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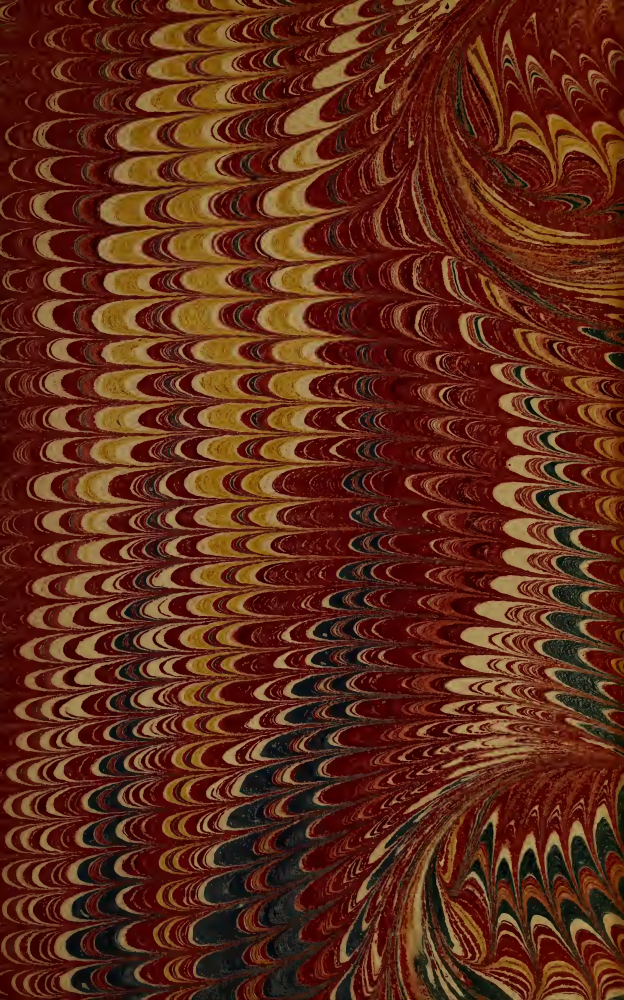


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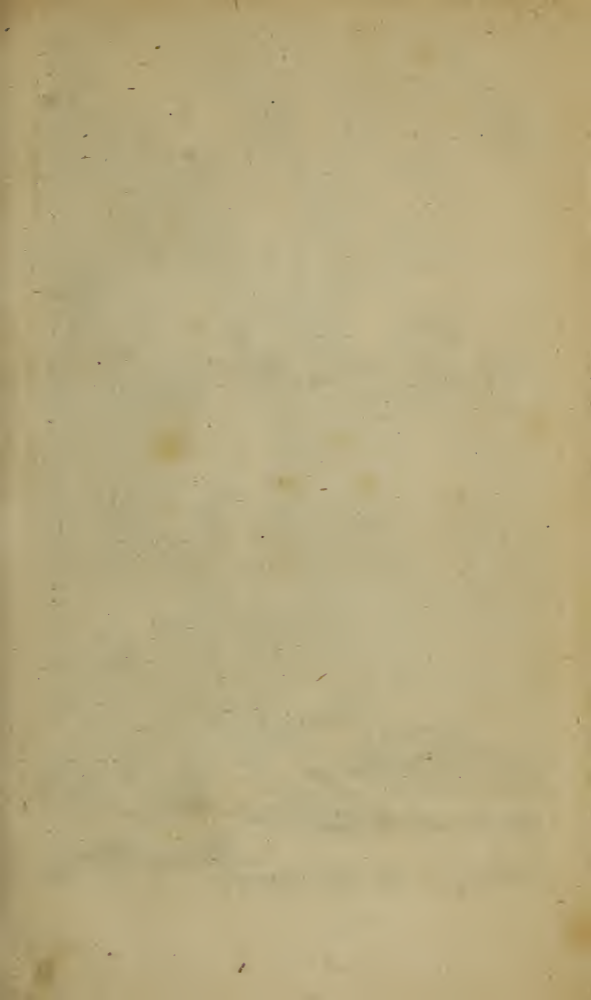
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R. B.

As you like it.

10.

THE
WORKS
OF
M^r William Shakespear.

VOLUME the THIR D.

CONTAINING,

AS YOU LIKE IT.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

TWELFTH NIGHT: or, WHAT YOU WILL.



L O N D O N:

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXLVII.

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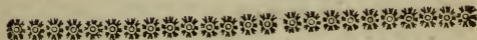
May 1873



AS YOU LIKE IT,

A

COMEDY.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE.

FREDERICK, *brother to the Duke, and usurper of his dukedom.*

AMIENS, } *Lords attending upon the Duke in his banishment.*
JAQUES, }

LE BEU, *a courtier attending on Frederick.*

OLIVER, *eldest son to Sir Rowland de Boys, who had formerly been a servant to the Duke.*

JAQUES, } *Younger brothers to Oliver.*
ORLANDO, }

ADAM, *an old servant of Sir Rowland de Boys, now following the fortunes of Orlando.*

DENNIS, *servant to Oliver.*

CHARLES, *a wrestler, and servant to the usurping Duke Frederick.*

TOUCHSTONE, *a clown attending on Celia and Rosalind.*

CORIN, } *shepherds.*
SYLVIUS, }

A clown, in love with Audrey.

WILLIAM, *another clown, in love with Audrey.*

Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT, *a country curate,*

ROSALIND, *daughter to the Duke.*

CELIA, *daughter to Frederick.*

PHEBE, *a shepherdess.*

AUDREY, *a country wench.*

Lords belonging to the two Dukes, with pages, foresters, and other attendants.

The SCENE lyes first near Oliver's house, and afterwards partly in the Duke's court, and partly in the forest of Arden.



AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Oliver's Orchard. Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orla.

A

S I remember, *Adam*, it was upon this my father bequeath'd me by will but a poor thousand crowns, and, as thou say'st, charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well; and there begins my sadness.

My brother *Jaques* he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profits: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or (to speak more properly) stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? his horses are bred better; for besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth, for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his discountenance seems to take from me. He lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lyes, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, *Adam*, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, tho' yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

S C E N E II. *Enter Oliver.*

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orla. Go apart, *Adam*, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Oli. Now, Sir, what make you here ?

Orla. Nothing : I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, Sir.

Orla. Marry, Sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, Sir, be better employ'd, and do aught a while.

Orla. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them ? what prodigal's portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury ?

Oli. Know you where you are, Sir ?

Orla. O, Sir, very well ; here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, Sir ?

Orla. Ay, better than he I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle condition of blood you should so know me : the courtesie of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first born ; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me, as you ; albeit, I confess you coming before me are nearer to his revenue.

Oli. What, boy !

Orla. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain ?

Orla. I am no villain : I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys ; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, 'till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for saying so ; thou hast rail'd on thy self.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient ; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orla. I will not 'till I please : you shall hear me. My father charg'd you in his will to give me good education :
you

you have train'd me up like a peasant, obscuring and hiding me from all gentleman-like qualities; the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg when that is spent? well, Sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will. I pray you, leave me.

Orla. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master, he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*

S C E N E III.

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physick your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, *Dennis!*

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not *Charles*, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in; ———'twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Monsieur *Charles*, what's the new news at the new-court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, Sir, but the old news; that is, the old Duke is banish'd by his younger brother the new Duke, and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli.

Oli. Can you tell if *Rosalind*, the old Duke's daughter, be banish'd with her father?

Cba. O, no; for the new Duke's daughter her cousin so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter, and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cba. They say, he is already in the forest of *Arden*, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old *Robin Hood* of *England*; they say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new Duke?

Cba. Marry do I, Sir, and I come to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, Sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother *Orlando* hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall; to-morrow, Sir, I wrestle for my credit, and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender, and for your love I would be loth to foil him, as I must for mine own honour if he come in; therefore out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had my self notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I tell thee, *Charles*, he is the stubbornest young fellow of *France*; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by

by some treacherous device ; and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other : for I assure thee, (and almost with tears I speak it) there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him ; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cba. I am heartily glad I came hither to you : if he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment ; if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more ; and so, God keep your worship. [Exit.

Oli. Farewel, good *Charles*. Now will I stir this gamester : I hope I shall see an end of him ; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than him. Yet he's gentle, never school'd, and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved ; and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long ; this wrestler shall clear all : nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [Exit.

S C E N E IV. *Before the Duke's Palace.*

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Cel. I pray thee, *Rosalind*, sweet coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear *Celia*, I show more mirth than I am mistress of ; and would you yet I were merrier ? unless you could teach me to forget a banish'd father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle the Duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine ; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd, as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but me, nor none is like to have, and truly when he dies thou shalt be his heir ; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection ; by mine honour,

honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet *Rose*, my dear *Rose*, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports: let me see what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal; but love no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be the sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favoured.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the likenesses of nature.

Enter Clown.

Cel. No? when nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire? tho' nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off this argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature, when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dullness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, whither wander you?

Clo. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Clo. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Clo.

Clo. Of a certain Knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good, and yet was not the Knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Clo. Stand you both forth now; stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Clo. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn, no more was this Knight swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee who is that thou mean'st?

Clo. One that old *Frederick* your father loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him: enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whipt for taxation one of these days.

Clo. The more pity that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenc'd, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great shew: here comes *Monfieur Le Beau*.

S C E N E V. *Enter Le Beau.*

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cram'd.

Cel. All the better, we shall be the more marketable, *Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau*; what news?

Le Beau. Fair Princess, you have lost much sport.

Cel. Sport; of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, Madam? how shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Clo. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said, that was laid on with a trowel.

Clo.

Clo. Nay, if I keep not my rank——

Ros. Thou lovest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies ; I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the fight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to do ; and here where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons.

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

Ros. With bills on their necks : *Be it known unto all men by these presents.*

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with *Charles* the Duke's wrestler, which *Charles* in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him : so he serv'd the second, and so the third : yonder they lye, the poor old man their father making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas !

Clo. But what is the sport, Monsieur, that the ladies have lost ?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Clo. Thus men grow wiser every day. It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to set this broken musick in his sides ? is there yet another doats upon rib-breaking ? shall we see this wrestling, cousin ?

Le Beau. You must if you stay here, for here is the place appointed for the wrestling ; and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder they are coming : let us now stay and see it.

S C E N E

SCENE VI.

Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

Duke. Come on, since the youth will not be entreated; his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, Madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young; yet he looks successfully.

Duke. How now, daughter and cousin; are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men: in pity of the challenger's youth, I wou'd fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies, see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur *Le Beau*.

Duke. Do so; I'll not be by.

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the Princess calls for you.

Orla. I attend her with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challeng'd *Charles* the wrestler?

Orla. No, fair Princess; he is the general challenger: I come but as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years: you have seen cruel proof of this man's strength. If you saw your self with our eyes, or knew your self with our judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you for your own sake to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young Sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised; we will make it our suit to the Duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orla. I beseech you punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my tryal, wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends

no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supply'd when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine to eek out hers.

Ros. Fare you well; pray heav'n I be deceiv'd in you.

Orla. Your heart's desires be with you!

Cba. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lye with his mother earth?

Orla. Ready, Sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke. You shall try but one fall.

Cba. No, I warrant your Grace you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orla. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mockt before; but come your ways.

Ros. Now *Hercules* be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellows by the leg! [*They wrestle.*]

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [*Shout.*]

Duke. No more, no more. [*Charles is thrown.*]

Orla. Yes, I beseech your Grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke. How dost thou, *Charles*?

Le Bou. He cannot speak, my Lord.

Duke. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orla. *Orlando*, my leige, the youngest Son of Sir *Roland de Boys*.

Duke. I would thou hadst been son to some man else; The world esteem'd thy father honourable, But I did find him still mine enemy; Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed, Hadst thou descended from another house. But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth, I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exit Duke with his Train.*]

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orla. I am most proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son, and would not change that calling
To be adopted heir to *Frederick*.

Ros. My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have giv'n him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him;
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks at my heart. Sir, you have well deserv'd:
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you've here exceeded promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,
Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That would give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz? [*Giving him a chain from her neck.*]

Cel. Ay; fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orla. Can I not say, I thank you? my better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a meer lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes.
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, Sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you: fare you well. [*Exe. Ros. and Cel.*]

Orla. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her; yet she urg'd conference.

Enter Le Beau.

O poor *Orlando*! thou art overthrown;
Or *Charles*, or something weaker, masters thee.

Le Beau. Good Sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place: albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love;
Yet such is now the Duke's condition,

That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The Duke is humourous; what he is indeed
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.

Orla. I thank you, Sir; and pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That here were at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet indeed the shorter is his daughter;
The other's daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle neice,
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake:
And on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well;
Hereafter in a better world than this
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you. [Exit.

Orla. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well!
Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant Duke unto a tyrant brother:
But heav'nly *Rosalind!*

SCENE VIII. *Re-enter Celia and Rosalind.*

Cel. Why, cousin, why, *Rosalind*; *Cupid* have mercy,
not a word!

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away
upon curs, throw some of them at me; come, lame me
with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up, when the
one should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad with-
out any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No some of it is for my father's child. Oh, how
full of briars is this working-day-world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in ho-
liday

Iday foolery ; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat ; these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you ! you will try in time in despite of a fall ; but turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest : is it possible on such a sudden you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son ?

Ros. The Duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly ? by this kind of chase I should hate him ; for my father hated his father dearly ; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, faith ; hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I ? doth he not deserve well ?

SCENE IX. *Enter Duke with Lords.*

Ros. Let me love him for that ; and do you love him, because I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Duke. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste, And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle !

Duke. You.

Within these ten days, if that thou be'st found
So near our publick court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your Grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me ;
If with my self I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with my own desires,
If that I do not dream, or be not frantick,
As I do trust I am not ; then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your Highness.

Duke. Thus do all traitors ;
If their purgation did consist in words,

They are as innocent as grace it self :
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor ;
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke. Thou art my father's daughter, there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your Highness took his Dukedom,
So was I when your Highness banish'd him ;
Treason is not inherited, my lord ;
Or if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me ? my father was no traitor :
Then, good my Liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear Sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke. Ay, *Celia*, we but staid her for your sake,
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay ;
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse ;
I was too young that time to value her ;
But now I know her ; if she be a traytor,
Why, so am I ; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,
And whereso'er we went, like *Juno's* swans
Sill we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke. She is too subtle for thee ; and her smoothness.
Her very silence and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her :
Thou art a fool ; she robs thee of thy name,
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous
When she is gone ; then open not thy lips :
Firm and irrecoverable is my doom ;
Which I have past upon her ; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my Liege ;
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke. You are a fool : you, niece, provide your self ;
If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour.
And in the greatness of my word, you die. [*Exe. Duke, &c.*]

S C E N E X.

Cel. O my poor *Rosalind*, where wilt thou go ?
Wilt thou change fathers ? I will give thee mine :
I charge thee be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros.

Rof. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, dearest cousin ;
Pr'ythee, be cheerful ; know'st thou not the Duke
Has banish'd me his daughter ?

Rof. That he hath not.

Cel. No ? hath not ? *Rosalind* lacks then the love
Which teacheth me that thou and I are one :
Shall we be sundred ? shall we part, sweet girl ?
No, let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us ;
And do not seek to take your charge upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out :
For by this heav'n, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou can'st, I'll go along with thee.

Rof. Why, whither shall we go ?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of *Arden*.

Rof. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far !
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put my self in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smutch my face ;
The like do you ; so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

Rof. Were't not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man ?
A gallant curtelax upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand, and (in my heart
Lye there what hidden woman's fear there will)
I'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man ?

Rof. I'll have no worse a name than *Jove's* own page,
And therefore look you call me *Ganimed* ;
But what will you be call'd ?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state :
No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena*.

Rof. But, cousin, what if we assaid to steal

The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me.
Leave me alone to woo him; let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight: now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Forest. Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, and two or three
Lords like foresters.

Duke Sen. **N**OW, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more
sweet

Than that of painted pomp? are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of *Adam*,
The season's difference; as, the icie phang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which when it bites and blows upon the body,
Even 'till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt from publick haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it; happy is your Grace
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke Sen. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches goar'd.

A Lord. Indeed, my Lord,

The melancholy *Jacques* grieves at that,
 And in that kind swears you do more usurp
 Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you :
 To-day my Lord of *Amiens* and my self
 Did steal behind him, as he lay along
 Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
 Upon the brook that brawls along this wood ;
 To the which place a poor sequestred stag,
 That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
 Did come to languish ; and indeed, my lord,
 The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
 Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
 Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
 In piteous chase ; and thus the hairy fool,
 Much marked of the melancholy *Jacques*,
 Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,
 Augmenting it with tears.

Duke Sen. But what said *Jacques* ?

Did he not moralize this spectacle ?

1 Lord. O yes, into a thousand families,
 First, for his weeping in the needless stream ;
 Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
 As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
 To that which had too much. Then, being alone
 Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends ;
 'Tis right, quoth he ; thus misery doth part
 The flux of company : anon a careless herd,
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
 And never stays to greet him : ay, quoth *Jacques*,
 Sweep on, you fat and greazy citizens,
 'Tis just the fashion ; wherefore do you look
 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ?
 Thus most invectively he pierced through
 The body of the country, city, court,
 Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we
 Are meer usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
 To fright the animals, and to kill them up
 In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

Duke Sen. And did you leave him in this contemplation.

2 Lord.

2 Lord. We did, my Lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke Sen. Show me the place ;
I love to cope him in these sullen-fits,
For then he's full of matter.

2 Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The Palace again.*

Enter Duke Frederiek with Lords.

Duke. Can it be possible that no man saw them ?
It cannot be ; some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2 Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing :
Hesperia, the Princess's gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy *Charles* ;
And she believes, where-ever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke. Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither ;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him ; do this suddenly,
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *Oliver's House.*

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orla. Who's there ?

Adam. What ! my young master ? oh my gentle master,
Oh my sweet master, O you memory
Of old Sir *Rowland* ! why, what make you here ?
Why are you virtuous ? why do people love you ?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant ?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny prisoner of the humorous Duke ?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.

Know

Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orla. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother——(no; no brother, yet the son;
Yet not the son, I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father,)
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lye,
And you within it; if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him and his practices:
This is no place, this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orla. Why, whither, *Adam*, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orla. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food,
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so; I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire, I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs be lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that; and he that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! here is the gold,
All this I give you, let me be your servant;
Tho' I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply.

Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
 Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo
 The means of weaknes and debility ;
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter.
 Frosty, but kindly ; let me go with you,
 I'll do the service of a younger man
 In all your business and necessities.

Orla. Oh good old man, how well in thee appears
 The constant service of the antique world ;
 When service sweat for duty, not for meed !
 Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
 Where none will sweat but for promotion,
 And having that, do choak their service up
 Even with the having ; it is not so with thee ;
 But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
 That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
 In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry :
 But come thy ways, we'll go along together.
 And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
 We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee
 To the last gasp with truth and loyalty.
 From seventeen years, 'till now almost fourscore
 Here lived I, but now live here no more.
 At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
 But at fourscore, it is too late a week ;
 Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
 Than to die well, and not my master's debtor. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV. *The Forest.*

*Enter Rosalind in Boy's cloaths for Ganimed, Celia dress'd
 like a Shepherdes for Aliena, and Clown.*

Ros. O *Jupiter*, how weary are my spirits !

Clo. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and cry like a woman ; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show it self courageous to petticoat ; therefore courage, good *Aliena*.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me, I can go no further.

Clo. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear
 you ;

you; yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you; for I think you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of *Arden*.

Cl. Ay, now I am in *Arden*, the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good *Touchstone*; look you who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn talk.

Enter Corin and Sylvius.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Syl. O *Corin*, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

Syl. No, *Corin*, being old thou can'st not guess,

Tho' in thy youth thou wast as true a lover,

As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow;

But if thy love were ever like to mine,

(As sure I think did never man love so)

How many actions most ridiculous

Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasie?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Syl. Oh, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily;

If thou remember'st not the slightest folly

That ever love did make thee run into,

Thou hast not lov'd.

Or if thou hast not sate as I do now,

Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,

Thou hast not lov'd.

Or if thou hast not broke from company,

Abruptly as my passion now makes me,

Thou hast not lov'd.

O *Phebe*, *Phebe*, *Phebe*!

Ros. Alas poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,

I have by hard adventure found my own.

Cl. And I mine; I remember, when I was in love, I

broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for

coming a-nights to *Jane Smile*; and I remember the kis-

sing of her batlet, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt

hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooing of a peascod

instead of her, from whom I took two cods, and giving her

them again, said with weeping tears, wear these for my sake.

We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser than thou art ware of.

Clo. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit, 'till I break my shins against it.

Ros. *Jove! Jove!* this shepherd's passion is much upon my fashion.

Clo. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man, If he for gold will give us any food; I faint almost to death.

Clo. Holla; you clown!

Ros. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Clo. Your betters.

Cor. Else they're very wretched.

Ros. Peace, fool, I say; good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle Sir, and to you all.

Ros. I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love or gold Can in this desert place buy entertainment, Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed; Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd, And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair Sir, I pity her, And wish, for her sake more than for mine own, My fortunes were more able to relieve her; But I am a shepherd to another man, And do not sheer the fleeces that I graze; My master is of churlish disposition, And little recks to find the way to heav'n By doing deeds of hospitality; Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed Are now on sale, and at our sheep-cote now, By reason of his absence, there is nothing That you will feed on; but what is come see, And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but ere while, That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stands with honesty,

Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Col. And we will mend thy wages.
I like this place, and willingly could waſt
My time in it.

Cor. Affuredly the thing is to be ſold;
Go with me; if you like, upon report,
The ſoil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right ſuddenly.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.

S O N G.

*Under the green-wood tree,
Who loves to lye with me,
And tune his merry note,
Unto the ſweet birds throat;
Come hitber, come hitber, come hitber;
Here ſhall be ſee
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.*

Jaq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, *Monſieur Jaques.*

Jaq. I thank it; more, I pr'ythee more; I can ſuck
melancholy out of a ſong, as a weazel ſucks eggs: more,
I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My voice is rugged, I know I cannot pleaſe you.

Jaq. I do not deſire you to pleaſe me, I do deſire you to
ſing; come, come, another ſtanzo: call you 'em ſtanzo's?

Ami. What you will, *Monſieur Jaques.*

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names, they owe me
nothing. Will you ſing?

Ami. More at your requeſt, than to pleaſe my ſelf.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank
you; but that they call compliment is like th' encounter of
two dog-apes. And when a man thanks me heartily, me-
thinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the
beggerly thanks. Come, ſing; and you that will not,
hold your tongues——

Ami. Well, I'll end the ſong. Sirs, cover the while; the

Duke will dine under this tree; he hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give heav'n thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

S O N G

*Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to lye i' th' sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets;
Come hitber, come hitber, come hitber;
Here shall be see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.*

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despight of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes.

*If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass;
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Duc ad me, duc ad me, duc ad me;
Here shall be see
Gross fools as be,
An if be will come to me.*

Ami. What's that *duc ad me*?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the Duke: his banquet is prepar'd. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI. *Enter Orlando and Adam.*

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further; O, I die for food! here lye I down, and measure out my grave. Farewel, kind master.

Orla. Why, how now, *Adam*! no greater heart in thee? Give a little, comfort a little, cheer thy self a little. If
this

this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee: thy conceit is nearer death, than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable, hold death a while at the arm's end: I will be here with thee presently, and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die. But if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said, thou look'st cheerly. And I'll be with thee quickly; yet thou lyest in the bleak air. Come, I will bear thee to some shelter, and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good *Adam*.

[*Exeunt*.

SCENE VII.

Enter Duke Sen. and Lords. [A table set out.

Duke Sen. I think he is transform'd into a beast,
For I can no where find him like a man.

1 Lord. My Lord, he is but even now gone hence,
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke Sen. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres:
Go seek him, tell him I would speak with him.

Enter Jaques.

1 Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke Sen. Why how now, Monsieur, what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What? you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool; I met a fool i'th' forest,
A motley fool, a miserable varlet,
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motly fool.
Good morrow, fool, quoth I: No, Sir, quoth he,
Call me not fool, 'till heaven hath sent me fortune;
And then he drew a dial from his pocket,
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, it is ten a clock:
Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;

And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
 And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
 And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
 The motley fool thus moral on the time,
 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
 That fools should be so deep contemplative :
 And I did laugh fans intermission,
 An hour by his dial. O noble fool,
 A worthy fool ! motley's the only wear.

Duke Sen. What fool is this ?

Jaq. O worthy fool ! one that hath been a courtier,
 And says, if ladies be but young and fair
 They have the gift to know it : and in his brain,
 Which is as dry as the remainder bisket
 After a voyage, he hath strange places cram'd
 With observation, the which he vents
 In mangled forms. O that I were a fool !
 I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke Sen. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit ;
 Provided that you weed your better judgments
 Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
 That I am wise. I must have liberty
 Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
 To blow on whom I please, for so fools have ;
 And they that are most gauled with my folly,
 They most must laugh : and why, Sir, must they so ?
 The why is plain, as way to parish church ;
 He, whom a fool doth very wisely hit,
 Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
 Not to seem senseless of the bob. If not,
 The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
 Even by the squandr'ing glances of a fool.
 Invest me in my motley, give me leave
 To speak my mind, and I will through and through
 Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,
 If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke Sen. Fie on thee, I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good ?

Duke Sen. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin :

For thou thy self hast been a libertine,
 As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
 And all th' embossed sores and headed evils,
 That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
 Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
 That can therein tax any private party?
 Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
 'Till that the very very means do ebb?
 What woman in the city do I name,
 When that I say the city-woman bears
 The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
 Who can come in, and say that I mean her,
 When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
 Or what is he of basest function,
 That says his bravery is not on my cost
 Thinking that I mean him, but therein sutes
 His folly to the mettle of my speech?
 There then: how then? let me see then wherein
 My tongue hath wrong'd him; if it do him right,
 Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
 Why then my taxing like a wild goose flies
 Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Orlando with his sword drawn.

Orla. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orla. Nor shall not, 'till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come?

Duke Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress?
 Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
 That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orla. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny point
 Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the shew
 Of smooth civility: yet am I in-land bred,
 And know some nurture: but forbear, I say:
 He dies that touches any of this fruit,
 'Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. If you will not
 Be answered with reason, I must die.

Duke

Duke Sen. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orla. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke Sen. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orla. Speak you so gently? pardon me, I pray you;
I thought that all things had been savage here,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sate at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And known what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be,
In the which hope I blush and hide my sword.

Duke Sen. True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And sate at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be ministr'd.

Orla. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love; 'till he be first suffic'd,
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke Sen. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste 'till your return.

Orla. I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good comfort!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IX.

Duke Sen. Thou see'st we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play.

Jaq.

Jaq. All the world is a stage,
And all the men and women meerly players ;
They have their *exits* and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts :
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms :
And then the whining school-boy with his satchel,
And shining morning-face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the Justice
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise laws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shanks ; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and meer oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

SCENE X. *Enter Orlando with Adam.*

Duke Sen. Welcome: set down your venerable burthen,
And let him feed.

Orla. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need,
I scarce can speak to thank you for my self.

Duke Sen. Wellcome, fall to: I will not trouble you,
As yet to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some musick, and, good cousin, sing.

S O N G.

*Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind*

*As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Thou causest not that teen,
Altho' thy breath be rude.*

*Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning; most loving meer folly:
Then heigh ho, the holly,
This life is most jolly.*

*Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:*

*Tbo' thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friends remembering not.
Heigh ho, sing, &c.*

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness,
Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither. I'm the Duke
That lov'd your father. The residue of your fortune
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man
Thou art right welcome, as thy master is;
Support him by the arm; give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*]

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

The Palace. Enter Duke, Lords, and Oliver.

Duke. **N**O T see him since? Sir, Sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present: but look to it,
Find out thy brother wherefoe'er he is,
Seek him with candle, bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
'Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth

Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O that your Highness knew my heart in this:
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke. More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors,
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently, and turn him going. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The Forest.*

Enter Orlando.

Orla. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love;
And thou, thrice crowned Queen of night survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.
O *Rosalind* these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.

Run, run, *Orlando*, carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. [Exit.

SCENE III. *Enter Corin and Clown.*

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, Mr. *Touchstone*?

Cl. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life, but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is: and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends. That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: that good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun: that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of bad breeding, and comes of a very dull kindred.

Cl. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever
in court, shepherd? *Cor.*

Cor. No truly.

Cló. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope—

Cló. Truly thou art damn'd, like an ill-roasted egg,
all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? your reason.

Cló. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st
good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then
thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and
sin is damnation: thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, *Touchstone*: those that are good man-
ners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the
behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court.
You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your
hands; that courtesie would be uncleanly, if courtiers were
shepherds.

Cló. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their
fels, you know, are greasie.

Cló. Why, do not your courtiers hands sweat? and is not
the grease of mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man?
Shallow, shallow; a better instance, I say, come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Cló. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again:
a sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the furgery of
our sheep: and would you have us kiss tar? the courtier's
hands are perfum'd with civet.

Cló. Most shallow man: thou worms-meat, in respect of
a good piece of flesh indeed; learn of the wise and perpend;
civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux
of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.

Cló. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow
man; God make incision in thee, thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get
that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness;
glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the
greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my
lambs suck.

Cló.

Clo. That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be a bawd to a bell-weather, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth old to a crooked-pated old cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou should'st 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young Mr. *Ganimed*, my new mistress's brother.

SCENE IV. *Enter Rosalind with a paper.*

Ros. From the east to the western Inde,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lin'd
Are but black to Rosalind;
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the face of Rosalind.

Clo. I'll rhyme you so eight years together; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter women's rate to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Clo. For a taste.

*If a hart doth lack a bind,
Let him seek out Rosalind,
If the cat will after kind,
So he sure will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind,
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath severest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.*

This is the very false gallop of verses; why do you infect your self with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool, I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with

a medlar; then it will be the earliest fruit i'th' country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medler.

Clo. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

SCENE V. *Enter Celia with a writing.*

Ros. Peace, here comes my sister reading, stand aside.

Cel. *Why should this a desert be?*

For it is unpeopled. No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show.
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age;
Some of violated vows,
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend;
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read to know
This quintessence of every sprite,
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore heaven nature charg'd,
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd;
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheeks, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty;
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heav'nly synod was devis'd,
Of many faces eyes and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd.
Heav'n would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cry'd, have patience, good people?

Cel.

Cel. How now, back friends! shepherd, go off a little: go with him, firrah.

Clo. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat, tho' not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exe. Cor. and Clown.*]

SCENE VI.

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Rof. O yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

Rof. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondr'ing, how thy name should be hang'd and carv'd upon these trees?

Rof. I was seven of the nine days out of wonder, before you came: for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I was never so be-rhimed since *Pythagoras's* time, that I was an *Irisb* rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Rof. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

Rof. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Rof. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Rof. Nay, I pr'ythee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all hooping.——

Rof. Odd's, my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and a hose in my disposition? one inch of delay more is a south sea off discovery. I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and speak apace: I would thou could'st stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as

wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle ; either too much at once, or none at all. I pry'thee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making ? what manner of man ? is his head worth a hat ? or his chin worth a beard ?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful ; let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young *Orlando*, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking ; speak, sad brow, and true maid.

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. *Orlando!*

Cel. *Orlando.*

Ros. Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet and hose ? what did he, when thou saw'st him ? what said he ? how look'd he ? wherein went he ? what makes him here ? did he ask for me ? where remains he ? how parted he with thee ? and when shalt thou see him again ? answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me *Garagantua's* mouth first ; 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size : to say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel ? looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled ?

Cel. It is as easie to count atoms as to resolve the propositions of a lover : but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under an oak-tree like a dropp'd acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd *Jove's* tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good Madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he stretch'd along like a wounded Knight.

Ros. Tho' it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel.

Cel. Cry holla to thy tongue, I prythee; it curvets unreasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

Ros. O ominous, he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a buithen; thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? what I think I must speak; sweet, say on.

SCENE VII. *Enter Orlando and Jaques.*

Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he; slink by, and note him.

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but good faith, I had as lief have been my self alone.

Orla. And so had I; but yet for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God b'w' you, let's meet as little as we can.

Orla. I do desire we may be better sfrangers.

Jaq. I pray you, marr no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orla. I pray you, marr no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. *Rosalind* is your love's name.

Orla. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Ros. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orla. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers; have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

Orla. Not so: but I answer you right in the stile of the painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of *Atalanta's* heels. Will you sit down with me, and we two will rail against our mistress, the world, and all our misery.

Orla. I will chide no breather in the world but my self, against whom I know no faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orla. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue; I am weary of you,

Jaq.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orla. He is drown'd in the brook ; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orla. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

Jaq. I'll stay no longer with you ; farewel, good signior love. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Orla. I am glad of your departure : adieu, good Monsieur melancholy.

Rof. I will speak to him like a sawcy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him : do you hear, forester ?

Orla. Very well ; what would you ?

Rof. I pray you, what is't a clock ?

Orla. You should ask me what time o'day ; there's no clock in the forest.

Rof. Then there is no true lover in the forest ; else fighting every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orla. And why not the swift foot of time ? had not that been as proper ?

Rof. By no means, Sir : time travels in divers paces with divers persons ; I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orla. I pr'ythee, whom doth he trot withal ?

Rof. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemniz'd : if the interim be but a fennight, time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orla. Who ambles time withal ?

Rof. With a priest that lacks latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout ; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain : the one lacking the burthen of lean and wasteful learning ; the other knowing no burthen of heavy tedious penury. These time ambles withal.

Orla. Whom doth he gallop withal ?

Rof.

Ros. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orla. Whom stays it withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orla. Where dwell you pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orla. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orla. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many; but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew courtship too well; for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it. I thank God I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orla. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal, they were all like one another, as half pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orla. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physick, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving *Rosalind* on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, defying the name of *Rosalind*. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orla. I am he that is so love-shak'd; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you; he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orla. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye
and

and funken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your Having in beard is a younger brother's revenue; then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man, you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving your self, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orla. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Rof. Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does; that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, where-in *Rosalind* is so admir'd?

Orla. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of *Rosalind*, I am he, that unfortunate he.

Rof. But are you so much in love as your rhimes speak?

Orla. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Rof. Love is meerly a madness, and I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orla. Did you ever cure any so?

Rof. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress: and I set him every day to woo me. At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep, for him, then spit at him; that I drove my suitor from his mad humour of loving to a living humour of madness, which was to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nock meerly monastick; and thus I cur'd him, and this

way

way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clear as a found sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orla. I would not be cur'd, youth.

Rof. I would cure you if you would but call me *Rosalind*, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orla. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Rof. Go with me to it, and I will shew it you; and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live: will you go?

Orla. Withal my heart, good youth.

Rof. Nay, nay, you must call me *Rosalind*: come, sister, will you go? [Exeunt.]

SCENE IX. Enter Clown *Audrey* and *Jaques*.

Clo. Come apace, good *Audrey*, I will fetch up your goats, *Audrey*; and now *Audrey*, am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features, lord warrant us! what features?

Clo. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet honest *Ovid* was among the *Gotbs*.

Jaq. O knowledge ill inhabited, worse than *Jove* in a thatch'd house.

Clo. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding; it strikes a man more dead than a great reeking in a little room: truly I would the Gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is; is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

Clo. No truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning, and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry, may be said as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish then that the Gods had made me poetical?

Clo. I do truly; for thou swear'st to me thou art honest: now if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Clo.

Clo. No truly, unless thou wert hard favour'd; for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a fawce to sugar.

Jaq. A material fool!

Aud. Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the Gods make me honest.

Clo. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the Gods I am foul.

Clo. Well, praised be the Gods for thy foulness! fluttishness may come hereafter: but be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end I have been with Sir *Oliver Mar-text*, the vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the Gods give us joy.

Clo. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what tho'? courage. As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, many a man knows no end of his goods: right: many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife, 'tis none of his own getting; horns? even so—poor men alone?—no, no, the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal: is the single man therefore blessed? no. As a wall'd town is worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a batchelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, so much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes Sir *Oliver*: Sir *Oliver Mar-text*, you are well met. Will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chappel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Clo. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. Proceed, proceed! I'll give her.

Clo. Good even, good master what ye call: how do you,
Sir?

Sir? you are very well met: God'ild you for your last company! I am very glad to see you; even a toy in hand here, Sir: nay; pray be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, *Motly*?

Clo. As the ox hath his bow, Sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon his bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is; this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscoat; then one of you will prove a shrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Clo. I am not in the mind, but I were better to be married of him than of another; for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me and let me counsel thee.

Clo. Come, sweet *Audrey*, we must be married, or we must live in bawdry: farewell, good Mr. *Oliver*; not O sweet *Oliver*, O brave *Oliver*, leave me not behind thee; but wind away, be gone, I say, I will not to wedding with thee.

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [Exit.

SCENE X. Enter *Rosalind* and *Celia*.

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pry'thee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire, therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of a dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than *Judas's*: marry his kisses are *Judas's* own children.

Ros. I'faith his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chesnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy beard.*

* Meaning the kiss of charity from Hermits and holy men.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of *Diana*; a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Rof. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly there is no truth in him.

Rof. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes, I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer: but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Rof. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Rof. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. Was, is not, is; besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings; he attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

Rof. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him: he askt me of what parentage I was; I told him of as good as he; so he laugh'd, and let me go. But, what talk we of fathers when there is such a man as *Orlando*?

Cel. O, that's a brave man, he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely; quite travers athwart the heart of his lover, as a puiſny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a nose-quill'd goose; but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides: who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft enquir'd
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Whom you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess,
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly plaid
Between the pale complexion of true love,
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain;
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Rof.

Rof. O come, let us remove :

The sight of lovers feedeth those in love :
Bring us but to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI. *Enter Sylvius and Phebe.*

Syl. Sweet *Phebe*, do not scorn me, do not, *Phebe* :

Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness ; the common executioner,
Whose heart th'accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the ax upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon : will you sterner be
Than he that lives and thrives by bloody drops ?

Enter Rosalind, Celia and Corin.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner.

I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eyes :
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers.
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart,
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee :
Now counterfeit to swoon ; why, now fall down ;
Or if thou canst not, oh for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now shew the wound mine eyes have made in thee ;
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it ; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps : but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not ;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do any hurt.

Syl. O my dear *Phebe*,

If ever (as that ever may be near)
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But 'till that time

Come not thou near me ; and when that time comes,

Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not,
As 'till that time I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult and domineer
Over the wretched? what though you have some beauty,
(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work: odds my little life,
I think she means to tangle mine eyes too:
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her
Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children;
'Tis not her glass, but you that flatter her,
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself, down on your knees,
And thank heav'n fasting for a good man's love;
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer,
* Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer:
So take her to thee, shepherd; fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together;
I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with her foulness, and she'll fall
in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers
thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words:
Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill-will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you do not fall in love with me,

* By the word *foul* here is meant *frowning*, *lowring*.

For I am faller than vows made in wine ;
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by :

Will you go, sifter ? shepherd, ply her hard :
Come, sifter ; shepherdes, look on him better,
And be not proud ; tho' all the world could see ye
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.

Come, to our flock. [Ex. Ros. Cel. and Cor.]

Pbe. 'Deed, shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight ?

Syl. Sweet *Pbebe* !

Pbe. Hah : what say'st thou, *Sylvius* ?

Syl. Sweet *Pbebe*, pity me.

Pbe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle *Sylvius*.)

Syl. Where-ever sorrow is, relief would be ;

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

Pbe. Thou hast my love ; is not that neighbourly ?

Syl. I would have you.

Pbe. Why, that were covetousness.

Sylvius, the time was, that I hated thee ;
And yet it is not that I bear thee love ;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure ; and I'll employ thee too :
But do not look for further recompence
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Syl. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And such a poverty of grace attends it,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps : loose now and then
A scattered smile, and that I'll live upon.

Pbe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile ?

Syl. Not very well, but I have met him oft ;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old *Carlot* once was master of.

Pbe. Think not I love him, tho' I ask for him :
'Tis but a peevish boy, yet he talks well,

But what care I for words? yet words do well,
 When he that speaks them pleases those that hear:
 It is a pretty youth, not very pretty;
 But sure he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him;
 He'll make a proper man; the best thing in him
 Is his complexion: and faster than his tongue
 Did make offence, his eye did heal it up:
 He is not tall, yet for his years he's tall;
 His leg is but so so, and yet 'tis well;
 There was a pretty redness in his lip,
 A little riper and more lusty red
 Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
 Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
 There be some women, *Sylvius*, had they mark'd him
 In parcels as I did, would have gone near
 To fall in love with him; but for my part
 I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
 I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
 For what had he to do to chide at me?
 He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black,
 And, now I am remembred, scorn'd at me;
 I marvel why I answer'd not again,
 But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
 I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
 And thou shalt bear it; wilt thou, *Sylvius*?
Syl. Phebe, with all my heart.
Phe. I'll write it straight;
 The matter's in my head, and in my heart,
 I will be bitter with him, and passing short:
 Go with me, *Sylvius*.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

*Continues in the Forest.**Enter Rosalind, Celia and Jaques.*

Jaq. **I** Pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable

ble fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad, and say nothing.

Ros. Why then 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politick; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humourous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! by my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own lands, to see other mens; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd experience.

Enter Orlando.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad, and to travel for it too.

Orla. Good day, and happiness, dear *Rosalind*!

Jaq. Nay, then God b'w'y you an you talk in blank verse. [Exit,

S C E N E II.

Ros. Farewell, monsieur traveller; look you lisp, and wear strange suits; ditchable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a Gondola. Why, how now, *Orlando*, where have you been all this while? You a lover? an you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orla. My fair *Rosalind*, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! he that will divide a minute in a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love,

it may be said of him, that *Cupid* hath clapt him o'th' shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orla. Pardon me, dear *Rosalind*.

Rof. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight; I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orla. Of a snail?

Rof. Ay, of a snail; for tho' he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head: a better jointure I think, than you can make a woman; besides he brings his destiny with him.

Orla. What's that?

Rof. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for; but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orla. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my *Rosalind* is virtuous.

Rof. And I am your *Rosalind*.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a *Rosalind* of a better leer than you.

Rof. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holyday humour, and like enough to consent: what would you say to me now, an I were your very, very *Rosalind*?

Orla. I would kifs before I spoke.

Rof. Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kifs. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking, God warn us, matter, the cleanliest shift is to kifs.

Orla. How if the kifs be denied?

Rof. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orla. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Rof. Marry that should you if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orla. What of my suit?

Rof. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your *Rosalind*?

Orla. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person I say I will not have you.

Orla. Then in mine own person I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney; the poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *widelicet*, in a love-cause: *Troilus* had his brains dash'd out with a *Grecian* club, yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. *Leander*, he would have liv'd many a fair year, tho' *Hero* had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash in the *Hellefpont*, and being taken with the cramp was drown'd; and the foolish coroners of that age found it *Hero* of *Sestos*. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orla. I would not have my right *Rosalind* of this mind; for I protest her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a flie; but come; now I will be your *Rosalind* in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orla. Then love me, *Rosalind*.

Ros. Yes faith will I, *Fridays* and *Saturdays*, and all.

Orla. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orla. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orla. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us, Give me your hand, *Orlando*: what do you say, Sister?

Orla. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, will you *Orlando* —

Cel. Go to: will you *Orlando* have to wife this *Rosalind*?

Orla. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orla. Why now, as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say, I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.

Orla. I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission, but I do

take thee *Orlando* for my husband : there's a girl goes before the priest, and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orla. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

Rof. Now tell me how long you would love her after you have possess'd her.

Orla. For ever and a day.

Rof. Say a day without the ever : no, no, *Orlando*, men are *April* when they woo, *December* when they wed : maids are *May* when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives ; I will be more jealous of thee than a *Barbarycock* pidgeon over his hen ; more clamorous than a parrot against rain ; more new-fangled than ape ; more giddy in my desires than a monkey ; I will weep for nothing, like *Diana* in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry ; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when you are inclin'd to sleep.

Orla. But will my *Rosalind* do so ?

Rof. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orla. O, but she is wise.

Rof. Or else she could not have the wit to do this ; the wiser, the waywarder : make the doors fast upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement ; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole ; stop that, it will fly with the smoak out at the chimney.

Orla. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, wit, whither wilt ?

Rof. Nay, you might keep that check for it, 'till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orla. And what wit could wit have to excuse that ?

Rof. Marry, to say she came to seek you there : you shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O that woman, that cannot make her fault her husband's accusation, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool !

Orla. For these two hours, *Rosalind*, I will leave thee.

Rof. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orla. I must attend the Duke at dinner, by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Rof. Ay, go your ways, go your ways ; I knew what you

you would prove, my friends told me as much, and I thought no less; that flattering tongue of yours won me; 'tis but one cast away, and so come death: two o'th'clock is your hour?

Orla. Ay, sweet *Rosalind*.

Rof. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call *Rosalind*, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful; therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orla. With no less religion if thou wert indeed my *Rosalind*; so adieu.

Rof. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try. Adieu. [*Exit Orla.*]

S C E N E III.

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose pluck'd over your head, and shew the world what the Bird hath done to her own nest.

Rof. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love; but it cannot be founded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of *Portugal*.

Cel. Or rather bottomless, that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out, .

Rof. No, that same wicked bastard of *Venus*, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of spleen, and born of madness, that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love; I'll tell thee, *Aliena*, I cannot be out of the sight of *Orlando*: I'll go find a shadow and sigh 'till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV. *Enter Jaques, Lords, and Foresters.*

Jaq. Which is he that kill'd the deer?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the Dukelike a *Roman* conqueror,

queror, and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head for a branch of victory; have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

For. Yes, Sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

Musick, Song.

What shall he have that kill'd the deer?

His leather skin and horns to wear;

Then sing him home; Take thou no scorn

[The rest shall bear this burthen.

To wear the horn, the horn, the horn:

It was a crest ere thou wast born.

Thy father's father wore it,

And thy own father bore it,

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V. *Enter Rosalind and Celia.*

Ros. How say you now, is it not past two o'clock? I wonder much *Orlando* is not here.

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth to sleep: look who comes here.

Enter Sylvius.

Syl. My errand is to you, fair youth, My gentle *Phebe* bid me give you this: I know not the contents; but as I guess By the stern brow and waspish action Which she did use as she was writing of it, It bears an angry tenour; pardon me, I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,

[*After reading the letter.*

And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all. She says I am not fair, that I lack manners, She calls me proud, and that she could not love me Were man as rare as phoenix: odd's my will! Her love is not the hare that I do hunt. Why writes she so to me? well, shepherd, well, This is a letter of your own device.

Syl.

Syl. No, I protest I know not the contents,
Pbebe did write it.

Rof. Come, come, you're a fool,
And turn'd into th' extremity of love.
I saw her hand, she has a leathern hand,
A free-stone-coloured hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:
She has a housewife's hand, but that's no matter;
I say she never did invent this letter,
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Syl. Sure it is hers.

Rof. Why 'tis a boisterous and cruel stile,
A stile for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like *Turk* to *Christian*; woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant rude invention,
Such *Ethiopian* words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance; will you hear the letter?

Syl. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of *Pbebe's* cruelty.

Rof. She *Pbebe's* me: mark how the tyrant writes.

[Reads] *Art thou God to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart bath burn'd?*

Can a woman rail thus?

Syl. Call you this railing?

Rof. [Reads] *Why, thy Godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?*

Did you ever hear such railing?

*Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.*

Meaning me a beast.

*If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me, what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me;
And by him seal up thy mind,
Whether that thy youth and kind*

Will

*Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.*

Syl. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity; wilt thou love such a woman? what, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee? not to be endured! well go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to her, that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

[*Exit Syl.*]

S C E N E VI. *Enter Oliver.*

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know, Where in the purlews of this forest stands A sheep-cote fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place down in the neighbour bottom, The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream Left on your right-hand, brings you to the place; But at this hour the house doth keep it self, There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue, Then should I know you by description, Such garments, and such years: the boy is fair, Of female favour, and bestows himself Like a ripe Sister: but the woman low, And browner than her brother. Are not you The owner of the house I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both, And to that youth he calls his *Rosalind* He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

Ros. I am; what must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame, if you will know of me What man I am, and how, and why, and where This handkerchief was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli.

Oli. When last the young *Orlando* parted from you,
 He left a promise to return again
 Within two hours; and pacing through the forest,
 Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
 Lo what besel! he threw his eye aside,
 And mark what object did present it self.
 Under an oak, whose boughs were mois'd with age,
 And high top bald, of dry antiquity:
 A wretched ragged man, o'er-grown with hair,
 Lay sleeping on his back; about his neck
 A green and gilded snake had wreath'd it self,
 Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
 The opening of his mouth; but suddenly
 Seeing *Orlando* it unlink'd it self,
 And with indent'd glides did slip away
 Into a bush, under which bush's shade
 A Lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
 Lay couching head on ground, with cat-like watch
 When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
 The royal disposition of that beast
 To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
 This seen *Orlando* did approach the man,
 And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother,
 And he did render him the most unnatural
 That liv'd 'mongst men

Oli. And well he might so do;
 For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But to *Orlando*; did he leave him there
 Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so:
 But kindness nobler ever than revenge,
 And nature stronger than his just occasion,
 Made him give battle to the lioness:
 Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling
 From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was't you he rescu'd?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I; I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that desert place;
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love,
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lions had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cry'd, in fainting, upon *Rosalind*.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound,
And after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his *Rosalind*.

Cel. Why, how now, *Ganimed*, sweet *Ganimed*?

[*Ros.* faints.]

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is no more in't: cousin *Ganimed*!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. Would I were at home!

Cel. We'll lead you thither.

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth; you a man? you lack a
man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, Sir, a body would think
this was well counterfeited. I pray you, tell your brother
how well I counterfeited: -heigh-ho!

Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great testi-
mony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ref. So I do: but, i'faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards; good Sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I; for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, *Rosalind*.

Ref. I shall devise something; but I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him: will you go? [*Exeunt*.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Forest. Enter Clown and Audrey.

Clo. WE shall find a time, *Audrey*; patience, gentle *Audrey*.

Aud. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old Gentleman's saying.

Clo. A most wicked Sir *Oliver*, *Audrey*, a most vile *Mar-text*! but, *Audrey*, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in the world; here comes the man you mean.

Enter William.

Clo. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown; by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for: we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good ev'n *Audrey*.

Aud. God ye good ev'n, *William*.

Will. And good ev'n to you, Sir.

Clo. Good ev'n, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee be cover'd. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, Sir.

Clo. A ripe age: is thy name *William*?

Will. *William*, Sir.

Clo. A fair name. Wast born i'th' forest here?

Will. Ay, Sir, I thank God.

Clo. Thank God: a good answer: art rich?

Will. 'Faith, Sir, so so.

Clo. So so is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wife?

Will. Ay, Sir, I have a pretty wit.

Clo. Why, thou say'st well: I do now remember a saying, the fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool. The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, Sir.

Clo. Give me your hand: art thou learned?

Will. No, Sir.

Clo. Then learn this of me; to have, is to have. For it is a figure in rhetorick, that drink being poured out of a cup into a glass by filling the one doth empty the other. For all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he: now you are not *ipse*; for I am he.

Will. Which he, Sir?

Clo. He, Sir, that must marry this woman; therefore you clown, abandon; which is in the vulgar, leave the society; which in the boorish, is company, of this female; which in the common, is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female; or clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage; I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction, I will o'er-run thee with policy, I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble and depart.

Aud. Do, good *William*.

Will. God rest you merry, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Enter *Corin*.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you; come away, away.

Clo. Trip, *Audrey*, trip, *Audrey*; I attend, I attend.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Enter* *Orlando* and *Oliver*.

Orla. Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing, you should love her? and loving, woo? and wooing, she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty

verty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting ; but say with me, I love *Aliena*; say with her, that she loves me ; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other ; it shall be to your good : for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir *Rowland's*, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter Rosalind.

Orla. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow ; thither will I invite the Duke and all his contented followers ; go you and prepare *Aliena* ; for look you, here comes my *Rosalind*.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister.

Ros. O my dear *Orlando*, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf !

Orla. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orla. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he shew'd me your handkerchief ?

Orla. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are : nay, 'tis true : there was never any thing so sudden, but the sight of two rams, and *Cæsar's* thraasonical brag of I came, saw and overcame : for your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they look'd ; no sooner look'd, but they lov'd ; no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd ; no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason ; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy ; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage ; they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together. Clubs cannot part them.

Orla. They shall be married to-morrow ; and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes ! by so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-

heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for *Rosalind*.

Orla. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge; insomuch, I say, I know what you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you to do your self good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things; I have, since I was three years old, convers't with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love *Rosalind* so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries *Aliena* you shall marry her. I know into what streights of fortune she is driven, and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow; human as she is, and without any danger.

Orla. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, tho' I say I am a magician: therefore put you on your best array, bid your friends: for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to *Rosalind*, if you will.

SCENE III. *Enter Sylvius and Phebe.*

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Pbe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness, To shew the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have: it is my study To seem despiteful and ungentle to you: You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd; Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Pbe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Syl. It is to be made all of sighs and tears; And so I am for *Phebe*.

Pbe. And I for *Ganymed*.

Orla. And I for *Rosalind*.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Syl. It is to be made all of faith and service ;
And so I am for *Pbebe*.

Pbe. And I for *Ganimed*.

Orla. And I for *Rosalind*.

Rof. And I for no woman.

Syl. It is to be all made of fantasie,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all tryal, all observance ;
And so am I for *Pbebe*.

Pbe. And so am I for *Ganimed*.

Orla. And so am I for *Rosalind*.

Rof. And so am I for no woman.

Pbe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you ?

[To *Rof.*

Syl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you ?

[To *Phe.*

Orla. If this be so, why blame you me to love you ?

Rof. Who do you speak to, *Why blame you me to love you ?*

Orla. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Rof. Pray you, no more of this ; 'tis like the howling
of *Irisb* wolves against the moon ; I will help you if I can,
I would love you if I could : to-morrow meet me all to-
gether : I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and
I'll be married to-morrow ; [To *Phe.*] I will satisfy you
if ever I satisfy'd man, and you shall be married to-mor-
row ; [To *Orl.*] I will content you, if what pleases you
contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow : [To
Syl.] As you love *Rosalind*, meet ; as you love *Pbebe*,
meet ; and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you
well ; I have left you commands.

Syl. I'll not fail, if I live.

Pbe. Nor I.

Orla. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Enter Clown and Audrey.*

Clo. To-morrow is the joyful day, *Audrey* : to-morrow
we will be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart ; and I hope it is

no

no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world.
Here come two of the banish'd Duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 *Page.* Well met, honest gentleman.

Clo. By my troth, well met: come, fit, fit, and a song.

2 *Page.* We are for you, fit i'th' middle.

1 *Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 *Page.* P'faith, i'faith, and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

S O N G.

*It was a lover and his lass,
With a bey, and a ho, and a bey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring-time; the pretty spring-time,
When birds do sing, bey ding a ding, ding.
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

*And therefore take the present time,
With a bey, and a ho, and a bey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime,
In the spring-time, &c.*

*Between the acres of the rye,
With a bey, and a ho, and a bey nonino;
These pretty country-folks would lye,
In the spring-time, &c.*

*The carrol they began that hour,
With a bey, and a ho, and a bey nonino,
How that our life was but a flower,
In the spring-time, &c.*

Clo. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

1 *Page.* You are deceiv'd, Sir; and we kept time, we lost not our time.

Clo. By my troth, yes: I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God b'w'y you, and God mend your voices. Come, *Audrey*.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E

SCENE V. Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, and Celia.

Duke Sen. Dost thou believe, *Orlando*, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orla. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that think they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalind, Sylvius, and Phebe.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:
You say, if I bring in your *Rosalind*, [To the Duke
You will bestow her on *Orlando* here?

Duke Sen. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with
her.

Ros. And you say you will have her when I bring her?
[To Orlando.

Orla. That would I, were I of all kingdoms King.

Ros. You say you'll marry me, if I be willing. [To Phebe.

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give your self to this most faithful shepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you'll have *Phebe*, if she will?
[To Sylvius.

Syl. Tho' to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I've promis'd to make all this matter even;
Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter:
You yours, *Orlando*, to receive his daughter:
Keep your word, *Phebe*, that you'll marry me,
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd.
Keep your word, *Sylvius*, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me; and from hence I go
To make these doubts all even. [Exe. Ros. and Celia.

Duke Sen. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orla. My Lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter;
But, my good Lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

SCENE

SCENE VI. *Enter Clown and Audrey.*

Jaq. There is sure another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here come a pair of unclean * beasts, which in all tongues are call'd fools.

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my Lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier he swears.

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation; I have trod a measure, I have flatter'd a lady, I have been politick with my friend, smooth with mine enemy, I have undone three taylors, I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Clo. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How the seventh cause? good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke Sen. I like him very well.

Clo. God'ild you, Sir, I desire of you the like: I press in here, Sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear, according as marriage binds, and blood breaks: a poor virgin, Sir, an ill-favour'd thing, Sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, Sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, Sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke Sen. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Clo. According to the fool's bolt, Sir, and such dulcet diseases †.

Jaq. But for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Clo. Upon a lie seven times removed; (bear your body more seeming, *Audrey*) as thus, Sir; I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is call'd the retort courteous. If I sent him word again it was not well cut, he would send me word he cut it to

* *Noah* was order'd to take into the ark the clean beasts by sevens, and the unclean by pairs.

† Meaning *Love*, as what is apt to make folks sententious.

please himself. This is call'd the quip modest. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is call'd the reply churlish. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is call'd the re-proof valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lied: this is call'd the countercheck quarrelsome; and so the lie circumstantial, and the lie direct.

Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Clo. I durst go no further than the lie circumstantial; nor he durst not give me the lie direct, and so we measur'd swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Clo. O Sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees. The first, the retort courteous; the second, the quip modest; the third, the reply churlish; the fourth, the re-proof valiant; the fifth, the countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the lie with circumstance; the seventh, the lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew when seven Justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*; as, *if* you said so, then I said so; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peacemaker; much virtue in *If*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's good at at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke Sen. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind in woman's cloaths, and Celia.

Still Musick.

Hym. *Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.*

*Good Duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,*

That

*That thou might'st join her band with his,
Whose heart within his bosom is.*

Ros. To you I give myself; for I am yours.

[*To the Duke.*

To you I give myself; for I am yours.

[*To Orlando.*

Duke Sen. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orla. If there be truth in sight, you are my *Rosalind*.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,

Why then, my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he;

I'll have no husband, if you be not he;

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:

'Tis I must make conclusion:

Of these most strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands,

To join in *Hymen's* bands,

If truth holds true contents.

You and you no crosses shall part;

You and you are heart in heart;

You to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord.

You and you are sure together,

As the winter to foul weather:

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed your selves with questioning:

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

S O N G.

Wedding is great Juno's crown,

O blessed bond of board and bed!

'Tis *Hymen* peoples every town,

Higb wedlock then be honoured:

Honour, hight honour and renown

To Hymen, God of every town!

Duke Sen. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me;
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine,
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

S C E N E.

SCENE VIII. *Enter Jaques de Boys.*

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the second son of old Sir *Rozeland*,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke *Frederick*, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power which were on foot
In his own conduct purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke Sen. Welcome, young man:
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brother's wedding;
To one, his lands with-held; and to the other,
A land it self at large, a potent Dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Mean-time, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustick revelry:
Play, musick; and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to th' measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience: if I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court.

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: cut of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
You to your former honour I bequeath, [To the Duke.
Your patience and your virtue well deserve it:
You to a love that your true faith doth merit; [To Orla.

You to your land, and love, and great allies ; [To Oli.
 You to a long, and well-deserved bed ; [To Syl.
 And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage [To the Clown.
 Is but for two months victual'd: so to your pleasures:
 I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke Sen. Stay, *Jaques*, stay.

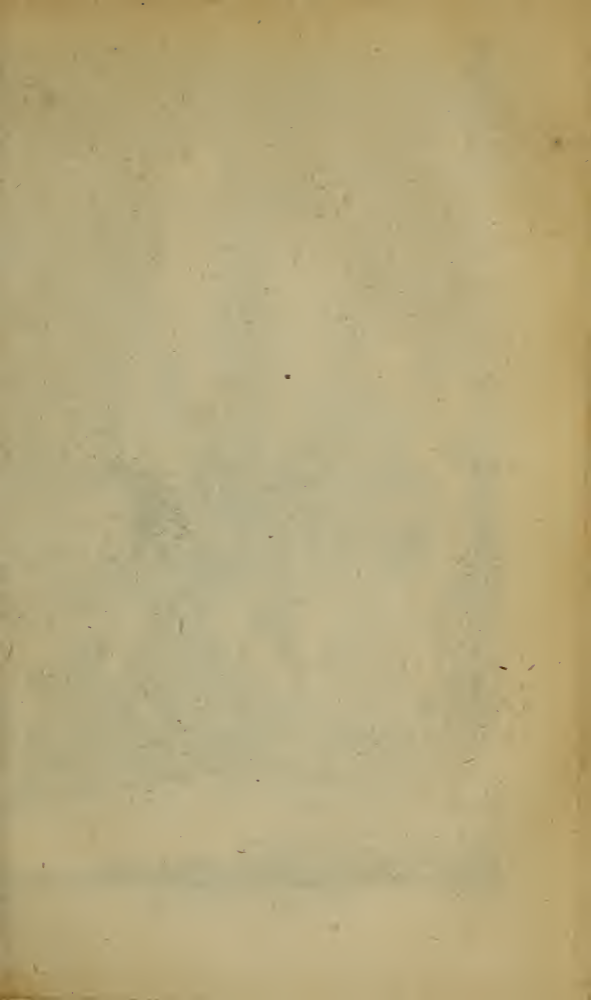
Jaq. To see no pastime, I: what you would have
 I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [Exit.

Duke Sen. Proceed, proceed; we will begin these rites,
 As we do trust they'll end in true delights.

Rof. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue;
 but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the
 prologue. If it be true that *good wine needs no bush*, 'tis
 true that a good play needs no epilogue. Yet to good
 wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the
 better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in
 then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor can insinuate
 with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnish'd
 like a beggar; therefore to beg will not become me. My
 way is to conjure you, and I'll begin with the women. I
 charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to
 like as much of this play as pleases them: and I charge
 you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive
 by your simpering none of you hate them) to like as much
 as pleases them, that between you and the women the
 play may please. If I were a woman, * I would kiss as
 many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions
 that lik'd me, and breaths that I defy'd not: and I am
 sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet
 breaths, will for my kind offer, when I make curt'sie, bid
 me farewell.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

* Note, that in this Author's time the parts of women were
 always perform'd by men or boys.







THE

T A M I N G

OF THE

S H R E W.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A Lord, before whom the Play is supposed to be play'd.

CHRISTOHER SLY, *a drunken Tinker.*

Hoftefs.

Page, Players, Huntsmen, and other Servants attending on the Lord.

The Persons of the Play itself are,

BAPTISTA, *Father to Catharina and Bianca, very rich.*

VINCENTIO, *an old Gentleman of Pifa.*

LUCENTIO, *Son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.*

PETRUCHIO, *a Gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Catharina.*

GREMIO, } *Pretenders to Bianca.*

HORTENSIO, }

TRANIO, } *Servants to Lucentio.*

BIONDELLO, }

GRUMIO, *Servant to Petruchio.*

PEDANT, *an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio.*

CATHARINA, *the Shrew.*

BIANCA, *her Sister.*

Widow.

Taylor, Haberdashers, with Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

§ C E N E, *sometimes in Padua, and sometimes in Petruchio's House in the Country.*



T H E

Taming of the Shrew.

I N D U C T I O N.

SCENE I. Enter Hostess and Sly.

Sly. I'LL pheeze you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue.

Sly. Y'are a baggage; the *Slies* are no rogues.

Look in the *Chronicles*, we came in with *Richard Conqueror*; therefore * *paucus pallabris*,

let the world slide: *Sessa*.

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a deniere: † go by, *Jeronymo*,— go to thy cold bed and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the Third-borough. [Exit.

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law; I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly. [Falls asleep.

SCENE II.

Wind horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with a train.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee tender well my hounds; Leech *Merriman*, the poor cur is imboft;

* He means to say *pocas palabras*

† *Go by Jeronymo*, was a kind of by-word in the Author's days, as appears by its being used in the same manner by *Ben. Johnson*, *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, and other Writers near that time. It arose first from a passage in an old Play call'd *Jeronymo* or *The Spanish Tragedy*.

And

And couple *Clowder* with the deep mouth'd *Brach*.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how *Silver* made it good
At the hedge-corner in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

Hun. Why, *Belman*, is as good as he, my Lord;
He cried upon it at the meekest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
'Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if *Eccob* were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all,
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

Hun. I will, my Lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? see, doth he
breathe?

Hun. He breathes, my Lord. Were he not warm'd
This were a bed but cold, to sleep so soundly. [with ale,

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lyes!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.

What think you if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapt in sweet cloaths; rings put upon his fingers;
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendance near him when he wakes;
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

Hun. Believe me, Lord, I think he cannot chuse.

Hun. It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flatt'ring dream, or worthless fancy.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest:
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;
Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet.
Procure me musick ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heav'nly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And with a low submissive reverence,
Say, what is it your honour will command?
Let one attend him with a silver basin
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers.

Another bear the ewer ; a third a diaper,
And say, will't please your Lordship cool your hands ?
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear ;
Another tell him of his hounds and horses,
And that his Lady mourns at his disease ;
Perswade him that he hath been lunatick.
And when he says he's poor, say that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord :
This do, and do it kindly, gentle Sirs :
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 Hun. My Lord, I warrant you we'll play our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him ;
And each one to his office when he wakes. [*Sound Trumpets.*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds.

[*She is carried off.*

Belike some noble gentleman that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

S C E N E III. *Enter Servants.*

How now ? who is it ?

Serv. Please your honour, Players
That offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Well.

Bid them come near :

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Play. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night ?

2 Play. So please your lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son ;
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well :
I have forgot your name ; but sure that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

Play. I think 'twas *Soto* that your honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true ; thou didst it excellent ;
Well, you are come to me in happy time,

The

The rather for I have some sport in hand,
 Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
 There is a lord will hear you play to-night ;
 But I am doubtful of your modesties,
 Lest over-eying of his odd behaviour,
 (For yet his honour never heard a play,)
 You break into some merry passion,
 And so offend him : for I tell you, Sirs,
 If you should smile, he grows impatient.

Play. Fear not, my lord ; we can contain our selves,
 Were he the veriest antick in the world.

2 Play. [*To the other.*] Go get a dishclout to make clean
 your shoes,
 And I'll speak for the properties. My lord, [*Exit Player.*
 We must have a shoulder of mutton, and
 Some vinegar to make our devil roar.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
 Let them want nothing that the house affords.

[*Exit one with the Players.*]

Sirrah, go you to *Bartholomew* my page,
 And see him drest in all suits like a lady :
 That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
 And call him Madam, do him all obeisance.
 Tell him from me, (as he will win my love),
 He bear himself with honourable action,
 Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies,
 Unto their lords by them accomplished ;
 Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
 With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesie ;
 And say ; what is't your honour will command,
 Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
 May shew her duty, and make known her love ?
 And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
 And with declining head into his bosom,
 Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
 To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
 Who for twice seven years hath esteem'd himself
 No better than a poor and loathsome beggar :
 And if the boy have not a woman's gift
 To rain a shower of commanded tears,

An onion will do well for such a shift,
 Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
 Shall in despite enforce a wat'ry eye.
 See this dispatch'd with all the hast thou can'st,
 Anon I'll give the more instructions. [Exit Servant.
 I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
 Voice, gate, and action of a gentlewoman.
 I long to hear him call the drunkard husband,
 And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
 When they do homage to this simple peasant;
 I'll in to counsel them: haply my presence
 May well abate the over-merry spleen,
 Which otherwise would go into extremes. [Exit Lord.

SCENE IV. A Bed-chamber in the Lord's House.

Enter Sly with attendants, some with apparel, bason and
 ewer, and other appurtenances. Re-enter Lord.

Sly. For God's sake a pot of small ale.

1 Serv. Wil't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 Serv. Wil't please your honour taste of these conserves?

3 Serv. What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am *Christophero Sly*, call not me honour, nor
 lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life: and if you give
 me any conserves, give me conserves of beef: ne'er ask
 me what raiment I'll wear, for I have no more doublets
 than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more
 shoes than feet, nay sometimes more feet than shoes, or
 such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

Lord. Heav'n cease this idle humour in your honour!
 Oh, that a mighty man of such descent,
 Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
 Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? am not I *Chris-
 tophero Sly*, old *Sly's* son of *Burton-beatb*, by birth a pedlar,
 by education a card maker, by transmutation a bearherd,
 and now by present profession a tinker? ask *Marian
 Hacket*, the fat ale-wife of *Wincot*, if she know me not;
 if she say I am not fourteen-pence on the score for sheer
 ale, score me up for the lying'st knave in Christendom.
 What?—I am not bestraught: here's——

1 Man. Oh, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 Man.

2 *Man.* Oh, this it is that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
Oh noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have musick? hark, *Apollo* plays,
And twenty caged nightingales do sing.
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and sweeter than the luffful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for *Semiramis*.
Say thou wilt walk, we will bestow the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark. Or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Man.* Say thou wilt course, thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed stags; ay, fleetier than the roe.

2 *Man.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee strait
Adonis painted by a running brook,
And *Cytherea* all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move, and wanton with her breath,
Ev'n as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll shew thee *Io*, as she was a maid,
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Man.* Or *Daphne* roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds;
And at the sight shall sad *Apollo* weep:
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waining age.

1 *Man.* And 'till the tears that she hath shed for thee,
Like envious floods o'er-run her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world,

And

And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord, and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd 'till now?
I do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak:
I smell sweet favours, and I feel soft things:
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed,
And not a tinker, nor *Christophero Sly*.

Well, bring our lady hither to our fight,
And once again, a pot o'th' smallest ale.

2 Man. Will't please your Mightiness to wash your hands?
Oh, how we joy to see your wits restor'd!
Oh that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream,
Or when you wak'd, you wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap:
But did I never speak of all that time?

1 Man. O yes, my lord, but very idle words.
For tho' you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would say, ye were beaten out of door,
And rail'd upon the hostess of the house,
And say you would present her at the Leet,
Because she bought stone-jugs, and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for *Cicely Hacket*.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 Man. Why, Sir, you know no house, nor no such maid,
Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,
As *Stepben Sly*, and old *Jobn Naps* o'th' Green,
And *Peter Turf*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. By th' mass I think I am a lord indeed.
What is thy name?

Man. *Simon*, an't please your honour.

Sly. *Sim?* that's as much as to say *Simeon* or *Simon*;
put forth thy hand and fill the pot. [*Gives him drink.*]

SCENE V. *Enter Lady with Attendants.*

Sly. I thank thee, thou shalt not lose by it.

Lady. How fares my noble lord?

Sly.

Sly. Marry, I fare well, for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?

Lady. Here, noble lord, what is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?
My men should call me lord, I am your good man.

Lady. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband,
I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well: what must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. *Alce* Madam, or *Joan* Madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else, so lords call ladies.

Sly. Come, sit down on my knee. *Sim*, drink to her.
Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd, and slept above
some fifteen years and more.

Lady. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone:
Madam, undress you, and come to bed. *Sim*, drink
to her.

Lady. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you,
To pardon me yet for a night or two:
Or if not so, until the sun be set;
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed;
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long;
but I would be loth to fall into my dream again: I will
therefore tarry in despite of the flesh and the blood.

S C E N E VI. *Enter a Messenger.*

Mess. Your honour's Players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy;
For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing so much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy;
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play; is it not a commo-
dity? a *Christmas* gambol, or a tumbling trick?

Lady.

Lady. No, my good lord, it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?

Lady. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't: come, Madam wife, sit by my side, and let the world slip, we shall ne'er be younger.



The TAMING *of the* SHREW.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PADUA.

Flourish. Enter Lucentio and Tranio.

Luc. **T**Ranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair *Padua*, nursery of arts,

I am arriv'd from fruitful *Lombardy*,

The pleasant garden of great *Italy*;

And by my father's love and leave am arm'd

With his good will, and thy good company,

Most trusty servant, well approv'd in all;

Here let us breathe, and happily institute

A course of learning, and ingenious studies.

Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,

Gave me my being, and my father first

A merchant of great traffick through the world,

Vincentio come of the *Bentivolii*;

Lucentio his son, brought up in *Florence*,

It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,

To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:

And therefore, *Tranio*, for the time I study,

To virtue and that part of philosophy

Will I apply, that treats of happiness,

By virtue specially to be atchiev'd.

Tell me thy mind, for I have *Pisa* left,

And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaves

A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep,

And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. *Me pardonato*, gentle master mine,
 I am in all affected as your self;
 Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
 To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy:
 Only, good master, while we do admire
 This virtue, and this moral discipline,
 Let's be no Stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray;
 Or so devote to *Aristotle's* checks,
 As *Ovid* be an outcast quite abjur'd,
 Talk logick with acquaintance that you have,
 And practise rhetoric in your common talk;
 Musick and poesie use to quicken you;
 The mathematicks, and the metaphysicks,
 Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you:
 No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en:
 In brief, Sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercy, *Tranio*, well dost thou advise;
 If, *Biondello*, thou wert come ashore,
 We could at once put us in readines,
 And take a lodging fit to entertain
 Such friends, as time in *Padua* shall beget.
 But stay a while, what company is this?

Tra. Master, some show to welcome us to town.

SCENE II.

Enter Baptista *with* Catharina *and* Bianca, *Gremio and*
Hortensio. *Lucentio and* *Tranio stand by.*

Bap. Gentlemen both, importune me no farther,
 For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;
 That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter,
 Before I have a husband for the elder:
 If either of you both love *Catharina*,
 Because I know you well, and love you well,
 Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather. She's too rough for me.
 There, there, *Hortensio*, will you any wife?

Cath. I pray you, Sir, is it your will and pleasure
 To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid, how mean you that? no mates for
 Unless you were of gentler milder mould. [you;

Cath. I'faith, Sir, you shall never need to fear,

I wis,

I wis, it is not half way to her heart :
 But if it were, doubt not, her care shall be
 To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
 And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver me.

Gre. And me too, O good Lord.

Tra. Hush, master, here is some good pastime
 toward,

That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence I do see

Maids mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, *Tranio*.

Tra. Why, well said, master ; mum, and gaze
 your fill.

} *Aside.*

Bap. Come, Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
 What I have said, *Bianca*, get you in,
 And let it not displease thee, good *Bianca*,
 For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Cath. A pretty Pet, it is best put finger in the eye, an
 she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe :
 My books and instruments shall be my company,
 On them to look, and practise by my self.

Luc. Hark, *Tranio*, thou may'st hear *Minerva* speak.

[*Aside.*

Hor. Signior *Baptista*, will you be so strange ?

Sorry I am that our good-will effects

Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why will you mew her up,
 Signior *Baptista*, for this fiend of hell,
 And make her bear the penance of her tongue ?

Bap. Content ye, Gentlemen ; I am resolv'd :

Go in, *Bianca*.

[*Exit Bianca.*

And for I know she taketh most delight
 In musick, instruments, and poetry,
 School-masters will I keep within my house,
 Fit to instruct her youth. If you, *Hortensio*,
 Or, Signior *Gremio*, you, know any such,
 Prefer them hither : for to cunning men

I will be very kind, and liberal
 To mine own children in good bringing up ;
 And so farewell. *Catbarina*, you may stay,
 For I have more to commune with *Bianca*. [Exit.

Catb. Why, I trust I may go too, may I not ? what,
 shall I be appointed hours, as tho', belike, I knew not
 what to take, and what to leave ? ha ! [Exit.

S C E N E III.

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam : your gifts are so
 good, here is none will hold you. Our love is not so great,
Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it
 fairly out. Our cake's dow on both sides. Farewel ; yet
 for the love I bear my sweet *Bianca*, if I can by any
 means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she de-
 lights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, Signior *Gremio* : but a word, I pray ;
 tho' the nature of our quarrel never yet brook'd parle, know
 now upon advice, it toucheth us both, that we may yet a-
 gain have access to our fair mistress and be happy rivals in
Bianca's love, to labour and effect one thing 'specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray ?

Hor. Marry, Sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband ! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil. Think'st thou, *Hortensio*, tho' her
 father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married
 to hell ?

Hor. Tush, *Gremio* tho' it pass your patience and mine
 to endure her loud alarms, why man, there be good fellows
 in the world, an a man could light on them, would take
 her with all her faults, and mony enough.

Gre. I cannot tell ; but I had as lief take her dowry with
 this condition, to be whipp'd at the high-crosse every morn-
 ing.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten
 apples : come, since this bar in law makes us friends, it
 shall be so far forth friendly maintain'd, 'till by helping
Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest
 free for a husband, and then have to't afresh. Sweet

Bianca !

Bianca! happy man be his dole! he that runs fastest gets the ring; how say you, Signior *Gremio*?

Gre. I am agreed, and would I had given him the best horse in *Padua* to begin the wooing that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt Gre. and Hor. Manent Tra. and Lucen.*

SCENE IV.

Tra. I pray, Sir, tell me, is it possible That love should on a sudden take such hold?

Luc. Oh *Tranio*, 'till I found it to be true, I never thought it possible or likely. But see, while idly I stood looking on, I found th' effect of love in idleness: And now in plainness do confess to thee, That art to me as secret and as dear As *Anna* to the Queen of *Carthage* was, *Tranio*, I burn, I pine, I perish, *Tranio*, If I atchieve not this young modest girl: Counsel me, *Tranio*, for I know thou canst; Assist me, *Tranio*, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now; Affection is not rated from the heart. If love hath touch'd you, nought remains but so, *Redime te captum quam queas minimo.*

Luc. Gramercy, lad; go forward, this contents, The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid, Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face, Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had, That made great *Jove* to humble him to her hand, When with his knees he kiss'd the *Cretan* strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her sister Began to scold, and raise up such a storm, That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. *Tranio*, I saw her coral lips to move, And with her breath she did perfume the air; Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.—

Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to stir him from his trance: I pray, awake, Sir; if you love the maid,

Bend thoughts and wit t'atchieve her. Thus it stands :
 Her eldest sister is so curst and shrewd,
 That 'till the father rids his hands of her,
 Master, your love must live a maid at home ;
 And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
 Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, *Tranio*, what a cruel father's he !
 But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
 To get her cunning school-masters to instruct her ?

Tra. Ay marry am I, Sir, and now 'tis platted.

Luc. I have it, *Tranio*.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
 Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be school-master,
 And undertake the teaching of the maid :
 That's your device.

Luc. It is: may it be done ?

Tra. Not possible : for who shall bear your part,
 And be in *Padua* here *Vincentio's* son,
 Keep house, and ply his book, welcome his friends,
 Visit his countrymen, and banquet them ?

Luc. *Basta*, content thee, for I have it full.
 We have not yet been seen in any house,
 Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
 For man or master: then it follows thus.
 Thou shalt be master, *Tranio*, in my stead ;
 Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should.
 I will some other be, some *Florentine*,
 Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner man
 Of *Pisa*. It is hatch'd, and shall be so :
Tranio, at once uncase thee: and here take
 My hat and cloak. When *Biondello* comes,
 He waits on thee, but I will charm him first
 To keep his tongue.

Tra. And so, Sir, had you need.
 In brief, good Sir, sith it your pleasure is,
 And I am tied to be obedient,
 For so your father charg'd me at our parting ;
 Be serviceable to my son, quoth he,

(Altho^o

(Altho' I think 'twas in another sense)

I am content to be *Lucentio*,
Because so well I love *Lucentio*.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because *Lucentio* loves ;
And let me be a slave t' atchieve that maid,
Whose sudden fight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you been ?

Bion. Where have I been ? nay, how now, where are you ?
Master, has *Tranio* stolen your cloaths.

Or you stol'n his, or both ? pray, what's the news ?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow *Tranio* here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my count'nance on,
And I for my escape have put on his :
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I am descry'd :
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes ;
While I make way from hence to save my life.
You understand me ?

Bion. Ay, Sir, ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of *Tranio* in your mouth,
Tranio is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Bion. The better for him, would I were so too.

Tra. So would I, 'faith, boy, to have the next wish
after, that *Lucentio* indeed had *Baptista's* youngest daughter.
But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise
you use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies :
when I am alone, why then I am *Tranio* ; but in all
places else, your master *Lucentio*.

Luc. Tranio, let's go: one thing more rests, that thy
self execute, to make one among these wooers ; if thou ask
me, why ? sufficeth my reasons are both good and weighty.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Before Hortensio's House in Padua.

Enter Petruchio, and Grumio.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in *Padua* ; but of all
My best beloved and approved friend,

Hort-

Hortensio ; and I trow this is the house ;
Here, sirrah, *Grumio*, knock I say *.

Enter *Hortensio* †

Hor. *Alla nostra casa ben venuto, multo' honorato Signior mio Petruccio* †.

And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to *Padua* here from old *Verona* ?

* --- knock I say.

Gru. Knock, Sir? whom shall I knock? is there any man has re-
la's'd your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, Sir? why, Sir, what am I, Sir,
That I should knock you here, Sir?

Pet. Villain, I say knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome:

I should knock you first,

And then I know after, who comes by the worst,

Pet. Will it not be?

'Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it.

I'll try how you can *Sol. Fa.* and sing it. [*He wrings him by the ears.*]

Gru. Help mistress, help, my master is mad.

Pet. Now knock when I bid you: sirrah, villain.

Enter, &c.

† --- *Hortensio*.

Hor. How now, what's the matter? my old friend *Grumio*, and my
good friend *Petruccio*! how do you all at *Verona*?

Pet. Signior *Hortensio*, come you to part the fray?
Con tutti le core bene trovato may I say.

Hor. *Alla, &c.*

‡ --- *mio Petruccio*.

Rise, *Grumio*, we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he leges in latin. If this be not a
lawful cause for me to leave his service, look you, Sir: he bid me
knock him, and rap him soundly, Sir. Well, was it fit for a servant
to use his master so, being perhaps, for ought I see, two and thirty,
a pip out?

Whom would to God I had well knock'd at first,

Then had not *Grumio* come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain! Good *Hortensio*,

I bid the rascal knock upon your gate,

And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate? O heav'ns! spake you not these words
plain? knock me here, rap me here, knock me well and knock me
soundly? and come you now with knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. *Petruccio*, patience. I am *Grumio*'s pledge:
Why, this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant *Grumio* ;
And tell me now, &c.

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows ; but in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me,
Antonio my father is deceas'd,
And I have thrust my self into this maze,
Happ'ly to wive and thrive, as best I may :
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. *Petrucchio*, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife ?
Thou'lt thank me but a little for my counsel,
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich : but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. *Signior Hortensio*, 'twixt such friends as us
Few words suffice ; and therefore if you know
One rich enough to be *Petrucchio's* wife ;
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance)
Be she as foul as was * *Florentius's* love,
As old as *Sybil*, and as curst and shrewd
As *Socrates's Xantippe*, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me. Were she as rough
As are the swelling *Adriatick* seas,
I come to wive it wealthily in *Padua* :
If wealthily, then happily in *Padua*.

Gru. Nay, look you, Sir, he tells you flatly what his
mind is : why, give him gold enough, and marry him to
a puppet, or an aglet-baby, or an old trot with ne'er a
tooth in her head, tho' she have as many diseases as two
and fifty horses ; why, nothing comes amiss, so many comes
withal.

Hor. *Petrucchio*, since we are stept thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, *Petrucchio*, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young and beauteous,
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman.

* This probably alludes to some story in an *Italian* novel, and
should be written *Florentio's* love.

Her only fault, and that is fault enough,
Is, that she is intolerably curst,
And shrewd, and froward, so beyond all measure,
That were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's effect;
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough:
For I will board her, tho' she chide as loud
As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is *Baptista Minola*,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is *Catbarina Minola*,
Renown'd in *Padua* for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, tho' I know not her,
And he knew my deceased father well:
I will not sleep, *Hortensio*, 'till I see her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, Sir, let him go while the humour
lasts. O my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she
would think scolding would do little good upon him. She
may perhaps call him half a score knaves, or so: why,
that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rhe-
torick; I'll tell you what, Sir, an she stand him but a
little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure
her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal
than a cat: you know him not, Sir.

Hor. Tarry, *Petrucbio*, I must go with thee,
For in *Baptista's* house my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful *Bianca*,
And her with-holds he from me, and other more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:
Supposing it a thing impossible,
From those defects I have before rehears'd,
That ever *Catbarina* will be woo'd;
Therefore this order hath *Baptista* ta'en,
That none shall have access unto *Bianca*;
Till *Catbarine* the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Catharine the curst!

A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend *Petrucchio* do me grace,
And offer me disguis'd in sober robes
To old *Baptista* as a school-master
Well seen in musick, to instruct *Bianca*;
That so I may, by this device, at least
Have leave and leasure to make love to her,
And unsuspected court her by her self.

SCENE VI.

Enter Gremio and Lucentio disguis'd.

Gru. Here's no knavery! see, to beguile the old folks,
how the young folks lay their heads together. Master,
look about you: who goes there? ha.

Hor. Peace, *Grumio*, 'tis the rival of my love.
Petrucchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous.

Gre. O, very well; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you; I'll have them fairly bound,
All books of love, see that, at any hand;
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me. Over and beside
Signior *Baptista*'s liberality,

I'll mend it with a largefs. Take your papers
And let me have them very well perfum'd,
For she is sweeter than perfume it self
To whom they go: what will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you
As for my patron, stand you so assured;
As firmly as your self were still in place,
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, Sir.

Gre. Oh this learning, what a thing it is!

Gru. Oh this woodcock, what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, Sirrah.

Hor. *Grumio*, mum! God save you, Signior *Gremio*.

Gre. And you are well met, Signior *Hortensio*. Trow
you whither I am going? to *Baptista Minola*; I promis'd
to enquire carefully about a school-master for the fair *Bianca*,
and by good fortune I have lighted well on this young man:
for

for learning and behaviour fit for her turn. well read in poetry, and other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well ; and I have met a gentleman
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress ;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair *Bianca*, so belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me, and that my deeds shall prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love.
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst *Catbarine*,
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well ;

Hortensius, have you told him all her faults ?

Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold ;
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, say'st me so, friend ? pray, what countryman ?

Pet. Born in *Verona*, old *Antonio's* son ;
My father's dead, my fortune lives for me,
And I do hope good days and long to see.

Gre. Oh, such a life with such a wife were strange ;
But if you have a stomach, to't a God's name,
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild cat ?

Pet. Will I live ?

Gru. Will he woo her ? ay, or I'll hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent ?
Think you a little din can daunt my ears ?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar ?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat ?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field ?
And heav'n's artillery thunder in the skies ?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clangue ?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,

That

That gives not half so great a blow to th' ear,
As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?

Tush, tush, fear boys with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none.

Gre. *Hortensio*, hark:

This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and ours.

Hor. I promis'd we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

SCENE VII.

To them *Tranio* bravely apparell'd, and *Biondello*.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold,
tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way to the
house of Signior *Baptista Minola*?

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters? is't he you
mean?

Tra. Even he, *Biondello*.

Gre. Hark you, Sir, you mean not her to——

Tra. Perhaps him and her, what have you to do?

Pet. Nor her that chides, Sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, Sir: *Biondello*, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, *Tranio*. [Aside.]

Hor. Sir, a word before you go:

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

Tra. An if I be, Sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if without more words you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, Sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me, as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know.

She's the choice love of Signior *Gremio*.

Hor. She is the chosen of *Hortensio*.

Tra. Softly, my masters: if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right; hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown,
And were his daughter fairer than she is,

She may more suitors have, and me for one.
 Fair *Leda's* daughter had a thousand wooers ;
 Then well one more may fair *Bianca* have,
 And so she shall. *Lucentio* shall make one,
 Tho' *Paris* came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head, I know he'll prove a jade,

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,
 Did you yet ever see *Baptista's* daughter ?

Tra. No, Sir ; but hear I do that he hath two ;
 The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
 As the other is for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, Sir, the first's for me ; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great *Hercules*,
 And let it be more than *Alcides'* twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, insooth :
 The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
 Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
 And will not promise her to any man,
 Until the eldest sister first be wed :
 The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, Sir, that you are the man
 Must steed us all, and me amongst the rest ;
 And if you break the ice, and do this feat,
 Achieve the elder, set the younger free
 For our access ; whose hap shall be to have her,
 Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive ;
 And since you do profess to be a suitor,
 You must, as we do, gratifie this gentleman,
 To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack ; in sign whereof,
 Please ye, we may convive this afternoon,
 And quaff carouses to our mistress' health,
 And do as adversaries do in law,
 Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bion. O excellent motion! fellows, let's be gone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so,
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [*Exeunt.*
I Man.

Man. My Lord, you nod, you do not mind the Play.

Sly. Yea, by St. Ann, do I : a good matter surely ! comes there any more of it ?

Lady. My Lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work ; Madam Lady, would 'twere done !

ACT II. SCENE I.

Baptista's House in Padua. Enter Catharina and Bianca.

Bian. **G**OOD sister, wrong me not, nor wrong your self, To make a bond-maid and a slave of me ;

That I disdain : but for these other gaudes,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off my self,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat.

Or what will you command me will I do ;
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Catb. Of all thy suitors here I charge thee tell
Whom thou lov'st best : see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all men alive
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Catb. Minion, thou liest ; is't not *Hortensio* ?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear
I'll plead for you my self but you shall have him.

Catb. Oh then belike you fancy riches more,
You will have *Gremio*, to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do so envy me ?
Nay, then you jest, and now I well perceive
You have but jested with me all this while ;
I pr'ythee, sister *Kate*, untie my hands.

Catb. If that be jest, then all the rest was so. [*Strikes her.*
Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why, how now, dame, whence grows this insolence ?

Bianca, stand aside ; poor girl, she weeps ;
Go ply thy needle, meddle not with her.

For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her, that did ne'er wrong thee ?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word ?

Catb. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[*Flies at Bianca.*

Bap. What, in my sight? *Bianca*, get thee in. [*Ex. Bianca.*]

Cath. Will you not suffer me? nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband,
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And for your love to her lead apes in hell:
Talk not to me, I will go sit and weep,

'Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit Cath.*]

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

SCENE II.

Enter Gremio, Lucentio in the habit of a mean man, Petruchio with Hortensio like a musician, Tranio and Biondello bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour *Baptista*.

Bap. Good morrow, neighbour *Gremio*: God save you, gentlemen.

Pet. And you, good Sir; pray, have you not a daughter call'd *Catharina*, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, Sir, call'd *Catharina*.

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior *Gremio*, give me leave.

I am a gentleman of *Verona*, Sir,
That hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,
Am bold to shew my self a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report, which I so oft have heard,
And for an entrance to my entertainment, [*Presenting Hor.*]
I do present you with a man of mine,
Cunning in musick, and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong,
His name is *Licio*, born in *Mantua*.

Bap. Y'are welcome, Sir, and he for your good sake.
But for my daughter *Catharine*, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more's my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but what I find.
Whence are you, Sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. *Petruchio* is my name, *Antonio's* son,
A man well known throughout all *Italy*.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving you tale, *Petruchio*, I pray let us that are
poor petitioners speak too. *Baccalare!* you are marvel-
lous forward.

Pet. Oh, pardon me, Signior *Gremio*, I would fain be
doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, Sir, but you will curse your wooing.
Neighbour! this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it.
To express the like kindness my self, that have been more
kindly beholden to you than any, free leave give to this
young scholar, that hath been long studying at *Reims*,
[*Presenting Luc.*] as cunning in *Greek*, *Latin*, and other
languages, as the other in musick and mathematics; his
name is *Cambio*; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior *Gremio*: welcome,
good *Cambio*. But, gentle Sir, methinks you walk like a
stranger, [*To Tranio.*] may I be so bold to know the cause
of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, Sir, the boldness is mine own,
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make my self a suitor to your daughter,
Unto *Bianca*, fair and virtuous:
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest.
And toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of *Greek* and *Latin* books.
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

[*They greet privately.*]

Bap. *Lucentio* is your name? of whence I pray?

Tra. Of *Pisa*, Sir, son to *Vincentio*.

Bap. A mighty man of *Pisa*; by report

I know him well ; you are very welcome, Sir.

Take you the lute, and you the set of books,

[*To Hor. and Luc.*

You shall go see your pupils presently.

Holla, within !

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen,

To my two daughters, and then tell them both

These are their tutors, bid them use them well.

[*Ex. Servant with Hor. and Luc.*

We will go walk a little in the orchard,

And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,

And so I pray you all to think your selves.

Pet. Signior *Baptista*, my business asketh haste,

And every day I cannot come to woo.

You knew my father well, and in him me,

Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,

Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd ;

Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,

What dowry shall I have with her to wife ?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands,

And in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And for that dowry, I'll assure her for

Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,

In all my lands and leases whatsoever ;

Let specialities be therefore drawn between us,

That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,

That is, her love ; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why that is nothing : for I tell you, father,

I am as peremptory as she proud-minded.

And where two raging fires meet together,

They do consume the thing that feeds their fury.

Tho' little fire grows great with little wind,

Yet extream gusts will blow out fire and all :

So I to her, and so she yields to me,

For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speed !

But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet.

Pet. Ay, to the proof, as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, tho' they blow perpetually.

SCENE III. *Enter Hortensio with his head broke.*

Bap. How now, my friend, why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why then thou canst not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why no; for she hath broke the lute on me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
Frets call you them? quoth she: I'll fume with them;
And with that word she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way,
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
While she did call me rascal, fidler,
And twangling jack, with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did;
Oh, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited.
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter,
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns;
Signior Petrucchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter *Kate* to you?

Pet. I pray you, do. I will attend her here,

[*Exit Bap. with Gre. Hor. and Tranio.*

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she rail, why then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew;
Say she be mute, and will not speak a word,
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say, she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As tho' she bid me stay by her a week;

If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
 When I shall ask the banes, and when be married.
 But here she comes, and now, *Petruchio*, speak.

SCENE IV. *Enter Catharina.*

Good morrow, *Kate*, for that's your name I hear.

Cath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing.
 They call me *Catharine*, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith, for you are call'd plain *Kate*,
 And bonny *Kate*, and sometimes *Kate* the curst:
 But *Kate*, the prettiest *Kate* in Christendom,
Kate of *Kate* hall, my super-dainty *Kate*,
 (For dainties are all *Cates*) and therefore *Kate*;
 Take this of me, *Kate* of my consolation!
 Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
 Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty founded,
 Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs:
 My self am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Cath. Mov'd! in good time; let him that mov'd you
 hither,

Remove you hence; I knew you at the first
 You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Cath. A join'd stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it; come, sit on me.

Cath. Asses were made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Cath. No such jade, Sir, as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee,
 For knowing thee to be but young and light—

Cath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
 And yet as heavy as my weight should be.*

* --- weight should be,

Pet. Should! *Bee*: should! --- *bee*.

Cath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O slow-wing'd turtle, shall a buzzard take thee!

Cath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp, i'faith you are too angry.

Cath. If I be waspish, 'best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then to pluck it out.

Cath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lyes.

Pet. Who know, not where a wasp doth wear his sting?
 In his tail.

Cath.

Pet. Nay, hear you, *Kate*. Infooth you 'scape not so.

Cath. I chafe you if I tarry ; let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit, I find you passing gentle :

'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and fullen,
And now I find report a very liar ;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers.

Thou can'st not frown, thou can'st not look ascance,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk :

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conf'rence, soft, and affable.

Why doth the world report that *Kate* doth limp ?

Oh sland'rous world ! *Kate*, like the hazle-twig,

Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue

As hazle-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

Oh, let me see thee walk : thou dost not halt.

Cath. Go, fool, and whom thou keepest, those command,

Pet. Did ever *Dian* so become a grove,

As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gait ?

Cath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue ?

Cath. Yours if you talk of tails, and so farawel.

Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail ? nay, come again,

Good *Kate*, I am a gentleman.

Cath. That I'll try.

[*She strikes him*]

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Cath. So may you lose your arms.

If you strike me you are no gentleman.

And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

Pet. A herald, *Kate* ? oh, put me in thy books.

Cath. What is your crest, a coxcomb ?

Pet. A comble's cock, so *Kate* will be my hen.

Cath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.

Pet. Nay, come, *Kate* ; come, you must not look so fower,

Cath. It is my fashion when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not fower.

Cath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then shew it me.

Cath. Had I a glass I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face ?

Cath. Well aim'd of such a young one.

Pet. No, by *St. George*, I am too yeung for you,

Cath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with care's.

Cath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, &c.

O, be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,
And then let *Kate* be chaste, and *Dian* sportful.

Catb. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is *extempore*, from my mother-wit.

Catb. A witty mother, witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Catb. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Why, so I mean, sweet *Catbarine* in thy bed:
And therefore setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, *Kate*, I am a husband for your turn,
For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me.
For I am he am born to tame you, *Kate*,
And bring you from a wild cat to a *Kate*,
Conformable as other household *Kates*;
Here comes your father, never make denial,
I must and will have *Catbarine* to my wife.

S C E N E V.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, and Tranio.

Bap. Signior *Petruchio*, how speed you with
My daughter?

Pet. How but well, Sir, how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter *Catbarine*, in your dumps?

Catb. Call you me daughter? now I promise you
You've shew'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatick,
A madcap ruffian, and a swearing jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus; your self and all the world
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;
If she be curst, it is for policy,
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove:
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn,
For patience she will prove a second *Grissel*,
And *Roman Lucrece* for her chastity.

And

And to conclude, we've 'greed so well together,
That upon *Sunday* is the wedding-day.

Cath. I'll see thee hang'd on *Sunday* first.

Gre. Hark, hark ;

Petruchio! she says she'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding ? then, good night our part !

Pet. Be patient, Sirs, I chuse her for my self ;

If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you ?

'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,

That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you 'tis incredible to believe

How much she loves me ; oh, the kindest *Kate!*

She hung about my neck, and kifs on kifs

She vy'd so fast, protesting oath on oath,

That in a twink she won me to her love.

Oh, you are novices ; 'tis a world to see,

How tame (when men and women are alone)

A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.

Give me thy hand *Kate*, I will unto *Venice*,

To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day ;

Father, provide the feast, and bid the guests,

I will be sure my *Catharine* shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say, but give your hands.

God send you joy, *Petruchio!* 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen say we, we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu ;

I will to *Venice*, *Sunday* comes apace,

We will have rings and things, and fine array ;

And kifs me, *Kate*, we'll marry o' *Sunday*.

[*Exe. Petruchio and Catharina.*

SCENE VI.

Gre. Was ever match clapt up so suddenly ?

Bap. 'Faith, gentlemen, I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you ;
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch :
But now, *Baptista*, to your younger daughter ;

Now

Now is the day we long have looked for:

I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one that love *Bianca* more
Than words can witness or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling! thou canst not love so dear as I.

Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back; 'tis age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth in ladies eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen, I will compound this strife;
'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of both
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have *Bianca's* love.

Say, Signior *Gremio*, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold,
Basons and ewers to lave her dainty hands:
My hangings all of *Tyrian* tapestry;
In ivory coffers I have shut my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpanes,
Costly apparel, tents and canopies,
Fine linnen, *Turkey* cushions boss'd with pearl;
Valance of *Venice* gold in needle-work;
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or house-keeping: then at my farm
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls;
And all things answerable to this portion.
My self am struck in years, I must confess,
And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If whilst I live she will be only mine.

Tra. That *only* came well in. Sir, list to me;
I am my father's heir, and only son;
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich *Pisa* walls, as any one
Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land; all which shall be her jointure,
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior *Gremio*?

Gre.

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts but to so much in all:
That she shall have, besides an *Argosie*
That now is lying in *Marseilles's* road.

What have I choakt you with an *Argosie*?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less
Than three great *Argosies*, besides two galliasses,
And twelve tight gallies; these I will assure her,
And twice as much, what e'er thou offer'ft next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all; I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have;
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise; *Gremio* is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess your offer is the best;
And let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own, else you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen, then I am thus resolv'd:
On *Sunday* next, you know, my daughter *Catbarine*
Is to be married: now on *Sunday* following
Bianca shall be bride to you, if you

Th' assurance make; if not to Signior *Gremio*:

And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [Exit.]

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour. Now I fear thee not:
Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all; and in his waining age
Set foot under thy table: tut! a toy!

An old *Italian* fox is not so kind, my boy. [Exit.]

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!

Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten:

'Tis in my head to do my master good:

I see no reason but suppos'd *Lucentio*

May get a father, call'd suppos'd *Vincentio*;

And that's a wonder: fathers commonly

Do get their children; but in this case

Of wooing, a child shall get a sire, if

I fail not of my cunning.

[*Exit.*

[*Sly speaks to one of the Servants.*

Sly. Sim, when will the fool come again?

Sim. Anon, my Lord.

Sly. Give's some more drink here——where's the tap-
ster? here, Sim, eat some of these things.

Sim. So I do, my Lord.

Sly. Here, Sim, I drink to thee.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Continues in Padua.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Luc. **F**IDLER, forbear; you grow too forward, Sir: A
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister *Catbarine* welcom'd you withal?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, know this lady is
The patroness of heavenly harmony;
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in musick we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass! that never read so far
To know the cause why musick was ordain'd:
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please my self;
And to cut off all strife, here sit we down,
'Take you your instrument, stay you a while,
His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

[*Hortensio retires.*

Luc. That will be never: tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc.

Luc. Here, Madam: *Hic ibat Simois, hic est Sigeia tellus, Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hic ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am *Lucentio*, *hic est*, son unto *Vincentio* of *Pisa*, *Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love, *hic steterat*, and that *Lucentio* that comes a wooing, *Priami*, is my man *Tranio*, *regia*, bearing my port, *celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old Pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune. [Returning.

Bian. Let's hear. O fie, the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hic ibat Simois*, I know you not, *Hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not, *hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hears us not, *regia*, presume not, *celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right, 'tis the base knave that jars.
How fiery and how froward is our pedant!
Now, for my life, that knave doth court my love;
Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe; yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not, for sure *Æacides*
Was *Ajax*, call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master, else I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:
But let it rest. Now, *Licio*, to you:
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave a while;
My lessons make no musick in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, Sir? well, I must wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous. [Luc. retires.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art,
To teach you *Gamut* in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,

Than hath been taught by any of my trade;
And there it is in writing fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my *Gamut* long ago.

Hor. Yet read the *Gamut* of *Hortensio*.

Bian. [*Reading.*] *Gamut* I am, the ground of all accord,
Are, to plead *Hortensio*'s passion,
B mi, *Bianca*, take him for thy lord,
Cfaut, that loves thee with all affection,
De sol re, one cliff, but two notes have I,
Elami, show me pity, or I die.

Call you this *Gamut*? tut, I like it not;
Old fashions please me best; I'm not so nice
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up;
You know to-morrow is the wedding day.

Bian. Farewel, sweet masters both; I must be gone. [*Exit.*

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*

Hor. But I have to pry into this pedant;
Methinks he looks as tho' he were in love:
Yet if thy thoughts, *Bianca*, be so humble
To cast thy wandring eyes on every stale;
Seize thee who list; if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Baptista, Tranio, Catharina, Lucentio, and Attendants.

Bap. Signior *Lucentio*, this is the 'pointed day
That *Cath'rine* and *Petruchio* should be married;
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What says *Lucentio* to this shame of ours?

Cath. No shame but mine; I must, forsooth, be forc'd
To give my hand oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen,
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was 'a frantick fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:

And

And to be noted for a merry man,
 He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
 Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banes,
 Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
 Now must the world point at poor *Catharine*,
 And say, lo! there is mad *Petruchio's* wife,
 If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good *Catharine*, and *Eaptista* too;
 Upon my life, *Petruchio* means but well,
 What ever fortune stays him from his word.
 Tho' he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
 Tho' he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Catb. Would *Catharine* had never seen him tho'!

[Exit weeping.]

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
 For such an injury would vex a faint,
 Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

SCENE III. Enter *Biondello*.

Bion. Master, master; old news, and such news as you
 never heard of.

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it no news to hear of *Petruchio's* coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, Sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But say, what to thine old news?

Bion. Why, *Petruchio* is coming in a new hat and an old
 jerkin; a pair of old breeches thrice turn'd; a pair of boots
 that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another lac'd;
 an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armory, with a
 broken hilt, and chapeless, with two broken points; his
 horse hipp'd, with an old mothy saddle, the stirrups of no
 kindred; besides, possess'd with the glanders, and like to
 mourn in the chine, troubled with the lampasse, infected
 with the farcin, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, rai'd
 with the yellows, past cure of the vives, stark spoiled with
 the staggers, begnawn with the bots, sway'd in the back,

and shoulder-shotten, near-legg'd before, and with a half-cheek'd bit, and a headstall of sheep's leather, which being restrain'd to keep him from stumbling hath been often burst, and now repair'd with knots; one girt six times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there piec'd with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh Sir, his lackey, for all the world caparison'd like the horse, with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, garter'd with a red and blue list, an old hat, and the humour of forty fancies prickt up in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a christian foot-boy, or gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour prick's him to this fashion; Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoever he comes.

Bion. Why, Sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say he comes?

Bion. Who? that *Petruchio* came?

Bap. Ay, that *Petruchio* came.

Bion. No, Sir; I say his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by St. *Jamy*, I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

SCENE IV.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio fantastically babited.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

Bap. You're welcome, Sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well 'parell'd as I wish you were.

Pet. Why, were it better I should rush in thus.

But where is *Kate*? where is my lovely bride?
How does my father? gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why Sir, you know this is your wedding-day:

First

First were we sad, fearing you would not come ;
 Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
 Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
 An eye-fore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us what occasion of import
 Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
 And sent you hither so unlike your self ?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear :
 Sufficeth I am come to keep my word,
 Tho' in some part enforced to digress,
 Which at more leisure I will so excuse,
 As you shall well be satisfied withal.
 But where is *Kate* ? I stay too long from her ;
 The morning wears ; 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes ;
 Go to my chamber, put on cloaths of mine.

Pet. Not I believe me, thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus ; therefore ha' done with
 To me she's married, not unto my cloaths : [words ;
 Could I repair what she will wear in me,
 As I could change these poor accoutrements,
 'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for my self.
 But what a fool am I to chat with you,
 When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
 And seal the title with a lovely kiss !

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire :
 We will persuade him, be it possible,
 To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this. [*Exit.*

SCENE. V.

Tra. But, Sir, our love concerneth us to add
 Her father's liking ; which to bring to pass,
 As I before imparted to your worship,
 I am to get a man, (whate'er he be
 It skills not much, we'll fit him to our turn)
 And he shall be *Vincentio of Pisa*,
 And make assurance here in *Padua*
 Of greater sums than I have promised ;
 So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,

And

And marry sweet *Bianca* with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow school-master
Doth watch *Bianca's* steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to lock into,
And watch our vantage in this business:
We'll over-reach the gray-beard *Gremio*,
The narrow-prying father *Minola*,
The quaint musician amorous *Licio*;
All for my master's sake *Lucentio*.

SCENE VI. *Enter Gremio.*

Now, Signior *Gremio*, came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And are the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom say you? 'tis a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him:
I'll tell you, Sir *Lucentio*, when the priest
Did ask if *Catharine* should be his wife?

Ay, by gogs-woons. quoth he; and swore so loud,
That all amaz'd the priest let fall the book;
And as he stoop'd again to take it up,
'This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest.
Now take them up, quoth he, if any list.

Tra. What said the wench, when he rose up again?

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd and swore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: a health, quoth he; as if
H'ad been aboard carousing to his mates
After a storm; quaff off the muscadel,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other cause, but that his beard

Grew thin and hungerly, and seem'd to ask
His sops as he was drinking. This done, he took
The bride about the neck, and kist her lips
With such a clamorous smack, that at the parting
All the church echo'd; and I seeing this,
Came thence for very shame; and after me
The rout is coming: such a mad marriage
Ne'er was before. Hark, hark, the minstrels play.

[*Musick plays.*

SCENE VII. *Enter Petruchio, Catharina, Bianca,
Hortensio, and Baptista.*

Pet. Gentlemen and Friends, I thank you for your pains.
I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence;
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible you must away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come.
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away my self
To this most patient, sweet and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
For I must hence; and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you, Sir.

Pet. It cannot be.

Catb. Let me entreat you, Sir.

Pet. I am content.

Catb. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall intreat me stay;
But yet not stay, intreat me how you can.

Catb. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. *Grumio*, my horses.

Gru. Sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horses.

Catb. Nay then

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;

No,

No, nor to-morrow, nor 'till I please my self;
 The door is open, Sir, there lyes your way,
 You may be jogging while your boots are green;
 For me, I'll not go, 'till I please my self:

'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
 That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O *Kate*, content thee; pr'ythee, be not angry.

Cath. I will be angry; what hast thou to do?

Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, Sir, now it begins to work.

Cath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal-dinner.

I see a woman may be made a fool,

If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, *Kate*, at thy command.

Obeys the bride, you that attend on her:

Go to the feast, revel and domineer;

Carowse full measure to her maiden-head;

Be mad and merry or go hang your selves;

But for my bonny *Kate*, she must with me.

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret,

I will be master of what is mine own;

She is my goods, my chattles, and my house,

She is my household-stuff, my field, my barn,

My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;

And here she stands, touch her who ever dare;

I'll bring my action on the proudest he,

That stops my way in *Padua*: *Grumio*,

Draw forth thy weapon; we're beset with thieves;

Rescue thy mistress if thou be a man:

Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, *Kate*;

I'll buckler thee against a million. [*Exe. Pet. and Cath.*]

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like.

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, *Petrucchio* is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, tho' bride and bridegroom

For to supply the places at the table;

[*want*]

You know there wants no junkets at the feast:

Lucentio,

Lucentio, you supply the bridegroom's place.
And let *Bianca* take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet *Bianca* practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, *Lucentio*: gentlemen, let's go. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Petruchio's Country House. Enter Grumio.

Gru. **F**IE, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters,
and all foul ways! was ever man so weary?
was ever man so beaten? was ever man so raied? I am
sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to
warm them: now were I not a little pot, and soon hot,
my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the
roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should
come by a fire to thaw me; but I with blowing the fire
shall warm my self; for considering the weather, a taller
man than I will take cold: holla, hoa, *Curtis*!

Enter Curtis, a Servant.

Cur. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou may'st
slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run
but my head and my neck. A fire, good *Curtis*.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, *Grumio*?

Gru. Oh ay, *Curtis*, ay; and therefore fire, fire, cast
on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good *Curtis*, before the frost; but thou
know'st winter tames man, woman, and beast, for it hath
tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and thy self,
fellow *Curtis*.

Curt. Away, you three-inch'd fool; I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot,
and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire,
or shall I complain on thee to our mistress? whose hand,
she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel to thy cold
comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

Curt. I pr'ythee, good *Grumio*, tell me, how goes the
world?

Gru. A cold world, *Curtis*, in every office but thine;
and

and therefore fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; and therefore, good *Grumio*, the news.

Gru. Why, *Jack* boy, ho boy, and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of cony-catching.

Gru. Why therefore fire; for I have caught extream cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept, the servingmen in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? be the Jacks fair without, the Jills fair within, carpet laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready: and therefore I pray thee, what news?

Gru. First, know my horse is tired, my master and mistress fall'n out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good *Grumio*:

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There.

[*Strikes bim.*]

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis call'd a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listning. Now I begin: *imprimis* we came down a fowl hill, my master riding behind my mistress.

Curt. Both on one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale. But hadst thou not crost me, thou should'st have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse: thou should'st have heard in how miry a place, how she was bemoil'd, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore, how she pray'd that never pray'd before; how I cry'd, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper; with many things of worthy
memory,

memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this? call forth *Natbanael, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugar-sop*, and the rest: let their heads be sleekly comb'd, their blue coats brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit; let them curt'sie with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse tail, 'till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems, that call'st for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter four or five Serving-men.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Natb. Welcome home, *Grumio*.

Phil. How now, *Grumio*?

Jos. What, *Grumio*!

Nich. Fellow *Grumio*!

Natb. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you; how now, you; what, you; fellow, you; and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Natb. All things are ready; how near is our master?

Gru. E'n at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not——cock's passion, silence! I hear my master.

SCENE II. *Enter Petruchio and Kate.*

Pet. Where be these knaves? what, no man at door to hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse? where is *Natbanael, Gregory, Philip*?

All. Serv. Here, here, Sir; here, Sir.

Pet. Here, Sir, here, Sir, here, Sir, here Sir?

You loggerheaded and unpolish'd grooms:

Vol. III.

I.

What?

What? no attendance? no regard? no duty?

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, Sir, as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain, you whoreson, malt-horse drudge,
Did not I bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along the rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. *Nathanael's* coat, Sir, was not fully made:
And *Gabriel's* pumps were all unpink'd i'th' heel:
There was no link to colour *Peter's* hat,
And *Walter's* dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine, but *Adam*, *Ralph*, and *Gregory*;
The rest were ragged, old and beggarly,
Yet as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go and fetch my supper in. [*Exe. Serv.*
Where is the life that late I led? [*Sings.*

Where are those? fit down, *Kate*,
And welcome. *Soud, soud, soud, soud.*— [*Humming.*

Enter Servants with supper.

Why, when I say? nay, good sweet *Kate*, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogue: you villains, when?

It was the friar of orders grey.

As he forth walked on his way.

Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry.
Take that, and mind the plucking off the other. [*Strikes him.*
Be merry, *Kate*: some water here; what ho!

Enter one with water.

Where's my spaniel *Troilus*? sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin *Ferdinand* come hither:
One, *Kate*, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.
Where are my slippers? shall I have some water?
Come, *Kate*, and wash, and welcome heartily:
You whoreson villain, will you let it fall?

Cath. Patience, I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flat-ear'd knave:
Come, *Kate*, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet *Kate*, or else shall I?
What is this, mutton?

I Serv. Yes.

Pet. Who brought it?

Serv. I.

Pet.

Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat :
What dogs are these ? where is the rascal cook ?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not ?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups and all :

[Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.]

You heedless jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves !
What, do you grumble ? I'll be with you straight.

Cath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet ;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dry'd away,
And I expressly am forbid to touch it :
For it engenders choler, planteth anger,
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,
Since of our selves our selves are cholerick,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh :
Be patient, for to-morrow't shall be mended,
And for this night we'll fast for company.
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Servants severally.

Nath. *Peter*, didst ever see the like ?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Gru. Where is he ?

Enter Curtis.

Cure. In her chamber, making a sermon of continency
to her,
And rails, and swears, and rates ; and she poor soul
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away, for he is coming hither. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E III. *Enter Petruchio.*

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully :
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty,
And 'till she stoop, she must not be full gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call :
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites,
That bait and beat, and will not be obedient.

She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat.
 Last night she slept not, nor to-night shall not:
 As with the meat, some undeserved fault
 I'll find about the making of the bed.
 And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
 This way the coverlet, that way the sheets;
 Ay, and amid this hurly I'll pretend
 That all is done in reverend care of her,
 And in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
 And if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
 And with the clamour keep her still awake.
 This is a way to kill a wife with kindness,
 And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.
 He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
 Now let him speak, 'tis charity to shew.

[Exit.

SCENE IV. PADUA.

Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

Tra. Is't possible, friend *Licio*, that *Bianca*
 Doth fancy any other but *Lucentio*?
 I tell you, Sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. To satisfie you, Sir, in what I said,
 Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca and Lucentio.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.

Luc. I read that I profess, the art of love.

Bian. And may you prove, Sir, master of your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.

Hor. Quick proceeders! marry! now tell me, I pray,
 you that durst swear that your mistress *Bianca* lov'd none
 in the world so well as *Lucentio*.

Tra. O despightful love, unconstant womankind!
 I tell thee, *Licio*, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more, I am not *Licio*,
 Nor a musician, as I seem to be,
 But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
 For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
 And makes a God of such a cullion;
 Know, Sir, that I am call'd *Hortensio*.

Tra. Signior *Hortensio*, I have often heard.

Of your entire affection to *Bianca*,
 And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
 I will with you, if you be so contented,
 Forswear *Bianca* and her love for ever.

Hor. See how they kiss and court. Signior *Lucentio*,
 Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
 Never to woo her more, but do forswear her
 As one unworthy all the former favours
 That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
 Never to marry her, tho' she intreat.
 Fie on her, see how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forsworn her!
 For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
 I will be married to a wealthy widow,
 Ere three days pass, which has as long lov'd me,
 As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard.
 And so farewell, Signior *Lucentio*.
 Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
 Shall win my love: and so I take my leave,
 In resolution as I swore before. [Exit *Hor.*]

Tra. Mistress *Bianca*, bless you with such grace,
 As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
 Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
 And have forsworn you with *Hortensio*.

Bian. *Tranio*, you jest: but have you both forsworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of *Licio*.

Tra. I'faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
 That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, *Tranio*.

Tra. 'Faith he is gone unto the taming school.

Bian. The taming school? what, is there such a place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and *Petrucchio* is the master,
 That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
 To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

S C E N E V. Enter *Biondello*.

Bion. Oh master, master, I have watch'd so long,

L 3

That

That I'm dog-weary ; but at last I spied
An ancient engle coming down the hill
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, *Biondello* ?

Bion. Master, a mercantant, or else a pedant ;
I know not what ; but formal in apparel ;
In gate and countenance surly like a father.

Luc. And what of him, *Tranio* ?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem *Vincentio*,
And give assurance to *Baptista Minola*,
As if he were the right *Vincentio* :
Take me your love, and then let me alone.

[*Ex. Luc. & Bion.*]

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, Sir.

Tra. And you, Sir ; you are welcome :
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest ?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two ;
But then up farther, and as far as *Rome* ;
And so to *Tripoly*, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray ?

Ped. Of *Mantua*.

Tra. Of *Mantua*, Sir, say you ? God forbid !
And come to *Padua*, careless of your life ?

Ped. My life, Sir ! how, I pray ? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one of *Mantua*
To come to *Padua* : know you not the cause ?
Your ships are staid at *Venice*, and the Duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,)
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly :
'Tis marvel, but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, Sir, it is worse for me than so ;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From *Florence*, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, Sir, to do you courtesie,
This will I do, and this will I advise you ;
First tell me, have you ever been at *Pisa* ?

Ped. Ay, Sir, in *Pisa* have I often been ;

Pisa

Pisa renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them know you one *Vincentio*?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;

A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, Sir; and, sooth to say,

In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.

[*Aside.*]

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,

This favour will I do you for his sake;

And think it not the worst of all your fortunes-

That you are like to Sir *Vincentio*:

His name and credit shall you undertake,

And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd:

Look that you take upon you as you should.

You understand me, Sir: so shall you stay

'Till you have done your business in the city.

If this be court'sie, Sir, accept of it.

Ped. Oh, Sir, I do, and will repute you ever

The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me to make the matter good:

This by the way I let you understand,

My father is here look'd for every day,

To pass assurance of a dowre in marriage

'Twixt me and one *Baptista's* daughter here:

In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:

Go with me, Sir, to cloath you as becomes you. [*Exeunt.*]

Lord. *Who's within there?*

[*Sly sleeps.*]

Enter Servants.

Asleep again! go take him easily up, and put him in his own apparel again. But see you wake him not in any case.

Serv. It shall be done, my lord: come help to bear him hence.

[*They bear off Sly.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Petruchio's Country-house. Enter Catharina and Grumio.

Gr. NO, no, forsooth, I dare not for my life.

Cath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:

What, did he marry me to famish me?

Beggars

Beggars that come unto my father's door,
 Upon intreaty, have a present alms ;
 If not, elfewhere they meet with charity :
 But I, who never knew how to intreat,
 Nor never needed that I ſhould intreat,
 Am ſtarv'd for meat, giddy for lack of ſleep ;
 With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed ;
 And that which ſpights me more than all theſe wants,
 He does it under name of perfect love :
 As who would ſay, if I ſhould ſleep or eat
 'Twere deadly ſickneſs, or elſe preſent death :
 I pr'ythee go, and get me ſome repaſt :
 I care not what, ſo it be wholeſome food.

Gru. What ſay you to a neat's foot ?

Catb. 'Tis paſſing good ; I pr'ythee, let me have it.

Gru. I fear it is too flegmatick a meat ;

How ſay you to a fat tripe finely broil'd ?

Catb. I like it well ; good *Grumio*, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell, I fear it's cholerick :

What ſay you to a piece of beef and muſtard ?

Catb. A diſh that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the muſtard is too hot a little.

Catb. Why then the beef, and let the muſtard reſt.

Gru. Nay, then, I will not : you ſhall have the muſtard,
 Or elſe you get no beef of *Grumio*.

Catb. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why then the muſtard e'en without the beef.

Catb. Go, get thee gone, thou falſe deluding ſlave,
 [*Beats bim.*]

That feed'ſt me with the very name of meat :

Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you

That triumph thus upon my miſery !

Go, get thee gone, I ſay.

S C E N E II.

Enter Petruchio and Hortenſio with meat.

Pet. How fares my *Kate* ? what, ſweeting, all amort ?

Hor. Miſtreſs, what cheer ?

Catb. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy ſpirits ; look cheerfully upon me
 Here, love, thou ſeeſt how diligent I am,

To dress thy meat my self, and bring it thee:
I'm sure, sweet *Kate*, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? nay then, thou lov'st it not:
And all my pains is sorted to no proof.

Here take away the dish.

Catb. Pray, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks,
And so shall mine before you touch the meat.

Catb. I thank you, Sir.

Hor. Signior *Petrucchio*, fie, you are to blame:
Come, mistress *Kate*, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, *Hortensio*, if thou lovest me;—

[*Aside.*]

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart;
Kate, eat apace. And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house,
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingals, and things:
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of brav'ry,
With amber-bracelets, beads and all this knav'ry.
What, hast thou din'd? the taylor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his rustling treasure.

S C E N E III. *Enter Taylor.*

Come, taylor, let us see these ornaments.

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown. What news with you, Sir? ha!

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer,
A velvet dish; fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Catb. I'll have no bigger, this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not 'till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste.

[*Aside.*]

Catb. Why, Sir, I trust I may have leave to speak,
And speak I will. I am no child, no babe,

Your

Your betters have endur'd me say my mind ;
 And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
 My tongue will tell the anger of my heart.
 Or else my heart concealing it will break :
 And rather than it shall, I will be free
 Even to the utmost as I please in words.

Pet. Why thou say'st true, it is a paltry cap,
 A custard coffin, a bauble, a filken pie ;
 I love thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

Catb. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap,
 And I will have it, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown ? why, ay ; come, taylor, let us see't.
 O mercy, heav'n, what masking stuff is here ?
 What ? this a sleeve ? 'tis like a demi-cannon ;
 What, up and down carv'd like an apple-tart ?
 Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slash, and slash,
 Like to a censer in a barber's shop :
 Why, what a devil's name, taylor, call'st thou this ?

Hor. I see she's like to've neither cap nor gown. [*Aside.*]

Tay. You bid me make it orderly and well,
 According to the fashion of the time.

Pet. Marry, and did : but if you be remembered,
 I did not bid you marr it to the time.
 Go hop me over every kennel home,
 For you shall hop without my custom, Sir :
 I'll none of it ; hence, make your best of it.

Catb. I never saw a better fashion'd gown,
 More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable :
 Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true ; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tay. She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance !

Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble thou : thou liest,
 Thou yard, three quarters, half yard, quarter, nail,
 Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou !
 Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread !
 Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
 Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
 As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st :
 I tell thee I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tay.

Tay. Your worship is deceiv'd, the gown is made
Just as my master had direction.

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

Tay. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, Sir, with needle and thread.

Tay. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things.

Tay. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast brav'd many men, brave
not me; I will neither be fac'd nor brav'd. I say unto
thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown, but I did not bid
him cut it to pieces. *Ergo* thou liest.

Tay. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in's throat, if he say I said so.

Tay. *Imprimis*, a loose-bodied gown.

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sow me
up in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom
of brown thread: I said a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tay. With a small compact cape.

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tay. With a trunk sleeve.

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tay. The sleeves curiously cut.

Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

Gru. Error i' th' bill, Sir, error i' th' bill: I com-
manded the sleeves should be cut out, and sow'd up again;
and that I'll prove upon thee, tho' thy little finger be arm-
ed in a thimble.

Tay. This is true that I say, an I had thee in place
where, thou shou'dst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give
me thy mete-yard, and spare me not.

Hor. God-amercy, *Grumio*, then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, Sir, in brief the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' th' right, Sir, 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: take up my mistress's gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, Sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. Oh, Sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for; Take up my mistress's gown unto his master's use? Oh fie, fie, fie!

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the taylor paid. [*Aside.* Go take it hence, be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Taylor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow, Take no unkindness of his hasty words: Away I say, commend me to thy master. [*Exit Taylor.*

Pet. Well, come, my *Kate*, we will unto your father's, Even in these honest mean habiliments:

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich.

And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?

Oh no, good *Kate*; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture, and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;
And therefore frolick; we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.

Go call my men, and let us straight to him,
And bring our horses unto *Long-lane* end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
Let's see, I think 'tis now some seven a-clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Cath. I dare assure you, Sir, 'tis almost two;
And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven ere I go to horse:
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it; Sirs, let't alone,
I will not go to-day, and ere I do,
It shall be what a clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so: this gallant will command the sun.

[*Exeunt Pet. Cath. and Hor.*

SCENE

SCENE VI. *Padua.*

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dress'd like Vincentio.

Tra. Sir, this is the house, please it you that I call?

Ped. Ay, ay, and (but I be deceived),

Signior *Baptista* may remember me

Near twenty years ago in *Genoa*,

Where we were lodgers, at the *Pegasus*.

Tra. 'Tis well, and hold your own in any case

With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: but, Sir, here comes your boy;

'Twere good that he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him;

Sirrah *Biondello*, do your duty throughly;

Imagine 'twere the right *Vincentio*.

Bion. Tut, fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to *Baptista*?

Bion. I told him that your father was in *Venice*,

And that you look'd for him in *Padua*.

Tra. Th'art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drink;

Here comes *Baptista*; set your countenance, Sir.

SCENE III. *Enter Baptista and Lucentio.*

Tra. Signior *Baptista*, you are happily met:

Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of:

I pray you stand, good father, to me now,

Give me *Bianca* for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son.

Sir, by your leave, having come to *Padua*

To gather in some debts, my son *Lucentio*

Made me acquainted with a weighty cause

Of love between your daughter and himself:

And for the good report I hear of you,

And for the love he beareth to your daughter,

And she to him; to stay him not too long,

I am content in a good father's care

To have him match'd, and if you please to like

No worse than I, Sir, upon some agreement,

Me shall you find most ready and most willing

With one consent to have her so bestowed:

For curious I cannot be with you,

Signior *Baptista*, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say.
Your plainness and your shortness please me well:
Right true it is, your son *Lucentio* here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections;
And therefore if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dowry,
The match is fully made, and all is done,
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, Sir. Where then do you trow is best
We be assid, and such assurance ta'en,
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house, *Lucentio*, for you know
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants;
Besides, old *Bremio* is hearkning still,
And haply then we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, Sir;
There doth my father lye; and there this night
We'll pass the business privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your servant here,
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this, that at so slender warning
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well. Go, *Cambio*, hie you home;
And bid *Bianca* make her ready straight:
And if you will, tell what hath happen'd here;
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in *Padua*,
And now she's like to be *Lucentio's* wife.

Luc. I pray the Gods she may with all my heart. [*Exit.*]

Tra. Dally not with the Gods, but get thee gone.
Signior *Baptista*, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer.
But come, Sir, we will better it in *Pisa*.

Bap. I follow you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Enter Lucentio and Biondello.*

Bion. *Cambio!*

Luc. What say'st thou, *Biondello*?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you.

Luc.

Luc. *Biondello*, what of that ?

Bion. 'Faith, nothing ; but has' left me here behind to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. *Baptista* is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him ?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then ?

Bion. The old priest at *St. Luke's* church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this ?

Bion. I cannot tell, except they are busied about a counterfeit assurance ; take you assurance of her, *Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum* ; to th' church take the priest ; clark, and some sufficient honest witnesses :

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But bid *Bianca* farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hear'st thou, *Biondello* ?

Bion. I cannot tarry ; I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit, and so may you, Sir, and so adieu, Sir ; my master hath appointed me to go to *St. Luke's*, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*]

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented :
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt ?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her :
It shall go hard if *Cambio* go without her. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII. *The Road to Padua.*

Enter Petruchio, Catharina, and Hortensio.

Pet. Come on a God's name, once more tow' rds our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon !

Catb. The moon ! the sun ; it is not moon-light now.

Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Catb. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now by my mother's son, and that's my self,
It shall be moon or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house :
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.
Evermore crost and crost, nothing but crost !

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Cath. Forward I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say it is the moon.

Cath. I know it is the moon.

Pet. Nay then, you lie; it is the blessed sun.

Cath. Then, God be blest, it is the blessed sun.

But sun it is not, when you say it is not,
And the moon changes even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,
And so it shall be so for *Catharine*.

Hor. *Petrucchio*, go thy way, the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward, thus the bowl shall run;
And not unluckily against the bias:
But soft, some company is coming here.

SCENE VIII. *Enter Vincentio.*

Good morrow, gentle mistress, where away? [*To Vincentio*]
Tell me, sweet *Kate*, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heaven'ly face?
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:
Sweet *Kate*, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. He will make the man mad, to make a woman
of him.

* *Cath.* Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,
Whither away, or where is thy aboad?

* *In the first sketch of this play, printed in 1607, we find two
speeches in this place worth preserving, and seeming to be of the hand
of Shakespear, tho' the rest of that play is far inferior.*

Fair lovely maiden, young and affable,
More clear of hue, and far more beautiful
Than precious sardonyx, or purple rocks
Of amethysts, or glistening hyacinth----
...Sweet *Catharine*, this lovely woman....

Cath. Fair lovely lady, bright and chryselline,
Beauteous and stately as the eye-train'd bird;
As glorious as the morning wash'd with dew,
Within whose eyes she takes her dawning beams.

And

Happy the parents of so fair a child ;
Happier the man whom favourable stars
Allot thee to for his lovely bedfellow !

Pet. Why, how now, *Kate*, I hope thou art not mad !
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered,
And not a maiden as thou say'st he is.

Cath. Pardon, old father, my mistaken eyes,
That have been so bedazled with the sun,
That every thing I look on seemeth green.
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father :
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandfir, and withal make known
Which way thou travellest ; if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair Sir, and you my merry mistress too,
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me,
My name is call'd *Vincentio*, dwelling *Pisa*,
And bound I am to *Padua*, there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name ?

Vin. *Lucentio*, gentle Sir.

Pet. Happily met, the happier for thy son ;
And now by law as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving father :
The sister of my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd, she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth ;
Beside, so qualified, as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old *Vincentio*,
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true, or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake ?

And golden summer sleeps upon thy cheeks,
Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud,
Lest that thy beauty make this stately town
Unhabitable as the burning zone,
With sweet reflections of thy lovely face.

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hercof.
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous. [*Exeunt.*]

Hor. Petrucchio, well! this hath put me in heart.
Have to my Widow, if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught *Hortensio* to be untoward. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IX. Padua.

Before Lucentio's House. Enter *Biondello*, *Lucentio* and
Bianca; *Gremio* walking on one side.

Bion. Softly and swiftly, Sir, for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, *Biondello*; but they may chance to need thee
at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, 'faith, I'll see the church o' your back, and
then come back to my business as soon as I can.

Gre. I marvel *Cambio* comes not all this while.

Enter *Petruchio*, *Catharina*, *Vincentio* and *Gremio* with
Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is *Lucentio's* house,
My father's bears towards the market-place,
Thither must I, and here I leave you, Sir.

Vin. You shall not chuse but drink before you go;
I think I shall command your welcome here;
And by all likelihood some cheer is toward. [*Knocks.*]

Gre. They're busie within, you were best knock louder.
[*Pedant* looks out of the window.]

Ped. What's he that knocks as he would beat down the
gate?

Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within, Sir?

Ped. He's within, Sir, but not be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two,
to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to your self, he shall
need none as long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your son was beloved in *Padua*.
Do you hear, Sir? to leave frivolous circumstances, I pray
you, tell Signior *Lucentio* that his father is come from
Pisa and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest, his father is come to *Padua*, and here
looking out of the window.

Vin.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, Sir, so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knavery to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain. I believe he means to cozen some body in this city under my countenance.

S C E N E X. *Enter Biondello.*

Bion. I have seen them in the church together. God fend 'em good shipping! but who is here? mine old master *Vincentio*? now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crackhemp. [*Seeing Bion.*

Bion. I hope I may chuse, Sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue; what, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, Sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father *Vincentio*?

Bion. What, my old worshipful old master? yes marry, Sir, see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so indeed? [*He beats Bion,*

Bion. Help, help, help, here's a mad-man will murder me.

Ped. Help, son; help, Signior *Baptista*.

Pet. Pr'ythee, *Kate*, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversie.

Enter Pedant with Servants, Baptista and Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, Sir; nay, what are you, Sir? oh immortal Gods! oh fine villain! a silken doublet, a velvet hose, a scarlet cloak and a copatain hat: oh, I am undone, I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servants spend all at the university.

Tra. How now, what's the matter?

Bap. What, is this man lunatick?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words shew you a mad-man; why, Sir, what concerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin.

Vin. Thy father! oh villain, he is a sail-maker in *Bergamo*.

Bap. You mistake, Sir, you mistake, Sir; pray what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is *Tranio*.

Ped. Away, away, mad afs, his name is *Lucentio*, and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me Signior *Vincentio*.

Vin. *Lucentio!* oh, he hath murdered his master; lay hold on him I charge you in the Duke's name; oh my son, my son, tell me, thou villain, where is my son *Lucentio?*

Tra. Call for an officer; carry this mad knave to the jail; father *Baptista*, I charge you see that he be forth-coming.

Vin. Carry me to jail?

Gre. Stay, officer, he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, Signior *Gremio*: I say he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, Signior *Baptista*, lest you be cony-catch'd in this business; I dare swear this is the right *Vincentio*.

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'st.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am not *Lucentio*.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior *Lucentio*.

Bap. Away with the dotard, to the jail with him.

Enter Lucentio and Bianca.

Vin. Thus strangers may be hal'd and abus'd; oh monstrous villain!

Bion. Oh, we are spoil'd, and yonder he is, deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Exe. Biondello, Tranio and Pedant.

SCENE XI.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father.

[*Kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my sweet son?

Bian. Pardon, dear father.

Bap. How hast thou offended? where is *Lucentio?*

Luc.

Luc. Here's *Lucentio*, right son to the right *Vincentio*,
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine :
While counterfeit supposers bleer'd thine eyes.

Gre. Here's packing with a witness to deceive us.

Vin. Where is that damned villain *Tranio*.

That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so ?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my *Cambio* ?

Bian. *Cambio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. *Bianca's* love
Made me exchange my state with *Tranio*,
While he did bear my countenance in the town ;
And happily I have arriv'd at last
Unto the wish'd haven of my bliss ;
What *Tranio* did ; my self enforc'd him to ;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose that would have sent me
to the jail.

Bap. But do you hear, Sir, have you married my daughter
without asking my good will ?

Vin. Fear not, *Baptista*, we will content you, go to :
but I will in, to be reveng'd on this villain. [Exit.

Bap. And I to sound the depth of this knavery. [Exit.

Luc. Look not pale, *Bianca*, thy father will not frown.
[Exeunt.

Gre. My cake is dough, but I'll in among the rest,
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast. [Exit.

Cath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, *Kate*, and we will.

Cath. What in the midst of the street ?

Pet. What, art thou ashamed of me ?

Cath. No, Sir, God forbid : but ashamed to kiss.

Pet. Why then let's home again : come, sirrah, let's away.

Cath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss ; now pray thee, love,
stay.

Pet. Is not this well ? come, come, my sweet *Kate* ;
Better late than never, for never too late. [Exeunt*.

*too late.

[Exeunt.

Enter *Baptista*, *Vincentio*, *Gremio*, *Pedant*, *Lucentio*, *Bianca*, *Tranio*,
Biondello, *Petruchio*, *Catharina*, *Grumio*, *Hortensio* and *Widow*.
Tranio's Servants bringing in a banquet.

Luc. At last, tho' long, our jarring notes agree ;

And

S C E N E XII. *Lucentio's House in Padua.*

Enter Baptista, Petruchio, Hortensio, Lucentio, and the rest.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son *Petruchio*,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say no; and therefore for assurance,
Let's each one send unto his wife, and he
Whose wife is most obedient to come first,
When he doth send for her, shall win the wager.

And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at 'scapes and perils over-blown.
My fair *Bianca*, bid my father welcome,
While I with self same kindness welcome thine;
Brother *Petruchio*, sister *Catharine*.
And thou, *Hortensio*, with thy loving Widow;
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:
My banquet is to close our stomachs up
After our great good cheer: pray you, sit down.
For now we sit to chat as well as eat.

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Bap. *Padua* affords this kindness, son *Petruchio*.

Pet. *Padua* affords nothing but what is kind,

Hor. For both our sakes I would that word were true!

Pet. Now, for my life, *Hortensio* fears his Widow.

Wid. Then never trust me if I be afraid.

Pet. You are very sensible and yet you miss my sense:
I mean *Hortensio* is afraid of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Cath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceive by me, how likes *Hortensio* that?

Hor. My Widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended, kiss him for that, good Widow.

Cath. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round---

I pray you, tell me what you mean by that.

Wid. Your Husband, being troubled with a Shrew,

Measures my Husband's sorrow by his woe;

And now you know my meaning.

Cath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Cath. And I am mean indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, *Kate*.

Hor. To her, Widow.

Pet. A hundred marks, my *Kate* do put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer; ha' to thee, lad. [*Drinks to Hor.*]

Bap. How likes *Gremio* these quick witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, Sir, they butt heads together well.

Bian. Head and butt? an hasty-witted body
Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me, therefore I'll sleep again.

Hor. Content, what wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much on my hawk or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match, 'tis done.

Hor. who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Go, *Biondello*, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go.

[*Exit.*

Bap. Son, I'll be your half, *Bianca* comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves: I'll bear it all my self.

Re-enter Biondello.

How now, what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busie, and cannot come.

Pet. How? she's busie, cannot come: is that an answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:

Pray God, Sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope better.

Hor. Sirrah *Biondello*, go and intreat my wife to come to me forthwith.

Pet. Nay, that thou shalt not, since you have begun:
Have at you for a better jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush:
And then pursue me as you draw your bow.

You are welcome all. [*Exe Bianca, Cath. and Widow.*

Pet. She hath prevented me. Here, Signior *Tranio*.
This bird you aim'd at, tho' you hit it not;
Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. Oh, Sir, *Lucentio* slip'd me like his grey-hound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well, Sir, that you hunted for your self:
'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. Oh, oh, *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good *Tranio*.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you there?

Pet. He has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And as the jest did glance away from me.

'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

SCENE XII. &c.

Luc.

Pet. Oh ho! intreat her! nay then, she needs must come.

Hor. I am afraid, Sir, do what you can,

Enter Biondello.

Yours will not be intreated: now, where's my wife?

Bion. She says you have some goodly jest in hand,
She will not come: she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse, she will not come!

Oh vile, intolerable, not to be endur'd:

Sirrah *Brumio*, go to your mistress,

Say I command her to come to me. [*Exit. Gru.*

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not come.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there's an end.

S C E N E XIII. *Enter Catharina.*

Bap. Now, by my hollidam, here comes *Catharine*.

Cath. What is your will, Sir, that you send for me?

Pet. Where is your sister, and *Hortensio's* wife?

Cath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight. [*Exit Cath.*

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it boads.

Pet. Marry, peace it boads, and love, and quiet life,
And awful rule, and right supremacy:
And to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy?

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good *Petruchio!*
The wager thou hast won, and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns,
Another dowry to another daughter.
For she is chang'd as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Enter Catharina, Bianca and Widow.

See where she comes, and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion:

Catharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;

Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[*She pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*]

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass.

Bian. Fie, what a foolish duty call you this?

Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too:

The Wisdom of your duty, fair *Bianca*,
Cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you for laying on my duty.

Pet. Catbarine, I charge thee tell these headstrong women,
What duty they owe to their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no
telling.

Pet. Come on, I say, and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say she shall, and first begin with her.

Catb. Fie, fie, unknit that threaten'g unkind brow,

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,

To wound thy lord, thy King, thy governor.

It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads,

Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds,

And in no sense is meet or amiable,

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,

Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;

And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty

Will dain to sip, or touch a drop of it.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,

Thy head, thy Sovereign; one that cares for thee

And for thy maintenance: commits his body

To painful labour, both by sea and land;

To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,

While thou ly'st warm at home, secure and safe,

And carves no other tribute at thy hands,

But love, fair looks, and true obedience;

Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,

Even such a woman oweth to her husband:

And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sower,

And not obedient to his honest will;

What is she but a foul contending rebel,

And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
 I am ashamed that women are so simple,
 To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
 Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
 When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
 Why are our bodies soft, and weak and smooth,
 Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
 But that our soft conditions and our hearts
 Should well agree with our external parts?
 Come, come, you're froward and unable worms;
 My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
 My heart as great, my reason haply more,
 To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;
 But now I see our lances are but straws,
 Our strength is weak, our weakness past compare,
 That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are*.

Enter two Servants bearing Sly in his own apparel, and leave him on the stage. Then enter a Tapster.

Sly awaking.] Sim, give's some more wine——what, all the Players gone? am not I a lord?

Tap. A lord with a murrain! come, art thou drunk still?

Sly. Who's this? Tapster! oh, I have had the bravest dream that ever thou heardst in all thy life.

Tap. Yea marry, but thou had'st best get thee home, for your wife will course you for dreaming here all night.

Sly. Will she? I know how to tame a Shrew. I dreamt upon it all this night, and thou hast wak'd me out of the best dream that ever I had. But I'll to my wife, and tame her too, if she anger me.

* --- indeed least are.

Then veil your stomachs, for it is no boot,
 And place your hands below your husband's foot:
 In token of which duty, if he please,
 My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench: come on, and kiss me. *Kate.*

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing when women are froward.

Pet. Come, *Kate.* we'll to-bed,

We two are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I won the wager, tho' you hit the white,
 And being a winner, God give you good night.

[*Exe. Petruchio and Cath.*

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.

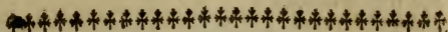
Lis. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so.

[*Exeunt*





Pl. 3. *All's well that ends well.*



ALL'S WELL

THAT

ENDS WELL.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING of France.

DUKE of Florence.

BERTRAM, Count of Rouffillon.

LAFEU, an old Lord.

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

Two young French LORDS, that serve with Bertram in the Florentine war.

STEWARD, }
CLOWN, } Servants to the Countess of Rouffillon.

COUNTESS of Rouffillon, Mother to Bertram.

HELENA, Daughter to Gerard de Narbon, a famous Physician, some time since dead.

An old WIDOW of Florence.

DIANA, Daughter to the Widow.

VIOLENTA, }
MARIANA, } Neighbours and friends to the Widow.

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

SCENE lyes partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.

The plot taken from Boccace, Decam. 3. Nov. 9.

ALL'S



ALL's well that ENDS well.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rouffillon in France.

Enter Bertram, the Countess of Rouffillon, Helena, and Lafeu, all in mourning.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Count.

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

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

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

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

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

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

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

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, *Helena*, go to, no more, lest you be rather thought to affect a sorrow, than to have.

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

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

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

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, *Bertram*, and succeed thy father
In manners as in shape! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend

* By *virtuous qualities* here are not meant those of a moral kind, but such as are acquired by erudition and good breeding.

Under thy own life's key : be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heav'n more will,
That thee may furnish, and my prayer's pluck down,
Fall on thy head ! Farewel, my lord ; 'tis an
Unseason'd courtier, good my lord, advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best that shall attend
His love.

Count. May heaven bless him ! Farewell, *Bertram.*

[*Exit Count.*

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

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

SCENE II.

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

Enter Parolles.

One that goes with him : I love him for his sake,
And yet I know him to be a notorious liar ;
Think him a great way fool, wholly a coward ;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit him,

That

That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
 Look bleak in the cold wind ; full oft we see
 Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

S C E N E III.

Par. 'Save you, fair Queen.

Hel. And you, Monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity ?

Hel. Ay: you have some stain of soldier in you ; let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity, how may we barricado it against him to keep him out ? for he assails ; and our virginity, though valiant, in the defence yet is weak : unfold to us some warlike resistance.

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

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

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

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

Par. There's little can be said in't ; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mother: which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is like a virgin: virginity murders it self, and should be buried in high-ways out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese ; consumes it self to the very paring, and so dies with feeding on its own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most prohibited sin in the canon.

Keep

Keep it not, you cannot chuse but lose by't. Out with't ; within ten years it will make it self ten, which is a goodly increase, and the principal it self not much the worse. Away with't.

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

Par. Let me see, Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes, and 'tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying. The longer kept, the less worth: off with't while 'tis vendible. Answer the time of request. Virginitie, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion, richly futed, but unfutable, just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which we wear not now: your date is better in your pye and your porridge, than in your cheek; and your virginitie, your old virginitie, is like one of our *French* whither'd pears; it looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear: it was formerly better; marry, yes, 'tis a wither'd pear. Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginitie yet. You're for the Court: There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a Goddess, and a Sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear:
His humble ambition, proud humility;
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet;
His faithless sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty fond adoptious christendoms
That blinking *Cupid* gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall—God send him well—
The Court's a learning place—and he is one—

Par. What one, i'faith?

Hel. That I wish well—'tis pity—

Par. What's pity?

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

Enter

*Enter Page.**Page.* Monsieur *Parolles*,

My lord calls for you.

*[Exit Page.]**Par.* Little *Helen*, farewell; if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at Court.*Hel.* Monsieur *Parolles*, you were born under a charitable star.*Par.* Under *Mars*, I.*Hel.* I especially think, *under Mars*.*Par.* Why *under Mars*?*Hel.* The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born *under Mars*.*Par.* When he was predominant.*Hel.* When he was retrograde, I think rather.*Par.* Why think you so?*Hel.* You go so much backward when you fight.*Par.* That's for advantage.*Hel.* So is running away, when fear proposes safety: but the composition that your valour and fear make in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.*Par.* I am so full of business, I cannot answer thee accurately: I will return perfect courtier, in the which my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of courtiers counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away; farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends; get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.

Hel. Our remedies oft in our selves do lye,
Which we ascribe to heav'n. The fated sky
Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we our selves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high,
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eyes?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense, and do suppose

What

What hath not been can't be. Who ever strove
To shew her merit, that did miss her love?
The King's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [Exit.

SCENE V. The Court of France.

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

King. The *Florentines* and *Senois* are by th' ears,
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 Lord. So 'tis reported, Sir.

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

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

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

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

King. What's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafeu and Parolles.

1 Lord. It is the Count *Roussillon*, my good lord,
Young *Bertram*.

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

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

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father and my self in friendship
First try'd our soldiership: he did look far

Into

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

Ber. His remembrance, Sir.

Lyes richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb:
 So in approof lives not his epitaph,
 As in your royal speech.

King. Would I were with him! he would always say,
 (Methinks I hear him now, his plausive words
 He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them
 To grow there and to bear) let me not live,
 (Thus his good melancholy oft began
 On the catastrophe and heel of pastime
 When it was out) let me not live, quoth he,
 After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
 Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
 All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
 Meer fathers of their garments; whose constancies
 Expire before their fashions, this he wish'd.
 I, after him, do after him wish too,
 Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,

I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

2 *Lord.* You're loved, Sir;
They that least lend it you shall lack you first.

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

Ber. Some six months since, my Lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;
Lend me an arm; the rest have worn me out
With several applications: nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure! Welcome, Count,
My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thanks to your Majesty. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI. Rouffillon.

Enter Countess, Steward and Clown.

Count. I will now hear; what say you of this gentle-
woman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content,
I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endea-
vours; for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the
clearness of our deservings, when of our selves we publish
them.

Count. What does this knave here? get you gone, sir-
rah: the complaints I have heard of you I do not all be-
lieve; 'tis my slowness that I do not, for I know you
lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to
make such knaveries yours.

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

Count. Well, Sir.

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

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

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

Count. In what case?

Clow. In *Isbel's* case and mine own; service is no heritage,

and I think I shall never have the blessing of God, 'till I have issue o' my body ; for they say bearns are blessings.

Count. Tell me the reason why thou wilt marry.

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

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

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

Count. May the world know them?

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

Count. Thy marriage sooner than thy wickedness.

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

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. Y'are shallow, Madam; e'en great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me which I am weary of; he that eres my land spares my team, and gives me leave to inne the crop; if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge; he that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherisheth my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: *ergo*, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young *Charbon* the puritan, and old *Poyssam* the papist, howsoe'er their hearts are sever'd in religion, their heads are both one, they may joul horns together like any deer i'th' herd.

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

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

For I the ballad will repeat, which men full true shall find,
Your marriage comes by destiny, your cuckow sings by kind.

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

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

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

Clo.

Clo. Was this fair face the cause, quoth she, [Singing.
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, fond done, for Paris be
Was this King Priam's joy.
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

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

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

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

Count. Well, now.

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

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

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than I think she wish'd me; alone she was, and did communicate to her self her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she lov'd your son; Fortune, she said, was no Goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no God, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level: *Diana*, no queen

of virgins, that would suffer her poor Knight to be surpriz'd without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard a virgin exclaim in, which I held it my duty speedily to acquaint you withal; since in the loss that may happen it concerns you something to know it.

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

S C E N E VII. *Enter Helena.*

Count. Ev'n so it was with me when I was young;
If we are nature's, these are ours: this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong,
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress in youth;
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults, tho' then we thought them none.
Her eye is sick on't, I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, Madam?

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

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother;

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

Hel.

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, Madam.

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

Count. Nor I your mother ?

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

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

Hel. Good Madam, pardon me.

Count. Do you love my son ?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress.

Count. Love you my son ?

Hel. Do not you love him, Madam ?

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

Hel. Then I confess
Here on my knee, before high heav'ns and you,
That before you, and next unto high heav'n,
I love your son:
My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love;
Be not offended, for it hurts not him
That he is lov'd of me; I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit,
Nor would I have him, 'till I do deserve him,
Yet never know how that desert should be:
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet in this captious and intenable sieve
I still pour in the water of my love,
And lack not to lose still; thus *Indian-like*,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest Madam,
Let not your hate incounter with my love
For loving where you do; but if your self,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in so true a flame of liking
Wish chastly, and love dearly, that your *Dian*
Was both her self and love; O, then give pity
To her whose state is such, she cannot chuse
But lend and give where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that which search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

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

Hel. I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth, by grace itself I swear;
You know my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects such as his reading
And manifest experience had collected
For general sov'reignty; and that he will'd me

In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were
More than they were in note: amongst the rest,
There is a remedy approv'd set down,
To cure the desperate languishings, whereof
The King is render'd lost.

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

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

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

Hel. There's something hints,
More than my father's skill, which was the great'st
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall for my legacy be sanctified
By th' luckiest stars in heav'n; and would your honour
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
'This well-lost life of mine on his Grace's cure,
By such a day and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe't?

Hel. Ay, Madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, *Helen*, thou shalt have my leave and love,
Means and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in Court. I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing upon thy attempt:
Be gone to-morrow, and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Court of France.

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

King. **F**arewel, young Lord: these warlike principles
Do not throw from you; you, my Lord, farewell;
Share the advice betwixt you: If both gain, well!
The gift doth stretch it self as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

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

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess it owns the malady
That doth my life besiege; farewell, young Lords,
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy *French* men; let higher *Italy* *
(Those bastards that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy †) see that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud! I say, farewell.

2 Lord. Health at your bidding serve your Majesty!

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

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewel.

[Exit.

* The ancient Geographers have divided *Italy* into the *higher* and the *lower*, the *Appenine Hills* being a kind of natural line of partition; the side next the *Adriatick* was denominated the *higher Italy*, and the other side the *lower*: and the two seas followed the same terms of distinction, the *Adriatick* being called the *upper Sea*, and the *Tyrrhene* or *Tuscan* the *lower*. Now the *Sennones* or *Senois* with whom the *Florentines* are here supposed to be at war inhabited the *higher Italy*, their chief town being *Ariminum* now called *Rimini* upon the *Adriatick*.

† Reflecting upon the abject and degenerate condition of the Cities and States which arose out of the ruins of the *Roman Empire*, the last of the four great Monarchies of the World.

1 Lord.

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

Par. 'Tis not his fault, the spark—

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

Par. Most admirable; I have seen those wars.

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

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

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

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

Par. Commit it, Count.

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

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

1 *Lord.* Farewel, worthy captain.

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

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

1 *Lord.* We shall noble captain.

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

Ber. Stay; the King ——— [Ex. Lords.

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

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows, and like to prove most sinewy swordmen. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II. *Enter the King and Lafeu.*

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

King.

King. I'll see thee to stand up.

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

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

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

Laf. Goodfaith, acrofs: but, my good Lord, 'tis thus;
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will, an if my royal fox
Could reach them: I have seen a * *Medecine*
That's able to breathe life into a stone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary
With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to raise King *Pippen*, nay,
To give great *Charlemain* a pen in's hand
To write a love-line to her.

King. What her is this?

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

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

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

King. Thus he his special nothings over prologues.

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

[Bringing in Helena.]

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

* *Medecine* is here put for a *She-physician*.

Laf.

Laf. Nay, come your ways,
This is his Majesty, say your mind to him ;
A traitor you do look like, but such traitors
His Majesty seldom fears ; I'm *Cressid's* uncle
That dare leave two together ; fare you well.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

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

Hel. Ay, my good Lord. *Gerard de Narbon* was
My father, in what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises tow'rds him ;
Knowing him is enough : on's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me, chiefly one,
Which as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience th'only darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two : more dear I have so ;
And hearing your high Majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause, wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power.
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden ;
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us, and
The congregated college have concluded,
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her unaidable estate : we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empiricks, or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains ;
I will no more enforce my office on you,
Humbly intreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less to be call'd grateful ;
Thou thought'st to help me, and such thanks I give,
As one near death to those that wish him live ;

But

But what at full I know, thou know'st no part,
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

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

King. I must not hear thee ; fare thee well, kind maid ;
Thy pains not us'd must by thy self be paid.
Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward.

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

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

Hel. The Greatest lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring ;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist *Hesperus* hath quench'd his sleepy lamp ;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass ;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

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

Hel. Tax of impudence,

A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maiden's name
Sear'd: otherwise, the worst of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

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

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

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

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

Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What husband in thy power I will command.
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To chuse from forth the royal blood of *France*,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state:
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand; the premises observ'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd:
So make the choice of thine own time; for I,
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must,
Tho' more to know could not be more to trust:
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on, but rest
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest,

Give me some help here, ho! if thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Rouffillon.*

Enter Countess and Clown.

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

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

Count. To the Court? why what place call you special, when you put off that with such contempt? but to the Court!

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

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

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

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

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

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

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

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

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

Count. To be young again, if we could: I will be a fool
in

in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, Sir, are you a courtier?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Clo. O lord, Sir——spare not me.

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

Clo. Ine'er had worse luck in my life, in my *O lord, Sir*; I see things may serve long, and not serve ever.

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

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

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

Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son:

This isn't much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

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

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

Count. Haste you again. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *The Court of France.*

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.

Laf. They say miracles are past, and we have our philosophical persons to make modern and familiar things, supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing our selves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit our selves to an unknown fear.

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

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquish'd of the artists.

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

Laf. Of all the learned and authentick fellows.

Par. Right, so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable.

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

Laf. Not to be help'd.

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

Laf. Uncertain life; and sure death.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Laf. Very hand of heav'n.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak——

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence, which should indeed give us a further use to be made than only the recov'ry of the King, as to be——

Laf. Generally thankful.

SCENE VI.

Enter King, Helena, and Attendants.

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

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

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

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go call before me all the Lords in Court.

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side,
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter

Enter three or four Lords

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

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

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

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

[She addresses her self to a Lord's]

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

All. We understand it, and thank heav'n for you.

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

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

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

1 Lord. And grant it.

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

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

Hel. The honour, Sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
[To the second Lord.]

Before I speak, too threatningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2 Lord. No better, if you please.

Hel.

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

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

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take,
[To the third Lord.

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows, and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

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

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good
[To the fourth.

To make your self a son out of my blood.

4. *Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

Par. There's one grape yet, I am sure thy father drunk
wine.

Laf. But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of four-
teen: I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not say I take you, but I give
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power: this is the man. [To Bertram.

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

Ber. My wife, my Liege? I shall beseech your Highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

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

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

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

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

King. 'Tis
But title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up: strange is it that our bloods

Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, save what thou dislik'st
A poor physician's daughter, thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name: but do not so.
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignify'd by th' doer's deed.
Where great addition swells, and virtue none,
It is a dropp'd honour; good alone
Is good without a name, in't self is so:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair,
In these to nature she's immediate heir;
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges it self as honour-born,
And is not like the fire. Honours best thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the meer word's a slave
Debaucht on every tomb, on every grave;
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed; what should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue and she,
Is her own dow'r; honour and wealth from me.

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

King. Thou wrong'st thy self, if thou shouldst strive to chuse.

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

King. My honour's at the stake, which to defend
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift,
That doth in vile misprision shackle up
My love, and her desert; that canst not dream,
We poizing us in her defective scale
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour where
We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travels in thy good; Believe

Believe not thy disdain, but presently
 Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
 Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims :
 Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
 Into the staggers and the careless lapse
 Of youth and ignorance ; my revenge and hate
 Let loose upon thee in the name of justice,
 Without all terms of pity. Speak thine answer.

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

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

Ber. I take her hand.

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

SCENE VII. *Manent Parolles and Lafew.*

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

Par. Your pleasure, Sir.

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recan-
 tation.

Par. Recantation ? my lord ? my master ?

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

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be understood with-
 out bloody succeeding. My master ?

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

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

Laf. To what is Count's man ; Count's master is of an-
 other stile.

Par.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Par. Well, I shall be wiser——

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

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

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal*.

[Exit.

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy scurvy Lord: well, I must be patient, there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him,

* .. eternal: for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.

[Exit.

Par. Well, &c.

by

by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, as he were double and double a Lord. I'll have no more pity of his age than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter Lafeu.

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

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

Laf. Who ? God ?

Par. Ay, Sir.

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

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

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

SCENE VIII. *Enter Bertram.*

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

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever !

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart ?

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

Par. What ? what, sweet heart.

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

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

Ber. There's letters from my mother ; what th' import is, I know not yet.

Par.

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

He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicksy-wicksy here at home,
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed, to other regions
France is a stable, we that dwell in't jades.
Therefore to th' war!

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

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

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

Par. Why, these balls bound, there's noise in't. 'Tis hard,
A young man married is a man that's marr'd :
Therefore away, and leave her bravely ; go,
The King has done you wrong : but hush, 'tis so. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX. *Enter Helena and Clown.*

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

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

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

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

Hel. What two things ?

Cl. One, that she is not in heav'n, whither God send her quickly ! the other, that she's on earth, whence God send her quickly !

Enter Parolles.

Par. 'Bless you, my fortunate lady !

Hel.

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

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

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

Par. Why, I say nothing.

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

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, Sir, before a knave; thou art a knave; and I am before thee that art a knave: this had been truth, Sir.

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

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

Par. A good knave, i'faith, and well fed.

Madam, my lord will go away to-night,

A very serious business calls on him.

The great prerogative and rite of love,

Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge,

But puts it off by a compell'd restraint:

Whose want, and whose delay, are strew'd with sweets

Which they distil now in the curbed time,

To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,

And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' th' King,

And make this haste as your own good proceeding,

Strengthen'd with what apology you think

May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That having this obtain'd, you presently

Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

[*Exit Par.*]

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

SCENE X. *Enter Lafeu and Bertram.*

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

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

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

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

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

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

Enter Parolles.

Par. These things shall be done, Sir.

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

Par. Sir?

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

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

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

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

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

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

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

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leapt into the custard; and out of it

you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

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

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

Par. An idle Lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

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

SCENE XI. *Enter Helena.*

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

Ber. I shall obey his will.

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

[Giving a letter.

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

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

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel.

Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that
Wherein tow'rd me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:
My haste is very great. Farewell; hie home.

Hel. Pray, Sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

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

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something, and scarce so much—nothing indeed—
I would not tell you what I would—'faith, yes—
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

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

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my Lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, Monsieur? farewell,
Go thoutow'rd home; where I will never come, [*Ex. Hel.*
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum:
Away, and for our flight,

Par. Bravely, Couragio! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

FLORENCE.

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

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

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

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

2 Lord. Good my Lord.
The reasons of our state I cannot yield.

But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion, therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
My self in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I gueſt.

Duke. Be it his pleaſure.

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

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

S C E N E II. *Changes to Rouſillon in France.*

Enter Counteſs and Clown.

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

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

Count. By what obſervance, I pray you ?

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

Count. Let me ſee what he writes, and when he means
to come.

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

Count. What have we here ?

Clo. E'en that you have there.

Counteſs reads a letter.

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

*breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance.
My duty to you.*

*Your unfortunate son,
Bertram.*

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

Enter Clown.

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

Count. What is the matter?

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

Count. Why should he be kill'd?

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

SCENE III. *Enter Helena and two Gentlemen.*

1 Gen. Save you, good Madam.

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

2 Gen. Do not say so.

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

2 Gen. Madam, he's gone so serve the Duke of Florence.
We met him thitherward, from thence we came;
And after some dispatch in hand at Court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on this letter, Madam, here's my passport.

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

This is a dreadful sentence.

Q 3

Count.

Count. Brought you this letter, Gentlemen?

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

Count. I pry'thee, Lady, have a better cheer.

If thou engrosseth all the griefs as thine,

Thou robb'st me of a moiety: he was my son,

But I do wash his name out of my blood,

And thou art all my child. Towards *Florence* is he?

2 Gen. Ay, Madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

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

Count. Return you thither?

1 Gen. Ay, Madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

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

[Reading.]

'Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Yes, Madam.

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

Count. Nothing in *France* until he have no wife?

There's nothing here that is too good for him

But only she, and she deserves a Lord,

That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,

And call her hourly mistress. Who was with him?

1 Gen. A servant only, and a gentleman

Which I have sometime known.

Count. *Parolles*, was't not?

1 Gen. Ay, my good Lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness:
my son corrupts a well-deriv'd nature with his inducement.

1 Gen. Indeed, good Lady, the fellow has a deal of that
too much, which 'hoves him not much to have.

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

2 Gen.

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

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.

Will you draw near? [*Exe. Count. and Gent.*]

SCENE IV.

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

Nothing in France until he has no wife!

Thou shalt have none, *Rouffillon*, none in France,

Then hast thou all again. Poor Lord! is't I

That chase thee from thy country, and expose

Those tender limbs of thine to the event

Of the none-sparing war? and is it I,

That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou

Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark

Of smoaky musquets? O you leaden messengers,

That ride upon the violent speed of fire,

Fly with false aim, pierce the still-moving air

That sings with piercing, do not touch my Lord:

Whoever shoots at him, I set him there.

Whoever charges on his forward breast,

I am the caitiff that do hold him to it,

And tho' I kill him not, I am the cause

His death was so effected. Better 'twere

I met the rav'ning lion when he roar'd

With sharp constraint of hunger: better 'twere

That all the miseries which nature owes

Were mine at once. No, come thou home, *Rouffillon*,

Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,

As oft it loses all. I will be gone:

My being here it is that holds thee hence.

Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although

The air of paradise did fan the house,

And angels offic'd all; I will be gone,

That pitiful rumour may report my flight

To console thine ear. Come, night; end, day!

For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. Florence.

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

Duke. The General of our horse thou art; and we
Great

Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is

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

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

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

S C E N E VI. Rouffillon in France.

Enter Countess and Steward.

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

L E T T E R.

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

Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words !
Rynaldo, you ne'er lack'd advice so much,
As letting her pass so ; had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew.

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

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

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE. VII. Florence.

A Tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta, and Mariana, with other Citizens.

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

Dia. They say the French Count has done most honourable service.

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

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

Wid.

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

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

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter Helena disguised like a Pilgrim.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hel. Is it your self?

Wid. If you shall please so, Pilgrim.

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

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

Hel. True, I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a country-man of yours,
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you?

Dian. The Count *Roussillon*: know you such a one?

Hel.

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

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

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

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

Hel. What's his name ?

Dia. Monsieur *Parolles*.

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

Dia. Ah poor lady !
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

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

Hel. How do you mean ?
May be, the am'rous Count sollicités her
In the unlawful purpose.

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

S C E N E VIII. *Drum and Colours.*

Enter Bertram, Parolles, Officers and Soldiers attending.

Mar. The Gods forbid else !

Wid. So now they come :
That is *Antonio*, the Duke's eldest son ;
That *Escalus*.

Hel. Which is the *Frenchman* ?

Dia. He ;
That with the plume ; 'tis a most gallant fellow,
I would

I would he lov'd his wife: if he were honefter,
He were much goodlier. But is it not
A handsome gentleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity he's not honest: yond's that same knave
That leads him to these paces; were I his lady,
I'd poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he?

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

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

Par. Lose our drum!

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

Wid. Marry, hang you! [Exeunt Ber. Par. &c.]

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

Wid. The troop is past: come, Pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you shall host: of injoyn'd penitents
There's four or five, to great St. *Jacques* bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me; and to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin
Worthy the note.

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

S C E N E IX.

Enter Bertram and the two French Lords.

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

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

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

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

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

2 Lord.

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

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

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

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

2 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says he has a stratagem f'r't; when your Lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of oar will be melted, if you give him not *Tom Drum's* entertainment, * your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

SCENE X. *Enter Parolles.*

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

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

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

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

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

* *Holingshed* in his description of *Ireland* mentions a Lord Mayor of *Dublin* so hospitable that his Porter durst not give the meanest man that resorted to his house *Tom Drum's* entertainment; which is, says he, *To hale a man in by the head and thrust him out by the shoulders.*

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

Par. It might have been recover'd.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

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

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

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

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening, and I will presently pen down my dilemma's, encourage my self in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation; and by midnight look to hear further from me.

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

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

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

Par. I love not many words.

[Exit.

SCENE XI.

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

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

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all
of

of this that so seriously he does address himself unto?

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

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

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

Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me.

2 *Lord.* As't please your Lordship, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

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

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

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

1 *Lord.* With all my heart, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII. *Enter Helena and Widow.*

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

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

Hel. Nor would I wish you.

First give me trust, the Count he is my husband, And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken, Is so from word to word; and then you cannot, By the good aid that I of you shall borrow, Err in bestowing it.

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

Hel. Take this purse of gold.

And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
 Which I will over-pay, and pay again
 When I have found it. The Count woos your daughter,
 Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
 Resolves to carry her; let her consent,
 As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it.
 Now his importunate blood will nought deny
 That she'll demand: a ring the Count does wear
 That downward has succeeded in his house
 From son to son, some four or five descents,
 Since the first father wore it. This ring he holds
 In most rich choice: yet in his idle fire,
 To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
 Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now do I see the bottom of your purpose.

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

Wid. I have yeilded:

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

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

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

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

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

Sol. No, Sir, I warrant you.

Lord. But what linsie-woolfsie hast thou to speak to us again?

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

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

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten a clock; within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? it must be a very plausible invention that carries it. They begin to smook me, and disgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door; I find my tongue is too fool-hardy, but my heart hath the fear of *Mars* before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

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

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossib-

lity, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit; yet slight ones will not carry it. They will say, came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give; wherefore what's the instance? tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy my self another of *Bajazet's* mute, if you prattle me into these perils.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lord. Hardly serve. [*Afide.*]

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

Lord. How deep? [*Afide.*]

Par. Thirty fathom.

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

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

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

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

Lord. *Tbroco movoufus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

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

Par. Oh! ransom, ransom; do not hide mine eyes.

[*They sieze him, and blindfold him.*]

Inter. *Baskos tbromaldo beskos.*

Par. I know you are the *Muskos* regiment,
And I shall lose my life for want of language.
If there be here *German* or *Dane*, low *Dutch*,
Italian or *French*, let him speak to me,
I'll discover that which shall undo the *Florentine*.

Inter. *Beskos wauvado*, I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue, *Kerehybonto*, Sir, betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards are at thy bosom.

Par.

Par. Oh !

Inter. Oh, pray, pray, pray.

Mancha rawarcha dulce.

Lord. *Osceoribi dulcos volivorco.*

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

Par. O let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll shew ;
Their force, their purposes : nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

Inter. But wilt thou faithfully ?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

Inter. *Accordo linta.*

Come on, thou art granted space. [*Exit.*

[*A short a'arum witbin.*

Lord. Go, tell the Count *Rouffillon* and my brother,
We've caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled
'Till we do hear from them.

Sol. Captain, I will.

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

Sol. So I will, Sir.

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

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Enter Bertram and Diana.*

Ber. They told me that your name was *Fontibell.*

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

Ber. Titled Goddeffs,

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

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia.

Dia. No.

My mother did but duty ; such, my Lord,
As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more o' that !

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

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

Ber. How have I sworn !

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

Ber. Change it, change it :

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

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

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

Dia. Will you not, my Lord ?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors,
Which were the greatest obliquy i' th' world
In me to lose,

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

Ber. Here, take my ring.
My house, my honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber-
I'll order take, my mother shall not hear. [window ;
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me :
My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd ;
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring, that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu 'till then, then fail not : you have won
A wife of me, tho' there may hope be done.

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

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

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

S C E N E III.

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

1 *Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter ?

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

1 *Lord.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

2 *Lord.* I hear there is an overture of peace.

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

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

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

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

1 *Lord.*

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

2 Lord. How is this justified?

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

2 Lord. Hath the Count all this intelligence?

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

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

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

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

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

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your master?

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

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

S C E N E IV. *Enter Bertram.*

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

Ber. I have to-night dispatch'd sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success; I have congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his nearest;
buried

buried a wife, mourn'd for her ; writ to my Lady mother, I am returning ; entertain'd my convoy ; and between these main parcels of dispatch, effected many nicer needs ; the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

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

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

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

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

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

Ber. Nothing of me, has he ?

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

SCENE V. *Enter Parolles with his Interpreter.*

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

1 *Lord.* Hush ! Hoodman comes *Portotartarossa*.

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

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

Inter. *Bosko Chimircho.*

1 *Lord.* *Biblibindo chicurmurcho.*

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

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

Inter.

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

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

Inter. Shall I set down your answer so ?

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

Ber. What a past-saving slave is this ?

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

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

Inter. Well, that's set down.

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

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

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

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

Inter. Well, that's set down.

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

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

Par. By my troth, Sir, if I were to live but this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see ; *Spurio* a hundred and fifty, *Sebastian* so many, *Corambus* so many, *Jaques* so many ; *Guiltian*, *Cosmo*, *Lodowick* and *Gratii*, two hundred and fifty each ; mine own company, *Cbitopher*, *Vaumont*, *Bentii*, two hundred and fifty each ; so that the muster file, rotten and sound, upon my life amounts not to fifteen thousand poll, half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him ?

1 Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand

of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the Duke.

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

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

Inter. Do you know this captain *Dumain*?

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

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

Inter. Well, is this captain in the Duke of *Florence's* camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lowfie.

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

Inter. What is his reputation with the Duke?

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

Inter. Marry, we'll search.

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

Inter! Here 'tis, here's a paper, shall I read it to you?

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

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 *Lord.* Excellently.

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

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

Inter.

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

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

Ber. Damnable! both sides rogue.

Interpreter reads the letter.

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

After he scores, he never pays the score:

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

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

And say a soldier (Dian) told thee this:

Men are to mell with, boys are but to kiss.

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

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

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

PAROLLES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Par. He will steal, Sir, an egg out of a cloister: for rapes and ravishments he parallels *Nessus*. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than *Hercules*. He will lie, Sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swine-drunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-cloaths about him; but they

know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, Sir, of his honesty, he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 *Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

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

Inter. What say you to his expertness in war?

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

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

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

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

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

Inter. What's his brother, the other captain *Dumain*?

2 *Lord.* Why do's he ask him of me?

Inter. What's he?

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

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

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count *Rouffillon*.

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

Par. I'll no more drumming, a plague of all drums! only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the Count, have I run

into

into danger; yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken? [*Aside.*]

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

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

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

So look about you; know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

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

1 *Lord.* God save you, noble captain.

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

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

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

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

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

SCENE VI.

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

}
[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII. *The Widow's house at Florence.*

Enter Helena, Widow and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
 One of the greatest in the christian world
 Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 'tis needful,
 Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
 Time was I did him a desired Office,
 Dear almost as his life; for which, gratitude
 Through flinty *Tartars* bosom would peep forth,
 And answer thanks. I duly am inform'd,
 His Grace is at *Marseilles*, to which place
 We have convenient convoy; you must know
 I am supposed dead; the army breaking,
 My husband hies him home, where, heaven aiding,
 And by the leave of my good Lord the King,
 We'll be before our welcome.

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

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

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

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

All's well that Ends well, still the fine's the crown ;
What-e'er the course, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *Changes to Rouffillon in France.*

Enter Countess, Lafeu, and Clown.

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

Count. I would he had not known him, it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating ; if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Laf. Your distinction ?

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

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

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

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

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

* Alluding to two fashions then in vogue ; one of using yellow starch for their ruffs and bands, the other of colouring Past with taffron.

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

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

Clo. 'Faith, Sir, he has an *English* name, but his phifnomy is more honour'd in *France* than there*.

Laf. What Prince is that?

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

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

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

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

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

[*Exit.*

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.

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

Laf. I like him well, 'tis not amiss; and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my Lord your son was upon his return home, I mov'd the King my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which in the minority of them both, his Majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose; his Highness hath promis'd me to do it; and to stop up the displeasure

* Alluding to the darker complexions of the *French*.

He hath conceiv'd against your son, there is no fitter matter.
How does your Ladyship like it ?

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

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

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

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

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

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

Enter Clown.

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

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

Clo. But it is your carbinado'd * face.

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

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

ACT V. SCENE I.

MARSEILLES.

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

Hel. **B**UT this exceeding posting day and night
Must wear your spirits low ; we cannot help it.
But since you've made the days and nights as one
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,

* A quibble is here intended from a wound given with a *Carabine*.

Be bold, you do so grow in my requital
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time,

Enter a Gentleman.

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

Gent. And you.

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

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

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

Gent. What's your will?

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

Gent. The King's not here.

Hel. Not here, Sir?

Gent. Not indeed.

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

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

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

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to *Roussillon*,
Whither I'm going.

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

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find your self to be well thank'd,

What's

What-e'er falls more. We must to horse again.

Go, go, provide.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Rouillon.*

Enter Clown and Parolles.

Par. Good Mr. *Levatcb*, give my lord *Lafeu* this letter; I have ere now, Sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher cloaths; but I am now, Sir, muddied in fortune's moat, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

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

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

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

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

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

Enter Lafeu.

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

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

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

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

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

Par.

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

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

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

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

Par. It lyes in you, my Lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one bring's thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. The King's coming, I know by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had talk of you last night; tho' you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Flourish, Enter King, Countess, Lafeu, the two French Lords, with Attendants.

King. We lost a jewel of her, and our esteem Was made much poorer by it; but your son, As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my Liege; And I beseech your Majesty to make it Natural rebellion, done i'th' blaze of youth, When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force, O'er-bear it, and burn on.

King. My honour'd Lady, I have forgiven and forgotten all; Tho' my revenges were high bent upon him, And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say. But first I beg my pardon; the young Lord did To his Majesty, his mother, and his lady, Offence of mighty note; but to himself The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife, Whose beauty did astonish the survey Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive: Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost,

Makes

Makes the remembrance dear. Well—call him hither;
We're reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition: let him not ask our pardon.
The matter of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
Th' incensing relicks of it. Let him approach
A stranger, no offender; and inform him
So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my Liege. [Exit.

King. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your Highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me
That set him high in fame.

S C E N E IV. *Enter Bertram.*

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I'm not a day of season,
For thou may'st see a sun-shine and a hail
In me at once; but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented blames,
Dear Sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole,
Not one word more of the consumed time,
Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this Lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my Liege. Even at first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorch'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n,
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object: thence it came,
That she whom all men prais'd, and whom my self,

Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd:

That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
From the great 'compt: but love that comes too late,
(Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried
To an offender) turns to sour repentance
Crying, that's good that's gone: our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave.
Oft our displeasures, to our selves unjust,
Destroy our Friends, and after weep their dust:
Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet *Helen's* knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair *Maudlin*,
The main consents are had, and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the first, O dear heav'n, bless,
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested: give a favour from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come. By my old beard,

[*Ber. gives a ring.*]

And ev'ry hair that's on't, *Helen* that's dead
Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,
The last time e'er she took her leave at Court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it. For mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't:
This ring was mine, and when I gave it *Helen*,
I bad her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitated to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to 'reave her
Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious Sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life

I've seen her wear it, and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I'm sure I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my Lord, she never saw it;
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought
I stood ungag'd, but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture; she ceas't
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. *Plutus* himself,

That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science
Than I have in this ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas *Helen's*,
Whoever gave it you: then if you know
That you are well acquainted with your self,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to your self in bed,
(Where you have never come) or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;
And mak'st conject'ral fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out; if it should prove
That thou art so inhuman——'twill not prove so——
And yet I know not——thou did'st hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes my self, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring. Take him away.

[*Guards seize Bertram.*]

My fore-past proofs, how'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,
We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easie
Prove that I husbanded her bed in *Florence*,
Where yet she never was. [*Exit Bertram guarded.*]

S C E N E V. *Enter a Gentleman.*

King. I'm wrap'd in dismal thinking.

Gent. Gracious Sovereign,
Whether I've been to blame or no, I know not;
Here's a petition from a *Florentine*,
Who hath some four or five removes come short
To tender it her self. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this I know
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage, and she told me
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your Highness with her self.

The King reads a letter.

*Upon his many protestations to marry me when his wife
was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the Count
Rouffillon a widower, his vows are forfeited to me, and my
honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no
leave, and I follow him to this country for justice: grant it
me, O King, in your breast it lies; otherwise a seducer
flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.*

Diana Capulet.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair and toll for
him; for this, I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, *Lafcu*,
To bring forth this discovery. Seek these suitors:
Go speedily, and bring again the Count.

Enter Bertram.

I am afraid the life of *Helen* (Lady)
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now justice on the doers!

King. I wonder, Sir, wives are so monstrous to you,
And that you fly them as you swear to them;
Yet you desire to wed. What woman's that?

Enter Widow and Diana.

Dia. I am, my Lord, a wretched *Florentine*,

Derived

Derived from the ancient *Capulet* ;
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, Sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease without your remedy.

King. Come hither, Count ; do you not know these
women ?

Ber. My Lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them ; do they charge me further ?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife ?

Ber. She's none of mine, my Lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine ;
You give away heav'n's vows, and those are mine ;
You give away my flesh, which is known mine ;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you must marry me,
Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation comes
Short for my daughter, you are no husband for her. [*To Ber.*

Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and desperate creature.
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with : let your Highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour
Than e'er to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend
*Till your deeds gain them : fairer prove your honour
Than in my thought it lyes !

Dia. Now, good my Lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. Why say'st thou to her ?

Ber. She's impudent, my Lord,
And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my Lord ; if I were so
He might have bought me at a common price,
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel : yet for all that

He gave it to a commoner o' th' camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis his:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gemm
Conferr'd by testament to th' sequent issue,
Hath so been ow'd and worn. This is his wife,
That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought you said
You saw one here in Court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my Lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an instrument; his name's *Parolles*.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' th' world tax'd and debosh'd,
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth;
Am I or that or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think she has; certain it is I lik'd her,
And boarded her i' th' wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my cagerness with her restraint;
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy: and in fine,
Her in suit coming with her modern grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate: she got the ring,
And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient:
You that turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,)
Send for your ring, I will return this home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Much like that same upon your finger, Sir.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Dia.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

S C E N E VI. *Enter Parolles.*

Ber. My Lord, I do confes the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you:
Is this the man you speak of?

Dia. It is, my Lord.

King. Tell me, but tell me true, firrah, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
Which on your just proceeding I'll keep off;
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your Majesty, my master hath been an
honourable gentleman. Tricks he hath had in him, which
gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose; did he love this
woman?

Par. 'Faith, Sir, he did love her, but how!

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, Sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He lov'd her, Sir, and lov'd her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave; what an e-
quivocal companion is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your Majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my Lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know he promis'd me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your Majesty. I did go between
them, as I said; but more than that, he lov'd her: for
indeed he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of
limbo, and of furies, and I know not what; yet I was in
that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their
going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her mar-
riage, and things that would derive me ill-will to speak of;
therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say
they

they are married ; but thou art too fine in thy evidence ; therefore stand aside. This ring, you say, was yours ?

Dia. Ay, my good Lord.

King. Where did you buy it ? or who gave it you ?

Dia. It was not given me, nor did I buy it.

King. Who lent it you ?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then ?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways, How could you give it him ?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easie glove, my Lord, she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for ought I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now ; To prison with her : and away with him. Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring, Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my Liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Dia. By *Jove*, if ever I knew man, 'twas you. [*To Lafeu.*

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while ?

Dia. Because he is guilty, and he is not guilty ; He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't ; I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not. Great King, I am no strumpet, by my life ; I'm either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[*Pointing to Lafeu.*

King. She does abuse our ears ; to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal Sir, [*Exit Widow.*

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for, And he shall surety me. But for this Lord, [*To Bert.* Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself, Tho' yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.

He

He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with child ;
Dead tho' she be, she feels her young one kick :
So there's my riddle, one that's dead is quick.
And now behold the meaning.

Enter Helena and Widow.

King. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes ?
Is't real that I see ?

Hel. No, my good Lord,
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both ; oh, pardon !

Hel. Oh, my good Lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wond'rous kind ; there is your ring,
And look you, here's your letter : this it says,
*When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child, &c.* This now is done.
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won ?

Ber. If she, my Liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you !
O, my dear mother, do I see you living ? [*To the Countess.*

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon :
Now, good *Tom Drum*, lend me a handkerchief, [*To Parolles.*
So, 'thank thee, wait on me home. I'll make sport with
thee :

Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow :
If thou beest yet a fresh uncropped flower, [*To Diana,*
Chuse thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower ;
For I can guess that by thy honest aid
Thou kept'st a wife her self, thy self a maid.
Of that and all the progress more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express :
All yet seems well, and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

[*Exeunt.*
R P I-

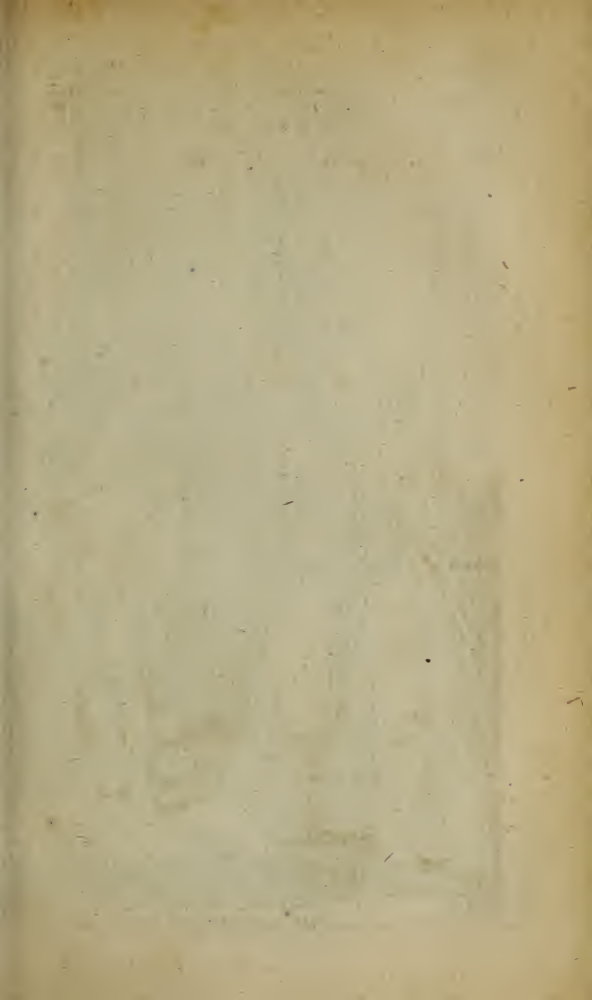


E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by the *KING*.

THE King's a beggar, now the play is done;
 All is well Ended, if this suit be won,
 That you express content; which we will pay,
 With strife to please you, day exceeding day;
 Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts,
 Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.







TWELFTH-NIGHT:

O R,

What you will.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*

SEBASTIAN, *a young Gentleman, Brother to Viola.*

ANTONIO, *a Sea-captain, Friend to Sebastian.*

VALENTINE, } *Gentlemen attending on the Duke.*

CURIO,

Sir TOBY BELCH, *Uncle to Olivia.*

Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *a foolish Knight, pretending to Olivia.*

A Sea-captain, Friend to Viola.

FABIAN, *Servant to Olivia.*

MALVOLIO, *a fantastical Steward to Olivia.*

Clown, Servant to Olivia.

OLIVIA, *a Lady of great beauty and fortune, below'd by the Duke.*

VIOLA, *in love with the Duke.*

MARIA, *Olivia's Woman.*

Priests, Sailors, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *a City on the Coast of Illyria.*

TWELFTH-



TWELFTH-NIGHT:

O R,

WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Palace.

Enter the Duke, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. **I**F musick be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that surfeiting
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again, it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet south

That breaths upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour. Hush! no more;
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there
Of what validity and pitch so'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute; so full of shapes is fancy,
And thou all o'er art high fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my Lord?

Duke. What, *Curio*?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:

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O, when mine eyes did see *Olivia* first,
 Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence ;
 That instant was I turn'd into a hart,
 And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
 E'er since pursue me. How now, what news from her ?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my Lord, I might not be admitted,
 But from her hand-maid do return this answer :
 The element itself, 'till seven years hence,
 Shall not behold her face at ample view :
 But like a cloystres she will veiled walk,
 And water once a day her chambers round
 With eye-offending brine : all this to season
 A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
 And lasting in her sad remembrance still.

Duke. O ! she that hath a heart of that fine frame,
 To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
 How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
 Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
 That live in her ! when liver, brain, and heart,
 Three sov'reign thrones, are all supply'd and fill'd,
 Her sweet perfections, with one self-same King !
 Away before me to sweet beds of flowers,
 Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopy'd with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Street.*

Enter Viola, a Captain and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this ?

Cap. *Illyria*, Lady.

Vio. And what should I do in *Illyria* ?

My brother he is in *Elysum*.

Perchance he is not drown'd ; what think you, sailors ?

Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were sav'd.

Vio. O my poor brother ! so perchance may he be.

Cap. True, Madam : and to comfort you with chance,
 Assure your self, after our ship did split,
 When you, and that poor number sav'd with you,
 Hung on our driving boat : I saw your brother,
 Most provident in peril, bind himself
 (Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)

To

To a strong mast that liv'd upon the sea ;
Where like *Arion* on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Vio. There's gold for saying so.
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. And knowest thou this country?]

Cap. Ay, Madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble Duke in nature
As in his name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. *Orsino*.

Vio. *Orsino!* I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur (as you know
What great ones do, the less will prattle of)
That he did seek the love of fair *Olivia*.

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a Count
That dy'd some twelve months since, then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also dy'd: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the company
And fight of men.

Vio. O that I sery'd that Lady,
And't might not be deliver'd to the world,
'Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!

Cap. That were hard to compass,
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the Duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And tho' that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution; yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits

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With this thy fair and outward character.
 I pr'ythee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
 Conceal me what I am. and be my aid
 For such disguise as haply shall become
 The form of my intent. I'll serve this Duke,
 Thóu shalt present me as an eunuch to him,
 It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
 And speak to him in many sorts of musick,
 That will allow me very worth his service.
 What else may hap, to time I will commit,
 Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
 When my tongue blabs, then let my eyes not see!

Vio. I thank thee; lead me on.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Olivia's House.*

Enter Sir Toby and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece to take the
 death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to
 life.

Mar. By my troth, *Sir Toby*, you must come in earlier
 a-nights; your niece, my Lady, takes great exceptions to
 your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the
 modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine my self no finer than I
 am; these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be
 these boots too; if they be not, let them hang themselves
 in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you; I heard
 my Lady talk of it yesterday, and of a foolish Knight that
 you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who, *Sir Andrew Ague-cheek*?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any in *Illyria*.

Mar. What's that to th' purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats:
 he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o'th' viol-de-
 gambo,

gambo, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath indeed, almost natural; for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quareller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in *Illyria*. He's a coward and a Kestrel that will not drink to my niece 'till his brains turn o'th' toe like a parish-top. What, wench? * *Castiliano volto!* for here comes *Sir Andrew Ague-cheek*.

SCENE. IV. Enter *Sir Andrew*.

Sir And. *Sir Toby Belch!* how now, *Sir Toby Belch?*

Sir To. Sweet *Sir Andrew!*

Sir And. Bless you, fair Shrew.

Mar. And you too, Sir.

Sir To. Accost *Sir Andrew*, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistress *Accost*, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is *Mary*.

Sir And. Good mistress *Mary Accost*.

Sir To. You mistake, Knight: accost is, front her, board her, wooe her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, Gentlemen.

Sir To. If thou let her part so, *Sir Andrew*, would thou might'st never draw sword again.

* By *Castilian countenance* here he means her best, her most civil and courtly looks, which he bids her put on because *Sir Andrew* is coming.

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Sir And. If you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by th' hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have, and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, Sir, thought is free : I pray you, bring your hand to th' buttery bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore sweet heart ? what's your metaphor ?

Mar. It's dry, Sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so : I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest ?

Mar. A dry jest, Sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them ?

Mar. Ay, Sir, I have them at my fingers end : marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [Exit Maria.]

Sir To. O Knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary : when did I see thee so put down ?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think, unless you see canary put me down : methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a christian or an ordinary man has ; but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. If I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir *Toby*.

Sir To. *Pourquoy*, my dear Knight ?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy* ? do, or not do ? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear baiting. Oh had I but follow'd the arts !

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair ?

Sir To. Past question, for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not ?

Sir To. Excellent, it hangs like flax on a distaff ; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir *Toby* ; your
n. ecc

niece will not be seen, or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the Duke himself here hard by woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o'th' Duke, she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o'th' strangest mind i'th' world: I delight in masks and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, Knight?

Sir And. As any man in *Illyria* whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters, and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, Knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any in *Illyria*.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid, wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like mistress *Mall's* picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? my very walk should be a jig: I would not so much as make water but in a cinque pace: what dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stocking. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under *Taurus*?

Sir And. *Taurus*? that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, Sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper; ha! higher: ha! ha! excellent. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. *The Palace.*

Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire.

Val. If the Duke continue these favours towards you, *Cesario*, you are like to be much advanc'd; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you

you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, Sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you: here comes the Duke.

Duke. Who saw *Cesario*, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my Lord, here.

Duke. Stand you a while aloof. *Cesario*,
Thou know'st no less, but all: I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul.
Therefore, good youth, address thy gate unto her,
Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
'Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble Lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofitable return.

Vio. Say I do speak with her, my Lord, what then?

Duke. O then, unfold the passion of my love,
Surprize her with discourse of my dear faith;
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my Lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it:
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say thou art a man: *Diana's* lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair: some four or five attend him,
All if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company. Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy Lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best.

To woo your Lady ; yet, O baneful strife !
Who-e'er I woo, my self would be his wife. [Exit.

SCENE VI. *Olivia's House.*

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse ; my Lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me ; he that is well hang'd in this world needs fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer : I can tell thee where that saying was born, of I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good mistress *Mary* ?

Mar. In the wars, and that you may be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it ; and those that are fools let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent, or be turn'd away ; is not that as good as a hanging to you ?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage ; and for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute then ?

Clo. Not so neither, but I am resolv'd on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold ; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith, very apt : well, go thy way, if Sir *Toby* would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of *Eve's* flesh as any in *Illyria*.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o'that : here comes my Lady ; make your excuse wisely you were best. [Exit.

SCENE VII. *Enter Olivia and Malvolio.*

Clo. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into a good fooling ; those wits that think they have thee do very oft prove fools ; and I that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man. For what says *Quinapalus* ? better a witty fool than a foolish wit. God bless thee, Lady !

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows ? Take away the Lady.

Oli.

Oli. Go to, y'are a dry fool ; I'll no more of you ; besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, *Madona*, that drink and good counsel will amend ; for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry. Bid the dishonest man mend himself ; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest ; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patch'd : virtue that transgresses is but patch'd with sin, and sin that amends is but patch'd with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so ; if it will not, what remedy ? as there is no true counsellor but calamity, so beauty's a flower : the Lady bad take away the fool, therefore I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bad them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree. Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum* ; that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain : good *Madona*, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it ?

Clo. Dexterously, good *Madona*.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, *Madona* ; good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, Sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good *Madona*, why mourn'st thou ?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, *Madona*.

Oli. I know his soul is in heav'n, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, *Madona*, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heav'n : take away the fool, Gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, *Malvolio*, doth he not mend ?

Mal. Yes, and shall do, 'till the pangs of death shake him. Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make better the fool.

Clo. God send you, Sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly ! Sir *Toby* will be sworn that I am

no fox, but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, *Malvolio*?

Mal. I marvel your Ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brains than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagg'd. I protest I take those wise men that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools *Zanies*.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, *Malvolio*, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now *Mercury* indue thee with learning! for thou speak'st well of fools.

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Duke *Orsino* is it?

Mar. I know not, Madam, 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir *Toby*, Madam, your uncle.

Oli. Fetch him off I pray you, he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him! Go you, *Malvolio*; if it be a suit from the Duke, I am sick, or not at home. What you will to dismiss it. [*Exit Malvolio.*] Now see, Sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, *Madona*, as if thy eldest son should be a fool: whose scull *Jove* cram with brains! for here comes one of thy kin has a most weak *Piater*.

S C E N E VIII. *Enter Sir Toby.*

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, uncle?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A Gentleman? what gentleman?

Sir

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Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman. Here—— [*Belching.*] a plague o'these pickle herring: how now, sot?

Clo. Good Sir *Toby*.

Oli. Uncle, uncle, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Letchery! I defie lechery: there's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay marry, what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*]

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool, the second mads him, and third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o'my uncle; for he's in the third degree of drink; he's drown'd; go look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, *Madona*, and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit Clown.*]

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick, he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told you were asleep, he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, Lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, * or be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind o'man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

* Heretofore All Proclamations by the King. All appointments of the rates of wages by the Justices of peace, and other things of the like nature were sent to the Sheriff of each County, who was obliged to promulgate them not only by causing them to be read in every market town, but by affixing them to some convenient place within it: for which purpose great posts or pillars were erected in each such town, and these were call'd *Sheriff's posts*.

Mal.

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Mal. Of very ill manners ! he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he ?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy ; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple : 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewdly ; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach : call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [Exit,

SCENE. IX. Enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil : come, throw it o'er my face ; We'll once more hear *Orsino's* embassy.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable Lady of the house, which is she ?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her : your will ?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty— I pray you, tell me if this be the Lady of the house, for I never saw her. I would be loth to cast away my speech ; for besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no icorn ; I am very prompt, even to the least finister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, Sir ?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you be the Lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian ?

Vio. No, my profound heart ; and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the Lady of the house ?

Oli. If I do not usurp my self, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp your self ; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve ; but this is from my commission. I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't : I forgive you the praise.

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Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feign'd. I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were sawcy at my gates, and I allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, begone; if you have reason, be brief; 'tis not that time of the moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, Sir? here lyes your way.

Vio. No, good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesie of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appear'd in me have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as a maiden-head; to your ears divinity; to any others prophanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone. [*Exit Maria.*] We will hear this divinity. Now, Sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet Lady.

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lyes the text.

Vio. In *Orsino's* bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? in what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresie. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good Madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your Lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture. Look you, Sir, such a one I wear this present: is't not well done?

[*Unveiling.*

Vio.

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Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, Sir, 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on,
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, Sir, I will not be so hard-hearted: I will give
out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried,
and every particle and utensil labell'd to my will. As,
Item, two lips indifferent red. *Item*, two grey eyes, with
lids to them. *Item*, one neck, one chin, and so forth.
Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are, you are too proud;
But if you were the devil, you are fair,
My Lord and master loves you: O, such love
Could be but recompenc'd, tho' you were crown'd
The non-pareil of beauty.

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot love him;
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person; yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suff'ring, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense:
I would not understand it.

Oli. What would you do?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house:
Write loyal canto's of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night:
Hollow your name to the reverberant hills,
And make the babling gossip of the air
Cry out, *Olivia*: O, you should not rest

Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much :

What is your parentage ?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well ;
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your Lord ;
I cannot love him : let him fend no more,
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it ; fare you well :
I thank you for your pains ; spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, Lady ; keep your purse :
My master not my self, lacks recompence.
Love makes his heart of flint, that you shall love ;
And let your fervour, like my masters be
Plac'd in contempt ! farewell, fair cruelty. [Exit

Oli. *What is your parentage ?*
Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :
I am a gentleman——I'll be sworn thou art.
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon——not too fast——
Soft, soft, unless the man the master were.
How now ? even so quickly may one catch
The plague ? methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be——
What hoa, *Malvolio* !

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, Madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The Duke's man ; he left here this ring behind him
Would I, or not : tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his Lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes ; I am not for him :
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow.
I'll give him reason for't. Hye thee, *Malvolio*.

Mal. Madam, I will. [Exit.

Oli. I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind

Fate,

Fate, shew thy force; our selves we do not owe;

What is decreed must be; and be this so! [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

Ant. WILL you stay no longer? nor will you not,
that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might perhaps disorder yours: therefore I crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompence for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, sooth, Sir; my determinate voyage is meer extravagancy: but I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express my self: you must know of me then *Antonio*, my name is *Sebastian*, which I call'd *Rodorigo*; my father was that *Sebastian* of *Metelin*, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him, my self, and a sister, both born in one hour; if the heav'ns had been pleas'd, would we had soended! but you, Sir, alter'd that, for some hours before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas the day!

Seb. A Lady, Sir, who, tho' it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but tho' I could not with such estimable wonder over-far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drown'd already, Sir, with salt water, tho' I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, Sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good *Antonio*, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye

well at once ; my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me : I am bound to the Duke *Orsino's* Court ; farewell. [Exit.]

Ant. The gentleness of all the Gods go with thee !
I have made enemies in *Orsino's* Court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there :
But come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Viola and Malvolio at several Doors.

Mal. Were not you e'en now with the Countess *Olivio* ?

Vio. Even now, Sir ; on a moderate pace I have since arriv'd but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, Sir ; for being your Lord's she'll none of it. You might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away your self. She adds moreover, that you should put your Lord into a desperate assurance, she will none of *him*. And one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your Lord's taking of this : receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me, I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, Sir, you peevishly threw it to her, and her will is, it should be so return'd : if it be worth stooping for, there it lyes in your eye ; if not, be it his that finds it. [Exit.]

Vio. None of my Lord's ring ? why, he sent her none, I left no ring with her ; what means this lady ?

Fortune forbid my outside should have charm'd her !

She made good view of me, indeed so much,

That sure methought her eyes did let her tongue,

For she did speak in starts distractedly :

She loves me sure, the cunning of her passion

Invites me in this churlish messenger.

I should be man, if it be so : as 'tis,

Poor Lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise ! I see thou art a wickedness,

Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

How easie is it, for the proper false

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms !

Alas,

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we,
For such as we are made, ev'n such we be.
How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly,
And I, poor minister, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to doat on me:
What will become of this? as I am man,
My state is desperate from my master's love;
As I am woman, now alas the day!
What thriftless sighs shall poor *Olivia* breathe!
O time, thou must untangle this, not I,
It is too hard a knot for me t'unty.

[Exit.

SCENE III. *Olivia's House.*

Enter *Sir Toby* and *Sir Andrew*.

Sir To. Approach, *Sir Andrew*: not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes, and *Diluculo surgere*, thou know'st——

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfill'd can; to be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say, but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Th'art a scholar, let us therefore eat and drink. *Maria!* I say; a stoop of wine.

Enter *Clown*.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? did you never see the picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome, afs, now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. Insooth thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* passing the equinoctial of *Queubus*; 'twas very good, i'faith: I sent thee six pence for thy leman, hadst it?

Clo. I did * impeticos thy gratillity; for *Maluolio's* nose

* He means to say, impocket thy gratuity.

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is no whip-stock, my Lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent: why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now a song.

Sir To. Come on, there is six pence for you. Let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a teftril of me too; if one Knight give a——

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay, I care not for good life.

Clown sings.

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?

O stay and hear, your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low,

Trip no further, pretty sweeting,

Journeys end in lovers meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, 'faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. *What is love? 'tis not hereafter:*

Present mirth hath present laughter:

What's to come, is still unsure.

In delay there lies no plenty,

Then come kiss me, sweet, and twenty:

Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am a true Knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, 'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am a dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r Lady, Sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. *Hold thy peace, thou knave, Knight.* I shall be constrain'd in't, to call thee knave, Knight.

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Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool ; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith : come, begin. [*They sing a catch.*

SCENE IV. *Enter Maria.*

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here ? if my Lady have not call'd up her steward *Malvolio*, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My Lady's a *Cataian*, we are politicians, *Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsay*, and *Three merry men be we*. Am not I consanguinious ? am not I of her blood ? *Tilly valley, lady ! there dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady.* [*Singing.*

Clo. Beshrew me, the Knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be dispos'd, and so do I too : he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. *O the twelfth day of December.* [*Singing.*

Mar. For the love o' God, peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters, are you mad ? or what are you ? have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night ? do you make an ale-house of my Lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice ? is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you ?

Sir To. We did keep time, Sir, in our catches. Strike up.

Mal. Sir *Toby*, I must be round with you. My Lady bade me tell you, that she harbours you as her uncle, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate your self and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house : if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. Farewel, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

[*Singing.*

Mal. Nay, good Sir *Toby*.

Clo. His eyes do shew his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so ?

Sir To. But I will never die.

[*Singing.*

Clo. Sir *Toby*, there you lie.

Mal.

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Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go?

[*Singing.*

Clo. What an if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o' tune, Sir, ye lie: art thou any more than a steward? dost thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by *St. Anne*; and ginger shall be hot i'th' mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i'th' right. Go, Sir, rub your chain with crums. A sloop of wine, *Maria*.

Mal. Mistress *Mary*, if you priz'd my Lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand.

[*Exit.*

Mar. Go, shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field, and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, Knight, I'll write thee a challenge: or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet *Sir Toby*, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the Duke's was to-day with my Lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur *Malvolio*, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nay-word, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lye strait in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us, tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, Sir, sometimes he is a kind of a puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear Knight.

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser, an affected ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths. The best persuaded of himself: So cram'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look

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on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find not able cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love, wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gate, the expreffure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my Lady your neice; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make a distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent, I smell a device,

Sir And. I hav't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my neice, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it: for this night to bed, and dream on the event. Farewel. [Exit.

Sir To. Good night, *Penthesilea*.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me; what o'that?

Sir And. I was ador'd once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, Knight: thou hadst need fend for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover you neice, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, Knight; if thou hast her not i'th' end, call me Cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, Knight, come, Knight.

[Exeunt.
SCENE

SCENE V. *The Palace.**Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.*

Duke. Give me some musick; now good-morrow, friends :
Now, good *Cesario*, but that piece of song,
That old antique song we heard last night ;
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs, and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-pated times.
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your Lordship, that should
sing it

Duke. Who was it ?

Cur. *Feste* the jester, my Lord, a fool that the Lady
Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the
house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Ex. Curio. Musick.*]

Come hither, boy ; if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me ;
For such as I am, all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd. How dost thou like this tune ?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly.
My life upon't, young tho' thou art, thine eye
Hath staid upon some favour that it loves :
Hath it not, boy ?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't ?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years, i'faith ?

Vio. About your years, my Lord.

Duke. Too old, by heav'n ; let still the woman take
An elder than her self, so wears she to him ;
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise our selves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,

More

More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than womens are.

Vio. I think it well, my Lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thy self,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so,
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Enter Curio and Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last night.
Mark it, *Cesario*, it is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, Sir?

Duke. I pr'ythee sing.

[*Musick.*

S O N G.

Come away, come away, death,

And in sad cypress let me be laid;

Fly away, fly away, breath,

I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

My sword of white, stuck all with yew,

Prepare it.

My part of death no one so true

Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,

On my black-Coffin let there be strown:

Not a friend, not a friend greet

My poor corps, where my bones shall be thrown.

A thousand thousand sighs to save,

Lay me where

True lover never find my grave,

To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, Sir; I take pleasure in singing, Sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, Sir, and pleasure will be paid one time or other.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now the melancholy God protect thee, and the taylor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal ! I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where, for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewel. [Exit.]

S C E N E VI.

Duke. Let all the rest give place. Once more, *Cesario*,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty :
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty-lands ;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her I hold as giddily as fortune :
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, Sir ?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth but you must.

Say that some Lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for *Olivia* : you cannot love her ;
You tell her so ; must she not then be answer'd ?

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so a strong a passion,
As love doth give my heart : no woman's heart
So big to hold so much ; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite :
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt ;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much ; make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe *Olivia*.

Vio. Ay, but I know——

Duke. What dost thou know ?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe ;
In faith, they are as true of hear as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd at man,

As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your Lordship.

Duke. What's her history ?

Vio. A blank, my Lord: she never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i'th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek ; she pin'd in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed ?
We men may say more, swear more, but indeed
Our shews are more than will ; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But dy'd thy sister of her love, my boy ?

Vio. She's all the daughters of my father's house,
And I am all the sons, but yet I know not,——
Sir, shall I to this Lady ?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste ; give her this jewel : say,
My love can give no place, bide no deny. [*Exeunt*.

S C E N E VII. *Olivia's Garden.*

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior *Fabian*.

Fab. Nay, I'll come ; if I lose a scruple of this sport,
let me be boild to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly
rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame ?

Fab. I would exult, man ; you know he brought me out
of favour with my Lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him we'll have the bear again, and we
will fool him black and blue, shall we not, *Sir Andrew* ?

Sir And. And we do not, it's pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain: how now, my
nettle of *India* ?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree ; *Malvolio's*
coming down this walk, he has been yonder i'th' sun practi-
fing behaviour to his own shadow this half hour. Observe
him, for the love of mockery ; for i know this letter will
make a contemplative ideot of him. Close, in the name

of jesting ; — lye thou there ; [*Drops a Letter.*] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E VIII. *Enter Malvolio.*

Mal. 'Tis but fortune, all is fortune. *Maria* once told me she did affect me ; and I have heard her self come thus near, that should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't ?

Sir To. Here's an over-weening rogue.

Fab. Oh, peace: contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him ; how he jets under his advanc'd plumes !

Sir And. 'Slife, I could so beat the rogue.

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count *Malvolio*.

Sir To. Ah, rogue !

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for't: the Lady of the *Stracby** married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, *Fezebel* !

Fab. O, peace, now he's deeply in ; look how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state——

Sir To. O for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye !

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown ; having come from a day-bed, where I have left *Olivia* sleeping.

Sir To. Fire and brimstone !

Fab. Oh, peace, peace.

Mal. And then to have the humour of state ; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs——to ask for my uncle *Toby*——

Sir To. Bolts and shackles !

* This is a word mistaken in the copying or printing, but it is not easy to conjecture what the word should be: perhaps *Strazarch*, which (as well as *Strategue*) signifies a General of an Army. Commander in chief.

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Fab. Oh, peace, peace, peace; now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people with an obedient start make out for him: I frown the while, and perchance wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. *Toby* approaches, curtsies there to me.

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Tho' our silence be drawn from us by th' ears, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus; quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of controul.

Sir To. And does not *Toby* take you a blow o'th' lips then?

Mal. Saying, uncle *Toby*, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech——

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkenness.

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with foolish Knight——

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One *Sir Andrew*.

Sir And. I knew 'twas I, for many do call me fool.

Mal. What implement have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*]

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. Oh, peace! now the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my Lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's, and thus makes she her P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: why that?

Mal. To the unknown below'd, this, and my good wishes; her very phrases: By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impression her *Lucrece*, with which she uses to seal; 'tis my Lady: to whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. Jove knows I love, alas! but who, Lips do not move, no man must know.

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No man must know—what follows? the numbers alter—
no man must know—if this should be thee, *Malvolio*?

Sir To. Marry hang thee, Brock!

Mal. *I may command where I adore,*
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With Bloodless stroke my heart doth gore,
M. O. A. I. doth sway my life.

Fab. A fustian riddle.

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. M, O. A. I. doth sway my life—nay, but first let
me see—let me see—

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dress't him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stanyel checks at it!

Mal. *I may command where I adore.* Why, she may
command me: I serve her, she is my Lady. Why, this
is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in
this—and the end—what should that alphabetical position
portend? if I could make that resemble something in me.
Softly ——— *M. O. A. I.* ———

Sir To. O, ay! make out that; he is now at a cold
scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't for all this, tho' it ben't as
rank as a fox.

Mal. *M.* ——— *Malvolio* ——— *M.* ——— why, that begins
my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is
excellent at faults.

Mal. *M.* But then there is no consonancy in the sequel;
that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry *O*.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might
see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal. *M. O. A. I.*—this simulation is not as the former
—and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for
every one of these letters is in my name. Soft, here fol-
lows prose—*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars*
I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatness; some are
born great, some atchieve greatness, and some have greatness
thrust

thrust upon them. Thy fates open their bands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and to inure thy self to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thy self into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd. I say remember; go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so: if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewel. She that would alter services with thee the fortunate and happy. Day-light and champion discover no more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politick authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point devise, the very man. I do not fool my self, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my Lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg, being cross-garter'd, and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy: I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript. Thou canst not chuse but know who I am; if thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling, thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prythee. Jove, I thank thee; I will smile, I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [Exit.

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. And so could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

S C E N E IX. *Enter Maria.*

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I' faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true, does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like *Aqua vitæ* with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my Lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to melancholy, as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt! if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of *Tartar*; thou most excellent devil of wit!

[*Exeunt.*]

Sir And. I'll make one too.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Olivia's Garden. Enter Viola, and Clown.

Vio. **S**Ave thee, friend, and thy musick: dost thou live by the tabor?

Cl. No, Sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Cl. No such matter, Sir, I do live by the church: for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'st say the King lyes by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him: or the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Cl. You have said, Sir: to see this age! a sentence is but a chev'ril glove to a good wit; how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Cl. I would therefore my sister had no name, Sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Cl. Why, Sir, her name's a word, and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton; but indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.

Vio.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, Sir, I can yield you none without words, and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, Sir, I do care for something; but, in my conscience, Sir, I do not care for you: if that be care for nothing, Sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady *Olivia*'s fool?

Clo. No indeed, Sir, the Lady *Olivia* has no folly, she will keep no fool, Sir, 'till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchers are to herrings, the husband's the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Duke *Orsino*'s.

Clo. Foolery, Sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines every where. I would be sorry, Sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

[*Gives him a piece of money.*]

Clo. Now *Jove*, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy Lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, Sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play Lord *Pandarus* of *Phrygia*, Sir, to bring a *Cressida* to this *Troilus*.

Vio. I understand you, Sir, 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter I hope is not great, Sir; begging but a beggar: *Cressida* was a beggar. My Lady is within, Sir. I will confer to her whence you come; who you are, and what you would is out of my welkin, I might say element, but the word is over-worn.

[*Exit.*]

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of wit:

He

He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
 The quality of the persons, and the time;
 And, like the haggard, check at every feather
 That comes before his eye. This is a practice
 As full of labour as a wise man's art:
 For folly, that he wisely shews is fit;
 But wise men's folly shewn, quite taints their wit.

SCENE II. *Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*

Sir And. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. *Dieu vous garde, Monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous aussi; vostre serviteur.*

Sir To. I hope, Sir, you are; and I am yours. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, Sir; I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, Sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, Sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, Sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gate and entrance, but we are prevented.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Most excellent accomplish'd Lady, the heav'n's rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! rain odours? well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, Lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. Odours, pregnant and vouchsafed: I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.*]

SCENE III.

Give me your hand, Sir.

Vio. My duty, Madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. *Cesario* is your servant's name, fair Princess.

Oli. My servant, Sir? 'Twas never merry world, Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:

Y'are

Y'are servant to the Duke *Orsino*, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours :
Your servant's servant is your servant, Madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him : for his thoughts,
Would they werè blanks, rather than fill'd with me.

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you ;
I bade you never speak again of him.
But would you undertake another suit,
I'd rather hear you to sollicit that
Than musick from the spheres.

Vio. O dearest Lady, ———

Oli. Give me leave, I beseech you : I did send,
After the last enchantment (you did hear)
A ring in chase of you. So did I abuse
My self, my servant, and I fear me, you ;
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think ?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think ? to your receiving
Enough is shewn ; a cypress, not a bosom,
Hides my poor heart. So let us hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No not a grice : for 'tis a vulgar proof
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why then methinks 'tis time to smile again ;
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud !
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf ! [Clock strikes.
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you ;
And yet when wit and youth are come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man :
'There lyes your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward hoe !

Grace and good disposition attend you !

You'll

You'll nothing, Madam, to my Lord by me?

Oli. Stay; pr'ythee tell me what thou think'st of me?

Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, Madam, than I am,
I wish I might; for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!

A murd'rous guilt shews not it self more soon
Than love that that would seem hid: love's night is noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maid-hood, honour, truth, and every thing,

I love thee so, that maugre all thy pride,

Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.

Do not extort 'wry reasons from this clause,

For that I woo; thou therefore hast no cause:

But rather reason thus with reason fetter;

Love sought is good; but given unsought is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,

And that no woman has, nor never none

Shall mistress be of it.

Oli. Save I alone!

Vio. And so adieu, good Madam, never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again; for thou perhaps may'st move
That heart, which now abhors to like his love. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV. *Olivia's House.*

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir And. No, 'faith, I'll not fray a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, *Sir Andrew*.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your neice do more favours to the
Duke's serving-man than ever she bestow'd on me. I saw't
i'th' orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy, tell me that?

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an afs o' me?

Fab. I prove it legitimate, Sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand Jury-men since before *Noah* was a failor.

Fab. She did shew favour to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her, and with some excellent jests, fire new from the mint, you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This was lock'd for at your hand, and this was baulkt. The double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sail'd into the north of my Lady's opinion, where you will hang like an icicle on a *Dutchman's* beard, unless you do redeem it by some attempt, either of valour or policy.

Sir And. An't be any way, it must be with valour, for policy I hate: I had as lief be a *Brownist*, as a politician.

Sir To. Why then build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour, challenge me the Duke's youth to fight with him, hurt him in eleven places, my niece shall take note of it; and assure thy self, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with women than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, *Sir Andrew*.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand, be curst and brief: it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention; taunt him with the licence of ink; if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lye in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of *Ware* in *England*, set 'em down, and go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, tho' thou write it with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at thy *Cubiculo*: go.

[*Exit. Sir Andrew.*

S C E N E V.

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, *Sir Toby*.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him ; but you'll not deliver't.

Sir To. Never trust me then ; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For *Andrew*, if he were open'd, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of th' anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite the youth bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look where the youngest wren * of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh your selves into stitches, follow me ; yond gull *Malvolio* is turned heathen, a very renegado ; for there is no christian, that means to be sav'd by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-garter'd ?

Mar. Most villainously ; like a pedant that keeps a school i'th' church : I have dogg'd him like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropt to betray him ; he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map, with the augmentation of the *Indies* ; you have not seen such a thing as 'tis ; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my Lady will strike him ; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI. *The Street.*

Enter Sebastian and Antonio.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you. But since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no further chide you.

* The Wren is remarkable for laying many eggs at a time, nine or ten and sometimes more : and as she is the smallest of birds, the last of so large a brood may be supposed to be little noted, which is the image intended here to be given of *Maria*.

Ant. I could not stay behind you ; my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth,
And not all love to see you, tho' so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage ;
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts, (which to a stranger
Unguided and unfriended often prove
Rough and inhospitable) my willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind *Antonio*,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks ; and ever thanks : and oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay ;
But were my worth as is my conscience firm,
You should find better dealing : what's to do ?
Shall we go see the relicks of this town ?

Ant. To-morrow, Sir : best first go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night ;
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame
That do renown this city.

Ant. Would you'd pardon me :
I do not without danger walk these streets.
Once in a sea-fight 'gainst the Duke his gallies
I did some service, of such note indeed,
That were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.

Ant. Th' offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument :
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them, which for traffick's sake
Most of our city did. Only my self stood out,
For which if I be lapsed in this place
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me : hold, Sir, here's my purse.
In the south suburbs at the *Elephant*
Is best to lodge : I will bespeak our diet,

Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town ; there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse ?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase ; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, Sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for
An hour.

Ant. To th' *Elephant*.

Seb. I do remember.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII. *Olivia's House.*

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Oli. I have sent after him ; say he will come,
How shall I feast him ? what bestow on him ?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.
I speak too loud ;
Where is *Malvolio* ? he is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.
Where is *Malvolio* ?

Mar. He is coming, Madam :
But in strange manner. He is sure possess'd,
Madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter, does he rave ?

Mar. No, Madam, he does nothing else but smile ;
Your Ladyship were best to have some guard
About you, if he come, for sure the man
Is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.

Enter Malvolio.

I'm as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.
How now, *Malvolio* ?

Mal. Sweet Lady, ha, ha. [*Smiles fantastically.*]

Oli. Smil'st thou ? I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, Lady ? I could be sad ; this does make some
obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering, but what of
that ? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very
true sonnet is : *Please one, and please all.*

Oli. Why ; how dost thou, man ? what is the matter
with thee ?

Mal.

Twelfth-Night : or, What you will. 269

Mal. Not black in my mind, tho' yellow in my legs ; it did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed, I think we do know that sweet *Roman* hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, *Malvolio* ?

Mal. To bed ? ay, sweet heart ; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee ! why dost thou smile so, and kifs thy hand so oft ?

Mar. How do you, *Malvolio* ?

Mal. At your request ?

Yes, nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my Lady ?

Mal. Be not afraid of greatness ; 'twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, *Malvolio* ?

Mal. Some are born great——

Oli. Ha ?

Mal. Some atchieve greatness——

Oli. What say'st thou ?

Mal. And some have greatness thrust upon them——

Oli. Heav'n restore thee !

Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings——

Oli. Thy yellow stockings ?

Mal. And wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd——

Oli. Cross-garter'd ?

Mal. Goto, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so——

Oli. Am I made ?

Mal. If not, let me see thee a servant still——

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Duke *Orsino's* is return'd ; I could hardly entreat him back ; he attends your Ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. Good *Maria*, let this fellow be look'd too. Where's my uncle *Toby* ? let some of my people have a special care of him, I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. [Exit.

S C E N E VIII.

Mal. Oh ho, do you come near me now ? no worse man than Sir *Toby* to look to me ! this concurs directly with the letter, she sends him on purpose that I may appear stub-

born to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. *Cast thy bumble slough*, says she; *be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants, let thy tongue tang with arguments of state, put thy self into the trick of singularity*; and consequently sets down the manner how; as a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some Sir of note, and so forth. I have lim'd her, but it is *Jove's* doing, and *Jove* make me thankful! and when she went away now, *let this fellow be look'd to*: fellow! not *Malvolio*, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—what can be said? nothing that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well! *Jove*, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Sir Toby, Fabian and Maria.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? if all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possess him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is; how is't with you, Sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off, I discard you; let me enjoy my privacy: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him; did not I tell you? *Sir Toby*, my Lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah ah, does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him; let him alone. How do you, *Malvolio*? how is't with you? what, man, despise the devil; consider he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you! if you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart. Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th' wife woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning if I live. My Lady would not lose him for more than I'll lay.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O Lord! ———

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace, that is not the way, do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness, gently, gently; the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

Sir To. Why, how now, my lawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, biddy, come with me. What, man, 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, foul collier.

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good *Sir Toby*, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go hang your selves all: you are idle shallow things, I am not of your element, you shall know more hereafter.

[*Exit.*

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were plaid upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad; we may carry it thus for our pleasure and his penance, 'till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen; but see, but see.

SCENE X. *Enter Sir Andrew.*

Fab. More matter for a *May* morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so sawcy?

Sir

Sir And. Ay, is't? I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me.

[*Sir Toby reads.*

Youth, whatsever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

Fab. Good and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind why I do call thee so, for I will shew thee no reason for't.

Fab. A good note, that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. Thou com'st to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly; but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-les.

Sir To. I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o'th' windy side of the law: good.

Sir To. Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one of our souls: he may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better, and so look to thy self. Thy friend as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, Andrew Ague-cheek. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my Lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew, scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-bailiff; so soon as ever thou see'st him, draw; and as thou draw'st, swear horribly; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof it self would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [Exit.

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter; for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his Lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth; he will find that it comes from a clod-pole. But, Sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth, set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour, and drive the gentleman

as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

SCENE XI. *Enter Olivia and Viola.*

Fab. Here he comes with your niece ; give them way, 'till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. [*Exeunt.*

Oli. I've said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too uncharly out.
There's something in me that reproves my fault ;
But such a head-strong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,
Goes on my master's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture ;
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you :
And I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That honour sav'd may upon asking give ?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that,
Which I have given to you ?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well.
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*

SCENE XII. *Enter Sir Toby and Fabian.*

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't ; of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not ; but thy interceptor, full of despight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end ; dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, Sir, I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me ; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you ; therefore,

Sir And. Ay, is't? I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me.

[*Sir Toby reads.*

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And laid mine honour too unchary out.
There's something in me that reproves my fault ;
But such a head-strong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,
Goes on my master's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture ;
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you :
And I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That honour fav'd may upon asking give ?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that,
Which I have given to you ?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well.
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*

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Vio. You mistake, Sir, I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me ; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you ; therefore,

fore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him, what youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furnish a man withal.

Vio. I pray you, Sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight dubb'd with unhack'd rapier, and on carpet consideration, but he is a devil in a private brawl; souls and bodies hath he divorc'd three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulcher: hob, nob, is his word; give't or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the Lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. No, Sir, no: his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury, therefore get you on, and give him his desires. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer to him; therefore on, and strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior *Fabian*, stay you by this gentleman 'till my return.

[*Exit Sir Toby*.

Vio. Pray you, Sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the Knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortal arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is indeed, Sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of *Illyria*: will you walk towards him? I will make your Peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that
had

had rather go with Sir Priest than Sir knight : I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [Exeunt.

S C E N E XIII.

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Why man, he's a very devil ; I have not seen such a virago : I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all ; and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion , that it is inevitable ; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified.

Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't, if I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey *Capilet*.

Sir To. I'll make the motion ; stand here, make a good shew on't, this shall end without the perdition of souls ; marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. [*Aside.*

Enter Fabian and Viola.

I have his horse to take up the quarrel, I have persuaded him the youth's a devil. [*To Fabian.*

Fab. He is horribly conceited of him ; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, Sir, he will fight with you for's oath sake : marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of ; therefore draw for the supportance of his vow, he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me ! a little thing would make tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir *Andrew*, there's no remedy, the gentleman will for his honour's sake have one bout with you ; he cannot by the duello avoid it ; but he has promis'd me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on, to't. [*They draw.*

Sir And. Pray God he keep his oath !

S C E N E

S C E N E XIV. *Enter Antonio.**Vio.* I do assure you 'tis against my will.*Ant.* Put up your sword; if this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;
If you offend him, I for him defend you. [Drawing.]*Sir To.* You, Sir? Why, what are you?*Ant.* One, Sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.*Sir To.* Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.
[Draws.]*Enter Officers.**Fab.* O good Sir *Toby*, hold; here come the officers.*Sir To.* I'll be with you anon.*Vio.* Pray, Sir, put your sword up if you please.[To Sir Andrew.]*Sir And.* Marry will I, Sir; and for that I promis'd you
I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you easily, and
reins well.*1 Off.* This is the man, do thy office.*2 Off.* *Antonio*, I arrest thee at the suit of Duke *Orsino*.*Ant.* You do mistake me, Sir.*1 Off.* No, Sir, no jot; I know your favour well;
Tho' now you have no sea-cap on your head.
Take him away, he knows I know him well.*Ant.* I must obey. This comes with seeking you;
But there's no remedy. I shall answer it.
What will you do? now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse. It grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befalls my self: you stand amaz'd,
But be of comfort.*2 Off.* Come, Sir, come away.*Ant.* I must intreat of you some of that mony.*Vio.* What mony, Sir?For the fair kindness you have shew'd me here,
And part being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something; my having is not much;
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there is half my coffer.*Ant.*

Ant. Will you deny me now?

Is't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesse
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none,
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature.
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babling drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. Oh heav'ns themselves!

2 Off. Come, Sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me but speak.

A little. Why, this youth that you see here,
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death,
Believ'd him with such sanctity of love;
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 Off. What's that to us? the time goes by; away.

Ant. But oh, how vile an idol proves this God!
Thou hast, *Sebastian*, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish but the mind.
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind.
Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.

1 Off. Surely the man grows mad, away with him:
Come, come, Sir.

Ant. Lead me on.

Exit with Off.

Vio. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself; so do not I:
Prove true, imagination, oh, prove true,
'That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, Knight, come hither, *Fabian*;
we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd *Sebastian*; I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such and so
in favour was my brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament;

For him I imitate: oh! if it prove,
 Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love. [*Exit.*]

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare; his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship ask *Fabian*.

Fab. A coward, devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. Od's lid I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but ne'er draw thy sword.

Sir And. If I do not ———

Fab. Come, let us see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay mony 'twill be nothing yet. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Street. Enter Sebastian and Clown.

Clo. WILL you makè me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow.
 Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i'faith: no, I do not know you, nor I am not sent to you by my Lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master *Cesario*, nor this is not my nose neither; nothing that is so is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else; thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney: I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady; shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish geck, depart from me; there's mony for thee. If you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand; these wise men that give fools mony get themselves a good report * after fourteen years purchase.

* This seems to carry a piece of Satyr upon Monopolies, the crying grievance of the time. The grants generally were for fourteen years: and the petitions being refer'd to a Committee it was expected that money gain'd favourable reports from thence.

Enter

Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabian.

Sir And. Now, Sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*Striking Sebastian.*]

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there: are all the people mad? [*Beating Sir Andrew.*]

Sir To. Hold, Sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my Lady strait: I would not be in some of your coats for two pence. [*Exit Clown.*]

Sir To. Come on, Sir, hold. [*Holding Sebastian.*]

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in *Illyria*; tho' I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, Sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron; you are well flesh'd: come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now? if thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what? nay then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [*They draw and fight.*]

SCENE II. *Enter Olivia.*

Oli. Hold, *Toby*, on thy life I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd: out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear *Cesario*.

Rudeby, be gone! I pr'ythee, gentle friend,
[*Exeunt Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.*]

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And hear thou there, how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
May'st smile at this: thou shalt not chuse but go:
Do not deny; beshrew his soul for me!
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.
Let fancy still my sense in *Letbe* steep,
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep.

Oli. Nay, come I pray: would thou'dst be rul'd by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Olivia's House.*

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown and this beard,
make him believe thou art *Sir Topas* the Curate; do it
quickly. I'll call *Sir Toby* the whilst. [*Exit Maria.*]

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble my self
in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in
such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function
well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but
to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as
fairly as to say a graceful man and a great scholar. The
competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. *Jove* blefs thee, Mr. Parson.

Clo. *Bonos dies*, *Sir Toby*; for as the old hermit of *Prague*,
that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a neice of
King *Gorboduck*, that that is, is: so I being Mr. Parson,
am Mr. Parson; for what is that, but that? and is, but
is?

Sir To. To him, *Sir Topas*.

Clo. What, *boa*, I say, peace in this prison!

[*In a counterfeit voice.*]

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

[*Malvolio within.*]

Mal. Who calls there?

Clo. *Sir Topas* the Curate, who comes to visit *Malvolio*
the lunatick.

[*This and all that follows from the Clown, in a counter-
feit voice.*]

Mal. *Sir Topas*, *Sir Topas*; good *Sir Topas*, go to my
Lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolic fiend, how vexest thou this man?
Tallest thou nothing but of Ladies?

Sir

Sir To. Well said, master Parson.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, never was man thus wrong'd; good Sir *Topas*, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Sathan; I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesie: say'st thou that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir *Topas*.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clear stones towards the South North are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir *Topas*, I say to you this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest; I say there is no darkness but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say there was never man thus abus'd; I am no more mad than you are, make the tryal of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras, concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might happily inhabit a bird.

Clo. What think'st thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remain thou still in darkness; thou shalt hold th' opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the house of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, Sir *Topas*!

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir *Topas*!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters. [This in his own voice.]

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him: I would we were all rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were, for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that

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I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot.
Come by and by to my chamber. [*Exit, with Maria.*]

S C E N E IV.

Clo. Hey Robin, jolly Robin, tell me how my Lady does.
[Singing.]

Mal. Fool!

Clo. My Lady is unkind, perdie.

Mal. Fool!

Clo. Alas, why is she so?

Mal. Fool, I say.

Clo. She loves another——who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Mr. Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, Sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abus'd; I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well! then thou art mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have propertied me; they keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say: the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heaven's restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

[*All this in a counterfeit voice.*]

Mal. Sir Topas!

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.

[*In the counterfeit voice.*]

Who I, Sir, not I, Sir. God b'w' you, good Sir Topas!

[*This is in his own voice.*]

Marry, amen. I will, Sir, I will, Sir.

[*The first two words to be spoken in the counterfeit, the rest in his own.*]

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say.

Clo. Alas, Sir, be patient. What say you, Sir? I am silent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper;
I tell

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I tell thee I am as well in my wits, as any man in *Illyria*.

Clo. Well-a-day that you were, Sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: good fool, some ink, paper and light; and convey what I set down to my Lady: it shall advantage to thee more, than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not: I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a mad-man, 'till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree; I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clo. *I am gone, Sir, and anon, Sir,* [Singing.

I'll be with you again

In a trice, like to the old vice,

Your need to sustain.

Who with dagger of flatb, in his rage, and his wrath,

Cries ab ba! to the devil:

Like a mad lad, pare thy nails, dad,

Adieu, good man drivell.

[Exit.

SCENE V. *Enter Sebastian.*

Seb. This is the air, that is the glorious sun,
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't.
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's *Antonio* then?
I could not find him at the *Elephant*,
Yet there he was, and there I found this current,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service;
For tho' my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me
To any other trust, but that I'm mad,
Or else the Lady's mad; yet if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch,

With

With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
As I perceive she does: there's something in't
That is deceivable. But here she comes.

Enter Olivia and Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine: if you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the Chantry by; there before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith,
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May henceforth live at peace. He shall conceal it
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you,
And having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father; heav'n's so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine. [*Exeunt.*]

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

The STREET.

Enter Clown and Fabian.

Fab. **N**OW, as thou lov'st me, let me see this letter.

Clo. Good Mr. *Fabian*, grant me another
request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is to give a dog, and in recompence desire my
dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady *Olivia*, friends?

Clo. Ay, Sir, we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; how dost thou, my good fel-
low?

Clo. Truly, Sir, the better for my foes, and the worse
for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, Sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, Sir, they praise me, and make an ass of

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me; now my foes tell me plainly, I am an afs: so that by my foes, Sir, I profit in the knowledge of my self, and by my friends I am abused: so the conclusion to be asked is, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives; why then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, Sir, no; tho' it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me, there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, Sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in you pocket, Sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer: there's another.

Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play, and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, Sir, is a good tripping measure, as the bells of *St. Bennet*, Sir, may put you in mind, one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw; if you will let your Lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, Sir, lullaby to your bounty 'till I come again. I go, Sir; but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness; but, as you say, Sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [Exit Clown.]

SCENE II. *Enter Antonio and Officers.*

Vio. Here comes the man, Sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet when I saw it last it was besmear'd
As black as *Vulcan*, in the smoak of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable,
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,

That

That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cry'd fame and honour on him. What's the matter?

I Off. Orsino, this is that *Antonio*
That took the *Phoenix* and her fraught from *Candy* ;
And this is he that did the *Tyger* board,
When your young nephew *Titus* lost his leg ;
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, Sir ; drew on my side ;
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate, thou salt-water thief,
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou in terms so bloody and so dear
Hast made thine enemies ?

Ant. Noble Sir, *Orsino*.
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me :
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate ;
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither :
That most ungrateful boy there by your side
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem ; a wreck past hope he was :
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication. For his sake
Did I expose my self (pure for his love)
Into the danger of this adverse town,
Drew to defend him, when he was beset ;
Where being apprehended, his false cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty years removed thing,
While one would wink ; deny'd me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be ?

Duke. When came you to this town ?

Ant. To-day, my Lord ; and for three months before.

No Interim, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company.

SCENE III. Enter Olivia and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the Countess; now heav'n walks on earth.

But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

Oli. What would my Lord, but that he may not have,
Whom *Olivia* may seem serviceable?

Cesario, you don't keep promise with me.

To. Madam!

Duke. Gracious *Olivia*!

Oli. What do you say, *Cesario*? Good my Lord—

To. My Lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be ought to the old tune, my Lord,
It is as flat and fulsome to mine ear,
As howling after musick.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still, Lord, so constant.

Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil Lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings has breath'd out
That e'er devotion tender'd. What shall I do?

Oli. Ev'n what it please my Lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do't,
* Like to th' *Egyptain* thief, at point of death
Kill what I love? a savage jealousy,
That sometimes favours nobly; but hear this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour;
Love you the marble-breasted tyrant still,
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heav'n I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spight.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:

* Alluding to a story in the Romance of *Theagenes and Chariclea*, written by *Heliodorus*.

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spirit a raven's heart within a dove.

Vio. And I most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

Oli. Where goes *Cesario*?

Vio. After him I love,

More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.

If I do feign, you witnesses above

Punish my life, for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ah me, detested! how am I beguil'd?

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thy self? Is it so long?

Call forth the holy father.

Duke. Come. away.

[*To Viola.*

Oli. Whither, my Lord? *Cesario*, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband?

Oli. Ay, husband. Can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, firrah?

Vio. No, my Lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, *Cesario*, take thy fortunes up,
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.

O welcome, father.

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence
Here to unfold (tho' lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know
Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthened by interchangement of your rings,
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me tow'rd my grave
I have travel'd but two hours.

Duke.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewel, and take her, but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My Lord, I do protest——

Oli. O, do not swear;

Hold little faith, tho' thou hast too much fear!

S C E N E IV.

Enter Sir Andrew with his head broke.

Sir And. For the love of God a surgeon, and send one
presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. H'as broke my head a-crofs, and given Sir
Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God your help.
I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The Duke's gentleman, one *Cesario*; we took
him for a coward, but he's the very devil incarnate.

Duke. My gentleman, *Cesario*?

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is: you broke my head
for nothing, and that that I did, I was set on to do't by
Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me; I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me without cause,
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Enter Sir Toby and Clown.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt
me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb. Here
comes Sir Toby halting, you shall hear more; but if he
had not been in drink, he would have tickled you other-
gates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one, he has hurt me, and there's an
end on't; sot, didst see *Dick* surgeon, sot?

Clo. O he's drunk, Sir, above an hour ago; his eyes
were set at eight i'th' morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a past-measure *Painim*.
I hate a drunken rogue.

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Oli. A way with him: who hath made this havock with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, *Sir Toby*, because we'll be drest together.

Sir To. Will you help an afs-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave, a thin-fac'd knave, a gull?

[*Exe. Clo. To. and And.*]

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

S C E N E V. *Enter Sebastian.*

Seb. I am sorry, Madam, I have hurt your uncle: But had it been the brother of my blood, I must have done no less with wit and safety.

[*All stand in amaze.*]

You throw a strange regard on me, by which I do perceive it hath offended you; Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows We made each other, but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons, A nat'ral perspective, that is, and is not!

Seb. Antonio, O my dear *Antonio!*

How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me, Since I have lost thee!

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'ft thou that, *Antonio!*

Ant. How have you made division of yourself? An apple cleft in two, is not more twin Than these two creatures. Which is *Sebastian?*

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother: Nor can there be a deity in my nature Of here and every where. I had a sister, Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd: Of charity, what kin are you to me? [To *Viola.*]
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of *Metelin*; *Sebastian* was my father, Such a *Sebastian* was my brother too: So went he suited to his wat'ry tomb. If spirits can assume both form and suit, You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed,

But

But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say, thrice welcome, drowned *Viola*!

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And dy'd that day when *Viola* from her birth
Had numbred thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul;
He finished indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire;
Do not embrace me, 'till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am *Viola*; which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town
Where lye my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preferr'd to serve this noble Duke.
All the occurrents of my fortune since
Have been between this Lady, and this Lord.

Seb. So comes it, Lady, you have been mistook:

[*To Olivia.*]

But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid,
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd: right noble is his blood:
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

[*To Viola.*]

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear,
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orb'd continent the fire
That fevers day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain that did bring me first on shore,

Hath my maids garments: he upon some action
Is now in durance, at *Malvolio's* suit,
A gentleman and follower of my Lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him: fetch *Malvolio* hither.
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

S C E N E VI.

Enter the Clown with a letter, and Fabian.

A most distracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.
How does he, firrah?

Clo. Truly, Madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the staves end
as well as a man in his case may do: h'as here writ a letter
to you, I should have given't you to day morning.
But as a mad-man's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not
much when they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open't and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edify'd, when the fool delivers
the mad-man——*By the Lord, Madam,*—— [Reads.

Oli. How now, art mad?

Clo. No, Madam, I do but read madness: an your Ladyship
will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *Vox*.

Oli. Pr'ythee read it i'thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, *Madona*; but to read his right wits, is to
read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, firrah. [To Fabian.

Fab. [Reads.] *By the Lord, Madam, you wrong me,
and the world shall know it: though you have put me into
darkness, and given your drunken uncle rule over me, yet have
I benefit of my senses as well as your Ladyship. I have your
own letter, that induced me to the semblance I put on; with
the which I doubt not but to do my self much right, or you
much shame: think of me as you please: I leave my duty a
little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.*

The madly us'd Malvolio.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, Madam.

Duke. This favours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, *Fabian*, bring him hither.
My Lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To

To think me as well a sister, as a wife,
One day shall crown th' alliance on't, so please you ;
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt t' embrace your offer.
Your master quits you ; and for your service done him,
So much against the metal of your sex, [To Viola.
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand, you shall from this time be
You master's mistress, and his sister she.

S C E N E VII. *Enter Malvolio*.

Duke. Is this the mad-man ?

Oli. Ay, my Lord, this same : how now, *Malvolio* ?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, *Malvolio* ? no.

Mal. Lady, you have ; pray you peruse that letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand.
Write from it if you can, in hand or phrase,
Or say 'tis not your seal, nor your invention ;
You can say none of this. Well grant it then,
And tell me in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
Bad me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon Sir *Toby*, and the lighter people ?
And acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck or gull
That e'er invention plaid on ? tell me, why ?

Oli. Alas, *Malvolio*, this is not my writing,
Tho', I confess, much like the character :
But, out of question, 'tis *Maria's* hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad ; then cam'st thou smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter : pr'ythee, be content ;
This practice hath most shrewdly past upon thee ;
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,

Thou

Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good Madam, hear me speak,
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wondred at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess my self and *Toby*
Set this device against *Malvolio* here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him. *Maria* writ
The letter, at Sir *Toby's* great importance,
In recompence whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides past.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee!

Clo. Why, *some are born great, some achieve greatness,
and some have greatness thrust upon them.* I was one, Sir,
in this interlude; one Sir *Topas*, Sir; but that's all one:
by the Lord, fool, I am not mad; but do you remember,
Madam, *why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you
smile not, he's gagg'd:* and thus the whirligigg of time
brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*]

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and intreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. In the mean time, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. *Cesario*, come,
For so you shall be while you are a man;
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's Queen. [*Exeunt.*]

Clown sings.

*When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain:
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.*

Exit

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*But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, &c.*

*'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain, &c.*

*But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, &c.*

*By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, &c.*

*But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, &c.*

*With tofs-pots I had drunken head,
For the rain, &c.*

*A great while ago the world began,
With hey, ho, &c.*

*But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day. [Exit,*

The End of the THIRD VOLUME.



