ lijf wid kisez in mij lips,  
 ðæt ij revijvd, ænd wæz æn emperor.  
 æh mi: ! huw swi:t iz luv itself pozest, 10  
 hwen but luvz ʃædouz ær so ritʃ in dʒoi !

## FROM JULIUS CÆSAR.

## ACT III. SCENE II.

briutus.] ro:mænz, kuntrimen, ænd luverz ! he:r  
 mi for mij kærz, ænd bi: sijlent, ðæt iu mæi he:r:  
 bili:v mi for mijn onor, ænd hæ:v respekt tu 15  
 mijn onor, ðæt iu mæi bili:v: sensiur mi in iur  
 wizdum, ænd æwæ:k iur sensez, ðæt iu mæi  
 ðe beter dzudz. if ðer bi: æni in ðis æsembli,  
 æni ðe:r frend ov se:zærz, tu him ij sæi, ðæt  
 briutus luv tu se:zær wæz no les ðen hiz.<sup>1</sup> if 20  
 ðen ðæt frend demænd hwij briutus ro:z ægæinst  
 se:zær, ðis iz mij ænswer:—not ðæt ij luvd se:  
 zær les, but ðæt ij luvd ru:m mo:r. hæd iu  
 ræder se:zær we(:)r liviŋ ænd dij a:l slæ:vz,

<sup>1</sup> Or his.

25 then that *Cæsar* were dead, to liue all Free-men?  
 As *Cæsar* lou'd mee, I weepe for him; as he  
 was Fortunate, I reioyce at it; as he was Valiant,  
 I honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I flew  
 him. There is Teares, for his Loue: Ioy, for  
 30 his Fortune: Honor, for his Valour: and Death,  
 for his Ambition. Who is heere so base, that would  
 be a Bondman? If any, speake, for him haue I offended.  
 Who is heere so rude, that would not be a Roman?  
 35 If any, speake, for him haue I offended. Who is heere  
 so vile, that will not loue his Countrey? If any,  
 speake, for him haue I offended. I pause for a Reply.

. . . . .  
*An.* Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me  
 your ears:

I come to bury *Cæsar*, not to praise him:  
 30 The euill that men do, liues after them,  
 The good is oft enterred with their bones,  
 So let it be with *Cæsar*. The Noble *Brutus*,  
 Hath told you *Cæsar* was Ambitious:  
 If it were so, it was a greeuous Fault,  
 35 And greeuouly hath *Cæsar* answer'd it.  
 Heere, vnder leaue of *Brutus*, and the rest  
 (For *Brutus* is an Honourable man,  
 So are they all; all Honourable men)  
 Come I to speake in *Cæsars* Funerall.  
 40 He was my Friend, faithfull, and iust to me;  
 But *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious,  
 And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.  
 He hath brought many Captiues home to Rome,  
 Whose Ransomes, did the generall Coffers fill:  
 45 Did this in *Cæsar* seeme Ambitious?  
 When that the poore haue cry'de, *Cæsar* hath wept:

den ðæt se:zær we(:)r ded, tu liv a:l fri: men? æz se:zær 25  
 zær luvd mi; ij wi:p for him; æz hi wæz'fortiunæ:rt, ij  
 redzois æt it; æz hi wæz vælǣnt, ij onor him;  
 but, æz hi wæz æmbisius, ij sliu him. ðer iz te:rz  
 for hiz luv; dzoi for hiz fortiun; onor for hiz  
 vælor; ænd de(:)θ for hiz æmbisiōn. hwu: iz he:r 30  
 so bæ:s ðæt wu:ld bi æ bondmæn? if æni, spe:k;  
 for him hæv ij ofended. hwu: iz he:r so riud ðæt  
 wu:ld not bi æ ro:mæn? if æni, spe:k; for him  
 hæv ij ofended. hwu: iz he:r so vijl ðæt wil not 35  
 luv hiz kuntri? if æni, spe:k; for him hæv ij ofend-  
 ed. ij pa:z for æ replij.

. . . . .  
 æntoni.] frendz, ro:mænz, kuntrimen, lend mi  
 iur e:rz;

ij kum tu beri se:zær, not tu præiz him.  
 ðe i:vil ðæt men du: livz æfter ðem; 80  
 ðe gud iz oft intered wið ðæir bo:nz;  
 so let it bi: wi se:zær. ðe no:b,l briutus  
 hæθ tould iu se:zær wæz æmbisi-us:  
 if it we:r so; it wæz æ gri:vus fa:lt,  
 ænd gri:vusli hæθ se:zær ænsverd it. 85  
 he:r, under le:v ov briutus ænd ðe rest—  
 for briutus iz æn onoræb,l mæn;  
 so ær ðæi a:l, a:l onoræb,l men—  
 kum ij tu spe:k in se:zærz fiuneræl.  
 hi wæz mij frend, fæiθful ænd dzust tu mi:: 90  
 but briutus sæiz hi wæz æmbisi-us;  
 ænd briutus iz æn onoræb,l mæn.  
 hi hæθ brout mæni kæptivz ho:m tu ru:m,  
 hwu:z rænsomz did ðe dzen(e)ræl koforz fil:  
 did ðis in se:zær si:m æmbisi-us? 95  
 hwen ðæt ðe pur:hæv krijd, se:zær hæθ wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuffe,  
 Yet *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious:  
 And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.

100 You all did see, that on the *Lupercall*,  
 I thrice presented him a Kingly Crowne,  
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition?  
 Yet *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious:  
 And sure he is an Honourable man.

105 I speake not to disproue what *Brutus* spoke,  
 But heere I am, to speake what I do know;  
 You all did loue him once, not without cause,  
 What cause with-holds you then, to mourne for him?  
 O Iudgement! thou art<sup>1</sup> fled to brutish Beasts,  
 110 And Men haue lost their Reason. Beare with me,  
 My heart is in the Coffin there with *Cæsar*,  
 And I must pawse, till it come backe to me.

. . . . .  
 But yesterday, the word of *Cæsar* might  
 Haue stood against the World: Now lies he there,

125 And none so poore to do him reuerence.  
 O Maisters! If I were dispos'd to stirre  
 Your hearts and mindes to Mutiny and Rage,  
 I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong:  
 Who (you all know) are Honourable men.

130 I will not do them wrong: I rather choose  
 To wrong the dead, to wrong my selfe and you,  
 Then I will wrong such Honourable men.  
 But heere's a Parchment, with the Seale of *Cæsar*,  
 I found it in his Cloffet, 'tis his Will:

135 Let but the Commons heare this Testament:  
 Which (pardon me)<sup>2</sup> I do not meane to reade,

<sup>1</sup> are.

<sup>2</sup> (Which pardon me).

æmbiſion fu:ld bi mæ:d ov sterner ſtuf:  
 jīt briutus sæiz hi wæz æmbiſi-us;  
 ænd briutus iz æn onoræb,l mæn.  
 iu a:l did ſi: dæt on de liuperkæl 100  
 ij θrijs prezented him æ kinli kruwn,  
 hwitſ hi did θrijs refiu:z: wæz diſ æmbiſion?  
 jīt briutus sæiz hi wæz æmbiſi-us;  
 ænd, ſiur, hi iz æn onoræb,l mæn.  
 ij ſpe:k not tu diſpru:v hwæt briutus ſpo:k, 105  
 but he:r ij æm tu ſpe:k hwæt ij du kno:.  
 iu a:l did luv him o:ns, not wiðuw: ka:z:  
 hwæt ka:z wiθouldz iu ðen, tu murn for him?  
 o: dʒudʒment! duw ært fled tu briutiſ be:ſts,  
 ænd men hæv loſt dæir re:z,n. be:r wið mi:; 110  
 mij hært iz in de kofin dæ:r wið ſe:zær,  
 ænd ij muſt pa:z til it kum bæk tu mi:.  
 . . . . .  
 but jeſterdæi de word ov ſe:zær mijt  
 hæv ſtu(:)d ægæiſt de world: nuw li:z hi dæ:r,  
 ænd no:n ſo pur tu du: him reverens. 125  
 o: mæſterz, if ij we(:)r diſpo:zd tu ſtur  
 iur hærts ænd mijndz tu miutini ænd ræ:dʒ,  
 ij fu:ld du: briutus wroſ, ænd kæſi:us wroſ,  
 hwu:, iu a:l kno:, ær onoræb,l mæn.  
 ij wil not du: ðem wroſ; ij ræder tſu:z 130  
 tu wroſ de ded, tu wroſ mi:ſelf ænd iu,  
 ðen ij wil wroſ ſu:ſ onoræb,l mæn.  
 but he:r æ pærtſment wið de ſe:l ov ſe:zær;  
 ij fuwnd it in hiz klozet, tiz hiz wil:  
 let but de komonz he:r diſ teſtæment— 135  
 hwitſ, pærdon mi:, ij du not me:n tu re:d—

And they would go and kille dead *Cæsar's* wounds,  
 And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood;  
 Yea, begge a haire of him for Memory,  
 140 And dying, mention it within their Willes,  
 Bequeathing it as a rich Legacie  
 Vnto their iffue.

. . . . .  
 145 Haue patience gentle Friends, I must not read it.  
 It is not meete you know how *Cæsar* lou'd you:  
 You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men:  
 And being men, hearing the Will of *Cæsar*,  
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad;  
 150 'Tis good you know not that you are his Heires,  
 For if you should, O what would come of it?

. . . . .  
 Will you be Patient? Will you stay a-while?  
 155 I haue o're-shot my selfe to tell you of it,  
 I feare I wrong the Honourable men,  
 Whose Daggers haue stabb'd *Cæsar*: I do feare it.

. . . . .  
 You will compell me then to read the Will:  
 Then make a Ring about the Corpes of *Cæsar*,  
 And let me shew you him that made the Will:  
 Shall I descend? And will you giue me leaue?

. . . . .  
 If you haue teares, prepare to shed them now.  
 You all do know this Mantle, I remember  
 175 The first time euer *Cæsar* put it on,  
 'Twas on a Summers Euening in his Tent,  
 That day he ouercame the *Nervij*.  
 Looke, in this place ran *Cassius* Dagger through:  
 See what a rent the enuious *Caska* made:  
 180 Through this, the wel-beloued *Brutus* stabb'd,

ænd dæi wu:ld go: ænd kis ded se:zærz wuwndz  
 ænd dip dæir næpkinz in hiz sæ:kred blud,  
 jex, beg æ hæir ov him for memori,  
 ænd, dijin, mensiön it widin dæir wilz, 140  
 bikwe:ðin it æz æ ritf legæsi  
 untu dæir isiu.

. . . . .  
 hæ:rv pæ:sïens, dzent,l frendz, ij must not re:ð it; 145  
 it iz not mit iu kno: huw se:zær luvd iu.  
 iu ær not wud, iu ær not sto:nz, but men;  
 ænd bi:in men, he:rin de wil ov se:zær,  
 it wil inflæ:m iu, it wil mæ:k iu mæd:  
 tiz gud iu kno: not dæt iu ær hiz hæirz; 150  
 for if iu fu:ld, o:, hwæt wu:ld kum ov it!

. . . . .  
 wil iu bi pæ:sïent? wil iu stæi æhwijl?  
 ij hæv or:fot mijsel tu tel iu ov it: 155  
 ij fe:r ij wro:n de onoræb,l men  
 hwu:z dægerz hæv stæbd se:zær; ij du fe:r it.

. . . . .  
 iu wil kompel mi, ðen, tu re:ð de wil?  
 ðen mæ:k æ rin æbuwt de korps ov se:zær,  
 ænd let mi fo: iu him dæt mæ:d de wil.  
 fæl ij desënd? ænd wil iu giv mi le:rv?

. . . . .  
 if iu hæv te:rz, prepæ:r tu fed dem nuw.  
 iu a:l du kno: dis mænt,l, ij remember  
 ðe first tijm ever se:zær put it on 175  
 twæz on æ sumerz i:vni:n, in hiz tent,  
 dæt dæi hi overkæ:m de nervi-ij:  
 lu:k, in dis plæ:s ræn kæsïus dæger ðru:  
 si: hwæt æ rent de envïus kæskæ mæ:d:  
 ðru: dis de wel-biluvd briutus stæbd; 180

And as he pluck'd his curled Steele away:  
 Marke how the blood of *Cæsar* followed it,  
 As rushing out of doores, to be resolu'd  
 If *Brutus* so vnkindely knock'd, or no:  
 185 For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæsars* Angel.  
 Iudge, O you Gods, how deerely *Cæsar* lou'd him:  
 This was the most vnkindest cut of all.  
 For when the Noble *Cæsar* saw him stab,  
 Ingratitude, more strong then Traitors armes,  
 190 Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his Mighty heart,  
 And in his Mantle, muffling vp his face,  
 Euen at the Base of *Pompeyes* Statue  
 (Which all the while ran blood) great *Cæsar* fell.  
 O what a fall was there, my Countrymen?  
 195 Then I, and you, and all of vs fell downe,  
 Whil't bloody Treason flourish'd ouer vs.  
 O now you weepe, and I perceiue you feele  
 The dint of pittie: These are gracious droppes.  
 Kinde Soules, what weepe you, when you but behold  
 200 Our *Cæsars* Vesture wounded? Looke you heere,  
 Heere is Himselfe, marr'd as you see with Traitors.  
 . . . . .  
 Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not stirre you vp  
 215 To such a sodaine Flood of Mutiny:  
 They that haue done this Deede, are honourable.  
 What priuate greefes they haue, alas I know not,  
 That made them do it: They are Wife, and Honourable,  
 And will no doubt with Reasons answer you.  
 220 I come not (Friends) to steale away your hearts,  
 I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is;



ænd æz hi plukt hiz kursed sti:l æwæi,  
 mærk huw ðe blud ov se:zær foloud it,  
 æz rufiŋ uwt ov do:rz, tu bi rezolvd  
 if briutus so unkijndli knokt, or no:;  
 for briutus, æz iu kno:, wæz se:zærz ændz,l: 185  
 dzudz, o: iu godz, huw ðe:rli se:zær luvd him!  
 ðis wæz ðe mo:st unkijndest kut ov a:l;  
 for hwen ðe no:b,l se:zær sa: him stæb,  
 ingrætitiud, mo:r stroŋ ðen træitorz ærmz,  
 kwijt væŋkwift him: ðen burst hiz mijti hært; 190  
 ænd, in hiz mænt,l muflig up hiz fæ:s,  
 i:vn æt ðe bæ:s ov pompæiz stætiue,<sup>1</sup>  
 hwitf a:l ðe hwijl ræn blud, gre:t se:zær fel.  
 o:, hwæt æ fa:l wæz ðe:r, mij kuntrimen!  
 ðen ij, ænd iu, ænd a:l ov us fel down, 195  
 hwijlst bludi tre:z,n flurift over us.  
 o:, nuw iu wi:p; ænd, ij perse:v, iu fi:l  
 ðe dint ov piti: ðe:z ær græ:sius drops.  
 kijnd soulz, hwæt, wi:p iu hwen iu but bihould  
 uwr se:zærz vestiur wuwnded? luk iu he:r, 200  
 he:r iz himself, mærd, æz iu si:, wid træitorz.  
 . . . . .  
 gud frendz, swit frendz, let mi not stur iu up  
 tu sutf æ sudæin flud ov miutini. 215  
 ðæi ðæt hæv dun ðis di:d ær onoræb,l:  
 hwæt prijevæ:t gri:fs ðæi hæ:v, ælæs, ij kno: not,  
 ðæt mæ:d ðem du:(i)t: ðæi (æ)r wijz ænd onoræb,l,  
 ænd wil, no duwt, wid re:z,nz ænswer iu.  
 ij kum not, frendz, tu steil æwæi iur hærts: 220  
 ij æm no orætor, æz briutus iz;

<sup>1</sup> Or staty:æ; "statue" being treated as a F. word.  
 Or else stætiue, i. e. "statua," the L. form.

But (as you know me all) a plaine blunt man  
 That loue my Friend, and that they know full well,  
 That gaue me publike leaue to speake of him:  
 225 For I haue neyther wit, nor<sup>1</sup> words, nor worth,  
 Action, nor Vtterance, nor the power of Speech,  
 To stirre mens Blood. I onely speake right on:  
 I tell you that, which you your selues do know,  
 Shew you fweet *Cæsars* wounds, poor poor dum  
 mouths,  
 230 And bid them speake for me: But were I *Brutus*,  
 And *Brutus Antony*, there were an *Antony*  
 Would ruffle vp your Spirits, and put a Tongue  
 In euery Wound of *Cæsar*, that should moue  
 The stones of Rome, to rise and Mutiny.

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 FROM MACBETH.

## ACT I. SCENE III.

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches.*

1. WHERE haft thou beene, Sifter?

2. Killing Swine.

3. Sifter, where thou?

1. A Saylor's Wife had Chestnuts in her Lappe,  
 5 And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht: Giue  
 me, quoth I.<sup>2</sup>

Aroynt thee, Witch, the rumpe-fed Ronyon cryes.  
 Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Master o'th' *Tiger*:  
 But in a Syue Ile thither sayle,

<sup>1</sup> writ nor.

<sup>2</sup> Giue me, quoth I *a separate line.*

but, æz iu kno: mi a:l, æ plæin blunt mæn,  
 ðæt luv mij frend; ænd ðæt ðæi kno: ful wel  
 ðæt gæ:v mi publik le:v tu spe:k ov him:  
 for ij hæv ne:der wit, nor wordz, nor wurθ, 225  
 æksion, nor ut(e)ræns, nor ðe puwr ov spe:tʃ,  
 tu stur menz blod: ij o:nli spe:k rijt on;  
 ij tel iu ðæt hwitʃ iu iurselvz du kno:;  
 ʃo: iu swit se:zærz wuwndz, pur pur dum  
 muwðz,  
 ænd bid ðem spe:k for mi:: but we(:)r ij briutus, 230  
 ænd briutus æntoni, ðer we(:)r æn æntoni  
 wu:ld ruf,l up iur spir(i)ts ænd put æ tuŋ  
 in ev(e)ri wuwnd ov se:zær ðæt ʃu:ld mu:v  
 ðe sto:nz ov ru:m tu rijz ænd miutini.

## FROM MACBETH.

## ACT I. SCENE III.

[θunder. enter ðe θri: witʃez.]

first witʃ.] hwe:r hæst ðuw bi:n, sister?

sekond witʃ.] kilij swijn.

θird witʃ.] sister, hwe:r ðuw?

first witʃ.] æ sæilorz wijf hæd tʃes(t)nuts in her læp  
 ænd muwntʃt, ænd muwntʃt, ænd muwntʃt:—"giv  
 mi;" kwoθ ij. 5

"æroint di:, witʃ!" ðe rump-fed runion krijz.

her huzbændz tu ælepo: go:n, mæster oð tijger:

but in æ siv ijl ðeðer sæil,

And like a Rat without a taylor,  
 10 Ile doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe.

2. Ile giue thee a Winde.

1. Th'art kinde.

3. And I another.

1. I my selfe haue all the other,  
 15 And the very Ports they blow,  
 All the Quarters that they know,  
 I'th' Ship-mans Card.

I will<sup>1</sup> dreyn him drie as Hay:  
 Sleepe fhall neyther Night nor Day

20 Hang vpon his Pent-house Lid:

He fhall liue a man forbid:

Wearie Seu'nights, nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:

Though his Barke cannot be loft,

25 Yet it fhall be Tempest-toft.

Looke what I haue.

2. Shew me, fhew me.

1. Here I haue a Pilots Thumbe,  
 Wrackt, as homeward he did come. *Drum within.*

30 3. A Drumme, a Drumme:

*Macbeth* doth come.

*All.* The weyward Sifters, hand in hand,  
 Pofters of the Sea and Land,  
 Thus doe goe, about, about,  
 35 Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,  
 And thrice againe, to make vp nine.  
 Peace, the Charme's wound vp.

\* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> Ile.

ænd, lijk æ ræt wiðuwat æ tæil,  
ijl du:, ijl du:, ænd ijl du:.

sekond witsf.] ijl giv di æ wijnd.

first witsf.] ðært kijnd.

θird witsf.] ænd ij ænuðer.

first witsf.] ij mijselſ hæ:v a:l ðe uder,

ænd ðe veri ports ðæi blo:,

a:l ðe kwærterz ðæt ðæi kno:

ið ſipmænz kærd.

ij wil dræin him drij æz hæi:

sli:p ſæl ne:ðer nijt nor ðæi

hæŋ upon hiz pent-huws lid;

hi ſæl liv æ mæn forbid:

wæ:ri ſevnijts nijn tijmz nijn

ſæl hi dwind,l, pe:k ænd pijn:

ðou hiz bærk kænot bi loſt,

jit it ſæl bi tempeſt-toſt.

lu:k hwæt ij hæ:v.

sekond witsf.] ſo: mi:, ſo: mi:.

first witsf.] he:r ij hæ:v æ pijlots θum,

wrekt æz ho:mwærd hi did kum. [drum wiðin.

θird witsf.] æ drum, æ drum!

mækbeθ duθ kum.

a:l.] ðe wæiwærd ſiſterz, hænd in hænd,

po:ſterz ov ðe ſe: ænd lænd,

ðuſ du go: æbuwt, æbuwt:

θrijs tu ðijn ænd θrijs tu mijn

ænd θrijs ægæin, tu mæ:k up nijn.

pe:s! ðe tſærmz wuwnd up.

\* \* \*



## ACT I. SCENE VII.

mækbeθ.] if it we(:)r dun hwen tiz dun, ðen  
twe(:)r wel

it we(:)r dun kwikli: if ðæsæsina:sion  
ku:ld træm,l up ðe konsekwens, ænd kætʃ  
wid hiz surse:s sukses; ðæt but ðis blo:  
mijt bi ðe bi:-a:l ænd ðe end-a:l: he:r, 5  
but he:r, upon ðis bæŋk ænd sku:l ov tijm,  
wi:ld dzump ðe lijf tu kum. but in ðe:z kæ:sez  
wi stil hæv dzudzment he:r; ðæt wi but te:tʃ  
bludi instruksionz, hwitʃ, biriŋ ta:t, return  
tu plæ:ŋ ðinventor: ðis i:v,n-hænded dzustis 10  
komendz ðingrediens ov uwr poiz,nd tʃælis  
tu uwr oun lips. hi:z he:r in dub,l trust;  
first, æz ij æm hiz kinzmæn ænd hiz subdʒekt,  
stroŋ bo:θ ægæinst ðe di:d; ðen, æz hiz ho:st,  
hwi: ju:ld ægæinst hiz murderer fut ðe dor:, 15  
not be:r ðe knijf mijselʃ. bisijdz, ðis dunjkæn  
hæθ born hiz fækultiz so mi:k, hæθ bi(:)n  
so kle:r in hiz gre:t ofis, ðæt hiz vertinz  
wil ple:d lijk ændʒelz, trumpet-tuŋd, ægæinst  
ðe di:p dæmnæ:sion ov hiz tæ:kiŋ-of; 20  
ænd piti, lijk æ næ:ked niu-born bæ:b,  
strijdiŋ ðe blæst, or he(:)v,nz tʃeriubin, horst  
upon ðe sijtles kuriorz<sup>1</sup> ov ðe æir,  
ʃæl blo: ðe horid di:d in ev(e)ri ij,  
ðæt te:rʒ ʃæl drawn ðe wijnd. ij hæ:v no spur 25  
tu prik ðe sijdz ov mij intent, but onli  
va:ltiŋ æmbisioŋ, hwitʃ orle:ps itself  
ænd fa:lz on ðuder.—huw nuw! hwæt niuz?

<sup>1</sup> kurierz.

*La.* He has almost slept: why haue you left  
the chamber?

30 *Mac.* Hath he ask'd for me?

*La.* Know you not, he ha's?

*Mac.* We will proceed no further in this  
Bufinesse:

He hath Honour'd me of late, and I haue bought  
Golden Opinions from all sorts of people,  
Which would be worne now in their newest glosse,  
35 Not cast aside so soone.

*La.* Was the hope drunke,  
Wherein you drest your selfe? Hath it slept since?  
And wakes it now to looke so greene, and pale,  
At what it did so freely? From this time,  
Such I account thy loue. Art thou affear'd  
40 To be the same in thine owne Act, and Valour,  
As thou art in desire? Would'ft thou haue that  
Which thou esteem'ft the Ornament of Life,  
And liue a Coward in thine owne Esteeme?  
Letting I dare not, wait vpon I would,  
45 Like the poore Cat i'th'Addage.

*Macb.* Prythee peace:  
I dare do all that may become a man,  
Who dares do<sup>1</sup> more, is none.

\* \* \*

ACT II. SCENE 1.

Is this a Dagger, which I see before me,  
The Handle toward my Hand? Come, let me  
clutch thee:  
35 I haue thee not, and yet I see thee still.

<sup>1</sup> no.



læ:di.] hi hæz<sup>1</sup> a:lmo:st supt: hwij hæv iu left  
de tʃæmber?

mækbeθ]. hæθ hi æskt for mi:?  
80

læ:di.] kno: iu not hi hæz?

mækbeθ.] wi wil prosid no furder in dis biznes:

hi hæθ<sup>2</sup> onord mi: ov læ:t, ænd ij hæv bout  
gould, n opinjonz from a:l sorts ov pi:p,l,  
hwitʃ wu:ld bi worn nuw in ðæir niuest glos,  
not kæst æsijd so sun.  
85

læ:di.] wæz de ho:p drunʃk  
hwe:rin iu drest iurself? hæθ it slept sins?  
ænd wæ:ks it nuw, tu lu:k so grin ænd pæ:l  
æt hwæt it did so fri:li? from dis tijm  
sutʃ ij ækuwnt ðij luv. ært ðuw æfe:rd  
tu bi de sæ:m in ðijn oun ækt ænd vælor  
40 æz ðuw ært in dezijr? wu:ldst ðuw hæ:v ðæt  
hwitʃ ðuw esti:mst de ornæment ov lijf,  
ænd liv æ kuwærd in ðijn oun esti:m,

letij "ij dæ:r not" wæit upon "ij wu:ld,"  
lijk de pur:kæt id ædæ(:)dʒ?  
45

mækbeθ.] pridi:, pe:s:  
ij dæ:r du: a:l ðæt mæi bikum æ mæn:  
hwu: dæ:rz du: mo:r iz no:n.

\* \* \*

ACT II. SCENE I.

iz dis æ dæger hwitʃ ij si: bifo:r mi,  
de hænd,l to:rd mij hænd? kum, let mi klutʃ ði.

ij hæ:v ði: not, ænd jit ij si: ði: stil.  
85

<sup>1</sup> hi:z.      <sup>2</sup> hi:θ.

Art thou not fatall Vision, fenfible  
 To feeling, as to fight? or art thou but  
 A Dagger of the Minde, a falle Creation,  
 Proceeding from the heat-opprefsed Braine?  
 40 I fee thee yet, in forme as palpable,  
 As this which now I draw.  
 Thou marfhall'ft me the way that I was going,  
 And fuch an Inſtrument I was to uſe.  
 Mine Eyes are made the fooles o'th'other Sences  
 45 Or elle worth all the reſt: I fee thee ſtill;  
 And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,  
 Which was not ſo before. There's no ſuch thing:  
 It is the bloody Buſineſſe, which informes  
 Thus to mine Eyes . . . . .

\*       \*       \*

ACT V. SCENE III.

*Macb.* . . . . .  
 HOW do's your Patient, Doctor?  
*Doct.* Not ſo licke my Lord,  
 As ſhe is troubled with thicke-comming Fancies  
 That keepe her from her reſt.  
*Macb.* Cure her of<sup>1</sup> that:  
 40 Can'ſt thou not Miniſter to a minde diſeaſ'd,  
 Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,  
 Raze out the written troubles of the Braine,  
 And with ſome ſweet Obliuious Antidote  
 Cleanſe the ſtuftt boſome, of that perillous ſtuftt  
 45 Which weighes vpon the heart?

---

<sup>1</sup> Cure of.

ært ðuw not, fæ:tæl vizion, sensib,l  
 tu fi:liŋ æz tu sijt? or ært ðuw but  
 æ dæger ov ðe mijnd, æ fa:ls kreæ:sion,  
 pros:idiŋ from ðe he:t-opresed bræin?  
 ij si: di: jit, in form æz pælpæb,l 40  
 æz ðis hwitf nuw ij dra:.  
 ðuw mærfælst mi ðe wæi ðæt ij wæz go:iŋ;  
 ænd sutf æn instruiment ij wæz tu iuz.  
 mijn ijz ær mæ:d ðe fu:lz o duder sensez,  
 or els wurθ a:l ðe rest; ij si: di: stil, 45  
 ænd on ðij blæ:d ænd dudzon guwts ov blud,  
 hwitf wæz not so: bifo:r. ðerz no: sutf θiŋ:  
 it iz ðe bludi biznes hwitf informz  
 ðus tu mijn ijz . . . . .

\*            \*            \*

ACT V. SCENE III.

mækbeθ.] . . . . .  
 huw duz iur pæ:sient, doktor?  
 doktor.]                            not so sik, mij lord,  
 æz si iz trub,ld wið θik-kumiŋ fænsiz,  
 ðæt ki:p her from her rest.  
 mækbeθ.]                            kiur her ov ðæt.  
 kænst ðuw not min(i)ster tu æ mijnd dize:zd, 40  
 pluk from ðe memori æ ruxted soro:,  
 ræ:z uwt ðe writ,n trub,lz ov ðe bræin  
 ænd wið sum swi:t oblivius æntido:t  
 klens ðe stuf bu(:)zom ov ðæt per(i)lus stuf  
 hwitf wæiz upon ðe hært? 45

## FROM HAMLET.

## ACT I. SCENE II.

OH that this too too solid Fleſh, would melt,  
 130 Thaw, and reſolue it ſelfe into a Dew:  
 Or that the Euerlaſting had not fixt  
 His Cannon 'gainſt Selſe-flaughter. O God, O God!  
 How weary, itale, flat, and vnprofitable  
 Seemes to me all the vſes of this world?  
 135 Fie on't! Oh fie,<sup>1</sup> 'tis an vnweeded Garden  
 That growes to Seed: Things rank, and groſſe in  
 Nature  
 Poſſeſſe it meereſly. That it ſhould come to this:  
 But two months dead: Nay, not ſo much; not two,  
 So excellent a King, that was to this  
 140 *Hiperion* to a Satyre: ſo louing to my Mother,  
 That he might not beteeme<sup>2</sup> the windes of heauen  
 Viſit her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth!<sup>3</sup>  
 Muſt I remember: why ſhe would hang on him,  
 As if encrease of Appetite had growne  
 145 By what it fed on; and yet within a month?  
 Let me not thinke on't: Frailty, thy name is woman.  
 A little Month, or ere thoſe ſhoes were old,  
 With which ſhe followed my poore Fathers body  
 Like *Niobe*, all teares. Why ſhe, euen ſhe,  
 150 (O Heauen! A beaſt that wants diſcourſe of Reaſon  
 Would haue mourn'd longer) married with mine  
 Vnkle,  
 My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,  
 Then I to *Hercules*. Within a Moneth?

<sup>1</sup> Fie on't? Oh fie, fie *F*, Fie on't, ah fie, *Q*<sub>2</sub>.    <sup>2</sup> be-  
 teene *F*, beteeme *Q*<sub>2</sub>.    <sup>3</sup> *No ſtop Q*<sub>2</sub>*F*.

## FROM HAMLET.

## ACT I. SCENE II.

o:, ðæt dis tu: tu: solid fleſj wu:ld melt,  
 θa: ænd rezolv itſelf intu æ deu! 130  
 or ðæt de everlæſtiſj hæd not fikſt  
 hi:z kænnon gæi:ntſelf-ſla:ter! o god! o god!  
 huw we:ri, ſtæ:l, flæt ænd unprofitæb,l  
 ſi:mz tu mi a:l de iuſez ov diſ world!  
 fi:j ont! o: fi:j! ti:z æn unwi:ded gærd,n 135  
 ðæt grouz tu ſi:d; θi:nz ræ:nk ænd gro:ſ in  
 næ:tiur  
 pozes it mi:rli. ðæt it ſu:ld kum tu diſ!  
 but tu: munθs ded: næi, not ſo mu:ſj, not tu:  
 ſo ekſelent æ ki:n; ðæt wæz, tu diſ,  
 hi:perri:õn tu æ sæ:tir; ſo luvi:nj tu mi:j mu:der 140  
 ðæt hi mi:jt not biti:m ðe wi:jndz ov he(:)vn  
 vi:zit her fæ:s tu ru:ſli. he(:)vn ænd e(:)rθ!  
 muſt ij remember? hwij, ſi wu:ld hæ:nj on him,  
 æz if inkre:s ov æpeti:jt hæd groun  
 bi:j hwæt it fed on: ænd jit, wi:ðin æ munθ— 145  
 let mi not θi:nk ont—fræilti, di:j næ:m iz wumæn!—  
 æ lit,l munθ, or e:r ðo:z ſu:z wer ould  
 wi:ð hwitſj ſi foloud mi:j pu:r fæ:derz bodi,  
 li:k ni:jobe:, a:l terrz:—hwij ſi:, i:vn ſi:—  
 o: he(:)vn! æ be:ſt, ðæt wænts diſku:rs ov re:z,n, 150  
 wu:ld hæv mu:rnd lo:nge:—mærid wi:ð mi:n un:k,l,

mi:j fæ:derz bru:der, but no mo:r li:k mi:j fæ:der  
 ðen ij tu herkiule:z: wi:ðin æ munθ:

Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous Teares  
 155 Had left the flushing of her gauled eyes,  
 She married. . . . .

\* \* \*

ACT I. SCENE III.

GIVE thy thoughts no tongue,  
 60 Nor any vnproportion'd thought his Act:  
 Be thou familiar; but by no meanes vulgar:  
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption tride,  
 Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopes of Steele:  
 But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment  
 65 Of each new hatch't,<sup>1</sup> vnfledg'd Comrade. Beware  
 Of entrance to a quarrell: but being in  
 Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee.  
 Giue euery man thine eare; but few thy voyce:  
 Take each mans censure; but referue thy iudgement:  
 70 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy;  
 But not exprest in fancie; rich, not gawdie:  
 For the Apparell oft proclaimes the man.  
 And they in France of the best ranck and station,  
 Are most<sup>2</sup> select and generous chief<sup>3</sup> in that.  
 75 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;  
 For lone oft loses both it selfe and friend:  
 And borrowing duls the edge of Husbandry.  
 This aboue all; to thine owne selfe be true:  
 And it must follow, as the Night the Day,  
 80 Thou canst not then be false to any man.

\* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> vn hatch't *F*, new hatch't *Q*<sub>2</sub>. <sup>2</sup> Are of a most. <sup>3</sup> cheff.

e:r jit ðe sa:lt ov mo:st unrijtius te:rz  
 hæd left ðe flufiŋ ov her ga:led i:z, 155  
 Ji mærid. . . . .

\* \* \*

## ACT I. SCENE III.

giv dij θouts no: tuŋ,  
 nor æni unproporsjond θout hiz ækt. 60  
 bi: ðuw fæmiljær, but bij no: me:nz vulgær.  
 ðe frendz ðuw hæst, ænd ðæir ædopsjion trijd,  
 græp,l ðem tu ðij soul wið hu:ps ov stil;  
 but du: not dul ðij pa:m wið entertæinment  
 ov e:tʃ niu-hætʃt, unfledʒd komræ:d. biwæ:r 65  
 ov entræns tu æ kwærel, but bi:(i)ŋ in,  
 be:rt ðæt ðopo:zed mæi biwæ:r ov ði:  
 giv ev(e)ri mæn ðijn e:r, but feu dij vois;  
 tæ:k e:tʃ mænz sensiur, but rezerv dij dzudzment.  
 kostli dij hæbit æz dij purs kæn bij, 70  
 but not eksprest in fænsi; ritʃ, not ga:di;  
 for ðe æpærel oft proklæimz ðe mæn,  
 ænd ðæi in fræns ov ðe best ræŋk ænd stæ:sjion  
 ær mo:st selekt ænd dʒen(e)rʊs, tʃi:f in ðæt.  
 ne:ðer æ borðer, nor æ lænder bi:; 75  
 for lo:n oft lu:zez bo:θ itself ænd frend,  
 ænd borðiŋ dulz ðe edʒ ov huzbændri.  
 ðis æbuv a:l: tu ðijn oun self bi: triu,  
 ænd it must folo:, æz ðe nijt ðe ðæi,  
 ðuw kænst not ðen bi fa:ls tu æni mæn. 80

\* \* \*

## ACT III. SCENE 1.

To be, or not to be, that is the Question:  
 Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer  
 The Slings and Arrowes of outragious Fortune,  
 Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,  
 60 And by opposing end them: to dye, to sleepe,  
 No more; and by a sleepe, to say we end  
 The Heart-ake, and the thousand Naturall fhockes  
 That Flefh is heyre too? 'Tis a consummation  
 Deuoutly to be wish'd. To dye, to sleepe,  
 65 To sleepe, perchance to Dreame; I, there's the rub,  
 For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come,  
 When we haue shuffel'd<sup>1</sup> off this mortall coile,  
 Must giue vs pawse. There's the respect  
 That makes Calamity of so long life:  
 70 For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,  
 The Oppressors wrong, the proude<sup>2</sup> mans Contumely,  
 The pangs of dispriz'd Loue, the Lawes delay,  
 The insolence of Office, and the Spurnes  
 That patient merit of the vnworthy takes,  
 75 When he himselfe might his *Quietus* make  
 With a bare Bodkin? Who would these Fardles  
 beare  
 To grunt and sweate vnder a weary life,  
 But that the dread of something after death,  
 The vndiscover'd Countrey, from whose Borne  
 80 No Traueller returnes, Puzels the will,  
 And makes vs rather beare those illes we haue,  
 Then flye to others that we know not of.  
 Thus Conscience does make Cowards of vs all,  
 And thus the Natiue hew of Resolution

<sup>1</sup> shuffel'd.<sup>2</sup> poore *F*, proude *Q*<sub>2</sub>.



## ACT III. SCENE I.

tu bi:, or not tu bi:: ðæt iz ðe kwestion:  
 hweðer tiz no:bler in ðe mijud tu sufer  
 ðe sliŋz ænd ærouz ov uwtræ:džius fortiun,  
 or tu tæ:k ærmz ægæinst æ se: ov trub,lz,  
 ænd bij opo:ziŋ end ðem. tu dij: tu sli:p; 60  
 no mo:r; ænd bij æ sli:p tu sæi wi end  
 ðe hært-æ:k ænd ðe ðuwzænd nætiuræl foks  
 ðæt fleŋ iz hæir tu:, tiz æ konsumæ:sion  
 devuwтли tu bi wiŋt. tu dij, tu sli:p;  
 tu sli:p: pertfæns tu dre:m: ij, ðe:rz ðe rub; 65  
 for in ðæt sli:p ov de(:)θ hwæt dre:mz mæi kum  
 hwen wi hæv fuf,ld of ðis mortæl koil,  
 must giv us pæ:z: ðe(:)rz ðe respekt  
 ðæt mæ:ks kælæmiti ov so loŋ liŋ;  
 for hwu: wu:ld be:r ðe hwips ænd skornz ov tijm, 70  
 ðopresorz wroŋ, ðe pruwð mænz kontium(e)li,  
 ðe pæŋz ov disprijzd luv, ðe la:z delæi,  
 ðe insolens ov ofis ænd ðe spurnz  
 ðæt pæ:sient merit ov ð(e) unwurði tæ:ks,  
 hwen hi himself mijt hiz kwije:tus mæ:k 75  
 wið æ bæ:r bodkin? hwu: wu:ld ðe:z færd,lz be:r,

tu grunt ænd swe(:)t under æ we:ri liŋ,  
 but ðæt ðe dre(:)d ov sumθiŋ æfter de(:)θ,  
 ðe undiskuverd kuntri from hwu:z born  
 no træveler returnz, puz,lz ðe wil 80  
 ænd mæ:ks us ræðer be:r ðo:z ilz wi hæ:rv  
 ðen flij tu uðerz ðæt wi kno: not ov?  
 ðus konsiens duz mæ:k kuwærdz ov us a:l;  
 ænd ðus ðe næ:tiv hiu ov rezoliusion

85 Is ficklied o're, with the pale cast of Thought,  
 And enterprizes of great pith and moment,  
 With this regard their Currants turne away,  
 And loole the name of Action. . . . .

\*            \*            \*

ACT III. SCENE II.

*Ham.* SPEAKE the Speech I pray you, as I  
 pronounc'd it to you trippingly on the Tongue:  
 But if you mouth it, as many of your Players do,  
 I had as liue the Town-Cryer had spoke my Lines:  
 5 Nor do not law the Ayre too much with<sup>1</sup> your  
 hand thus, but vse all gently: for in the verie  
 Torrent, Tempest, and (as I may say) the Whirle-  
 winde of Passion, you must acquire and beget a  
 Temperance that may giue it Smoothnesse. O it  
 10 offends mee to the Soule, to see a robustious Pery-  
 wig-pated Fellow, teare a Passion to tatters, to verie  
 ragges, to split the eares of the Groundlings: who  
 (for the most part) are capeable of nothing, but  
 inexplicable dumbe shewes, and noise: I could haue  
 15 such a Fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant: it  
 out-*Herod's Herod*. Pray you auoid it.

*Player.* I warrant your Honor.

*Ham.* Be not too tame neyther: but let your  
 owne Discretion be your Tutor. Sute the Action  
 20 to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this  
 speciall obseruance: That you ore-step<sup>2</sup> not the  
 modestie of Nature; for any thing so ouer-done,  
 is from the purpose of Playing, whose end both at

<sup>1</sup> with *om. F*, with *Qq*.    <sup>2</sup> ore-ftop *F*, ore-fteppe *Q2*.

iz siklid o:r wið ðe pæ:l kæst ov θout,  
 ænd enterprijez ov gre:t piθ ænd mo:ment  
 wið ðis regærd ðæir kurænts turn æwæi,  
 ænd lu:z ðe næ:m ov æksion. . . . .

85

\* \* \*

## ACT III. SCENE II.

hæmlet.] spe:k ðe spi:tʃ, ij præi iu, æz ij  
 pronuwnt it tu iu, tripiŋli on ðe tuŋ: but if  
 iu muwð it, æz mæni ov iur plæierz du:, ij hæd  
 æz liv ðe tuwn-krijer hæd spok mij lijnz. nor  
 du: not sa: ðe æir tu: mutʃ wið iur hænd, ðus, 5  
 but iuz a:l dzentli; for in ðe veri torent, tem-  
 pest, ænd æz ij mæi sæi, ðe hwirl-wijnd ov  
 pæsion, iu must ækwijr ænd biget æ temperæns  
 ðæt mæi giv it smu:ðnes. o:, it ofendz mi tu  
 ðe soul tu si: æ robustiūs periwig-pæ:ted felo:10  
 te:r æ pæsion tu tæterz, tu veri rægz, tu split  
 ðe e:rz ov ðe gruwndliŋz, hwu: for ðe mo:st  
 pært ær kæ:pæb,l ov nuθiŋ but ineksplikæb,l dum-  
 fouz ænd noiz: ij ku:ld hæ:v sutʃ æ felo: hwipt  
 for o:rduiŋ termægænt; it uwt-herodz herod: præi  
 iu, ævoid it.

plæier.] ij wærænt iur onor.

hæmlet.] bi: not tu: tæ:m ne:ðer, but let iur  
 oun diskresion bi: iur tiutor: siut ðe æksion 20  
 tu ðe word, ðe word tu ðe æksion; wið ðis  
 spesjæl observæns, ðæt iu o:rstep not ðe mo-  
 desti ov næ:tiur: for æni θiŋ so: overdun iz  
 from ðe purpo:s ov plæiŋ, hwu:z end, bo:θ æt

the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the  
 25 Mirrour vp to Nature; to shew Vertue her owne  
 Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age  
 and Bodie of the Time, his forme and pressure. Now,  
 this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it make  
 the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the Iudicious  
 30 greeue; The censure of the which One, must in your  
 allowance o're-way a whole Theater of Others. Oh,  
 there bee Players that I haue seene Play, and heard  
 others praife, and that highly (not to speake it  
 prophanely) that neyther hauing the accent of  
 35 Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor man,<sup>1</sup>  
 haue so strutted and bellowed, that I haue thought  
 some of Natures Iouerney-men had made men, and  
 not made them well, they imitated Humanity so  
 abhominably.

40 *Play.* I hope we haue reform'd that indiffe-  
 rently with vs, Sir.

*Ham.* O reforme it altogether. And let those  
 that play your Clownes, speake no more then is  
 set downe for them. For there be of them, that  
 45 will themselues laugh, to set on some quantity of  
 barren Spectators to laugh too, though in the meane  
 time, some necessary Question of the Play be then to  
 be considered: that's Villanous, and shewes a most  
 pittifull Ambition in the Foole that vses it. Go  
 50 make you readie.

\* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> or Norman *F*, nor man *Q*<sub>2</sub>.

ðe first ænd nuw, wæz ænd iz, tu ho:ld, æz twe(:)r,  
 ðe miror up tu næ:tiur; tu fo: vertiu her oun<sup>25</sup>  
 fe:tiur, skorn her oun imædz, ænd ðe veri æ:dz  
 ænd bodi ov ðe tijm hiz form ænd presiur. nuw  
 ðis overdun, or kum tærði of, ðou it mæ:k ðe  
 unskilful læf, kænnot but mæ:k ðe dziudisius gri:v;  
 ðe sensiur ov ðe hwitf o:n must in iur æluwæns<sup>30</sup>  
 o:rwæi æ ho:l ðe:æter ov uderz. o:, ðer bi  
 plæierz ðæt ij hæv si:n plæl, ænd hærð uderz  
 præiz, ænd ðæt hijli, not tu spe:k it profæ:nli,  
 ðæt, ne:der hæ:viŋ ðe æksent ov kristiænz nor  
 ðe gært ov kristiæn, pæ:gæn, nor mæn, hæv so:<sup>35</sup>  
 struted ænd beloud ðæt ij hæv ðout sum ov  
 næ:tiurz dzurnimen hæð mæ:d men ænd not  
 mæ:d ðem wel, ðæi imitæ:ted hiu:mænitï so:  
 æbominæbli.

plæier.] ij ho:p wi hæv reformd ðæt indife-<sup>40</sup>  
 rentli wið us, sir.

hæglet.] o:, reform it a:ltugeder. ænd let  
 ðo:z ðæt plæi iur kluwnz spe:k no: mo:r ðen iz  
 set ðown for ðem; for ðer bi: ov ðem ðæt wil  
 ðemselvz læf, tu set on sum kwæntiti ov bæren<sup>45</sup>  
 spektæ:torz tu læf tu; ðou in ðe me:n tijm,  
 sum nesesæri kwestïon ov ðe plæi bi: ðen tu bi  
 konsiderd: ðæts vilænus, ænd fouz æ mo:st  
 pitiful æmbisiøn in ðe ful ðæt iuzez it. go:  
 mæ:k iu re(:)di.

\* \* \*

## ACT IV. SCENE V.

HOW should I your true loue know  
From another one?

25 By his Cockle hat and staffe,  
And his Sandal shoone.<sup>1</sup>

He is dead and gone Lady,  
30 He is dead and gone,  
At his head a grasse-greene Turfe,  
At his heeles a Itone.<sup>2</sup>

35 White his Shrow'd as the Mountaine Snow,  
Larded with sweet flowers:  
Which bewept to the graue did go,<sup>3</sup>  
With true-loue showres.

## FROM KING LEAR.

## ACT III. SCENE II.

BLOW windes, and crack your cheeks; Rage, blow  
You Cataracts, and Hyrricano's spout,  
Till you haue drench'd our Steeples, drown'd<sup>4</sup> the  
Cockes.

You Sulph'rous and Thought-executing Fires,  
5 Vaunt-curriers of Oake-cleaving Thunder-bolts,  
Sindge my white head. And thou all shaking Thunder,  
Strike flat the thicke Rotundity o'th'world,  
Cracke Natures moulds, all germanes spill at once  
That makes ingratefull Man.

. . . . .

<sup>1</sup> *Ll. 23 to 26 two lines.*    <sup>2</sup> *Ll. 29 to 32 two lines.*

<sup>3</sup> did not go *QqF*.    <sup>4</sup> drown *F*, drown'd *Q*.

## ACT IV. SCENE V.

huw fu:ld ij iur triu-luv kno:  
 from ænuðer o:n?  
 bij hiz kok,l hæet ænd stæf, 25  
 ænd hiz sændæl fu:n.  
  
 hi iz ded ænd go:n, læ:di,  
 hi iz ded ænd go:n; 30  
 æt hiz hed æ græs-gri:n turf,  
 æt hiz hi:lz æ sto:n.  
  
 hwijt hiz fruwd æz ðe muwntæin sno:, 35  
 lærded wið swi:t fluwrz;  
 hwitf biwept tu ð(e) græ:v did go:  
 wið triu-luv fuwrz.

## FROM KING LEAR.

## ACT III. SCENE II.

blo:, wijndz, ænd kræk iur tʃi:ks! ræ:dʒ! blo:!  
 iu kætærækts ænd hurikæ:no:z, spuwt  
 til iu hæv drentʃt uwr sti:p,lz, druwnd ðe koks!  
  
 iu sulfrus ænd θout-eksekiutiŋ fijrz,  
 va:nt-kurʃorz ov o:k-kle:viŋ θunder-boults, 5  
 sindʒ mij hwijt hed! ænd ðuw, a:l-fæ:kiŋ θunder,  
 strijk flæt ðe θik rotunditi od world!  
 kræk næ:tiurz mouldz, a:l dʒermæinz spil æt o:ns,  
 ðæt mæ:ks ingræ:tful mæn.

. . . . .

Rumble thy belly full: I pit Fire, I spowt Raine:  
 15 Nor Raine, Winde, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters;  
 I taxe not you, you Elements with vnkindnesse.  
 I neuer gaue you Kingdome, call'd you Children;  
 You owe me no subscription. Then let fall  
 Your horrible pleasure. Heere I stand your Slaue,  
 20 A poore, infirme, weake, and dispis'd old man:  
 But yet I call you Seruile Ministers,  
 That will with two pernicious Daughters ioyne  
 Your high-engender'd Battailles, 'gainst a head  
 So old, and white as this. . . . .

\* \* \*

ACT IV. SCENE VI.

HOW fearefull

And dizie 'tis, to cast ones eyes so low,  
 The Crowes and Choughes, that wing the midway ayre  
 Shew scarce so grosse as Beetles. Halfe way downe  
 15 Hangs one that gathers Sampire: dreadfull Trade:  
 Me thinkes he seemes no bigger then his head.  
 The Fishermen, that walke<sup>1</sup> vpon the beach  
 Appeare like Mice: and yond tall Anchoring Barke,  
 Diminish'd to her Cocke: her Cocke, a Buoy  
 20 Almost too small for sight. The murmuring Surge,  
 That on th'vnnubred idle Pebble chafes  
 Cannot be heard so high. Ile looke no more,  
 Least my braine turne, and the deficient light  
 Topple downe headlong.

\* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> walk'd *F*, walke *Q*.



rumb,l dij beliful! spit, fijr! spuwt, ræin!  
 nor ræin, wijnd, θunder, fij,r, ær mij dæ:terz: 15  
 ij tæks not iu, iu el(e)ments, wid unkijndnes;  
 ij never gæ:v iu kiŋdum, ka:l d iu tʃildren,  
 iu o: mi no: subskripsion: den let fa:l  
 iur hor(i)bl ple(:)ziur; her ij stænd, iur slæ:v,  
 æ pu:r, infirm, we:k, ænd dispijzd ould mæn: 20  
 but jit ij ka:l iu servil ministerz,  
 dæt wil wid tu: pernisius dæ:terz dzoin  
 iur hij indzenderd bæ:t,lz gæinst æ hed  
 so ould ænd hwijt æz dis.

\* \* \*

ACT IV. SCENE VI.

huw fe:rful

ænd dizi tiz, tu kæst o:nz ijz so lo:!  
 de krouz ænd tʃufs dæt wiŋ de midwæi æir  
 ʃo: skærs so gro:s æz bi:t,lz: ha:f wæi duwn  
 hæŋz o:n dæt gæderz sæmpijr, dre(:)dful træ:d! 15  
 mi θiŋks hi si:mz no biger den hiz hed:  
 de fiŋermen, dæt wæ:k upon de bertʃ,  
 æpe:r lijk mijs; ænd jond ta:l æŋk(o)riŋ bærk,  
 diminiŋt tu her kok; her kok, æ bwoi  
 a:lmo:st tu: sma:l for sijt: de murm(u)riŋ surdz, 20  
 dæt on dunnbred ijd,l peb,l tʃæ:fs,  
 kænot bi hærd so hij. ijl lu:k no mo:r;  
 le(:)st mij bræin turn, ænd de defisiēt sijt  
 top,l duwn hedloŋ.

\* \* \*



## ACT V. SCENE III.

le:r.] huwl, huwl, huwl, huwl! o:, iu ær  
men ov sto:nz:

hæd ij iur tuŋz ænd ijz, ijld iuz dem so:  
dæt he(:)v,nz va:lt fu:ld kræk. fi:z go:n for ever!  
ij kno: hwen o:n iz ded, ænd hwen o:n livz; 260  
fi:z ded æz e(:)rθ. lend mi æ lu:kiŋ-glæs;  
if dæt her bre(:)θ wil mist or stæin de storn,  
hwij, den fi livz.

kent.] iz dis de promist end?

edgær.] or imædz ov dæt horor?

æ:lbæni.] fa:l, ænd se:s!

le:r.] dis feder sturz; fi livz! if it bi: so:, 265  
it iz æ tfæns hwitf duz redi:m a:l sorouz  
dæt ever ij hæv felt.

kent.] o: mij gud mæster!

le:r.] pridi:, æwæi.

edgær.] tiz no:b,l kent, iur frend.

le:r.] æ plæ:g upon iu murd(e)rerz, træitorz a:l!  
ij mijt hæv sæ:vd her; nuw fi:z go:n for ever! 270  
korde:lîæ, korde:lîæ, stæi æ lit,l. hæ:!  
hwæt ist ðuw sæist? her vois wæz ever soft,  
dzent,l, ænd lo:, æn eks(e)lent θiŋ in wumæn.

le:r.] ænd mij pu:r fu:l iz hæŋd! no:, no:, 275  
no: lijf!

hwij fu:ld æ dog, æ hors, æ ræt hæv lijf,  
ænd ðuw no bre(:)θ æt a:l? ðuwlt kum no mo:r,  
never, never, never, never, never!  
præi iu, undu: dis but,n: θæŋk iu, sir.

810 Do you see this? Looke on her!<sup>1</sup> Looke her lips,  
Looke there, looke there.

*Edg.* He faints, my Lord, my Lord.

*Kent.* Breake heart, I prythee breake.

*Edg.* Looke vp my Lord.

*Kent.* Vex not his ghoft, O let him paffe, he  
hates him,

That would vpon the wracke of this tough world  
815 Stretch him out longer.

FROM OTHELLO.

ACT I. SCENE III.

HER Father lou'd me, oft inuited me :  
Still question'd me the Storie of my life,  
180 From yeare to yeare: the Battailes,<sup>2</sup> Sieges, Fortunes,<sup>3</sup>  
That I haue pafte.  
I ran it through, euen from my boyifh daies,  
Toth' very moment that he bad me tell it.  
Wherein I fpoke of moft difaftrous chances:  
185 Of mouing Accidents by Flood and Field,  
Of haire-breadth fcapes i'th'imminent deadly breach;  
Of being taken by the Infolent Foe,  
And fold to flauery. Of my redemption thence,  
And portance in my Trauellours hiftorie.  
140 Wherein of Antars vaft, and Defarts idle,  
Rough Quarries, Rocks, and<sup>4</sup> Hills, whose heads<sup>5</sup>  
touch heauen,  
It was my hint to fpoke. Such was my Proceffe,

<sup>1</sup> her?    <sup>2</sup> Battaile. (*This and most other corrections from Q.*)    <sup>3</sup> Fortune.    <sup>4</sup> and om.    <sup>5</sup> head.

du iu si: dis? lu:k on her, lu:k, her lips, 810  
 lu:k ðe:r, lu:k ðe:r!

edgær.] hi fæints! mij lord, mij lord!

kent.] bre:k, hært; ij pridi:, bre:k!

edgær.] lu:k up, mij lord.

kent.] veks not hiz go:st: or, let him pæs!  
 hi: hæ:ts him

ðæt wu:ld upon de wræk ov dis tuf world  
 stretf him uwt lonjer. 815

## FROM OTHELLO.

## ACT I. SCENE III.

her fæder luvd mi:; oft invijted mi:;  
 stil kwestïond mi: ðe sto:ri ov mij lijf,  
 from je:r tu je:r, de bæt,lz, si:dzez, fortiunz, 130  
 ðæt ij hæv pæst.

ij ræn it ðru:, i:vn from mij boijf dæiz,  
 tuð veri mo:ment ðæt hi bæd mi tel it;  
 hwe:rin ij spok ov mo:st dizæstrus tfejensez,  
 ov mu:viŋ æksidents bij flud ænd fi:ld, 135  
 ov hæir-bredθ skæ:ps id im(i)nent dedli bre:tƒ,  
 ov bi:ŋ tæk,n bij ðe ins(o)lent fo:

ænd sould tu slæ:v(e)ri, ov mij redempŋion dens  
 ænd portæns in mij træv(e)lerz histori:  
 hwe:rin ov ænterz væst ænd dezærts ijd,l, 140  
 ruf kwæriz, roks ænd hilz hwu:z hedz tutf he:(i)v,n,

it wæz mij hint tu spe:k,—sutf wæz mij pro:ses;



ænd ov ðe kænibælz ðæt ertʃ uderz ert,  
 ðe ænθropofædzij, ænd men hwu:z hedz  
 du gro: bine:ð<sup>1</sup> ðæir ʃoulderz. ðe:z θiŋz tu he:r 145

wu:ld dezdemo:næ se:rriusli inkliŋ:

but stil ðe huws æfæirz wu:ld dra: her ðens:

hwitʃ ever æz ʃi ku:ld wið hæ:st dispætʃ,

ʃi:ld kum ægæin, ænd wið æ gre:di e:r

devuwr up mij disku:rs: hwitʃ ij obzerviŋ, 150

turk o:ns æ plijænt uwr, ænd fuwnd gud me:nz

tu dra: from her æ præir ov ernest hært

ðæt ij wu:ld a:l mij pilgrimædz dilæ:t,

hwe:rov bij pærs,lz ʃi hæd sumθiŋ hærd,

but not intentivli. ij did konsent, 155

ænd oft,n did bigijl her ov her te:rz,

hwen ij did spe:k ov sum distressful stro:k

ðæt mij jiuθ suferd. mij stori: bi:ŋ dun,

ʃi gæ:v mi for mij pæinz æ world ov si:z:

ʃi swo:r, in fæiθ, twæz strændz, twæz pæsiŋ strændz, 160

twæz pitiful, twæz wundrus pitiful:

ʃi wi:ft ʃi hæd not hærd it, jit ʃi wi:ft

ðæt he(:)vn hæd mæ:d her sutʃ æ mæn: ʃi θæŋkt

mi:,

ænd bæd mi:, if ij hæd æ frend ðæt luvd her,

ij ʃu:ld but te:tʃ him huw tu tel mij stori, 165

ænd ðæt wu:ld wu: her. upon ðis hint ij spæ:k:

ʃi luvd mi: for ðe dændzerz ij hæd pæst,

ænd ij luvd her ðæt ʃi did piti dem.

ðis o:nli iz ðe witʃ-kræft ij hæv iuzd.

\* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> Or bine:θ.

## ACT IV. SCENE II.

ALAS *Iago*,

What shall I do to win my Lord againe?

150 Good Friend, go to him: for by this light of Heauen,  
I know not how I lost him. Heere I kneele:  
If ere my will did trespasse 'gainst his Loue,  
Either in discourse of thought, or actuall deed,  
Or that mine Eyes, mine Eares, or any Sence  
155 Delighted them in any<sup>1</sup> other Forme,  
Or that I do not yet, and euer did,  
And euer will, (though he do shake me off  
To beggerly diuorcement) Loue him deerely,  
Comfort forswear me. Vnkindnesse may do much,  
160 And his vnkindnesse may defeat my life,  
But neuer taynt my Loue. . . . .

\* \* \*

## ACT V. SCENE II.

840 I PRAY you in your Letters,  
When you shall these vnluckie deeds relate,  
Speake of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,  
Nor set downe ought in malice. Then must you  
speake,<sup>2</sup>  
Of one that lou'd not wisely, but too well:  
845 Of one, not easily Iealous, but being wrought,  
Perplexed in the extreame: Of one, whose hand  
(Like the base Indean threw a Pearle away  
Richer then all his Tribe: Of one, whose subdu'd  
Eyes,  
Albeit vn-vfed to the melting moode,

<sup>1</sup> them: or any.

<sup>2</sup> Then . . . speake, *a new line*.



## ACT IV. SCENE II.

æ-læs, iæ:go:,

hwæt fæl ij du: tu win mij lord ægæin?  
 gud frend, go: tu him; for, bij dis lijt ov he(:)vn, 150  
 ij kno: not huw ij lost him. he:r ij kni:l:  
 if e:r mij wil did trespæs gæinst hiz luv,  
 e:d(e)r<sup>1</sup> in diskurs ov θout or æktiūæl di:d,  
 or ðæt mijn ijz, mijn e:rz, or æni sens,  
 delijted ðem in æni uder form; 155  
 or ðæt ij du: not jit, ænd ever did,  
 ænd ever wil—ðou hi du fæ:k mi of  
 tu begerli divorsment—luv him derli,  
 kumfort forswær mi:! unkiyndnes mæi du: mutf;  
 ænd hiz unkiyndnes mæi defert mij lijf, 160  
 but never tæint mij luv. . . . .

\* \* \*

## ACT V. SCENE II.

ij præi iu, in iur leterz, 240

hwen iu fæl ðe:z unluki di:dz relæ:t,  
 spe:k ov mi: æz ij æm; noθij eksteniūæt,  
 nor set down out in mælis: ðen must iu spe:k

ov o:n ðæt luvd not wijzli but tu: wel;  
 ov o:n not e:z(i)li dzeliūs, but bi:ij wrou 245  
 perplekst in ðe ekstrem; ov o:n hwu:z hænd,  
 lijk ðe bæ:s indīæn, θriu æ perl æwæi  
 ritser ðen a:l hiz trijb; ov o:n hwu:z subdiud ijz,

a:lbi:(i)t uniuzed tu ðe meltij mu:d,

<sup>1</sup> *Hardly* e:r.

850 Drops teares as fast as the Arabian Trees  
 Their Medicinable gumme. . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 I kist thee, ere I kill'd thee: No way but this,  
 Killing my selfe, to dye vpon a kisse.

---

FROM ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT II. SCENE II.

THE Barge she sat in, like a burnisht Throne  
 Burnt on the water: the Poope was beaten Gold,  
 Purple the Sailes: and so perfumed that  
 The Windes were Loue-licke with them. The Owers  
 were Siluer,<sup>1</sup>  
 200 Which to the tune of Flutes kept stroke, and made  
 The water which they beate, to follow faster;  
 As amorous of their strokes. For her owne person  
 It beggerd all discription, she did lye  
 In her Pauillion, cloth of Gold, of Tissue,  
 205 O're-picturing that Venus,<sup>2</sup> where we see  
 The fancie out-worke Nature. On each side her,  
 Stood pretty Dimpled Boyes, like smiling Cupids,  
 With diuers colour'd Fannes whose winde did seeme,  
 To glow<sup>3</sup> the delicate cheekes which they did coole,  
 210 And what they vndid did.  
 . . . . .  
 Her Gentlewomen,<sup>4</sup> like the Nereides,  
 So many Mer-maides tended her i'th'eyes,  
 And made their bends adornings. At the Helme,

<sup>1</sup> Loue-licke. With them the Owers were Siluer  
 (With *beginning a new line*). <sup>2</sup> Venns. <sup>3</sup> gloue.

<sup>4</sup> Gentlewoman.

drops te:rz æz fæst æz ðe æræ:bïæn tri:z 850  
 ðæir med(i)sinæb,l gum.

. . . . .  
 ij kist ði: er ij kild ði: no: wæi but ðis;  
 kilij mijselġ, tu dij upon æ kis.

## FROM ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

## ACT II. SCENE II.

ðe bærdz ġi sæt in, lijk æ burnift θro:n,  
 burnt on ðe wæter: ðe pu:p wæz be:t,n gould;  
 purp,l ðe sæilz, ænd so: perfiumed ðæt  
 ðe wijndz wer luv-sik wið ðem; ð(e) o:rz wer silver,

hwitġ tu ðe tiun ov fluits kept stro:k, ænd mæ:d 200  
 ðe wæter hwitġ ðæi be:t tu folo: fæster,  
 æz æm(o)rus ov ðæir stro:ks. for her oun person,  
 it begerd a:l deskripsiön: ġi did lij  
 in her pævilïön—kloθ ov gould ov tisiu—  
 o:r-piktiuriġ ðæt ve:nus hwe:r wi si: 205  
 ðe fænsi uwtwurk næ:tiur: on e:tġ sijd her  
 stu(:)d priti dimp,ld boiz, lijk smijliġ kiupidz,  
 wið dijvers-kulord fænz, hwu:z wijnd did si:m  
 tu glou ðe del(i)kæ(:)t tġi:ks hwitġ ðæi did ku:l,  
 ænd hwæt ðæi undid did. 210

. . . . .  
 her dzent,lwi(:)men, lijk ðe nereidz,  
 so mæni mermæidz, tended her id iġz,  
 ænd mæ:d ðæir bendz ædorniġz: æt ðe helm

A seeming Mer-maide steeres: The Silken Tackle,  
 215 Swell with the touches of those Flower-soft hands,  
 That yarely frame the office. From the Barge  
 A strange inuisible perfume hits the sense  
 Of the adiacent Wharfes. The Citty cast  
 Her people out vpon her: and *Anthony*  
 220 Enthron'd i'th'Market-place, did sit alone,  
 Whissing, to th'ayre:<sup>1</sup> which but for vacancie,  
 Had gone to gaze on *Cleopater* too,  
 And made a gap in Nature.

\*            \*            \*

ACT V. SCENE II.

GIVE me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I haue  
 Immortall longings in me. Now no more  
 285 The iuyce of Egypts Grape shall moyft this lip.  
 Yare, yare, good *Iras*; quicke: Me thinkes I heare  
*Anthony* call: I see him rowse himselfe  
 To praise my Noble Act. I heare him mock  
 The lucke of *Cæsar*, which the Gods giue men  
 290 To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come:  
 Now to that name, my Courage proue my Title.  
 I am Fire, and Ayre; my other Elements  
 I giue to baser life. So, haue you done?  
 Come then, and take the last warmth of my Lippes.  
 Farewell kinde *Charmian*, *Iras*, long farewell.

---

<sup>1</sup> to'th'ayre.

æ si:mij mermæid sti:rz: ðe silk,n tæk,l  
 swel wið ðe tutfez ov ðo:z fluwr-soft hændz, 215  
 ðæt jærli fræ:m ðe ofis. from ðe bærdz  
 æ strændz inviz(i)b,l perfium hits ðe sens  
 ov ðe ædzæ:sent hwærfs. ðe siti kæst  
 her pi:p,l uwt upon her; ænd æntoni,  
 inθro:nd id mærket plæ:s, did sit ælo:n, 220  
 hwis(t)lij tu ðæir; hwitf but for væ:kænsi,  
 hæd go:n tu gæ:z on kle:opæ:ter tu:  
 ænd mæ:d æ gæp in næ:tiur.

\*            \*            \*

ACT V. SCENE II.

giv mi mij ro:b, put on mij kruwn; ij hæ:v  
 imortæl loŋgiŋz in mi:: nuw no mo:r  
 ðe dzius ov e:dzipts græ:p sæl moist ðis lip: 285  
 jær, jær, gud ijræs; kwik. miθijks ij he:r  
 æntoni ka:l; ij si: him ruwz himself  
 tu præiz mij no:b,l ækt; ij he:r him mok  
 ðe luk ov se:zær, hwitf ðe godz giv men  
 t(u) ekskiuz ðæir æfter wræθ: huzbænd, ij kum: 290  
 nuw tu ðæt ne:m mij kurædz pruv mij tijt,l!  
 ij (æ)m fijr ænd æir; mij uðer elements  
 ij giv tu bæ:ser lijf. so:; hæv iu dun?  
 kum ðen, ænd tæk ðe læst wærmθ ov mij lips.  
 fæ:rwel, kijnd tšærmīæn; ijræs, loŋ fæ:rwel.

## FROM CYMBELINE.

## ACT II. SCENE III.

*Song.*

HEARKE, hearke, the Larke at Heauens gate sings,  
 And Phoebus gins arife,  
 His Steeds to water at thofe Springs  
 25 On chalic'd Flowres that lyes:  
 And winking Mary-buds begin  
 To ope their Golden eyes  
 With euery thing that pretty is,  
 My Lady sweet arife:<sup>1</sup>  
 80 Arife, arife.

\* \* \*

## ACT III. SCENE IV.

COME Fellow, be thou honest,  
 Do thou thy Masters bidding. When thou seest him,  
 A little witnesse my obedience. Looke  
 I draw the Sword my selfe, take it, and hit  
 70 The innocent Mansion of my Loue (my Heart:)  
 Feare not, 'tis empty of all things, but Greefe:  
 Thy Master is not there, who was indeede  
 The riches of it. Do his bidding, strike,  
 Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause;  
 75 But now thou seem'ft a Coward.

.....

Why, I must dye:  
 And if I do not by thy hand, thou art  
 No Seruant of thy Masters. Against Selfe-slaughter,  
 There is a prohibition so Diuine,  
 80 That crauens my weake hand: Come, heere's my  
 heart:

<sup>1</sup> *Ll. 26 to 29 printed as two lines.*

## FROM CYMBELINE.

## ACT II. SCENE III.

[SON.]

hærk, hærk! ðe lærk æt he(:)vnz gæ:rt si:nz,  
 ænd fe:bus ginz æri:z,  
 hiz sti:dz tu wæter æt do:z sprin:z  
 on tʃælist flawrz ðæt li:z; 25  
 ænd wi:nki:n mæ:ri-budz bigin  
 tu o:p ðæir gould,n i:z:  
 wið ev(e)ri θi:n ðæt pri:t i:z,  
 mij læ:di swi:t, æri:z:  
 æri:z, æri:z. 30

\* \* \*

## ACT III. SCENE IV.

kum, felo:, bi: ðuw onest:  
 du: ðuw ðij mæsterz bidi:n; hwen ðuw si:st him,  
 æ lit,l wi:nes mij obe:dïens: luk:k!  
 ij dra: ðe sword mijsel:f: tæ:k it, ænd hit  
 ðe in(o)sent mænsi:õn ov mij luv, mij hært: 70  
 fe:r not; tiz empti ov a:l θi:nz but gri:f:  
 ðij mæster iz not ðe:r, hwu: wæz indi:d  
 ðe ritʃez ov it: du: hiz bidi:n; strijk  
 ðuw mæist bi vælïænt in æ bete:r ka:z;  
 but nuw ðuw si:mst æ kuwærd. 75

. . . . .

hwij, ij must dij;  
 ænd if ij du: not bij dij hænd, ðuw ært  
 no: servænt ov dij mæsterz. ægæinst self-sla:ter  
 ðer iz æ prohibi:si:õn so: divi:n  
 ðæt kræ:v,nz mij we:k hænd. kum, he:rz mij hært. 80

Something's a-for't:<sup>1</sup> Soft, soft, wee'l no defence,  
 Obedient as the Scabbard. What is heere,  
 The Scriptures of the Loyall *Leonatus*,  
 All turn'd to Heresie? Away, away,  
 85 Corrupters of my Faith, you shall no more  
 Be Stomachers to my heart: thus may poore Fooles  
 Beleeue false Teachers: Though those that are betraid  
 Do feele the Treason sharply, yet the Traitor  
 Stands in worfe case of woe. . . . .

\*       \*       \*

ACT IV. SCENE II.

*Song.*

*Guid.* Feare no more the heate o'th'Sun,  
 Nor the furious Winters rages,  
 260 Thou thy worldly task haft don,  
 Home art gon, and tane thy wages.  
 Golden Lads, and Girles all muft,  
 As Chimney-Sweepers come to duft.

*Arui.* Feare no more the frowne o'th'Great,  
 265 Thou art past the Tirants stroake,  
 Care no more to cloath and eate,  
 To thee the Reede is as the Oake:  
 The Scepter, Learning, Physicke muft,  
 All follow this and come to duft.

270 *Guid.* Feare no more the Lightning flash.

*Arui.* Nor th'all-dreaded Thunderstone.

*Gui.* Feare not Slander, Censure rash.

*Arui.* Thou haft finish'd Ioy and mone.

<sup>1</sup> a-foot.



sumθiŋz æ-fort. soft, soft! wil no: defens;  
 oberdient æz ðe skæbærd. hwæt iz he:r?  
 ðe skriptiurz ov ðe lo:æl le:onærtus,  
 a:l turnd tu heresi? æwæi, æwæi,  
 korupterz ov mij fæiθ! iu fæl no mo:r 85  
 bi stum(æ)kerz tu mij hært. ðus mæi purr fu:lz  
 bili:v fa:ls te:tferz: ðou ðo:z ðæt ær bitræid  
 du fi:l ðe tre:z,n færpli, jit ðe træitor  
 stændz in wurs kæ:s ov wo: . . . . .

\* \* \*

## ACT IV. SCENE II.

[soŋ.]

gijde:rŋus.] fe:r no mo:r ðe he:t oð sun,  
 nor ðe fiurŋus winterz ræ:dgez;  
 ðuw dij worldli tæsk hæst dun, 260  
 ho:m ært go:n, ænd tæ:n dij:wæ:dgez:  
 gould,n lædz ænd g:rlz a:l must,  
 æz tŋimni-swi:perz, kum tu dust.

ærvirægus.] fe:r no mo:r ðe fruwn oð gre:t;  
 ðuw ært pæst ðe tijrænts stro:k; 265  
 kæ:r no mo:r tu klo:d ænd eit;  
 tu ði: ðe ri:d iz æz ðe o:k:  
 ðe septer, lerniŋ, fizik, must  
 a:l folo: ðis, ænd kum tu dust.

gijde:rŋus.] fe:r no mo:r ðe liŋtniŋ-flæf, 270  
 ærvirægus.] nor ða:l-dre(:)ded θunder-sto:n;  
 gjjde:rŋus.] fe:r not slænder, sensiur ræf;  
 ærvirægus.] ðuw hæst finiŋt dzo:i ænd mo:n:

*Both.* All Louers young, all Louers must,  
275            Configne to thee and come to duft.

*Guid.* No Exorcifor harme thee,

*Arui.* Nor no witch-craft charme thee.

*Guid.* Ghofl vnlaïd forbearè thee.

*Arui.* Nothing ill come neere thee.

280 *Both.* Quiet confumation haue,  
          And renowned be thy graue.

---

- bo:θ.] a:l luverz juŋ, a:l luverz must  
konsijn tu di:, ænd kum tu dust. 275
- gijde:rīus.] no: eksorsijzer hærm di:!  
ærvirægus.] nor no witskræft tǽrm di:!  
gijde:rīus.] go:st unlæid forbe:r di:!  
ærvirægus.] noθiŋ il kum ne:r di:!  
bo:θ.] kwijet konsiumæ:sion hæ:v;  
ænd renuwned bi: dij græ:v! 280
-









