



Accessions  
157,375

Shelf No.  
G4024.1

*Barton Library. Vol. 2.*



*Thomas Pennant Barton.*

**Boston Public Library.**

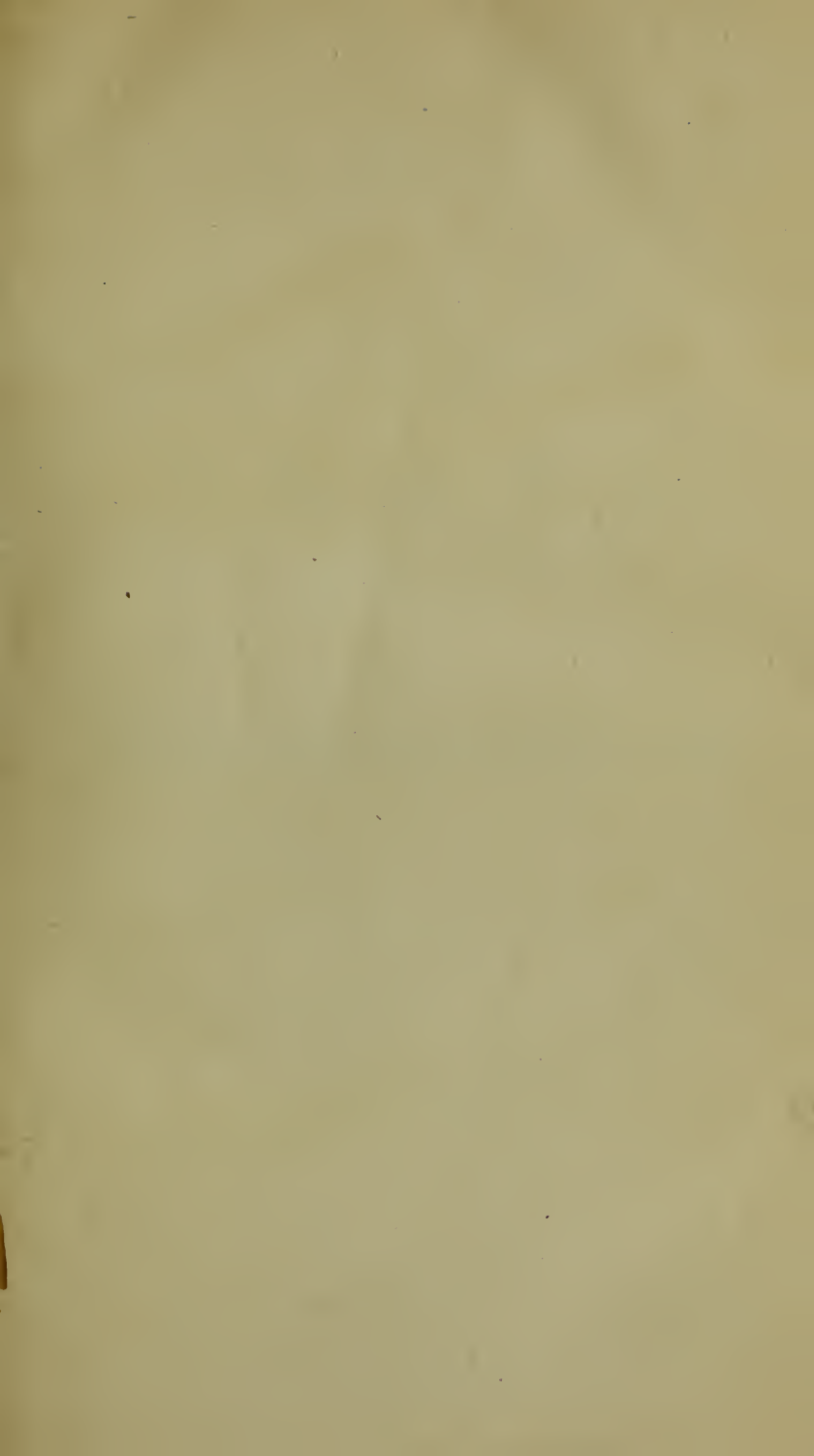
*Received, May, 1873.*

*Not to be taken from the Library.*













THE  
P L A Y S  
O F  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. II.

1850

P L A Y S

OF  
THE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

POETRY

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

LONDON



Printed by

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

LONDON

1850



T H E  
P L A Y S  
O F  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the SECOND,

CONTAINING,

AS YOU LIKE IT.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

The WINTER'S TALE.

TWELFTH NIGHT: Or, WHAT YOU WILL.

The MERRY WIVES of WINDSOR.

---

---

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON, H. WOODFALL, J. RIVINGTON,  
R. BALDWIN, L. HAWES, CLARK and COLLINS, C. CORBET,  
W. JOHNSTON, T. CASLON, T. LONGMAN, T. LOWNDS,  
and the Executors of B. DODD.  
M,DCC,LXV.

c 5941

P L A Y S

151,375

May, 1873

WILLIAM STANLEY

THE SECOND

CHAPTER

AS FOR THE

LOWLANDS

TO THE

THESE

WILLIAM STANLEY

THE END

Printed by W. Stanger, 15, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.

W. Stanger, 15, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.

W. Stanger, 15, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.

1873

Dramatis Personæ.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

A

COMEDY.

VOL. II.

B



## Dramatis Personæ\*.

### DUKE.

Frederick, *brother to the Duke, and usurper.*

Amiens, } *Lords attending upon the Duke in his ba-*  
Jaques, } *nishment.*

Le Beau, *a courtier attending upon Frederick.*

Oliver, *eldest Son to Sir Rowland de Boys.*

Jaques, } *Younger brothers to Oliver.*  
Orlando, }

Adam, *an old servant of Sir Rowland de Boys.*

Touchstone, *a clown.*

Corin, } *Shepherds.*  
Sylvius, }

William, *in love with Audrey.*

Sir Oliver Mar-text, *a country curate.*

Charles, *wrestler to the usurping Duke Frederick.*

Dennis, *servant to Oliver.*

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 lies, first, near Oliver's house; and,  
afterwards, partly in the Duke's Court; and partly  
in the Forest of Arden.*

The first Edition of this play is in the Folio of 1623.

\* The list of the persons, being omitted in the old Editions, was added by Mr. Rowe.

# AS YOU LIKE IT.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*OLIVER'S Orchard.*

*Enter Orlando and Adam.*

ORLANDO.

**A**S I remember, *Adam*, it was upon this fashion bequeath'd me. By Will, but a poor thousand crowns<sup>r</sup>; 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 profit. For

<sup>r</sup> *As I remember, Adam, it was upon this FASHION bequeathed me by Will, but a poor thousand crowns, &c.]* The Grammar, as well as sense, suffers cruelly by this reading. There are two nominatives to the verb *bequeathed*, and not so much as one to the verb *charged*: and yet, to the nominative there wanted, [*his blessing*] refers. So that the whole sentence is confused and obscure. A very small alteration in the reading and pointing sets all right.——

*As I remember, Adam, it was upon this MY FATHER bequeathed me, &c.* The Grammar is now rectified, and the sense also; which is this, *Orlando and Adam* were discoursing together on the cause why the younger brother had but a thousand crowns left him. They agree upon it; and *Orlando* opens the scene in this manner, *As I remember, it was upon this*, i. e. for the reason we have been talking of, that my father left me but a thousand crowns; however, to make a-

For my part, he keeps me rustically at home; or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home, unkept<sup>2</sup>; 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<sup>3</sup>, his countenance 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 lies, 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.

mends for this scanty provision, he charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well.

WARBURTON.

There is, in my opinion, nothing but a point misplaced, and an omission of a word which every hearer can supply, and which therefore an abrupt and eager dialogue naturally excludes.

I read thus: *As I remember, Adam, it was on this fashion bequeathed me. By will but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou sayst, charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well. What is there in this difficult or obscure? the nominative my father is certainly left out, but so left out that the auditor inserts it, in spite of himself.*

<sup>2</sup> STAYS *me here at home, unkept.*] We should read STYS, *i. e.* keeps me like a brute. The following words — *for call you that keeping — that differs not from the stalling of an ox*, confirms this emendation. So *Caliban* says,

*And here you STY me in this hard rock.*

WARB.

*Sties* is better than *stays*, and more likely to be *Shakespeare's*.

<sup>3</sup> His COUNTEenance seems to take from me.] We should certainly read his DISCOUNTEANCE.

WARBURTON.

There is no need of change, a countenance is either good or bad.

SCENE



## SCENE 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 ye here?

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

Oli. What mar ye 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 be nought a while<sup>4</sup>.

Orla.

<sup>4</sup> *Be better employ'd and be nought a while.*] Mr. Theobald has here a very critical note; which, though his modesty suffered him to withdraw it from his second edition, deserves to be perpetuated, *i. e.* (says he) *be better employed, in my opinion, in being and doing nothing. Your idleness as you call it may be an exercise, by which you may make a figure, and endear your self to the world: and I had rather you were a contemptible Cypber. The poet seems to me to have that trite proverbial sentiment in his eye quoted, from Attilius, by the younger Pliny and others; satius est otiosum esse quam nihil agere. But Oliver in the perverseness of his disposition would reverse the doctrine of the proverb. Does the Read-*

*er know what all this means? But 'tis no matter. I will assure him—be nought a while is only a north-country proverbial curse equivalent to, a mischief on you. So the old Poet Skelton.*

*Correct first thy selfe, walke and  
BE NOUGHT,  
Deeme what thou list, thou knowest  
not my thought.*

But what the Oxford Editor could not explain, he would amend, and reads,

*— and do aught a while.*

WARBURTON.

If *be nought a while* has the signification here given it, the reading may certainly stand; but till I learned its meaning from this note, I read,

*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 courtesy 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 your coming before me is nearer to his reverence<sup>5</sup>.

*Oli.* What, boy! [*menacing with his hand.*]

*Orla.* Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this. [*collaring him,*]

*Oli.* Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

*Orla.* I am no villain<sup>6</sup>: I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is

*be better employed, and be naught a while.*

In the same sense as we say *it is better to do mischief, than to do nothing.*

<sup>5</sup> *Albeit, I confess your coming before me is nearer to his REVERENCE.*] This is sense indeed, and may be thus understood,—The reverence due to my father is, in some degree, derived to you, as the first born.—But I am persuaded that *Orlando* did not here mean to compliment his brother, or condemn himself; something of both which there is in that sense. I rather think he

intended a satirical reflection on his brother, who by *letting him feed with his hinds* treated him as one not so nearly related to *old Sir Robert* as himself was. I imagine therefore *Shakespeare* might write, — *albeit your coming before me is nearer to his REVENUE, i. e.* though you are no nearer in blood, yet it must be owned, indeed, you are nearer in estate. *WARBURTON,*

<sup>6</sup> *I am no villain.*] The word *villain* is used by the elder brother, in its present meaning, for a *wicked or bloody man*; by *Orlando*, in its original signification, for a *fellow of base extraction.*

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 pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast rail'd on thyself.

*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 charged you in his Will to give me good education; you have train'd me up like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me 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.

[*Exe. 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 — [*Exit Dennis.*] '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.* Can you tell, if *Rosalind*, the old Duke's daughter, be banish'd with her father?

*Cha.* 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?

*Cha.* 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?

*7 The old Duke's daughter.]* of the dialogue, are inserted from Sir T. Hanmer's Edition.  
The words *old* and *new*, which seem necessary to the perspicuity

*Cha.*

*Cha.* Marry, do I, Sir; and I came 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 myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by under-hand 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 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 villanous 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.

*Cha.* 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.* Fare-

*Oh.* 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.

*Changes to an Open Walk, before the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter Rosalind and Celia.*

*Cel.* Pray thee, *Rosalind*, sweet my 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 I, 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, I will—and when I break

that



that oath, let me turn monster. Therefore, my sweet *Rose*, my dear *Rose*, be merry.

*Rof.* 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.

*Rof.* What shall be our Sport then?

*Cel.* Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel<sup>s</sup>, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

*Rof.* 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.

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

*Enter Touchstone, a Clown.*

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

*Rof.* 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 Goddeses, hath sent this

<sup>s</sup> — *mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel,*] The wheel of fortune is not the wheel of a housewife. *Shakespeare* has confounded fortune whose wheel

only figures uncertainty and vicissitude, with the destinie that spins the thread of life, though indeed not with a wheel.

Natural

Natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, Wit, 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.* 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:—

<sup>o</sup> *Clo.* One, that old *Frederick* your father loves.

*Ros.* My Father's Love is enough to honour him enough;] This Reply to the Clown is in all the Books plac'd to *Rosalind*; but *Frederick* was not her Father, but *Celia's*: I have therefore ventur'd to prefix the Name of *Celia*. There is no Countenance from any Passage in the Play; or from

the *Dramatis Personæ*, to imagine; that Both the Brother-Dukes were Namesakes; and One call'd the Old, and the Other the Younger *Frederick*; and; without some such Authority, it would make Confusion to suppose it.

THEOBALD.

Mr. *Theobald* seems not to know that the *Dramatis Personæ* were first enumerated by *Rowe*.

enough!

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<sup>1</sup>, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great Show: here comes Monsieur *Le Beau*.

SCENE 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 good 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<sup>2</sup>.

*Clo.* Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

*Ros.* Thou lovest thy old smell.

*Le Beau.* You amaze me, ladies<sup>3</sup>. I would have

<sup>1</sup> — since the little wit that fools have was silenc'd.] *Shakespeare* probably alludes to the use of fools or jesters, who for some ages had been allowed in all courts an unbridled liberty of censure and mockery, and about this time began to be less tolerated.

<sup>2</sup> — laid on with a trowel.]

I suppose the meaning is, that there is too heavy a mass of big words laid upon a slight subject.

<sup>3</sup> *You amaze me, ladies.*] To amaze, here, is not to astonish or strike with wonder, but to perplex; to confuse; as, to put out of the intended narrative.



told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the fight of.

*Rof.* 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; —

*Rof.* 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, and there is little hope of life in him: so he serv'd the Second, and so the Third. Yonder they lie, the poor old man their father making such pitiful Dole over them, that all the beholders take his his part with weeping.

*Rof.* Alas!

\* *With bills on their necks: Be it known unto all men by these presents; —*] The ladies and the fool, according to the mode of wit at that time, are at a kind of *cross purposes*. Where the words of one speaker are wrested by another, in a repartee, to a different meaning. As where the *Clown* says just before — *Nay, if I keep not my rank. Rosalind replies—thou los'st thy old smell.* So here when *Rosalind* had said, *With bills on their necks*, the *Clown*, to be quits with her, puts in, *Know all men by these presents.* She spoke of an instru-

ment of war, and he turns it to an instrument of law of the same name, beginning with these words: So that they must be given to him.

WARBURTON.

This conjecture is ingenious. Where meaning is so very thin, as in this vein of jocularity, it is hard to catch, and therefore I know not well what to determine; but I cannot see why *Rosalind* should suppose, that the competitors in a wrestling match carried *bills* on their shoulders, and I believe the whole conceit is in the poor resemblance of *presence* and *presents*.

*Clo.* But

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

*Le Beau.* Why this, that I speak of.

*Clo.* Thus men may 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 see 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, sure, they are coming. Let us now stay and see it.

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?

5 — is there any else longs to see this broken musick in his sides?]  
A stupid error in the copies. They are talking here of some who had their ribs broke in wrestling; and the pleasantry of *Rosalind's* repartee must consist in the allusion she makes to *composing* in musick. It necessarily follows theretore, that the poet wrote—*SET* this broken musick in his sides.

WARBURTON.

If any change were necessary I should write, *feel* this broken musick, for *see*. But *see* is the colloquial term for perception or experiment. So we say every

day, *see* if the water be hot; I will *see* which is the best time; she has tried, and *sees* that she cannot lift it. In this sense *see* may be here used. The sufferer can, with no propriety, be said to *set* the musick; neither is the allusion to the act of tuning an instrument, or pricking a tune, one of which must be meant by *setting* musick. *Rosalind* hints at a whimsical similitude between the series of ribs gradually shortening, and some musical instruments, and therefore calls *broken ribs*, *broken musick*.

*Le Beau.*



*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 would feign 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. [*Duke goes apart.*]

*Le Beau.* Monsieur the Challenger, the Princesses call for you.

*Orla.* I attend them 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 in, 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 yourself with your own eyes<sup>6</sup>; or knew yourself with your 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.

\* Sir T. Hanmer. In the old Editions, the man.

<sup>6</sup> ——— If you saw yourself with YOUR eyes, or knew yourself with YOUR judgment.] Absurd! The sense requires that we should read, OUR eyes, and OUR judgment. The argument is, Your spirits are too bold, and therefore your judgment deceives you; but did you see and know yourself with our more

impartial judgment you would forbear. WARBURTON.

I cannot find the absurdity of the present reading. If you were not blinded and intoxicated, says the princess, with the spirit of enterprise, if you could use your own eyes to see, or your own judgment to know yourself, the fear of your adventure would counsel you.

*Rof.* 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.* <sup>7</sup> 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 trial, 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 supplied when I have made it empty.

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

*Cel.* And mine to eke out hers.

*Rof.* Fare you well. Pray heav'n, I be deceiv'd in you.

*Cel.* Your heart's desires be with you!

*Cha.* Come, where is this young Gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

*Orla.* Ready, Sir. But his Will hath in it a more modest working.

*Duke.* You shall try but one Fall.

*Cha.* 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 mocked me before; but come your ways.

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

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

*Rof.* O excellent young man!

<sup>7</sup> I beseech you, punish me not, confess myself much guilty to deny &c. I should wish to read, I so fair and excellent ladies any beseech you, punish me not with thing. your hard thoughts. Therein I

*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 Beau.* He cannot speak, my Lord.

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

*Orla.* *Orlando*, my liege, the youngest son of Sir *Rowland 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.]

## S C E N E VII.

*Manent* *Celia*, *Rosalind*, *Orlando*.

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

*Orla.* I am more 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 me at heart. Sir, you have well deserv'd:

IF



If you do keep your promises in love,  
But justly as you have exceeded all promise,  
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,

Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune <sup>s</sup>,  
That could 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 quintaine <sup>9</sup>, 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.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*]

Orla. What passion hangs these weights upon my  
tongue?

I cannot speak to her; yet she urg'd conference.

<sup>8</sup> —one out of suits with fortune,] This seems an allusion to cards, where he that has no more cards to play of any particular sort is out of suit.

<sup>9</sup> Is but a quintaine, a meer lifeless block.] A Quintaine was a Post or Butt set up for several kinds of martial exercises, against which they threw their darts and exercised their arms. The allusion is beautiful, I am, says Orlando, only a quintaine, a lifeless block on which love only exercises his arms in jest; the great disparity of condition between Rosalind and

me, not suffering me to hope that love will ever make a serious matter of it. The famous satirist Regnier, who lived about the time of our author, uses the same metaphor, on the same subject, tho' the thought be different.

*Et qui depuis dix ans, jusqu'en  
ses derniers jours,  
A soutenu le prix en l'escrime d'  
amours;  
Lasse en fin de servir au peuple  
de QUINTAINE,  
Elle &c.*

WARBURTON.

*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<sup>i</sup>,  
That he misconstrues all that you have done.  
The Duke is humorous; 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 was at the wrestling?

*Le Beau.* Neither his daughter, if we judge by man-  
ners;  
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 Niece;  
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 ye 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 ye well!  
Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;  
From tyrant Duke unto a tyrant Brother:  
But, heav'nly *Rosalind!*— — [*Exit.*]

<sup>i</sup> — *the Duke's condition,*] *Antonio*, the Merchant of Venice,  
The word *condition* means cha- is called by his friend the *best*  
racter, temper, disposition. So *conditioned man.*

SCENE



## SCENE VIII.

*Changes to an Apartment in the Palace.*

*Re-enter Celia and Rosalind.*

*Cel.* **W**HY, 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 without any.

*Cel.* But is all this for your father?

*Ros.* No, some of it is for my father's child<sup>2</sup>. Oh, how full of briars is this working-day world!

*Cel.* They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday 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.

<sup>2</sup>—for my father's child.] The old Editions have it, for my child's father, that is, as it is explained by Mr. Theobald, for my future husband.

*Cel.* Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? by this kind of chafe<sup>3</sup>, 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?

## S C E N E 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.* Mistrefs, dispatch you with your safest haste, And get you from our Court.

*Ros.* Me, Uncle!

*Duke.* You, Cousin.

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 myself 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 itself.  
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

<sup>3</sup> — by this kind of chafe,] That is, by this way of following the argument. Dear is used by *Shakespeare* in a double sense, for beloved, and for hurtful, hated, baleful. Both senses are autho-

rised, and both drawn from etymology, but properly beloved is dear, and hateful is dere. *Rosalind* uses dearly in the good, and *Celia* in the bad sense.

*Ros.*

*Rof.* Yet your miftruff cannot make me a traitor ;  
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

*Duke.* Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

*Rof.* So was I, when your Highnefs took his Duke-  
dom ;

So was I, when your Highnefs banifh'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, miftake me not fo much,  
To think my poverty is treacherous.

*Cel.* Dear Sovereign, hear me fpeak.

*Duke.* Ay, *Celia*, we but ftaid her for your fake ;  
Elfe had ſhe with her father rang'd along.

*Cel.* I did not then entreat to have her ftay ;  
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 traitor,  
Why fo am I ; we ftill have ſlept together,  
Roſe at an inſtant, learn'd, play'd, eat together ;  
And whereſoe'er we went, like *Juno's* Swans,  
Still we went coupled, and inſeparable.

*Duke.* She is too ſubtle for thee ; and her ſmoothnefs,  
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 <sup>4</sup>,

When ſhe is gone. Then open not thy lips :  
Firm and irrevocable is my doom,  
Which I have paſt upon her. She is banifh'd.

<sup>4</sup> *And thou wilt ſhew more  
bright, and ſeem more virtuous,*  
This implies her to be ſome how  
remarkably defective in virtue ;  
which was not the ſpeaker's  
thought. The poet doubtleſs  
wrote,

— and SHINE more virtuous.

i. e. her virtues would appear  
more ſplendid when the luſtre  
of her couſin's was away.

WARBURTON.

The plain meaning of the old  
and true reading is, that when  
ſhe was ſeen alone, ſhe would be  
more noted.

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

*Duke.* You are a fool—You, Nièce, provide your-  
self;

If you out-stay the time, upon mine Honour,  
And in the Greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt 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.

*Rof.* I have more cause.

*Cel.* Thou hast not, 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<sup>5</sup>,  
Which teacheth thee that thou and I are one.  
Shall we be fundred? 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 change<sup>6</sup> upon you,  
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out:  
For by this heav'n, now at our sorrows pale,  
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

<sup>5</sup> — *Rosalind lacks then the  
love*

*Which teacheth thee that thou  
and I are one.*] The poet  
certainly wrote—*which teacheth*  
ME. For if *Rosalind* had learnt  
to think *Celia* one part of her-  
self, she could not *lack* that love  
which *Celia* complains she does.

WARBURTON.

Either reading may stand. The

sense of the established text is not  
remote or obscure. Where would  
be the absurdity of saying, *You  
know not the law which teaches  
you to do right.*

<sup>6</sup> — *take your change upon  
you.*] In all the later editions,  
from Mr. *Rowe's* to Dr. *War-  
burton's*, *change* is altered to  
*charge*, without any reason.



*Rof.* Why, whither fhall we go?

*Cel.* To feek my Uncle in the foreft of *Arden*.

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

*Cel.* I'll put myfelf in poor and mean attire,  
And with a kind of umber fmirch my face;  
The like do you; fo fhall we pafs along,  
And never ftir affailants.

*Rof.* Were't not better,  
Because that I am more than common tall,  
That I did fuit me all points like a man?  
A gallant Curtie-ax<sup>7</sup> upon my thigh,  
A boar-fpear in my hand, and (in my heart  
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)  
I'll have<sup>8</sup> a fwafhing and a martial outside,  
As many other mannifh Cowards have,  
That do outface it with their femblances.

*Cel.* What fhall I call thee, when thou art a man?

*Rof.* I'll have no worfe 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 ftate:  
No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena*.

*Rof.* But, Coufin, what if we affaid to ftial  
The clownifh 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;  
Devife the fitteft time, and fafeft way  
To hide us from purfuit that will be made  
After my flight: now go we in content  
To Liberty, and not to Banifhment.

[*Exeunt*.

<sup>7</sup> — *curtle-axe*, or *cutlace*, a  
broad fword.

<sup>8</sup> I'll have] Sir T. Hammer,  
for we'll have.



## ACT II. SCENE I.

Arden F O R E S T.

*Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, and two or three Lords  
like Foresters.*

D U K E *senior.*

N O W, 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<sup>9</sup> of *Adam*,  
'The Seasons' difference; as, the icy fang,  
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;  
Which, when it bites and blows upon my 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<sup>1</sup>:  
And this our life, exempt from pablick haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

<sup>9</sup> In former editions, *Here feel we not the Penalty.*] What was the Penalty of *Adam*, hinted at by our Poet? The being sensible of the Difference of the Seasons. The *Duke* says, the Cold and Effects of the Winter feelingly persuade him what he is. How does he *not* then feel the Penalty? Doubtless, the Text must be restor'd as I have corrected it: and 'tis obvious in the Course of these Notes, how often *not* and *but* by Mistake have chang'd Place in

our Author's former Editions.

THEOBALD.

<sup>1</sup> *Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,*

*Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:*] It was the current opinion in *Shakespeare's* time, that in the head of an old toad was to be found a stone, or pearl, to which great virtues were ascribed. This stone has been often sought, but nothing has been found more than accidental or perhaps morbid indurations of the skull.

*Ami.*

*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.

*1 Lord.* Indeed, my Lord,  
The melancholy *Jaques* 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 myself,  
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 hunters' 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 *Jaques*,  
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,  
Augmenting it with tears.

*Duke Sen.* But what said *Jaques*?  
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

*1 Lord.* O yes, into a thousand similies.  
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:

\* *I would not change it.*] Mr. and makes *Amiens* begin, *Happy Upton*, not without probability, *is your Grace.*  
gives these words to the duke,

'Tis

'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 *Jaques*,  
 Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens,  
 'Tis just the fashion; wherefore do you look  
 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?  
 Thus most invectively he pierceth 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 contem-  
 plation?

*2 Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and comment-  
 ing  
 Upon the sobbing deer.

*Duke Sen.* Show me the place;  
 I love to cope him <sup>2</sup> in these fullen fits.  
 For then he's full of matter.

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

## S C E N E II.

*Changes to the PALACE again.*

*Enter Duke Frederick with Lords.*

*Duke.* **C**AN 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.

<sup>2</sup> ——— to cope him,] To encounter him; to engage with him.

*2 Lord.*



2 *Lord.* My lord the roynish Clown, at whom so oft

Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.  
*Hesperia*, the Princess' Gentlewoman,  
 Confesses, that she secretly o'er-heard  
 Your Daughter and her Cousin much commend  
 The parts and graces of the Wrestler,  
 That did but lately foil the finewy *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.*

S C E N E III.

*Changes to 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 bony <sup>3</sup> Prifer of the humorous Duke ?  
 Your Praise is come too swiftly home before you.  
 Know you not, master, to some kind of men  
 Their Graces serve them but as enemies ?

<sup>3</sup> In the former editions, *The BONNY Prifer* —] We should read *BONEY Prifer*. For this wrestler is characterised for his strength and bulk, not for his gayety or good-humour.

WARBURTON.

So *Milton*, *Giants of mighty bone.*

No



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 lie,  
 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 lie lame,  
 And unregarded age in corners thrown.  
 Take That: and he that doth the ravens feed,  
 Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,

\* — *diverted blood.*] Blood turned out of the course of nature.

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 weakness 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 cloak their service up  
 Even with the Having<sup>s</sup>. 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 recompense me better  
 Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>s</sup> *Even with the having.*] Even with the promotion gained by service is service extinguished.

S C E N E

## SCENE VI.

*Changes to the FOREST of Arden.*

*Enter Rosalind in Boys cloaths for Ganimed, Celia drest like a Shepherdes for Aliena, and Touchstone the Clown.*

*Rof.* O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits<sup>o</sup>?

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

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

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

*Clo.* 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.

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

*Enter Corin and Silvius.*

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

<sup>o</sup> O Jupiter! how merry are my Spirits?] And yet, within the Space of one intervening Line, She says, She could find in her Heart to disgrace her Man's Apparel, and cry like a Woman. Sure, this is but a very bad Symptom of the *Briskeness of Spirits*:

rather a direct Proof of the contrary Disposition. Mr. *Warburton* and I, concurred in conjecturing it should be, as I have reformed in the Text: — how weary are my Spirits? And the Clown's Reply makes this Reading certain.

THEOBALD.

*Sil.*

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

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

*Sil.* No, *Corin*, being old, thou canſt not guesſ,  
Tho' in thy youth thou waſt as true as 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 fantaſy?

*Cor.* Into a thouſand that I have forgotten.

*Sil.* O, 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 fate as I do now,  
Wearying the hearer in thy miſtreſs; praife;  
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.——

[*Exit Sil.*]

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

*Rof.* Alas, poor Shepherd! ſearching of thy wound,  
I have by hard adventure found my own.

*Clo.* 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 kiſſing of her batlet<sup>8</sup>, 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

<sup>7</sup> I am inclined to believe that from this paſſage *Suckling* took the hint of his ſong.

*Honeſt lover, whoſoever,  
If in all thy love there ever  
Were one wav'ring thought, thy  
flame  
Were not even, ſtill the ſame.*

*Know this  
Thou lov'ſt amiſs,  
And to love true  
Thou muſt begin again and love  
anew, &c.*

<sup>8</sup> —batlet,—] The inſtrument with which waſhers beat their coarſe cloaths.



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 as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly<sup>o</sup>.

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

*Clo.* Nay, I shall ne'er be aware 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, Sir.

*Cor.* Else they are very wretched.

*Ros.* Peace, I say—Good Even to you, friend.

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

*Ros.* I pry'thee, 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 Shepherd to another man,

\* For *cods* it would be more like sense to read *peas*, which, having the shape of pearls, resembled the common presents of lovers.

<sup>o</sup> — *so is all nature in love mortal in folly.*] This expression I do not well understand. In the middle counties, *mortal*, from *mort*

a great quantity, is used as a particle of amplification; as, *mortal tall, mortal little*. Of this sense I believe *Shakespeare* takes advantage to produce one of his darling equivocations. Thus the meaning will be, *so is all nature in love, abounding in folly*.

And do not share the fleeces that I graze;  
 My Master is of churlish disposition,  
 And little reckes 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 ye will feed on; but what is, come see;  
 And in my voice most welcome shall ye be<sup>1</sup>.

*Rof.* What is he, that shall buy his flock and pasture?

*Cor.* That young swain, that ye saw here but ere-while,

That little cares for buying any thing.

*Rof.* I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,  
 Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,  
 And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

*Cel.* And we will mend thy wages.

— I like this place, and willingly could waste  
 My time in it.

*Cor.* Assuredly, 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 lie with me,*

<sup>1</sup> *And in my voice right welcome shall ye be.] In my voice, as far as I have a voice or vote, as far as I have power to bid you welcome.*

*And tune his merry note.*

*Unto the sweet bird's throat,*

*Come hither, come hither, come hither :*

*Here shall he 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 stanza; call you 'em stanza'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 myself.

*Jaq.* Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you; but That, they call Compliments, is like the encounter of two dog-apes. And when a man thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly 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.

\* In old editions, *ragged*.

## S O N G.

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

*Faq.* I'll give thee a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

*Ami.* And I'll sing it.

*Faq.* Thus it goes.

If it do come to pass,  
 That any man turn ass;  
 Leaving his wealth and ease  
 A stubborn will to please,  
 Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame †;  
     Here shall he see  
     Gross fools as he,  
 An' if he will come to me.

*Ami.* What's that's ducdame?

*Faq.* 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle.—I'll go to 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, severally.*]

\* Old Edition, *to live.*

*duc ad me.* That is, *bring him to me.*

† For *ducdame* Sir T. Hanmer, very acutely and judiciously, reads,



## S C E N E VI.

*Enter Orlando and Adam.*

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

*Orla.* Why, how now, *Adam!* no greater heart in thee?—live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If 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 you quickly. Yet thou liest 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.*

## S C E N E VII.

*Another part of the FOREST.*

*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*

*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 world —<sup>2</sup>  
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 motley 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 poke,  
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,

<sup>2</sup> *A motley fool; a miserable* change we make so great as appears at first sight.  
WORLD!] What! because he appears at first sight.  
met a *motley fool*, was it therefore a *miserable world*? This is sadly blundered; we should read,

—— a *miserable* VARLET.

His head is altogether running on this fool, both before and after these words, and here he calls him a *miserable varlet*, notwithstanding he *railed on lady fortune in good terms*, &c. Nor is the

WARBURTON.  
I see no need of changing *world* to *varlet*, nor, if a change were necessary, can I guess how it should be certainly known that *varlet* is the true word. *A miserable world* is a parenthetical exclamation, frequent among melancholy men, and natural to *Jaqes* at the sight of a fool, or at the hearing of reflections on the fragility of life.

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 cramm'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<sup>3</sup>;  
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 gaul'd with my folly,  
They most must laugh; and why, Sir, must they so?  
The *why* is plain, as way to parish church;  
He<sup>4</sup>, 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 squandring glances of a fool.

<sup>3</sup> Only suit.] Suit means petition, I believe, not dress.

<sup>4</sup> He, whom a Fool doth very wisely hit,  
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,

—Seem senseless of the bob. If not, &c.] Besides that the third Verse is defective one whole Foot in Measure, the Tenour of what Jaques continues to say, and the Reasoning of the Passage, shew it is no less defective in the Sense. There is no doubt, but the two little Monosyllables,

which I have supplied, were either by Accident wanting in the Manuscript Copy, or by Inadvertence were left out.

THEOBALD.

\* If not, &c.] Unless men have the prudence not to appear touched with the sarcasms of a Jester, they subject themselves to his power, and the wise man will have his folly anatomised, that is, dissected and laid open by the squandring glances or random shots 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.

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

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

For thou thyself hast been a libertine,  
As sensual as the brutish sting<sup>s</sup>;  
And all the embossed fores and headed evils,  
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,  
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

*Faq.* 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 metal of my speech?  
There then; how then? what then? let me see  
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?

<sup>s</sup> *As sensual as the brutish sting.* ] in this passage, yet as it is a harsh  
though the *brutish sting* is capa- and unusual mode of speech, I  
ble of a sense not inconvenient should read the *brutish fly*.



## S B E N E VIII.

*Enter Orlando, with Sword drawn.*

*Orla.* Forbear, and eat no more.—

*Jaq.* Why, I have eat none yet.

*Orla.* Nor shalt thou, 'till necessity be serv'd.

*Jaq.* What kind should this Cock come of?

*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<sup>6</sup>

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the shew  
Of smooth civility; yet am I inland bred,  
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:  
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,  
'Till I and my affairs are answer'd.

*Jaq.* If you will not  
Be answer'd with reason, I must die.

*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,

<sup>6</sup> ——— *The thorny point* read *torn* with more elegance,  
*Of sharp distress has ta'en from* but elegance alone will not justify  
*me the shew* alteration.  
*Of smooth civility.]* We might

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 fate 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.

[*Sheathing his sword.*]

*Duke Sen.* True is it, that we have seen better days;  
 And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;  
 And fate 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,<sup>7</sup>  
 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 blest'd for your good comfort!  
 [Exit.]

### S C E N E IX.

*Duke Sen.* Thou see'st, we are not all alone unhappy:  
 This wide and universal Theatre

<sup>7</sup> *Then take upon command what help we have.*] It seems necessary to read, *then take upon demand what help, &c. that is, ask for what we can supply, and have it.*

Presents more woful pageants, than the scene  
Wherein we play in.

*Jaq.* All the world's 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 fatchel,  
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 fevere, and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances<sup>8</sup>,  
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts<sup>9</sup>  
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 shank; and his big manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes

<sup>8</sup> *Full of wise saws and modern instances.*] It is remarkable that *Shakspear* uses *modern* in the double sense that the *Greeks* used *καινο*, both for *recens* and *absurdus*.  
WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether *modern* is in this place used for *absurd*: the meaning seems to be, that the justice is full of *old sayings* and *late examples*.

<sup>9</sup> — *The sixth age shifts*  
*Into the lean and slipper'd pan-*  
*taloon.*] There is a greater

beauty than appears at first sight in this image. He is here comparing human life to a *stage play*, of seven acts, (which was no unusual division before our author's time.) The sixth he calls the *lean and slipper'd pantaloon*, alluding to that general character in the *Italian* comedy, called *Il Pantalón*; who is a thin emaciated old man in *slippers*; and well designed, in that epithet, because *Pantalón* is the only character that acts in *slippers*.  
WARZ.

And

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  
burden<sup>1</sup>;  
And let him feed.

*Orla.* I thank you most for him.

*Adam.* So had you need.

I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

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

Amiens *sings.*

SONG.

*Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude;  
Thy tooth is not so keen<sup>2</sup>,  
Because thou art not seen,  
Altho' thy breath be rude.*

*Heigh*

<sup>1</sup> — Set down your venerable burthen.] Is it not likely that *Shakespeare* had in his mind this line of the *Metamorphoses*?

—— *Patremque  
Fert humerus, venerabile onus  
Cythereius heros.*

<sup>2</sup> *Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,]*  
This song is designed to suit the

Duke's exiled condition, who had been ruined by *ungrateful flatterers*. Now the *winter wind*, the song says, is to be prefer'd to *man's ingratitude*. But why? *Because it is not seen*. But this was not only an aggravation of the injury, as it was done in secret, *not seen*, but was the very circumstance that made the keenness of the ingratitude of his faith-



*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:  
Tho' thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remembred not.  
Heigh ho! sing, &c.*

faithless courtiers. Without doubt, *Shakespeare* wrote the line thus,

*Because thou art not SHEEN,*

*i. e.* smiling, shining, like an ungrateful court-servant, who flatters while he wounds, which was a very good reason for giving the *winter wind* the preference. So in the *Midsummer's Night's Dream*,

*Spangled star light SHEEN.*

and several other places. *Chaucer* uses it in this sense,

*You blisful suster Lucina the  
SHENE.*

And *Fairfax*,

*The sacred Angel took his Tar-  
get SHENE,  
And by the Christian Champion  
stood unseene.*

The *Oxford* editor, who had this emendation communicated to him, takes occasion from thence to alter the whole line thus,

*Thou causest not that teen.*

But, in his rage of correction, he

forgot to leave the reason, which is now wanting, Why the *winter wind* was to be preferred to *man's ingratitude*. *WARBURTON*.

I am afraid that no reader is satisfied with *Dr. Warburton's* emendation, however vigorously enforced; and it is indeed enforced with more art than truth. *Sheen, i. e. smiling, shining*. That *sheen* signifies *shining* is easily proved, but when or where did it signify *smiling*? yet *smiling* gives the sense necessary in this place. *Sir T. Hamner's* change is less uncouth, but too remote from the present text. For my part I question whether the original line is not lost, and this substituted merely to fill up the measures and the rhyme. Yet even out of this line, by strong agitation, may sense be elicited, and sense not unsuitable to the occasion. *Thou winter wind*, says the Duke, *thy rudeness gives the less pain*, as thou art not seen, *as thou art an enemy that dost not brave us with thy presence, and whose unkindness is therefore not aggravated by insult.*

Duke

*Duke Sen.* If that you were the good Sir *Rowland's* Son,

As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,  
 And as mine eyes 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.*]

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*The PALACE.*

*Enter Duke, Lords, and Oliver.*

DUKE.

NOT see him since?—Sir, Sir, that cannot be—  
 But were I not the better part made mercy,  
 I should not seek an absent argument<sup>3</sup>  
 Of my revenge, the 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.

<sup>3</sup> *An absent argument.*]—An considered it as meaning the *subject*,  
*argument* is used for the contents of and then used it for *subject* in yet  
 a book, thence *Shakespeare* con- another sense.

*Oli.*

*Oli.* Oh, 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 <sup>4</sup>, and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Changes to the FOREST.*

*Enter Orlando.*

*Orla.* **H**Ang there, my verse, in witness of my  
love ;

And thou, thrice-crowned Queen of night, survey <sup>5</sup> ;  
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 <sup>6</sup>. [*Exit.*]

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Corin and Clown.*

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

<sup>4</sup> *Expediently.*] This is, *expeditiously.*

<sup>5</sup> *Thrice-crowned Queen of night.*] Alluding to the triple character of *Proserpine*, *Cynthia*, and *Diana*, given by some Mythologists to the same God-

dress, and comprised in these memorial lines :

*Terret, lustrat, agit, Proserpina, Luna, Diana, Ima, superna; feras, sceptro, fulgore, sagittis.*

<sup>6</sup> *Unexpressive, for inexpressible.*

*Clo.*



*Clo.* 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<sup>7</sup>, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

*Clo.* Such a one is a natural philosopher<sup>8</sup>. Wast ever in Court, shepherd?

*Cor.*

<sup>7</sup> *He that hath learned no wit by nature or art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of very dull kindred.*] Common sense requires us to read,

*may complain of* GROSS *breeding.*

The *Oxford* editor has greatly improved this emendation by reading, — *bad breeding.*

WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether the custom of the language in *Shakespeare's* time did not authorize this mode of speech, and make *complain of good breeding* the same with *complain of the want of good*

VOL. II.

breeding. In the last line of the *Merchant of Venice* we find that to *fear the keeping* is to *fear the not keeping.*

<sup>8</sup> *Such a one is a natural philosopher.*] The shepherd had said all the Philosophy he knew was the property of things, that *rain wetted, fire burnt, &c.* And the *Clown's* reply, in a satire on *Physicks* or *Natural Philosophy*, though introduced with a quibble, is extremely just. For the *Natural Philosopher* is indeed as ignorant (notwithstanding all his parade of knowledge) of the *efficient cause* of things as the *Rustic*. It appears, from a thousand

E.

find



Cor. No, truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope—

Clo. Truly, thou art damn'd, like an ill-roasted egg<sup>9</sup>, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at Court? your reason.

Clo.<sup>1</sup> 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 manners 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 courtesy would be uncleanly, if Courtiers were shepherds.

Clo. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Clo. Why, do not your Courtiers' hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? shallow, shallow!—a better instance, I say: come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

and instances, that our poet was well acquainted with the Physics of his time: and his great penetration enabled him to see this remediless defect of it.

WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> Like an ill-roasted egg.] Of this jest I do not fully comprehend the meaning.

<sup>1</sup> Why, if thou never wast at Court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never, &c.] This reasoning is drawn up in

imitation of *Friar John's* to *Panurge* in *Rablais*. *Si tu es Coquin, ergo ta femme sera belle; ergo tu seras bien traité d'elle; ergo tu auras des Amis beaucoup; ergo tu seras sauvé.* The last inference is pleasantly drawn from the popish doctrine of the intercession of Saints. And, I suppose, our jocular *English* proverb, concerning this matter, was founded in *Friar John's* logic.

WARBURTON.

Clo.

*Clo.* Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again:—a more founder instance, come.

*Cor.* And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kifs tarr? the Courtier's hands are perfum'd with civet.

*Clo.* Most shallow man!—thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh—indeed!—learn of the wife, and perpend. Civet is of a baser birth than tarr; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

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

*Clo.* Wilt thou rest damn'd; God help thee, shallow man; God make incision in thee<sup>2</sup>, 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.

*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 catt'le; to be a bawd to a bell-weather<sup>3</sup>; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelve-month 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 shouldst 'scape.

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

<sup>2</sup> Make incision in thee ] To make incision was a proverbial expression then in vogue for; to make to understand, So in *Beaumont and Fletcher's Humourous Lieutenant*.

*Angel-ey'd King, vouchsafe at length thy favour; And so proceeds to incision.*—

*i. e.* to make him understand what he would be at.

WARBURTON.

— O excellent King,  
Thus he begins, thou life and  
light of creatures.

<sup>3</sup> Bawd to a Belweather.] *We-ther* and *Ram* had anciently the same meaning.

## SCENE IV.

*Enter Rosalind, with a paper.*

Ros. *From the east to western Inde,  
No jewel is like Rosalind,  
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,  
Through all the world bears Rosalind.  
All the pictures, fairest limn'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-woman's rate to market <sup>4</sup>.

Ros. Out, fool!

Clo. For a taste.—

*If a hart doth lack a hind,  
Let him seek out Rosalind.  
If the cat will after kind,  
So, be 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 sowrest 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 yourself with them?

<sup>4</sup> *Rate to market.* So Sir T. Hanmer. In the former Editions rank to market.



Rof. Peace, you dull fool, I found them on a tree.  
Clo. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Rof. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medler; then it will be the earliest fruit i'th' country; for you will 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.

S C E N E V.

*Enter Celia, with a writing.*

Rof. 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<sup>s</sup>.  
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.*

<sup>s</sup> *That shall civil sayings show.*] of nature. This desert shall not appear *unpeopled*, for every tree shall teach the maxims or incidents of social life.



Therefore heaven nature charg'd<sup>6</sup>,  
 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<sup>7</sup>;  
<sup>8</sup>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<sup>9</sup> dearest priz'd.  
 Heav'n would that she these gifts should have,  
 And I should 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?

<sup>6</sup> Therefore heaven nature charg'd.] From the picture of Apelles, or the accomplishments of Pandora.

Πανόωθεν, ὅτι πάντες εὐρύμνησά δώματ' ἔχουσιν

Δῶρον ἐδώρησαν. —

So before,

But thou

So perfect, and so peerless art  
 counted

Of ev'ry creature's best.

Tempest.

Perhaps from this passage Swift had his hint of Biddy Floyd.

<sup>7</sup> Atalanta's better part.] I know not well what could be the better part of *Atalanta* here ascribed to *Rosalind*. Of the *Atalanta* most celebrated, and who therefore must be intended here where she has no epithet of discrimination, the

better part seems to have been her heels, and the worse part was so bad that *Rosalind* would not thank her lover for the comparison. There is a more obscure *Atalanta*, a Huntress and a Heroine, but of her nothing bad is recorded, and therefore I know not which was the better part. *Shakespeare* was no despicable Mythologist, yet he seems here to have mistaken some other character for that of *Atalanta*.

<sup>8</sup> Sad, is grave, sober, not light.

<sup>9</sup> The Touches.] The features; les traits.

<sup>1</sup> O most gentle JUPITER!] We should read JUNIPER, as the following words shew, alluding to the proverbial term of a *Juniper lecture*: A sharp or unpleasing one! *Juniper* being a rough prickly plant. **WARBURTON.**  
 Surely *Jupiter* may stand.

*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. [*Exeunt* Corin and Clown.

S C E N E VI.

*Cel.* Didst thou hear these verses?

*Ros.* 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.

*Ros.* 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 wondring how thy name should be hang'd and carv'd upon these trees?

*Ros.* I was seven of the nine days out of wonder, before you came; for, look here, what I found on a palm-tree; <sup>2</sup> I was never so be-rhymed since *Pythagoras's* time, that I was an *Irish* rat, which I can hardly remember.

*Col.* Trow you, who hath done this?

*Ros.* Is it a man?

<sup>2</sup> *I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras's time, that I was an Irish rat.*] *Rosalind* is a very learned Lady. She alludes to the *Pythagorean* doctrine which teaches that souls transmigrate from one animal to another, and relates that in his time she was an *Irish rat*, and by some metrical charm was rhymed to death.

The power of killing rats with rhymes *Donne* mentions in his satires, and *Temple* in his treatises. *Dr. Gray* has produced a similar passage from *Randolph*.

— My Poets

*Shall with a saytire steeped in vinegar*  
Rhyme them to death, as they do rats in Ireland.

*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 remov'd 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 whooping—

*Rof.* <sup>3</sup> Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am comparifon'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? <sup>4</sup> One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery. I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it; quickly, and speak apace; I would thou couldst 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

<sup>3</sup> *Good my complexion!* This is a mode of expression, Mr. Theobald says, which he cannot reconcile to common sense. Like enough: and so too the Oxford Editor. But the meaning is, *Hold good my complexion*, i. e. let me not blush.

WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> *One inch of delay more is a South sea of discovery.*] This is stark nonsense; we must read—*off* discovery, i. e. from discovery. “If you delay me one inch of time longer, I shall think this secret as far from discovery as the *South sea* is.”

WARBURTON.

This sentence is rightly noted by the Commentator as nonsense, but not so happily restored to

sense. I read thus:

*One Inch of delay more is a South-sea.* Discover, I pr'ythee: tell me who is it quickly!—When the transcriber had once made *discovery* from *discover*, I, he easily put an article after *South-sea*. But it may be read with still less change, and with equal probability. *Every Inch of delay more is a South sea discovery: Every delay*, however short, is to me tedious and irksome as the longest voyage, as a voyage of *discovery* on the *South-sea*. How much voyages to the *South-sea*, on which the *English* had then first ventured, engaged the conversation of that time, may be easily imagined.

all



all. I pr'ythee take the cōrk out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

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

*Rof.* 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 litle beard.

*Rof.* Why, God will fend 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.

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

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

*Rof.* *Orlando!*

*Cel.* *Orlando.*

*Rof.* 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 he 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*<sup>s</sup> 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.

*Rof.* 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 easy to count atoms, as to resolve the propositions of a lover: but take a taste of my find-

<sup>s</sup> — *Garagantua's mouth.*] *Rosalind* requires nine questions to be answered in *one word*, *Celia* tells her that a word of such magnitude is too big for any mouth but that of *Garagantua* the giant of *Rabelais*.



ing him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree like a dropp'd acorn<sup>6</sup>.

*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.* Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I prythee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

*Ros.* Oh, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

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

*Ros.* Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak—Sweet, say on.

## S C E N E VII.

*Enter Orlando and Jaques.*

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

*Ros.* 'Tis he; sink by, and note him.

[*Celia and Rosalind retire.*]

*Jaq.* I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself 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 strangers.

<sup>6</sup> — *I found him under a tree like a dropp'd acorn.*] We should read,

*Under AN OAK tree.*

This appears from what follows — *like a dropp'd acorn.* For how

did he look like a *dropp'd acorn* unless he was found under an oak-tree. And from *Rosalind's* reply, *that it might well be called Jove's tree:* For the *Oak* was sacred to *Jove.* WARBURTON.

*Jaq.*

*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.

*Orla.* 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<sup>7</sup>: but I answer you right 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 most 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.* 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.

7 — but I answer you right painted cloth.] This alludes to the Fashion, in old Tapestry Hangings, of Motto's and moral Sentences from the Mouths of the Figures work'd or painted in them. The poet again hints at this Custom in his Poem, call'd, *Tarquin and Lucrece*:

*Who fears a Sentence, or an old Man's Saw,*

*Shall by a painted Cloth be kept in Awe.* THEOBALD.

Sir T. Hanmer reads, *I answer you right*, in the stile of the *painted cloth*. Something seems wanting, and I know not what can be proposed better.

*Orla.*

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

*Faq.* I'll stay no longer with you; farewell, good  
Signior love! [Exit.

## S C E N E VIII.

*Orla.* I am glad of your departure; adieu, good  
Monsieur melancholy! [*Cel. and Ros. come forward.*

*Ros.* 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?

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

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

*Ros.* Then there is no true lover in the Forest; else,  
fighing 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?

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

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

*Ros.* Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, be-  
tween 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?

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

*Orla.* Whom doth he gallop withal?

*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 still 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 shepherds, 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 \* in-land 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, forfooth, deifying 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.

\* — *inland man,*] Is used in *So Orlando* before—*Yet am I inland bred, and know some nurture.* in opposition to the *rustick* of the priest.

*Orla.*



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

*Rof.* 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?

*Rof.* A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit<sup>s</sup>, 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-de-vice in your accoutrements, as loving yourself, 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 lye to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the Verses on the trees, wherein *Rosalind* is so admired?

*Orla.* I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of *Rosalind*, I am That 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 merely a madness, and, I tell you,

<sup>s</sup> — an unquestionable spirit.] *speare* has used a passive for an active mode of speech: so in a former scene, *The Duke is too disputable for me*, that is, too disputatious.

deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as mad men do: and the reason why they are not so punished 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?

*Res.* 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 sutor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook meerly monastick; and thus I cur'd him, and this 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.

*Res.* 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.

*Res.* Go with me to it, and I will shew it you; and,

° — to a living humour of madness;] If this be the true reading we must by living understand lasting, or permanent, but I cannot forbear to think that some antithesis was intended which is now lost; perhaps the passage stood thus, *I drove my sutor from a dying humour of love to a living humour of madness.* Or rather thus, *from a mad humour of love to a loving humour of madness*, that is, from a madness that was love, to a love that was madness. This seems somewhat harsh and strained, but such modes of speech are not unusual in our poet: and this harshness was probably the cause of the corruption.

by

by the way, you shall tell me where in the Forest you live. Will you go?

*Orla.* With all my heart, good youth.

*Ros.* Nay, nay, you must call me *Rosalind* — Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*]

### S C E N E IX.

*Enter Clown, Audrey and Jaques watching them.*

*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 *Goths*.

*Jaq.* [*aside*] 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 reckoning in a little room<sup>1</sup>; truly, I would the Gods had made thee poetical.

*Aud.*

<sup>1</sup> — it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room;] Nothing was ever wrote in higher humour than this simile. A great reckoning, in a little room, implies that the entertainment was mean, and the bill extravagant. The poet here alluded to the *French* proverbial phrase of the quarter of hour of *Rabelais*: who said, there was only one quarter of hour in human life passed ill, and that was between the calling for the reckoning and paying it. Yet the

delicacy of our *Oxford* Editor would correct this into, *It strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.* This is amending with a vengeance. When men are joking together in a merry humour, all are disposed to laugh. One of the company says a good thing; the jest is not taken; all are silent, and he who said it, quite confounded. This is compared to a tavern jollity interrupted by the coming in of a great reckoning. Had not *Shakespeare* reason now in



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

*Faq.* [*aside*] A material fool <sup>2</sup>!

*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 Martext*; the vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

*Faq.* [*aside*] I would fain see this meeting.

in this case to apply his simile, to his own case, against his critical editor? Who, 'tis plain, taking the phrase to *strike dead* in a literal sense, concluded, from his knowledge in philosophy, that it could not be so effectually done by a *reckoning* as by a *recking*.

WARBURTON.

\* — and what they swear in

poetry, &c.] This sentence seems perplexed and inconsequent, perhaps it were better read thus, *What they swear as lovers they may be said to feign as poets.*

<sup>2</sup> A material fool!] A fool with *matter* in him; a fool stocked with notions.

† By *foul* is meant *coy* or *frowning*. HANMER.



*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' <sup>3</sup>? 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 more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; 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* <sup>4</sup>, you are well met. Will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your Chapel?

*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.

*Jac.* [*discovering himself*] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

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

*Jac.* Will you be married, *Motley*?

*Clo.* As the ox hath his bow, Sir, the horse his

<sup>3</sup> — *what tho?*] What then. *Sir.* This was not always a word

<sup>4</sup> *Sir Oliver.*] He that has taken his first degree at the University, is in the academical style called *Dominus*, and in common language was heretofore termed of contempt; the graduates assumed it in their own writings; so *Trevifa* the historian writes himself *Syr* John de *Trevifa*.

curb, and the falcon his bells, so man hath his desire; 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 wainscot; 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. Farewel, good *Sir Oliver*; not *O sweet Oliver*, *O brave Oliver*, leave me not behind thee, but wind away, begone, 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. [*Exeunt.*]

*s Not O sweet Oliver, O brave, &c.]* Some words of an old ballad.

WARBURTON.

Of this speech, as it now appears, I can make nothing, and think nothing can be made. In the same breath he calls his mistresses to be married, and sends away the man that should marry them. *Dr. Warburton* has very happily observed, that *O sweet Oliver* is a quotation from an old song; I believe there are two quotations put in opposition to each other. For *wind* I read *wend*, the old word for *go*. Perhaps the whole passage may be regulated thus,

*Clo.* I am not in the mind, but it were better for me 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—Come, sweet *Audrey*, we must be married, or we must live in bawdry.

*Jac.* Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee. [*they whisper.*]

*Clo.* Farewel, good *Sir Oliver*, not *O sweet Oliver*, *O brave Oliver*. leave me not behind thee, — but

*Wind away,*

*Begone, I say,*

*I will not to wedding with thee* [*to-day.*]

Of this conjecture the reader may take as much as shall appear necessary to the sense, or conducive to the humour.

## SCENE X.

*Changes to a Cottage in the Forest.*

*Enter Rosalind and Celia.*

*Rof.* **N**Ever talk to me—I will weep.

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

*Rof.* But have I not cause to weep?

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

*Rof.* His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

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

*Rof.* I'faith, his hair is of a good colour<sup>6</sup>.

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

*Rof.* And his kissing is as full of sanctity, as the touch of holy Beard<sup>7</sup>.

*Cel.* He hath bought a pair of cast lips of *Diana*; a nun of *Winter's* sisterhood<sup>8</sup> kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

*Rof.*

<sup>6</sup> There is much of nature in this petty perverseness of *Rosalind*; she finds faults in her lover, in hope to be contradicted, and when *Celia* in sportive malice too readily seconds her accusations, she contradicts herself, rather than suffer her favourite to want a vindication.

<sup>7</sup> — as the touch of holy bread.] We should read *beard*, that is, as the kiss of an holy saint or hermit, called the *kiss of charity*: This makes the comparison just and decent; the other impious and absurd. WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> — a nun of *Winter's* sisterhood.] This is finely expressed. But *Mr. Theobald* says, the words give him no idea. And 'tis certain, that words will never give men what nature has denied them. However, to mend the matter, he substitutes *Winifred's* sisterhood. And, after so happy a thought it was to no purpose to tell him there was no religious order of that denomination. The plain truth is, *Shakespeare* meant an unfruitful sisterhood, which had devoted itself to chastity. For as those who were of the sisterhood of



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

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

*Ros.* 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<sup>9</sup>, or a worm-eaten nut.

*Ros.* Not true in love?

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

*Ros.* 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.

*Ros.* I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him: he asked 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<sup>1</sup> the heart of his lover;

of the spring were the votaries of *Venus*; those of summer, the votaries of *Ceres*; those of autumn, of *Pomona*; so these of the *sisterhood of winter* were the votaries of *Diana*: Called, of *winter*, because that quarter is not, like the other three, productive of fruit or increase. On this account, it is, that, when the poet speaks, of what is most *poor*, he instances in *winter*, in these fine lines of *Othello*,

*But riches endless is as poor as winter*

*To him that ever fears he shall be poor.*

The other property of winter that

made him term them of its sisterhood is its *coldness*. So in *Midsummer's Night's Dream*.

*To be a barren sister all your life,  
Chanting faint hymns to the cold  
fruitless moon.*

WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> — as concave as a cover'd goblet,] Why a cover'd? Because a goblet is never kept cover'd but when empty. *Shakespeare* never throws out his expressions at random.

WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> — quite travers, athwart, &c.] An unexperienced lover is here compared to a *puisny Tilter*, to whom it was a disgrace to have



lover; as a puiſny tilter, that ſpurs his horſe but on one ſide, breaks his ſtaff like a noble gooſe; but all's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides: who comes here?

*Enter Corin.*

*Cor.* Miſtreſs and maſter, you have oft enquired  
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 play'd,  
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.

*Roſ.* Come, let us remove;  
The ſight of lovers feedeth thoſe in love:

his Lance broken acroſs, as it was a mark either of want of Courage or Adreſs. This happen'd when the horſe flew on one ſide, in the career: And hence, I ſuppoſe, aroſe the jocular proverbial phraſe of *ſpurring the horſe only on one ſide*. Now as breaking the Lance againſt his Adverſary's breaſt, in a direct line, was honourable, ſo the breaking it *acroſs* againſt his breaſt was, for the reaſon above, diſt. onourable: Hence it is, that *Sicney*, in his *Acadia*, ſpeaking of the mock-combat of *Clinias* and *Dametas* ſays, *The wind took ſuch bold of his Staff that it croſt quite over his breaſt, &c.*—And to *break acroſs* was the uſual phraſe, as appears from ſome wretched verſes of the ſame author, ſpeaking of

an unſkilful Tilter,

*Methought ſome Staves he miſt:  
if ſo, not much amiſs:  
For when he moſt did hit, he ever  
yet did miſs.*

*One ſaid he brake acroſs, full  
well it ſo might be, &c.*

This is the alluſion. So that *Orlando*, a young Gallant, affecting the faſhion (for *brave* is here uſed, as in other places, for faſhionable) is represented either *unſkilful* in courtſhip, or *timorous*. The Lover's meeting or appointment correſponds to the Tilter's Career: And as the one breaks Staves, the other breaks Oaths. The buſineſs is only meeting fairly, and doing both with Adreſs: And 'tis for the want of this, that *Orlando* is blamed.

WARBURTON.

Bring

Bring us but to this fight, and you shall say  
I'll prove a busy Actor in their Play.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E XI.

*Changes to another part of the Forest.*

*Enter Silvius and Phebe.*

*Sil.* 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 fight of death makes hard,  
Falls not the ax upon the humbled neck,  
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be<sup>2</sup>  
Than he that dies and lives 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,

<sup>2</sup> — will you sterner be,  
*Than he that dies and lives by  
bloody drops?*] This is  
spoken of the executioner. He  
*lives* indeed, by bloody Drops,  
if you will: but how does he *die*  
by bloody Drops? The poet must  
certainly have wrote — *that deals  
and lives, &c.* i. e. that gets his  
bread by, and makes a trade of  
cutting off heads: But the *Ox-*  
*ford Editor* makes it plainer. He  
reads,

*Than he that lives and thrives by  
bloody drops.*

WARBURTON.

Either *Dr. Warburton's* emen-  
dation, except that the word  
*deals* wants its proper construc-  
tion, or that of *Sir T. Hanmer* may  
serve the purpose; but I believe  
they have fixed corruption upon  
the wrong word, and should ra-  
ther read,

*Than he that dies his lips by  
bloody drops?*

Will you speak with more stern-  
ness than the executioner, whose  
*lips* are used to be sprinkled with  
blood? The mention of *drops* im-  
plies some part that must be  
sprinkled rather than dipped.

Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers! —  
 Now do I 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 can'st not, oh, for shame, for shame,  
 Lye 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<sup>3</sup>  
 Thy Palm some moments 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 hurt.

*Sil.* O dear *Phebe*,

If ever (as that ever may be near)  
 You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy<sup>4</sup>,  
 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<sup>5</sup>,

That you insult, exult, and all at once<sup>6</sup>

Over

<sup>3</sup> *The cicatrice and capable impressure*] *Cicatrice* is here not very properly used; it is the scar of a wound. *Capable impressure* arrows mark.

<sup>4</sup> — *power of fancy*,] *Fancy* is here used for *love*, as before in *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

<sup>5</sup> — *Who might be your mother*,] It is common for the poets to express cruelty by saying, of those who commit it, that they

were born of rocks, or suckled by tigresses.

<sup>6</sup> *That you insult, exult, and all at once*] If the Speaker intended to accuse the person spoken to only for *insulting* and *exulting*; then, instead of — *all at once*, it ought to have been, *both at once*. But by examining the crime or the person accused, we shall discover that the line is to be read thus,

*That*



Over the wretched? what though you have 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<sup>8</sup>: odds, my little life!  
 I think, she means to angle 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?<sup>9</sup>  
 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.

*That you insult, exult, and RAIL,  
 at once.*

For these three things *Phebe* was guilty of. But the *Oxford Editor* improves it, and, for *rail at once*, reads *domineer*. WARB.

<sup>7</sup> — *what though you have no beauty.*] Tho' all the printed Copies agree in this Reading, it is very accurately observed to me by an ingenious unknown Correspondent, who signs himself L. H. (and to whom I can only here make my Acknowledgements) that the *Negative* ought to be left out. THEOBALD.

<sup>8</sup> *Of nature's sale-work:] i. e.* those works that nature makes up carelessly and without exactness. The allusion is to the practice of Mechanicks, whose *work* bespoke is more elaborate, than that which is made up for chance-customers, or to sell in quantities to retailers, which is called *sale-work*. WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> *That can ENTAME my spirits to your worship]* I should rather think that *Shakespeare* wrote ENTRAINE, draw, allure. WARB.

The common reading seems unexceptionable.

Cry

Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer ;  
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer<sup>1</sup> :  
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.

*Rof.* [*aside*] He's fallen in love with her foulness<sup>2</sup>,  
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.

*Rof.* I pray you, do not fall in love with me ;  
For I am falser 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, Sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard—  
Come, sister—shepherdes, look on him better,  
And be not proud. Though all the world could see<sup>3</sup>,  
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.  
Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt Rof. Cel. and Corin.*]

*Phe.* Dead shepherd, now I find thy Saw of might ;  
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight ?

*Sil.* Sweet *Phebe*!

*Phe.* Hah : what say'st thou, *Silvius* !

*Sil.* Sweet *Phebe*, pity me.

*Phe.* Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle *Silvius*.

*Sil.* Where-ever sorrow is, relief would be ;

<sup>1</sup> *Foul is most foul, being FOUL to be a scoffer :*] The only sense of this is, *An ill-favoured person is most ill-favoured, when, if he be ill-favoured, he is a scoffer.* Which is a deal too absurd to come from *Shakespeare* ; who, without question, wrote,

*Foul is most foul, being FOUND to be a scoffer :*

i. e. where an ill-favour'd person ridicules the defects of others, it makes his own appear excessive.

WARBURTON.

The sense of the received reading is not fairly represented, it is, *The ugly seem most ugly when, though ugly, they are scoffers.*

<sup>2</sup> — *with her foulness,*] So *Sir T. Hanmer*, the other editions, your foulness.

<sup>3</sup> — *Though all the world could see,*

*None could be so abus'd in sight as he.*] I though all mankind could look on you, none could be so deceived as to think you beautiful but he.

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

*Phe.* Thou hast my love; is not that neighbourly?

*Sil.* I would have you.

*Phe.* Why, that were Covetousness.

*Silvius*, 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.

*Sil.* So holy and so perfect is my love,  
And I in such a poverty of grace,  
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 scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

*Phe.* Know'st thou the youth, that spoke to me ere-  
while?

*Sil.* 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.

*Phe.* 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 very tall, yet for his years he's tall;  
His leg is but 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



Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.  
 There be some women, *Silvius*, 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, *Silvius*?

*Sil. 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, *Silvius*.

[*Exeunt.*]

## A C T I V. S C E N E I.

*Continues in the FOREST.*

*Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Jaques.*

J A Q U E S.

**I** Pry'thee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted  
 with thee.

*Ros.* They say you are a melancholy fellow.

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

*Ros.* Those, that are in extremity of either, are  
 abominable fellows; and betray themselves to every  
 modern censure, worse than drunkards.

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

*Ros.*

*Rof.* Why, then, 'tis good to be a poft.

*Faq.* I have neither the fcholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the mufician's, which is fantaftical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the foldier'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 thefe; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many fimples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the fundry contemplation of my travels, on which my often ruminatiion wraps me in a moft humorous fadnefs.

*Rof.* A traveller! By my faith, you have great reafon to be fad: I fear, you have fold your own lands, to fee other mens; then, to have feen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

*Faq.* Yes, I have gain'd me experience.

*Enter Orlando.*

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

*Orla.* Good day, and happinefs, dear *Rofalind!*

*Faq.* Nay then — God b'w'y you, an you talk in blank verfe. [*Exit.*

*Rof.* Farewel, monsieur traveller; look, you lifp. and wear ftrange fuits; difable all the benefits of your own Country; be out of love with your nativity, and almoft chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will fcarce think, you have fwam in a Gondola<sup>4</sup>. — Why, how now, *Orlando*, where have you

<sup>4</sup> — *fwam in a Gondola.*] That is, *been at Venice*, the feat at that time of all licentiousnefs, where the young *Engliſh* gentlemen waſted their fortunes, debaſed their morals, and ſometimes loſt their religion.

The faſhion of travelling, which prevailed very much in our author's time, was conſidered by the wiſer men as one of the principal cauſes of corrupt manners. It was therefore gravely cenſured by *Aſcham* in his *School-maſter*,

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.

*Rof.* Break an hour's promise in love! he that will divide a minute into 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 kiss, 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 kiss. Very good orators, when they are out,

*maser*, and by Bishop *Hall* in his other passages, ridiculed by *Shakespeare*.  
*Quo l'alis*, and is here, and in

they



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 *Rofalind*?

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

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

*Orla.* Then in mine own perſon I die.

*Rof.* 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, *videlicet*, 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 *Helleſpont*, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd; and the fooliſh chroniclers of that age<sup>s</sup> found it was, - *Hero* of *Sestos*. But theſe are all lyes; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

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

*Rof.* By this hand, it will not kill a fly — but come;

<sup>s</sup> —chroniclers of that age ] Sir advice, as Dr. Warburton hints, of  
T. Hanmer reads, coroners, by the ſome anonymous critick.

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*.

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

*Orla.* And wilt thou have me?

*Ref.* Ay, and twenty such.

*Orla.* What say'st thou?

*Ref.* Are you not good?

*Orla.* I hope so.

*Ref.* 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.

*Ref.* You must begin—Will you, *Orlando*—

*Cel.* Go to—Will you, *Orlando*, have to wife this *Rosalind*?

*Orla.* I will.

*Ref.* Ay, but when?

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

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

*Orla.* I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.

*Ref.* 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.

*Ref.* Now tell me, how long would you have her, after you have possess'd her.

*Orla.* For ever and a day.

*Ref.* 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 *Barbary* cock-pigeon over his

hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an 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 dispos'd to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when you are inclin'd to sleep<sup>6</sup>.

*Orla.* But will my *Rosalind* do so?

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

*Orla.* O, but she is wife.

*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, wither wilt?*

*Rof.* Nay, you might keep that check for it, 'till you meet 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 occasion<sup>8</sup>, 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.

<sup>6</sup> — and when you are inclin'd to sleep.] We should read, to weep. WARBURTON.

I know not why we should read to weep. I believe most men would be more angry to have their sleep hindered than their grief interrupted.

This must be some allusion to a story well known at that time, though now perhaps irretrievable.

<sup>8</sup> make her fault her husband's occasion,] That is, represent her fault as occasioned by her husband. Sir T. Hanmer reads, her husband's accusation.

<sup>7</sup> — Wit, wither wilt?]



*Ros.* Ay, go your ways, go your ways—I knew what 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*.

*Ros.* 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<sup>o</sup>, 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, than if thou wert indeed my *Rosalind*; so adieu.

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

*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.

*Ros.* 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.

*Ros.* 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

<sup>o</sup> — *I will think you the most* keep his promise with no less Religion, than——

**P**ATHETICAL break-promise.] **W**ARBERTON.  
There is neither sense nor humour in this expression. We I do not see but that *pathetical* should certainly read, — **A**THE- may stand, which seems to afford as much sense and as much humour as *atheistical*.  
**I**STICAL break-promise. His answer confirms it, that he would

one's

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.]

SCENE 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 Duke, like a *Roman* Conqueror; 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<sup>3</sup>*

*To wear the horn, the horn, the horn:*

*It was a crest, ere thou wast born.*

*Thy father's father wore it,*

*And thy father bore it,*

*The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,*

*Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.*

The rest shall  
bear this Burden.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

<sup>3</sup> In former Editions:

*Then sing him home, the rest shall bear this burden.*] This is no admirable Instance of the sagacity of our preceding Editors, to say nothing worse. One should expect, when they were Poets, they would at least have

taken care of the Rhimes, and not foisted in what has nothing to answer it. Now, where is the Rhime to, *the rest shall bear this Burden?* Or, to ask another Question, where is the Sense of it? Does the Poet mean, that He, that kill'd the Deer, shall

## \* SCENE V.

*Enter Rosalind and Celia.*

*Rof.* 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 Silvius.*

*Sil.* My errand is to you fair youth,  
My gentle *Phebe* bid me give you this: [*Giving a letter.*]  
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.

*Rof.* [*reading.*] Patience herself would startle at this 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. 'Odds 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.

be sung home, and the rest shall bear the Deer on their Backs? This is laying a Burden on the Poet, that We must help him to throw off. In short, the Mystery of the Whole is, that a Marginal Note is wisely thrust into the Text: the Song being design'd to be sung by a single Voice, and the Stanza's to close with a Burden to be sung by the whole Company. THEOBALD.

This note I have given as a specimen of Mr. *Theobald's* jo-

cularity, and of the eloquence with which he recommends his emendations.

\* The foregoing noisy scene was introduced only to fill up an interval, which is to represent two hours. This contraction of the time we might impute to poor *Rosalind's* impatience, but that a few minutes after we find *Orlando* sending his excuse. I do not see that by any probable division of the acts this absurdity can be obviated.

*Sil.*



*Sil.* No, I protest, I know not the contents;  
*Phebe* did write it.

*Ros.* 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-colour'd hand; I verily did think,  
That her old gloves were on, but 'was her hand;  
She has a hufwife's hand, but that's no matter —  
I say, she never did invent this letter —  
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

*Sil.* Sure, it is hers.

*Ros.* Why, 'tis a boisterous and a 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 *Ethiop* words, blacker in their effect  
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

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

*Ros.* She *Phebe's* me — mark, how the tyrant writes.

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

Can a woman rail thus?

*Sil.* Call you this railing?

*Ros.* [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.

\* *Vengeance* is used for a mischief.

*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<sup>s</sup>  
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.*

*Sil.* 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  
“intreat for her.” If you be a true lover, hence, and  
not a word; for here comes more company.

*Exit Silvius.*

## SCENE 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?

<sup>s</sup> *Youth and Kind.*] *Kind* is the old word for *nature*.

I

*Cel.*

*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 itself,  
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.* When last the young *Orlando* parted from you,  
He left a promise to return again

\* Within an hour; and pacing through the forest,  
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,

Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,

And mark what object did present itself.

Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,

And high top bald with 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 itself,

Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd

The opening of his mouth, but suddenly

Seeing *Orlando*, it unlink'd itself;

And with indented glides did slip away

\* We must read, *within two hours.*



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 eldest 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.

*Ref.* 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 battel to the lioness,  
 Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling  
 From miserable slumber I awak'd.

*Cel.* Are you his brother?

*Ref.* Was it 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.

*Ref.* 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

The lioness 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? *Ganymed!*—Sweet!—  
*Ganymed!*

*Rosalind faints.*

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

*Cel.* There is more in it:—cousin—*Ganymed\**!

*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  
 testimony 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.

*Ros.* 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,

\* *Cousin, Ganymed.*] *Celia* in out *Cousin*, then recollects herself  
 her first fright forgets *Rosalind's* and says *Ganymed*.  
 character and disguise, and calls

How you excuse my brother, *Rosalind*.

*Rof.* 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.*

CLOWN.

WE shall find a time, *Audrey*—patience, gentle *Audrey*.

*Aud.* Faith, the Priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

*Glo.* 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 me 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 give 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.*



*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 fool.* <sup>6</sup> 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 in-

<sup>6</sup> *The heathen philosopher, when he desired to eat a grape, &c.* This was designed as a sneer on the several trifling and insignificant sayings and actions, recorded of the ancient philosophers,

by the writers of their lives, such as *Diogenes Laertius, Philostratus, Eunapius, &c.* as appears from its being introduced by one of their *wise sayings.*

to bondage<sup>7</sup>; I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will over-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 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

<sup>7</sup> I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction, &c.]

All this seems to be an allusion to Sir *Thomas Overbury's* affair.

WARBURTON.

to-morrow; thither will I invite the Duke, and all his contended followers: go you, and prepare *Aliena*; for, look you, here comes my *Rosalind*.

*Rof.* God save you, brother.

*Oli.* And you, fair sister<sup>8</sup>.

*Rof.* Oh, my dear *Orlando*, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

*Orla.* It is my arm.

*Rof.* I thought, thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

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

*Rof.* Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he shewed me your handkerchief?

*Orla.* Ay, and greater wonders than that.

*Rof.* O, I know where you are—Nay, 'tis true—There was never any thing so sudden, but the fight 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<sup>9</sup>.

*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

<sup>8</sup> *And you, fair sister.*] I know *fair sister*.

not why *Oli-ver* should call *Rosalind* sister. He takes her yet to be a man. I suppose we should read, *and you*, and your

<sup>9</sup> *Clubs cannot part them.*] Alluding to the way of parting dogs in wrath.

think



think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

*Rof.* Why, then to morrow I cannot serve your turn for *Rosalind*?

*Orla.* I can live no longer by thinking.

*Rof.* 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 yourself 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<sup>1</sup>, and without any danger.

*Orla.* Speak'st thou in sober meaning?

*Rof.* By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, tho' I say, I am a magician<sup>1</sup>: 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.

<sup>1</sup> *Human as she is.*] This is not a phantom, but the real *Rosalind*, without any of the danger generally conceived to attend the rites of incantation.

*I say, I am a magician.*] Hence it appears this was written in *James's* time, when there was a severe inquisition after witches and magicians. WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> *Which I tender dearly, tho'*

## SCENE III.

*Enter Silvius and Phebe.*

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

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

*Rof.* I care not, if I have: it is my study  
To seem despightful and ungentle to you.

You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd;  
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

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

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

*Phe.* And I for *Ganymed*.

*Orla.* And I for *Rosalind*.

*Rof.* And I for no woman.

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

*Phe.* And I for *Ganymed*.

*Orla.* And I for *Rosalind*.

*Rof.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of fantasy,  
All made of passion, and all made of wishes,  
All adoration, duty and observance,  
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,  
All purity, all trial, all observance;  
And so am I for *Phebe*.

*Phe.* And so am I for *Ganymed*.

*Orla.* And so am I for *Rosalind*.

*Rof.* And so am I for no woman.

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

[To *Rof.*

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

[To *Phe.*

*Orla.*

*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 *Irish* wolves against the moon—I will help you if I can; [*To Orlando.*]—I would love you, if I could; [*To Phebe.*]—to-morrow meet me all together—I will marry you, [*To Phebe.*] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow—I will satisfy you, [*To Orlando.*] if ever I satisfy'd man, and you shall be married to-morrow—I will content you, [*To Silvius.*] if, what pleases you, contents you; and you shall be married to-morrow—As you love *Rosalind*, meet [*To Orlando.*]—as you love *Phebe*, meet [*To Silvius.*]—and as I love no woman, I'll meet—So fare you well; I have left you commands.

*Sil.* I'll not fail, if I live.

*Phe.* Nor I.

*Orla.* Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*Enter Clown and Audrey.*

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

*Aud.* I do desire it with all my heart; and, I hope, it is 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. Sit i'th' middle.

*1 Page.*



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. I'faith, i'faith, and both in a tune, like two Gypsies on a horse.

S O N G <sup>3</sup>.

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

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

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

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

Clo. Truly, young gentleman, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untunable <sup>4</sup>.

1 Page.

<sup>3</sup> The stanzas of this song are in all the editions evidently transposed: as I have regulated them, that which in the former copies

was the 2d stanza is now the last.

<sup>4</sup> Truly, young Gentleman, tho' there was no great Matter in the Ditty, yet the note was very untunable.]

*I Page.* You are deceiv'd, Sir, 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'you, and God mend your voices. Come, *Audrey*. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E V.

*Changes to another Part of the Forest.*

*Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, and Celia.*

*Duke Sen.* **D**OST 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 fear, they hope, and know they fear<sup>s</sup>.

*Enter Rosalind, Silvius, and Phebe.*

*Ros.* Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:

tunable.] Tho' it is thus in all the printed Copies, it is evident from the Sequel of the Dialogue, that the Poet wrote as I have reform'd in the Text, *untimeable*.—*Time*, and *Tune*, are frequently misprinted for one another in the old Editions of *Shakespeare*.

THEOBALD.

This emendation is received, I think very undeservedly, by *Dr. Warburton*.

<sup>s</sup> *As those that fear THEY HOPE, and know THEY fear.*] This strange nonsense should be read thus.

*As those that fear THEIR HAP, and know THEIR fear.*

*i. e.* As those who fear the issue of a thing when they know their fear to be well grounded.

WARBURTON.

The depravation of this line is evident, but I do not think the learned Commentator's emendation very happy. I read thus,

*As those that fear with hope, and hope with fear.*

Or thus, with less alteration,

*As those that fear, they hope, and now they fear.*

You

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 yourself to this most faithful shepherd.

*Phe.* So is the bargain.

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

*Sil.* 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 daugh-  
ter:

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, *Silvius*, that you'll marry her,

If she refuse me; and from hence I go

To make these doubts all even.

[Exeunt *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 VI.

*Enter Clown and Audrey.*

*Faq.* There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the Ark. <sup>6</sup> Here come a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are call'd fools.

*Clo.* Salutation, and greeting, to you all!

*Faq.* 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.

*Faq.* And how was That ta'en up?

*Clo.* 'Faith, we met; and found, the quarrel was upon the seventh cause <sup>7</sup>.

*Faq.* How the seventh cause? — Good my lord, like this fellow.

*Duke Sen.* I like him very well.

*Clo.* God'ild you, Sir, I desire you of the like <sup>8</sup>: I prefs in here, Sir, among the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear, according as

<sup>6</sup> Here come a pair of VERY STRANGE beasts, &c.] What! strange beasts? and yet such as have a name in all languages? Noab's Ark is here alluded to; into which the clean beasts entered by sevens, and the unclean by two, male and female. It is plain then that *Shakespear* wrote, here come a pair of UNCLEAN beasts, which is highly humorous.

WARBURTON.

Strange beasts are only what we call odd animals. There is

no need of any alteration.

<sup>7</sup> We found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.] So all the copies; but it is apparent from the sequel that we must read, the quarrel was not upon the seventh cause.

<sup>8</sup> — I desire you of the like ] We should read, I desire of you the like. On the Duke's saying, I like him very well, he replies, I desire you will give me cause that I may like you too. WARB.

marriage binds, and blood breaks<sup>9</sup>— 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\*.

*Faq.* But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

*Clo.* Upon a lye 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 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 *Reproof valiant*. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lye. This is call'd the *Countercheck quarrelsome*; and so, the *Lye circumstantial*, and the *Lye direct*.

<sup>9</sup> According as marriage binds, and blood breaks.] The construction is, to swear as marriage binds. Which I think is not English. I suspect *Shakespear* wrote it thus, to swear and to forswear, according as marriage BIDS, and blood BIDS break.

WARBURTON.

I cannot discover what has here puzzled the Commentator: to swear according as marriage binds, is to take the oath enjoind in the ceremonial of marriage.

\* Dulcet diseases.] This I do not understand. For diseases it is easy to read discourses: but,

perhaps the fault may lie deeper.

<sup>1</sup> As thus, Sir; I did dislike the cut of a courtier's beard;] This folly is touched upon with high humour by *Fletcher* in his *Queen of Corinth*.

— Has he familiarly

Dislik'd your yellow starch, or said your doublet

Was not exactly frenchified?—

— or drawn your sword,

Cry'd 'twas ill mounted? Has he given the lye

In circle or oblique or semi-circle

Or direct parallel; you must challenge him. WARB.

*Faq.*

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

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

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

*Clo.* <sup>2</sup> O Sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners. I will name you

<sup>2</sup> O Sir, we quarrel in print, by the book;] The Poet has, in this scene, rallied the mode of formal duelling, then so prevalent, with the highest humour and address; nor could he have treated it with a happier contempt, than by making his *Clown* so knowing in the forms and preliminaries of it. The particular book here alluded to is a very ridiculous treatise of one *Vincenzio Saviole*; intitled, *Of honour and honourable quarrels*, in Quarto, printed by *Wolf*, 1594. The first part of this tract he intitules, *A discourse most necessary for all gentlemen that have in regard their honors, touching the giving and receiving the lye, whereupon the Duello and the Combat in divers forms doth ensue; and many other inconveniences, for lack only of true knowledge of honor, and the RIGHT UNDERSTANDING OF WORDS, which here is set down.* The contents of the several chapters are as follow. I. *What the reason is that the party unto whom the lye is given ought to become challenger, and of the nature of lies.* II. *Of the manner and diversity of lies.* III. *Of the lye certain, or direct.* IV. *Of*

*conditional lies, or the lye circumstantial.* V. *Of the lye in general.* VI. *Of the lye in particular.* VII. *Of foolish lies.* VIII. *A conclusion touching the wrestling or returning back of the lye, or the countercheck quarrelsome.* In the chapter of *conditional lies*, speaking of the particle *IF*, he says — *Conditional lies be such as are given conditionally thus — IF thou hast said so or so, then thou liest. Of these kind of lies, given in this manner, often arise much contention, whereof no sure conclusion can arise.* By which he means, they cannot proceed to cut one another's throats, while there is an *IF* between. Which is the reason of *Shakespear's* making the *Clown* say, *I knew when seven justices could not make 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 peace-maker; much virtue in IF.* *Caranza* was another of these authentick Authors upon the *Duello*. *Fletcher* in his last Act of *Lowes's Pilgrimage* ridicules him with much humour. WARBURTON.

the



the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous; the second, the Quip modest; the third, the Reply churlish; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lye with circumstance; the seventh, the Lye direct. All these you may avoid, but the Lye 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 peace-maker; much virtue in *If*.

*Jaq.* Is not this a rare fellow, my Lord? he's good 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 heav'n,  
When earthly things made even  
Atone together.*

*Good Duke, receive thy daughter,  
Hymen from heaven brought her,  
Yea, brought her hither:  
That thou might'st join her hand 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.*]

*Enter Hymen.] Rosalind is imagined by the rest of the company to be brought by enchantment, and is therefore introduced by a supposed aerial being in the character of Hymen.*

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

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

*Phe.* If fight and shape be true,  
Why, then my love adieu!

*Rof.* I'll have no father, if you be not he.

[*To the Duke.*

I'll have no husband, if you be not he. [*To Orlando.*

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she. [*To Phebe.*

*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 Cross shall part;

[*To Orlando and Rosalind.*

You and you are heart in heart;

[*To Oliver and Celia.*

You to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord.

[*To Phebe.*

You and you are sure together,

As the winter to foul weather:

[*To the Clown and Audrey.*

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning:

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we meet, and these things finish.

\* *If there be truth in fight.*] cannot usurp the form of another.  
The answer of *Phebe* makes it probable that *Orlando* says, *if there be truth in shape*: that is, *if a form may be trusted*; if one

† *If truth holds true contents.*] That is, if there be *truth in truth*, unless truth fails of veracity.

## SONG.

*Wedding is great Juno's Crown,  
 O blessed bond of board and bed!  
 'Tis Hymen peoples every town,  
 High wedlock then be honoured:  
 Honour, high honour and renown  
 To Hymen, God of every town!*

*Duke Sen.* O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me,  
 Ev'n 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.

## 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 *Rowland*,  
 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 brothers' wedding;  
 To one, his lands with-held; and to the other,

A land



A land itself 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: out 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 Silv.*

And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage

[*To the Clown.*

's 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.

## EPILOGUE.

*Ros.* 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<sup>5</sup>; 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<sup>6</sup>; 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<sup>7</sup>, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this Play as pleases you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women (as I perceive by your simpring, none of you hate them)

<sup>5</sup> — *What a case am I in then, &c.*] Here seems to be a chasm, or some other depravation, which destroys the sentiment here intended. The reasoning probably stood thus, *Good wine needs no bush, good plays need no epilogue*, but bad wine requires a good bush, and a bad play a good Epilogue. *What case am I in then?* To restore the words is impossible; all that can be done without copies is, to note the fault.

<sup>6</sup> — *furnish'd like a beggar;*] That is, *dressed*: so before, he was furnish'd like a huntsman.

<sup>7</sup> — *I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,— that between you and the women, &c.*] This passage should be read thus, *I charge you, O wo-*

*men, 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,— TO LIKE AS MUCH AS PLEASES THEM, that between you and the women, &c.* Without the alteration of *You* into *Them*, the invocation is nonsense; and without the addition of the words, *to like as much as pleases them*, the inference of, *that between you and the women the play may pass*, would be unsupported by any precedent premises. The words seem to have been struck out by some senseless Player, as a vicious redundancy.

WARBURTON.

The words *you* and *ym* written as was the custom in that time, were in manuscript scarcely distinguishable. The emendation is very judicious and probable.

that

that between you and the women, the Play may please. If I were a woman<sup>s</sup>, 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'sy, bid me farewell. [Exeunt omnes<sup>s</sup>.

<sup>s</sup> — If I were a woman,] Note that in this author's time the parts of women were always performed by men or boys.

HANMER.

<sup>o</sup> Of this play the fable is wild and pleasing. I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which both *Rosalind* and *Celia* give away their hearts. To *Celia* much may be forgiven for the heroism of her friendship. The character of *Jacqu*

is natural and well preserved. The comick dialogue is very sprightly, with less mixture of low buffoonery than in some other plays; and the graver part is elegant and harmonious. By hastening to the end of his work *Shakespeare* suppressed the dialogue between the usurper and the hermit, and lost an opportunity of exhibiting a moral lesson in which he might have found matter worthy of his highest powers.

LOVE'S



Dramatic Persons

EDWARD and HELEN

# LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

A

# COMEDY.

As performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, London, on the 11th of February, 1714.

By Mr. W. D. and Mr. J. D. Authors of the Comedy of the Rivals, &c.

LOVE'S

## Dramatis Personæ.

FERDINAND, *King of Navarre.*

Biron,  
Longaville, } *three Lords, attending upon the King in*  
Dumain, } *his retirement.*

Boyet, } *Lords, attending upon the Princess of*  
Macard, } *France.*

*Don Adriano de Armado, a fantastical Spaniard.*

*Nathanael, a Curate.*

*Dull, a Constable.*

*Holofernes, a Schoolmaster.*

*Costard, a Clown.*

*Moth, Page to Don Adriano de Armado.*

*A Forester.*

*Princesses of France.*

Rosaline,  
Maria, } *Ladies, attending on the Princess.*  
Catharine, }

*Jaquenetta, a Country Wench.*

*Officers, and others, Attendants upon the King and Princesses.*

SCENE, *the King of Navarre's Palace, and the Country near it.*

This enumeration of the persons was made by Mr. Rowe. Of this Play there is an edition in 4to 1598, by *W. W.* for *Cuthbert Burby*, which I have not seen.

LOVE'S

# LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

---

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*The PALACE.*

*Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain.*

KING.

**L**ET Fame, that all hunt after in their lives,  
Live registered upon our brazen tombs;  
And then grace us in the disgrace of death:  
When, spight of cormorant devouring time,  
Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy  
That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge;  
And make us heirs of all eternity.  
Therefore, brave Conquerors! for so you are,  
That war against your own Affections,  
And the huge army of the world's desires;  
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force.  
*Navarre* shall be the wonder of the world;  
Our Court shall be a little academy,  
Still and contemplative in living arts.  
You three, *Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,*  
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,  
My fellow Scholars; and to keep those Statutes,  
That are recorded in this schedule here.  
Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names:  
That



That his own hand may strike his honour down,  
That violates the smallest branch herein :  
If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,  
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep them too.

*Long.* I am resolv'd; 'tis but a three years fast :  
The mind shall banquet tho' the body pine ;  
Fat paunches have lean pates ; and dainty bits  
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.

*Dum.* My loving lord, *Dumain* is mortify'd :  
The grosser manner of these world's delights  
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves :  
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die ;  
With all these living in philosophy <sup>1</sup>.

*Biron.* I can but say their protestation over.  
So much (dear liege) I have already sworn,  
'That is, to live and study here three years :  
But there are other strict observances ;  
As, not to see a woman in that term,  
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.  
And one day in a week to touch no food,  
And but one meal on every day beside ;  
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there.  
And then to sleep but three hours in the night,  
And not be seen to wink of all the day ;  
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,  
And make a dark night too of half the day ;)  
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.  
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep ;  
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.

*King.* Your Oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

*Biron.* Let me say, no, liege, an' if you please ;  
I only swore to study with your Grace,  
And stay here in your Court for three years' space.

<sup>1</sup> *With all these living in philosophy.*] The stile of the rhyming scenes in this play is often entangled and obscure. I know not certainly to what *all these* is to be referred ; I suppose he means that he finds *love, pomp, and wealth* in *philosophy*.

*Long.*

*Long.* You swore to that, *Biron*, and to the rest.

*Biron.* By yea and nay, Sir, then I swore in jest.

What is the end of study? let me know?

*King.* Why, that to know, which else we should not know.

*Biron.* Things hid and barr'd (you mean) from common sense.

*King.* Ay, that is study's god-like recompence.

*Biron.* Come on then, I will swear to study so,  
To know the thing I am forbid to know;  
As thus; to study where I well may dine,  
When I to feast expressly am forbid<sup>2</sup>;  
Or study where to meet some mistress fine,  
When mistresses from common sense are hid:  
Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,  
Study to break it, and not break my troth.  
If study's gain be this, and this be so,  
Study knows that, which yet it doth not know:  
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no.

*King.* These be the stops, that hinder study quite;  
And train our Intellects to vain delight.

*Biron.* Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,  
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain;  
As, painfully to pore upon a book,

To seek the light of truth; while truth the while<sup>3</sup>  
Doth falsely blind the eye-sight of his look:

Light, seeing light, doth light of light beguile;

<sup>2</sup> The copies all have, *When I to fast expressly am forbid.*] But if *Biron* studied where to get a good Dinner, at a time when he was *forbid to fast*, how was This studying to know what he was forbid to know? Common Sense, and the whole Tenour of the Context, requires us to read *feast*, or to make a Change in the last Word of the Verse.

*When I to fast expressly am forbid;*

*i. e.* when I am enjoind before-hand to fast. THEOBALD.

<sup>3</sup> — *while truth the while Doth falsely blind* —.] *Falsly* is here, and in many other places, the same as *dishonestly* or *treacherously*. The whole sense of this gingling declamation is only this, that a man by too close study may read himself blind, which might have been told with less obscurity in fewer words.

So, ere you find where light in darknefs lies,  
 Your light grows dark by lofing of your eyes.  
 Study me how to please the eye indeed,  
 By fixing it upon a fairer eye ;  
 Who dazzling fo, that eye fhall be his heed <sup>4</sup>,  
 And give him light, that it was blinded by.  
 Study is like the Heaven's glorious Sun,  
 That will not be deep fearch'd with fawcy looks ;  
 Shall have continual plodders ever won,  
 Save bafe authority from other's books.  
 Thefe earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,  
 That give a name to every fixed ftar,  
 Have no more profit of their fhining nights,  
 Than thofe that walk and wot not what they are.  
<sup>5</sup> Too much to know, is to know nought : but fame ;  
 And every godfather can give a name."

King.

<sup>4</sup> *Who dazzling fo, that eye fhall be his heed, And give him light, that it was blinded by.*] This is another paffage unnecessarily obfcure: the meaning is, that when he *dazzles*, that is, has his eye made weak, *by fixing his eye upon a fairer eye, that fairer eye fhall be his heed*, his direction or lodestar, (fee *Midsummer Night's Dream*) and give him light that was blinded by it.

<sup>5</sup> *Too much to know, is to know nought but FAME ; And every Godfather can give a name.*] The, firft line in this reading is absurd and impertinent. There are two ways of fetting it right. The firft is to read it thus,

*Too much to know, is to know nought but SHAME ;*  
 This makes a fine fenfe, and al-

ludes to Adam's Fall, which came from the inordinate paffion of knowing too much. The other way is to read, and point it thus,

*Too much to know, is to know nought : but FEIGN, i. e. to feign.* As much as to fay, the affecting to know too much is the way to know nothing. The fenfe, in both thefe readings, is equally good: But with this difference; If we read the firft way, the following line is impertinent; and to fave the correction, we muft judge it fpurious. If we read it the fecond way, then the following line compleats the fenfe. Confequently the correction of *feign* is to be preferred. *To know too much* (fays the fpeaker) *is to know nothing ; it is only feigning to know what we do not : giving names for things without knowing their natures ; which is falfe knowledge :*



*King.* How well he's read, to reason against reading!

*Dum.* Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding <sup>6</sup>.

*Long.* He weeds the corn, and still let's grow the weeding.

*Biron.* The spring is near, when green geese are a breeding.

*Dum.* How follows that?

*Biron.* Fit in his place and time.

*Dum.* In reason nothing.

*Biron.* Something then in rhyme.

*Long.* *Biron* is like an envious sneaping frost,

That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

*Biron.* Well; say, I am; why should proud summer boast,

Before the birds have any cause to sing?

Why should I joy in an abortive birth?

At

*knowledge:* And this was the peculiar defect of the Peripatetic Philosophy then in vogue. These philosophers, the poet, with the highest humour and good sense, calls the *Godfathers of Nature*, who could only give things a name, but had no manner of acquaintance with their essences.

WARBURTON.

That there are two ways of setting a passage right gives reason to suspect that there may be a third way better than either. The first of these emendations makes a fine sense, but will not unite with the next line; the other makes a sense less fine, and yet will not rhyme to the correspondent word. I cannot see why the passage may not stand without disturbance. *The consequence*, says *Biron*, of too much knowledge, is not any real solution of doubts, but mere empty reputation.

<sup>6</sup> *Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.*] To proceed' is an academical term, meaning, to take a degree, as he proceeded bachelor in physick. The sense is, he has taken his degrees on the art of hindering the degrees of others.

<sup>7</sup> *Why should I joy in an abortive Birth?*

*At Christmas I no more desire a Rose,*

*Than wish a Snow in May's new-fangled Shows:*

*But like of each Thing, that in Season grows.*] As the

greatest part of this Scene (both what precedes and follows) is strictly in Rhimes, either successive, alternate, or triple; I am persuaded, the Copyists have made a slip here. For by making a Triplet of the three last Lines quoted, *Birth* in the Close of the first Line is quite destitute of any Rhyme to it. Besides,

At *Christmas* I no more desire a rose,  
 Than wish a snow in *May's* new-fangled shows :  
 But like of each thing, that in season grows.  
 So you, to study now it is too late,

That were to climb o'er th' house t'unlock the gate.

*King.* Well, sit you out—Go home, *Biron* : Adieu !

*Biron.* No, my good lord, I've sworn to stay with  
 you

And though I have for barbarism spoke more,  
 Than for that angel knowledge you can say ;

Yet confident I'll keep what I have sworn,

And 'bide the penance of each three years' day.

Give me the paper, let me read the fame ;

And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

*King.* How well this yielding rescues thee from  
 shame !

*Biron.* Item. *That no woman shall come within a  
 mile of my Court.* [reading.]

Hath this been proclaimed ?

*Long.* Four days ago.

*Biron.* Let's see the penalty.

*On pain of losing her tongue :—* [reading.]

Who devis'd this penalty ?

*Long.* Marry, that did I.

*Biron.* Sweet lord, and why ?

*Long.* To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

*Biron.* A dangerous law against gentility<sup>8</sup> !

Item,

what a displeasing Identity of  
 Sound recurs in the Middle and  
 Close of this Verse ?

*Than wish a Snow in May's  
 new-fangled Shows :*

Again; *new-fangled Shows* seems  
 to have very little Propriety.  
 The Flowers are not *new-fangled*;  
 but the earth is *new-fangled* by  
 the Profusion and Variety of the  
 Flowers, that spring on its Bo-  
 som in *May*, I have therefore  
 ventured to substitute, *Earth*, in

the Close of the 3d Line, which  
 restores the *alternate Measure*. It  
 was very easy for a negligent  
 Transcriber to be deceived by the  
 Rhime immediately preceding ;  
 so mistake the concluding Word  
 in the sequent Line, and corrupt  
 it into one that would chime with  
 the other. THEOBALD.

<sup>8</sup> *A dangerous Law against  
 Gentility !*] I have ventured to  
 prefix the Name of *Biron* to this  
 Line,

Item, [reading.] *If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three Years, he shall endure such publick shame as the rest of the Court can possibly devise.*

This article, my liege, yourself must break ;  
 For, well you know, here comes in embassy  
 The *French King's* daughter with yourself to speak,  
 A maid of grace and compleat majesty,  
 About Surrender up of *Aquitain*

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father :  
 Therefore this article is made in vain,  
 Or vainly comes th' admired Princess hither.

*King.* What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

*Biron.* So study evermore is overshot;  
 While it doth study to have what it would,  
 It doth forget to do the thing it should :  
 And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,  
 'Tis won, as towns with Fire ; so won, so lost.

*King.* We must, of force, dispense with this decree,  
 She must lye here on mere necessity.

*Biron.* Necessity will make us all forsworn,  
 Three thousand times within this three years space :  
 For every man with his affects is born :  
 Not by might master'd, but by special grace °.

If

Line, it being evident, for two Reasons, that it, by some Accident or other, slipt out of the printed Books. In the first place, *Longueville* confesses, he had devis'd the Penalty : and why he should immediately arraign it as a dangerous Law, seems to be very inconsistent. In the next place, it is much more natural for *Biron* to make this Reflexion, who is cavilling at every thing ; and then for him to pursue his reading over the remaining Articles. — As to the Word *Gen-*

*tility*, here, it does not signify that Rank of People called, *Gen-try* ; but what the *French* expresses by, *gentileſſe*, i. e. *elegantia urbanitas*. And then the Meaning is this. Such a law for banishing Women from the Court, is dangerous, or injurious, to *Politeness*, *Urbanity*, and the more refined Pleasures of Life. For Men without Women would turn brutal, and savage, in their Natures and Behaviour. THEOBALD.

° *Not by might master'd, but by special grace.] Biron amidst*



If I break faith, this word shall speak for me:  
I am forsworn on meer necessity.—

So to the laws at large I write my name,  
And he, that breaks them in the least degree,  
Stands in Attainder of eternal shame.

Suggestions<sup>1</sup> are to others, as to me;  
But, I believe, although I seem so loth,  
I am the last that will last keep his oath.  
But is there no quick recreation<sup>2</sup> granted?

*King.* Ay, that there is; our Court, you know, is  
haunted

With a refined traveller of *Spain*,  
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,  
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:  
One, whom the musick of his own vain tongue,  
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony:  
<sup>3</sup> A man of complements, whom right and wrong  
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny.

This

his extravagancies, speaks with great justice against the folly of vows. They are made without sufficient regard to the variations of life, and are therefore broken by some unforeseen necessity. They proceed commonly from a presumptuous confidence, and a false estimate of human power.

<sup>1</sup> *Suggestions*] Temptations.

<sup>2</sup> —*quick recreation*] Lively sport, spritely diversion.

<sup>3</sup> *A man of complements, whom right and wrong*

*Have chose as umpire of their mutiny*] As very bad a Play as this is, it was certainly *Shakespeare's*, as appears by many fine master-strokes scattered up and down. An excessive complaisance is here admirably painted, in the person of one who was willing to make even *right* and

*wrong* friends: and to persuade the one to recede from the accustomed stubbornness of her nature, and wink at the liberties of her opposite, rather than he would incur the imputation of ill-breeding in keeping up the quarrel. And as our author, and *Johnson* his contemporary, are, confessedly, the two greatest writers in the Drama that our nation could ever boast of, this may be no improper occasion to take notice of one material difference between *Shakespeare's* worst plays, and the other's. Our author owed all to his prodigious natural genius; and *Johnson* most to his acquired parts and learning. This, if attended to, will explain the difference we speak of. Which is this, that, in *Johnson's* bad pieces, we do not discover  
the

This child of fancy, that *Armado* high,  
 For interim to our Studies, shall relate  
 In high-born words the worth of many a Knight  
     \* From tawny *Spain*, lost in the world's debate <sup>5</sup>.  
 How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;  
 But, I protest, I love to hear him lie;  
 And I will use him for my minstrelsie. }  
*Biron.* *Armado* is a most illustrious wight,  
 A man of fire-new words, fashion's own Knight.

the least traces of the author of the *Fox* and *Alchemist*; but, in the wildest and most extravagant notes of *Shakespeare*, you every now and then encounter strains that recognize their divine composer. And the reason is this, that *Johnson* owing his chief excellence to art, by which he sometimes strain'd himself to an uncommon pitch, when he unbent himself, had nothing to support him; but fell below all likeness of himself: while *Shakespeare*, indebted more largely to nature than the other to his acquired talents, could never, in his most negligent hours, so totally divest himself of his Genius, but that it would frequently break out with amazing force and splendour. WARBURTON.

This passage, I believe, means no more than that *Don Armado* was a man nicely versed in ceremonial distinctions, one who could distinguish in the most delicate questions of honour the exact boundaries of right and wrong. *Compliment*, in *Shakespeare's* time, did not signify, at least did not only signify, verbal civility, or phrases of courtesy, but according to its origi-

nal meaning, the trappings, or ornamental appendages of a character, in the same manner, and on the same principles, of speech with *accomplishment*. *Compliment* is, as *Armado* well expresses it, *the varnish of a complete man*.

\* From tawny *Spain*, &c.] i. e. he shall relate to us the celebrated stories recorded in the old romances, and in their very stile. Why he says *from tawny Spain* is, because these romances being of *Spanish* original, the Heroes and the Scene were generally of that country. Why he says, *lost in the world's debate* is, because the subject of those romances were the crusades of the *European* Christians against the *Saracens* of *Asia* and *Africa*. So that we see here is meaning in the words. WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> — in the world's debate.] The *world* seems to be used in the monastick sense by the king now devoted for a time to a monastick life. *In the world, in seculo*, in the bustle of human affairs, from which we are now happily sequestred, *in the world*, to which the votaries of solitude have no relation.

*Long.* *Costard* the swain, and he, shall be our sport;  
And, so to study, three years are but short.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Dull and Costard with a letter.*

*Dull.* Which is the King's own person <sup>6</sup>?

*Biron.* This, fellow; what would'st?

*Dull.* I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his Grace's Tharborough: but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

*Biron.* This is he.

*Lull.* Signior *Arme*, — *Arme* — commends you.  
There's villainy abroad; this letter will tell you more.

*Cost.* Sir, the Contempts thereof are as touching me.

*King.* A letter from the magnificent *Armado*.

*Biron.* How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

*Long.* A high hope for a low having <sup>7</sup>; God grant us patience!

*Biron.* To hear, or forbear hearing?

*Long.* To hear meekly, Sir, to laugh moderately, or to forbear both.

*Biron.* Well, Sir, be it as the Stile shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

<sup>6</sup> In former editions;

*Dull.* Which is the Duke's own Person? The King of Navarre is in several Passages, thro' all the Copies, called the Duke: but as this must have sprung rather from the Inadvertence of the Editors, than a Forgetfulness in the Poet, I have every where, to avoid Confusion, restored King to the Text.

THEOBALD,

<sup>7</sup> In old editions, *A high hope*

for a low heaven;] A low heaven, sure, is a very intricate Matter to conceive. I dare warrant, I have retrieved the Poet's true Reading; and the Meaning is this. "Tho' you hope for high Words, and should have them, it will be but a low Acquisition at best." This our Poet calls a *low Having*: and it is a Substantive, which he uses in several other Passages.

THEOBALD.

*Cost.*



*Cost.* The matter is to me, Sir, as concerning *Jaquenetta*.

The manner of it is, I was taken in the manner <sup>s</sup>.

*Biron.* In what manner?

*Cost.* In manner and form, following, Sir; all those three. I was seen with her in the Manor-house, sitting with her upon the Form, and taken following her into the Park; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, Sir, for the manner: it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman; for the form, in some form.

*Biron.* For the following, Sir?

*Cost.* As it shall follow in my correction; and God defend the right!

*King.* Will you hear the letter with attention?

*Biron.* As we would hear an oracle.

*Cost.* Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

*King reads.* GREAT deputy, the welkin's vice-gerent,  
and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's  
earth's God, and body's fostering patron——

*Cost.* Not a word of *Costard* yet.

*King.* So it is——

*Cost.* It may be so; but if he say it is so, he is; in telling true, but so, so.

*King.* Peace——

*Cost.* Be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

*King.* No words——

*Cost.* Of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

*King.* So it is, Besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black oppressing humour to the most wholesome physick of thy health-giving air; and as I am

<sup>s</sup> — taken WITH the manner.] The following question arising from these words shews we should read—taken IN the manner. And this was the phrase in use to signify, taken in the fact. So Dr.

*Donne* in his letters, *But if I melt into melancholy while I write, I shall be taken in the manner; and I sit by one, too tender to these impressions.* WARBURTON.

a gentleman, betook myself to walk: The time, when? about the sixth hour, when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is call'd supper: so much for the time, when. Now for the ground, which: which, I mean, I walkt upon; it is ycleped, thy park. Then for the place, where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-colour'd ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest. But to the place, where; It standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden. There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minow of thy mirth<sup>9</sup>, (Cost. Me?) that unletter'd small-knowing soul, (Cost. Me?) that swallow vassal, (Cost. Still me?) which, as I remember, hight Costard; (Cost. O me!) sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with, with—— O with,—— but with this, I passion to say wherewith:

Cost. With a wench.

King. With a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or for thy more understanding, a woman; him, I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet Grace's Officer, Anthony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing an estimation.

Dull. Me, an't shall please you: I am Anthony Dull.

King. For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel call'd) which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain, I keep her as a vassal of thy law's fury, and shall at the least of thy sweet notice bring her to trial. Thine in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty.

Don Adriano de Armado.

Biron. This is not so well as I look'd for, but the best that ever I heard.

<sup>9</sup> — base minow of thy mirth.] not be intended here. We may read, the base minion of thy mirth.

King.

*King.* Ay; the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

*Cost.* Sir, I confess the wench.

*King.* Did you hear the proclamation?

*Cost.* I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

*King.* It was proclaim'd a year's imprisonment to be taken with a wench.

*Cost.* I was taken with none, Sir, I was taken with a damosel.

*King.* Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

*Cost.* This was no damosel neither, Sir, she was a virgin.

*King.* It is so varied too, for it was proclaim'd virgin.

*Cost.* If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

*King.* This maid will not serve your turn, Sir.

*Cost.* This maid will serve my turn, Sir.

*King.* Sir, I will pronounce sentence; you shall fast a week with bran and water.

*Cost.* I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

*King.* And *Don Armado* shall be your keeper. My lord *Biron*, see him deliver'd o'er.

And go we, lords, to put in practice that,

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Biron.* I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,

These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.

Sirrah, come on.

*Cost.* I suffer for the truth, Sir: for true it is, I was taken with *Jaquenetta*, and *Jaquenetta* is a true girl; and therefore welcome the four cup of prosperity: affliction may one day smile again, and until then, sit thee down, sorrow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE



## SCENE VIII.

*Changes to Armado's House.**Enter Armado, and Moth.*

*Arm.* **B**OY, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

*Moth.* A great sign, Sir, that he will look sad.

*Arm.* Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp<sup>1</sup>.

*Moth.* No, no; O lord, Sir, no.

*Arm.* How can'st thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender *Juvenile*?

*Moth.* By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough Signior.

*Arm.* Why, tough Signior? why, tough Signior?

*Moth.* Why, tender *Juvenile*? why, tender *Juvenile*?

*Arm.* I spoke it, tender *Juvenile*, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

*Moth.* And I, tough Signior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

*Arm.* Pretty and apt.

*Moth.* How mean you, Sir, I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

*Arm.* Thou pretty, because little.

*Moth.* Little! pretty, because little; wherefore apt?

*Arm.* And therefore apt, because quick.

*Moth.* Speak you this in my praise, master?

*Arm.* In thy condign praise.

<sup>1</sup> — *dear Imp.*] *Imp* was anciently a term of dignity. Lord Cromwell in his last letter to Henry VIII. prays for *the imp his son*. It is now used only in contempt

or abhorrence; perhaps in our authour's time it was ambiguous, in which state it suits well with this dialogue.

*Moth.*

*Moth.* I will praise an eel with the same praise.

*Arm.* What? that an eel is ingenious.

*Moth.* That an eel is quick.

*Arm.* I do say, thou art quick in answers. Thou hear'st my blood —

*Moth.* I am answer'd, Sir.

*Arm.* I love not to be cross'd.

*Moth.* He speaks the clean contrary, crosses love not him<sup>2</sup>.

*Arm.* I have promis'd to study three years with the King.

*Moth.* You may do it in an hour, Sir.

*Arm.* Impossible.

*Moth.* How many is one thrice told?

*Arm.* I am ill at reckoning, it fits the spirit of a tapster.

*Moth.* You are a gentleman and a gamester.

*Arm.* I confess both; they are both the varnish of a compleat man.

*Moth.* Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of duce-ace amounts to.

*Arm.* It doth amount to one more than two.

*Moth.* Which the base vulgar call, three.

*Arm.* True.

*Moth.* Why, Sir, is this such a piece of study? now here's three studied ere you'll thrice wink; and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing-horse will tell you.

*Arm.* A most fine figure.

*Moth.* To prove you a cypher.

*Arm.* I will hereupon confess, I am in love; and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so I am in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the hu-

<sup>2</sup> ——— crosses love not him.] to Celia, if I should bear you, I  
By crosses he means money. So should bear no cross.  
in As you like it, the Clown says

mour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner; and ransom him to any *French* courtier for a new-devis'd curt'sy. I think it scorn to sigh; methinks, I should out-swear *Cupid*. Comfort me, boy; what great men have been in love?

*Moth.* *Hercules*, master.

*Arm.* Most sweet *Hercules*! More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

*Moth.* *Sampson*, master; he was a man of good carriage; great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter, and he was in love.

*Arm.* O well-knit *Sampson*, strong-jointed *Sampson*! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was *Sampson's* love, my dear *Moth*?

*Moth.* A woman, master.

*Arm.* Of what complexion?

*Moth.* Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

*Arm.* Tell me precisely of what complexion?

*Moth.* Of the sea-water green, Sir.

*Arm.* Is that one of the four complexions?

*Moth.* As I have read, Sir, and the best of them too.

*Arm.* Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks, *Sampson* had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

*Moth.* It was so, Sir, for she had a green wit.

*Arm.* My love is most immaculate white and red.

*Moth.* Most maculate thoughts, master, are mask'd under such colours.

*Arm.* Define, define, well-educated infant.

*Moth.* My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

*Arm.* Sweet invocation of a child, most pretty and pathetic!

*Moth.*



*Moth.* If she be made of white and red,  
 Her faults will ne'er be known;  
 For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,  
 And fears by pale-white shown;  
 Then if she fear, or be to blame,  
 By this you shall not know;  
 For still her cheeks possess the same,  
 Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

*Arm.* Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

*Moth.* The world was guilty of such a ballad some three ages since, but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

*Arm.* I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind *Costard*; she deserves well —

*Moth.* To be whipp'd; and yet a better love than my master.

*Arm.* Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

*Moth.* And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

*Arm.* I say, sing.

*Moth.* Forbear, 'till this company is past.

#### S C E N E IV.

*Enter Costard, Dull, Jaquenetta a Maid.*

*Dul,* Sir, the King's pleasure is, that you keep *Costard* safe, and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance; but he must fast three days a-week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park, she is allow'd for the day-woman. Fare you well.

*Arm.*

*Arm.* I do betray myself with blushing; maid,——

*Jaq.* Man,——

*Arm.* I will visit thee at the lodge.

*Jaq.* That's here by.

*Arm.* I know, where it is situate.

*Jaq.* Lord, how wise you are!

*Arm.* I will tell thee wonders.

*Jaq.* With that face?

*Arm.* I love thee.

*Jaq.* So I heard you say.

*Arm.* And so farewell.

*Jaq.* Fair weather after you!

*Dull.* Come, *Jaquenetta*, away<sup>3</sup>.

[*Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.*

*Arm.* Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offence, ere thou be pardoned.

*Cost.* Well, Sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

*Arm.* Thou shalt be heavily punish'd.

*Cost.* I am more bound to you, than your followers; for they are but lightly rewarded.

*Arm.* Take away this villain, shut him up.

*Moth.* Come you transgressing slave, away.

*Cost.* Let me not be pent up, Sir; I will fast, being loose.

*Moth.* No, Sir, that were fast and loose; thou shalt to prison.

<sup>3</sup> Maid, *Fair weather after you.* Come, *Jaquenetta*, away.] Thus all the printed Copies: but the Editors have been guilty of much Inadvertence. They make *Jaquenetta*, and a *Maid* enter; whereas *Jaquenetta* is the only *Maid* intended by the Poet, and is committed to the Custody of *Dull*, to be conveyed by him to the Lodge in the Park. This being the Case, it is evident to Demonstration, that—— *Fair Weather after you*—— must be spoken by *Jaquenetta*; and then that *Dull* says to her, *Come Jaquenetta*, away, as I have regulated the Text. THEOBALD. Mr. Theobald has endeavoured here to dignify his own industry by a very slight performance. The folios all read as he reads, except that instead of naming the persons they give their characters, enter *Clown*, *Constable*, and *Wench*.

*Cost.*

*Cost.* Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

*Moth.* What shall some see?

*Cost.* Nay, nothing, master *Moth*, but what they look upon. <sup>4</sup>It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words, and therefore I will say nothing; I thank God, I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet. [*Exeunt Moth and Costard.*]

*Arm.* I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, which is a great argument of falshood, if I love. And how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar, love is a devil; there is no evil angel but love, yet *Sampson* was so tempted, and he had an excellent strength; yet was *Solomon* so seduced, and he had a very good wit. *Cupid's* but-shaft is too hard for *Hercules's* club, and therefore too much odds for a *Spaniard's* rapier; the first and second cause will not serve my turn<sup>5</sup>; the *Passado* he respects not, the *Duello* he regards not; his disgrace is to be call'd boy; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal God of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonneteer. Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.*]

<sup>4</sup> *It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words.*] I suppose we should read, it is not for prisoners to be silent in their *wards*, that is, in *custody*, in the *holds*. <sup>5</sup> *The first and second cause will not serve my turn.*] See the last act of *As you like it* with the notes.



## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Before the King of Navarre's Palace.*

*Enter the Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria, Catharine, Boyet, Lords and other attendants.*

BOYET.

NOW, Madam, summon up your dearest spirits;  
 Consider, whom the King your father sends;  
 To whom he sends, and what's his embassy.  
 Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,  
 To parley with the sole inheritor  
 Of all perfections that a man may owe,  
 Matchless *Navarre*; the plea, of no less weight  
 Than *Aquitain*, a dowry for a Queen.  
 Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,  
 As nature was in making graces dear,  
 When she did starve the general world beside,  
 And prodigally gave them all to you.

*Prin.* Good lord *Boyet*, my beauty, though but mean,  
 Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;  
 Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,  
 Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues\*.  
 I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,  
 Than you much willing to be counted wise,  
 In spending thus your wit in praise of mine.  
 But now, to task the tasker; good *Boyet*,  
 You are not ignorant, all-telling fame  
 Doth noise abroad, *Navarre* hath made a vow,  
 'Till painful study shall out-wear three years,  
 No woman may approach his silent Court;  
 Therefore to us seems it a needful course,

\* *Chapman* here seems to signify the seller, not, as now commonly, the buyer. Cheap or cheping was anciently Market, *Chapman* therefore is Marketman. The meaning is, that the estimation of beauty depends not on the uttering or proclamation of the seller, but on the eye of the buyer.



And shape to win grace, tho' he had no wit.  
 I saw him at the Duke *Alenfon's* once,  
 And much too little of that good I saw  
 Is my report to his great worthiness.

*Rosa.* Another of these students at that time  
 Was there with him, as I have heard o'truth;  
*Biron* they call him; but a merrier man,  
 Within the limit of becoming mirth,  
 I never spent an hour's talk withal.  
 His eye begets occasion for his wit;  
 For every object, that the one doth catch,  
 The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;  
 Which his fair tongue (conceit's, expofitor)  
 Delivers in such apt and gracious words,  
 That aged ears play truant at his tales;  
 And younger hearings are quite ravished;  
 So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

*Prin.* God bless my ladies: are they all in love,  
 That every one her own hath garnished  
 With such bedecking ornaments of praise!

*Mar.* Here comes *Boyet*.

*Enter Boyet.*

*Prin.* Now, what admittance, Lord?

*Boyet.* *Navarre* had notice of your fair approach;  
 And he and his competitors in oath  
 Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,  
 Before I came. Marry, thus much I've learnt,  
 He rather means to lodge you in the field,  
 Like one that comes here to besiege his Court,  
 Than seek a dispensation for his oath,  
 To let you enter his unpeopled house.  
 Here comes *Navarre*.

SCENE



## S C E N E II.

*Enter the King, Longueville, Dumain, Biron, and Attendants.*

*King.* Fair Princess, welcome to the Court of *Navarre*.

*Prin.* Fair, I give you back again; and welcome I have not yet: the roof of this Court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields, too base to be mine.

*King.* You shall be welcome, Madam, to my Court.

*Prin.* I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

*King.* Hear me, dear lady, I have sworn an oath.

*Prin.* Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

*King.* Not for the world, fair Madam, by my will.

*Prin.* Why, Will shall break its will, and nothing else.

*King.* Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

*Prin.* Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,

Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.

I hear, your Grace hath sworn out house-keeping:

'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my Lord;

\* And sin to break it.——

But pardon me, I am too sudden bold:

To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my Coming,

And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

*King.* Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

*Prin.* You will the sooner, that I were away;

For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me stay.

*Biron.* Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

*Ros.* Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

*Biron.* I know, you did.

*Ros.* How needless was it then to ask the question?

*Biron.* You must not be so quick.

*Ros.* 'Tis long of you, that spur me with such questions.

\* Sir T. Hanmer reads *not sin* inconvenience very frequently to break it. I believe erroneously. The Princess shews an attending rash oaths, which, whether kept or broken, produce guilt.

*Biron.* Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

*Ros.* Not 'till it leave the rider in the mire.

*Biron.* What time o'day?

*Ros.* The hour, that fools should ask.

*Biron.* Now fair befall your mask!

*Ros.* Fair fall the face it covers!

*Biron.* And send you many lovers!

*Ros.* Amen, so you be none!

*Biron.* Nay, then will I be gone.

*King.* Madam, your father here doth intimate  
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;  
Being but th' one half of an entire sum,  
Disburst by my father in his wars.  
But say, that he, or we, as neither have,  
Receiv'd that sum; yet there remains unpaid  
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,  
One part of *Aquitain* is bound to us,  
Although not valu'd to the mony's worth:  
If then the King your father will restore  
But that one half which is unsatisfy'd,  
We will give up our right in *Aquitain*,  
And hold fair friendship with his Majesty:  
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,  
For here he doth demand to have repaid  
An hundred thousand crowns, and not demands<sup>o</sup>,  
On payment of an hundred thousand crowns,  
To have his title live in *Aquitain*;  
Which we much rather had depart withal,  
And have the money by our father lent,

Than

<sup>o</sup> The former editions read,

————— *And not demands  
One payment of an hundred  
thousand Crowns,*

*To have his Title live in Aquitain.*] I have restored, I believe, the genuine Sense of the Passage. *Aquitain* was pledg'd, it seems, to *Navarre's* father, for 200000 Crowns. The *French*

King pretends to have paid one Moiety of this Debt, (which *Navarre* knows nothing of,) but demands this Moiety back again: instead whereof (says *Navarre*) he should rather pay the remaining Moiety and demand to have *Aquitain* re-deliver'd up to him. This is plain and easy Reasoning upon the Fact suppos'd; and *Navarre*

Than *Aquitain* so gelded as it is.  
 Dear princess, were not his requests so far  
 From reason's yielding, your fair self should make  
 A yielding 'gainst some reason in my breast;  
 And go well satisfied to *France* again.

*Prin.* You do the King my father too much wrong,  
 And wrong the reputation of your name,  
 In so unseeming to confess receipt  
 Of that, which hath so faithfully been paid.

*King.* I do protest, I never heard of it;  
 And if you prove it, I'll repay it back,  
 Or yield up *Aquitain*.

*Prin.* We arrest your word:  
*Boyet*, you can produce acquittances  
 For such a sum, from special officers  
 Of *Charles* his father.

*King.* Satisfy me so.

*Boyet.* So please your Grace, the packet is not come,  
 Where that and other specialties are bound:  
 To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

*King.* It shall suffice me; at which interview,  
 All liberal reason I will yield unto:  
 Mean time, receive such welcome at my hand,  
 As honour without breach of honour may  
 Make tender of, to thy true worthiness.  
 You may not come, fair Princess, in my gates;  
 But here, without, you shall be so receiv'd,  
 As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,  
 Tho' so deny'd fair harbour in my house:  
 Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell;  
 To-morrow we shall visit you again.

*Prin.* Sweet health and fair desires comfort your  
 Grace!

*King.* Thy own Wish wish I thee, in every place.

[Exit.

*warre* declares, he had rather re- than detain the Province mort-  
 ceive the Residue of his Debt, gag'd for Security of it. THEOB.



*Biron.* Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

*Rof.* I pray you, do my commendations;  
I would be glad to see it.

*Biron.* I would, you heard it groan.

*Rof.* Is the fool sick?

*Biron.* Sick at the heart.

*Rof.* Alack, let it blood.

*Biron.* Would that do it good?

*Rof.* My physick says, ay.

*Biron.* Will you prick't with your eye?

*Rof.* Non, *poynt*, with my knife.

*Biron.* Now God save thy life!

*Rof.* And yours from long living!

*Biron.* I can't stay thanksgiving. [Exit.

*Dum.* Sir, I pray you a word: what lady is that same?

*Boyet.* The heir of *Alanfon*, *Rosaline* her name.

*Dum.* A gallant lady; Monsieur, fare you well. [Exit.

*Long.* I beseech you, a word: what is she in white?

*Boyet.* A woman sometimes, if you saw her in the  
light.

*Long.* Perchance, light in the light; I desire her name.

*Boyet.* She hath but one for herself; to desire That,  
were a shame.

*Long.* Pray you, Sir, whose daughter?

*Boyet.* Her mother's, I have heard.

*Long.* God's blessing on your beard!\*

*Boyet.* Good Sir, be not offended.

She is an heir of *Faulconbridge*.

*Long.* Nay, my choller is ended:

She is a most sweet lady.

*Boyet.* Not unlike, Sir; that may be. [Exit Long.

*Biron.* What's her name in the cap?

*Boyet.* *Catharine*, by good hap.

*Biron.* Is she wedded, or no?

*Boyet.* To her will, Sir, or fo.

\* That is, mayst thou have length of which suits ill with  
sense and seriousness more pro- such idle catches of wit.  
portionate to thy beard, the

*Biron.* You are welcome, Sir: adieu!

*Boyet.* Farewel to me, Sir, and welcome to you.

[*Exit Biron.*]

*Mar.* That last is *Biron*, the merry mad-cap lord;  
Not a word with him but a jest.

*Boyet.* And every jest a word.

*Prin.* It was well done of you to take him at his  
word.

*Boyet.* I was as willing to grapple, as he was to  
board.

*Mar.* Two hot sheeps, marry.

*Boyet.* And wherefore not shiips?

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

*Mar.* You sheep, and I pasture; shall that finish  
the jest?

*Boyet.* So you grant pasture for me.

*Mar.* Not so, gentle beast;

My lips are no common, though several they be<sup>7</sup>.

*Boyet.* Belonging to whom?

*Mar.* To my fortunes and me.

*Prin.* Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles,  
agree.

The civil war of wits were much better us'd  
On *Navarre* and his book-men; for here 'tis abus'd.

*Boyet.* If my observation, which very seldom lies,  
By the heart's still rhetorick, disclosed with eyes,  
Deceive me not now, *Navarre* is infected.

*Prin.* With what?

*Boyet.* With that which we lovers intitle affected.

*Prin.* Your reason?

<sup>7</sup> *My lips are not common though  
several they are.] Several*  
is an inclosed field of a private  
proprietor; so *Maria* says, *her  
lips are private property.* Of a  
Lord that was newly married

one observed that he grew fat;  
Yes, said Sir *Walter Raleigh*, any  
beast will grow fat, if you take  
him from the *common* and graze  
him in the *several.*

*Boyet.*

*Boyet.* Why, all his behaviours did make their retire

To the Court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:  
 His heart, like an agat with your print impressed,  
 Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed:  
 His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see<sup>s</sup>,  
 Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be:  
 All senses to that sense did make their repair,  
 \* To feel only looking on fairest of fair;  
 Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his eye,  
 As jewels in crystal for some Prince to buy;  
 Who tending their own worth, from whence they  
 were glast,

Did point out to buy them, along as you past.  
 His face's own margent did quote such amazes,  
 That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes:  
 I'll give you *Aquitain*, and all that is his,  
 An' you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

*Prin.* Come, to our pavilion: *Boyet* is dispos'd—

*Boyet.* But to speak that in words, which his eye  
 hath disclos'd;

I only have made a mouth of his eye,  
 By adding a tongue which I know will not lye.

*Ros.* Thou art an old love-monger, and speakest  
 skilfully.

*Mar.* He is *Cupid's* grandfather, and learns news of  
 him.

*Ros.* Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her fa-  
 ther is but grim.

*Boyet.* Do you hear, my mad wenches?

*Mar.* No.

*Boyet.* What then, do you see?

<sup>s</sup> His tongue all impatient to  
 speak and not see.] That is,  
 his tongue being impatiently desirous  
 to see as well as speak.

\* To feel only looking ] Per-  
 haps we may better read, to feed  
 only by looking.



*Ros.* Ay, our way to be gone.

*Boyet.* You are too hard for me<sup>o</sup>.

ACT III. SCENE I.

*The Park ; near the Palace.*

*Enter Armado and Moth<sup>1</sup>.*

ARMADO.

WARBLE, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

*Moth.* Concolinel ———\*

[*Singing.*

*Arm.* Sweet Air!—Go, tenderness of years; take this key, give enlargement to the swain; bring him festinately hither: I must imploy him in a letter to my love.

<sup>o</sup> *Boyet.* *You are too hard for me.*] Here, in all the Books, the 2d Act is made to end: but in my Opinion very mistakenly. I have ventur'd to vary the Regulation of the four last Acts from the printed Copies, for these Reasons. Hitherto, the 2d Act has been of the Extent of 7 Pages; the third but of 5; and the 5th of no less than 29. And this Disproportion of Length has crowd'd too many Incidents into some Acts, and left the others quite barren. I have now reduced them into a much better Equality; and distributed the Business likewise (such as it is) into a more uniform Cast.

THEOBALD.

*Mr. Theobald* has reason enough to propose this alteration, but he should not have made it in his book without better authority or more need. I have therefore preserved his observation, but continued the former division.

<sup>1</sup> *Enter Armado and Moth.*] In the folios the direction is, *enter Braggart and Moth*, and at the beginning of every speech of *Armado* stands *Brag*, both in this and the foregoing scene between him and his boy. The other personages of this play are likewise noted by their characters as often as by their names. All this confusion has been well regulated by the later Editors.

\* Here is apparently a song lost.

*Moth.*

*Moth.* Master, will you win your love with a *French* brawl?

*Arm.* How mean'st thou, brawling in *French*?

*Moth.* No, my compleat master; but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet<sup>2</sup>, humour it with turning up your eyelids; sigh a note and sing a note; sometimes through the throat, as if you swallow'd love with singing love; sometimes through the nose, as if you snufft up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like, o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crost on your thin-belly doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a ship and away: these are compliments\*, these are humours; these betray nice wenches that would be betray'd without these, and make the men of note<sup>3</sup>: do you note men, that are most affected to these?

*Arm.* How hast thou purchas'd this experience?

*Moth.* By my pen of observation.

*Arm.* But O, but O——

*Moth.* The hobby-horse is forgot<sup>4</sup>.

*Arm.*

<sup>2</sup> *Canary* was the name of a spritely nimble dance. THEOB.

\* Dr. Warburton has here changed *compliments* to *complishments* for *accomplishments*, but unnecessarily.

<sup>3</sup> The former Editors: — *these betray nice Wenches, that would be betray'd without these, and make them Men of Note.*] But who will ever believe, that the odd Attitudes and Affectations of *Lovers*, by which they betray young *Wenches*, should have power to make those young *Wenches* *Men of Note*? His Meaning is, that they not

only inveigle to young *Girls*, but make the *Men* taken notice of too, who affect them.

THEOBALD.

<sup>4</sup> *Arm.* But O, but O ——

*Moth.* *The Hobby-horse is forgot.*] In the celebration of *May-day*, besides the sports now used of hanging a pole with garlands, and dancing round it, formerly a boy was drest up representing *Maid Marian*; another, like a *Fryar*; and another rode on a *Hobby-horse*, with bells jingling, and painted streamers. After the reformation took place, and *Precisians* multiplied, these latter rites

*Arm.* Call'st thou my love hobby-horse?

*Moth.* No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt\*, and you love, perhaps, a hackney: but have you forgot your love?

*Arm.* Almost I had.

*Moth.* Negligent student, learn her by heart.

*Arm.* By heart, and in heart, boy.

*Moth.* And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove,

*Arm.* What wilt thou prove?

*Moth.* A man, if I live: And this *by*, *in*, and *out of*, upon the instant: *by* heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her: *in* heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and *out of* heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

*Arm.* I am all these three.

*Moth.* And three times as much more; and yet nothing at all.

*Arm.* Fetch hither the swain, he must carry me a letter.

*Moth.* A message well sympathis'd; a horse to be embassador for an ass.

*Arm.* Ha, ha; what say'st thou?

*Moth.* Marry, Sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gated: but I go.

*Arm.* The way is but short; away.

*Moth.* As swift as lead, Sir.

*Arm.* Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?  
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull and slow?

rites were look'd upon to favour of *paganism*; and then maid *Marian*, the *fryar*, and the poor *Hobby-horse*, were turn'd out of the games. Some who were not so *wisely* precise, but regretted the difuse of the *Hobby-horse*, no doubt, satiriz'd this suspicion of idolatry, and archly wrote the *epitaph* above alluded to. Now

*Moth*, hearing *Armado* groan ridiculously, and cry out, *But oh! but oh!*— humourously pieces out his exclamation with the sequel of this epitaph.

THEOBALD.

\* *Colt* is a hot mad-brained unbroken young fellow, or sometimes an old fellow with youthful desires.

*Moth.*



*Moth.* *Minimè*, honest master : or rather, master, no.

*Arm.* I say, lead is flow.

*Moth.* You are too swift, Sir, to say so<sup>5</sup>:

Is that lead flow, Sir, which is fir'd from a gun?

*Arm.* Sweet smoak of rhetorick!

He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:

I shoot thee at the swain.

*Moth.* Thump then, and I fly. [Exit.

*Arm.* A most acute *Juvenile*, voluble and free of grace;

° By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must fight in thy face.

Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.

My herald is return'd.

## S C E N E II.

*Re-enter Moth and Costard.*

*Moth.* A wonder, master, here's a *Costard* broken in a shin.

*Arm.* Some enigma, some riddle; come,—thy *l'envoy*—begin.

*Cost.* No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*; no falve in the male, Sir<sup>7</sup>. O Sir, plantan, a plain plantan; no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, or falve, Sir, but plantan.

<sup>5</sup> *You are too swift, Sir, to say so.*] How is he too swift for saying that lead is flow? I fancy we should read, as well to supply the rhyme as the sense,

*You are too swift, Sir, to say so, so soon*

*Is that lead slow, Sir, which is fir'd from a gun?*

<sup>6</sup> *By thy favour, sweet welkin*] Welkin is the sky, to which *Armado*, with the false dignity of a *Spaniard*, makes an apology for fighting in its face.

<sup>7</sup> *No falve in the male, Sir.*] The old folio reads, *no falve in the male, Sir*, which in another folio, is *no falve in the male, Sir*. What it can mean is not easily discovered: if *mail* for a *packet* or *bag* was a word then in use, *no falve in the mail* may mean no falve in the mountebank's budget. Or shall we read, *no egma, no riddle, no l'envoy—in the vale, Sir*—O, Sir, *plantain*. The matter is not great, but one would wish for some meaning or other.

*Arm.*

*Arm.* By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling: O pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take falve for *l'envoy*, and the word *l'envoy* for a falve?

*Moth.* Doth the wife think them other? is not *l'envoy* a falve?

*Arm.* No, page, it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been said. I will example it. Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral, now the *l'envoy*.

*Moth.* I will add the *l'envoy*; say the moral again.

*Arm.* The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three.

*Moth.* Until the goose came out of door,  
And stay'd the odds by adding four.

A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose; would you desire more?

*Cost.* The boy hath sold him a bargain; a goose,  
that's fat;

Sir, your penny-worth is good, an' your goose be fat.  
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose.  
Let me see a fat *l'envoy*; that's a fat goose.

*Arm.* Come hither, come hither;  
How did this argument begin?

*Moth.* By saying, that a *Costard* was broken in a shin.  
Then call'd you for a *l'envoy*.

*Cost.* True, and I for a plantan;  
Thus came the argument in;  
Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought,  
And he ended the market.

*Arm.* But tell me; how was there a \* *Costard*  
broken in a shin?

\* *Costard* is the name of a species of apple.

*Moth.*

*Moth.* I will tell you fenfibly.

*Cost.* Thou haft no feeling of it, *Moth.*

I will fpeak that *l'envoy*.

*Costard* running out, that was fafely within,  
Fell over the threshold, and broke my fhin.

*Arm.* We will talk no more of this matter.

*Cost.* 'Till there be more matter in the fhin.

*Arm.* Sirrah, *Costard*, I will infranchife thee.

*Cost.* O, marry me to one *Francis*; I fmell fome *l'envoy*, fome goofe in this.

*Arm.* By my fweet foul, I mean, fetting thee at liberty; enfreedoming thy perfon; thou wert immur'd, reftained, captivated, bound.

*Cost.* True, true, and now you will be my purgation, and let me loofe.

*Arm.* I give thee thy liberty, fet thee from durance, and, in lieu thereof, impofe on thee nothing but this; bear this fignificant to the country-maid *Faquetta*; there is remuneration; [*Giving him fomething.*] for the beft ward of mine honours is rewarding my dependants. *Moth*, follow.—— [Exit.

*Moth.* Like the fequel, I<sup>s</sup>. Signior *Costard*, adieu. [Exit.

*Cost.* My fweet ounce of man's flefh, my in-cony Jew<sup>o</sup>! Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the *Latin* word for three farthings: three farthings remuneration.—What's the price of this inkle? a penny: No, I'll give you a remuneration: why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a

<sup>s</sup> Like the fequel, l.] *Sequele*, in *French*, fignifies a great man's train. The joke is that a fingle page was all his train.

WARBURTON.

<sup>o</sup> My in-cony Jew!] *Incony* or *kony* in the north fignifies, fine, delicate—as a *kony thing*, a fine thing. It is plain therefore, we fhould read, *my-incony JEWEL*.

WARBURTON.

*Cony* has the fignification here given it, but *incony* I never heard nor read elfewhere. I know not whether it be right, however fpecious, to change *Jew* to *jewel*. *Jew*, in our author's time, was, for whatever reafon, apparently a word of endearment. So in *Midsummer Night's Dream*,

Moft tender Juvenile, and the  
moft lovely Jew.

fairer



fairer name than a *French crown* \*. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

SCENE III.

*Enter Biron.*

*Biron.* O my good knave *Costard*, exceedingly well met.

*Cost.* Pray you, Sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration ?

*Biron.* What is a remuneration ?

*Cost.* Marry, Sir, half-penny farthing.

*Biron.* O why then three farthings worth of silk.

*Cost.* I thank your worship. God be with you.

*Biron.* O stay, slave, I must employ thee:  
As thou wilt win my favour, my good knave,  
Do one thing for me that I shall intreat.

*Cost.* When would you have it done, Sir ?

*Biron.* O, this afternoon.

*Cost.* Well, I will do it, Sir. Fare you well.

*Biron.* O, thou knowest not what it is.

*Cost.* I shall know, Sir, when I have done it.

*Biron.* Why, villain, thou must know first.

*Cost.* I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

*Biron.* It must be done this afternoon.

Hark, slave, it is but this :

The Princess comes to hunt here in the park :

And in her train there is a gentle lady ;

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,

\* No, I'll give you a remuneration: Why? It carries its remuneration. Why? It is a fairer name than a French crown.] Thus this passage has hitherto been writ, and pointed, without any regard to common sense, or meaning. The reform, that I have made, slight as it is, makes it both intelligible and humorous. THEOBALD.

And *Rosaline* they call her; ask for her,  
 And to her sweet hand see thou do commend  
 This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.

[gives him a shilling.]

*Cost.* Guerdon, — O sweet guerdon! better than  
 remuneration, eleven pence farthing better: most sweet  
 guerdon! I will do it, Sir, in print. Guerdon, remun-  
 eration. — [Exit.]

*Biron.* O! and I, forsooth, in love!  
 I, that have been love's whip;  
 A very beadle to a humourous sigh;  
 A critic; nay, a night-watch constable;  
 A domineering pedant o'er the boy,  
 Than whom no mortal more magnificent.  
 This whimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy,  
 This Signior *Junio's* giant-dwarf, Dan *Cupid*<sup>2</sup>,

Regent

<sup>2</sup> *This Signior Junio's giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid.*] It was some time ago ingeniously hinted to me, (and I readily came in to the Opinion;) that as there was a Contrast of Terms in *giant-dwarf*, so, probably, there should be in the Word immediately preceding them; and therefore that we should restore,

*This Senior-junior, giant-dwarf,  
 Dan Cupid.*

i. e. this old young Man. And there is, indeed, afterwards in this play, a Description of *Cupid*, which sorts very aptly with such an Emendation.

*That was the way to make his  
 Godhead wax,  
 For he hath been five thousand  
 years a Boy.*

The Conjecture is exquisitely well imagined, and ought by all means to be embrac'd, unless there is reason to think, that, in

the former Reading, there is an Allusion to some Tale, or Character in an old Play. I have not, on this Account, ventured to disturb the Text, because there seems to me some reason to suspect, that our Author is here alluding to *Beaumont and Fletcher's Bonduca*. In that Tragedy there is the Character of one *Junius*, a Roman Captain, who falls in Love to Distraction with one of *Bonduca's* Daughters; and becomes an arrant whining Slave to this Passion. He is afterwards cured of his Infirmary, and is as absolute a Tyrant against the Sex. Now, with regard to these two Extremes, *Cupid* might very probably be stiled *Junius's* giant-dwarf: a Giant in his Eye, while the Dotage was upon him; but shrunk into a Dwarf, so soon as he had got the better of it.

THEOBALD.

Mr. Upton has made a very ingenious

Regent of love-rhimes, lord of folded arms,  
 Th' anointed Sovereign of sighs and groans :  
 Leige of all loiterers and malecontents :  
 Dread Prince of plackets, King of codpieces :  
 Solè Imperator, and great General  
 Of trotting \* paritors : (O my little heart !)  
 And I to be a corporal of his File<sup>3</sup>,  
 And wear his colours! like a tumbler's hoop!  
 What? what? I love! I sue! I seek a wife!  
 A Woman, that is like a *German* clock,  
 Still a repairing; ever out of frame,  
 And never going aright, being a watch,  
 But being watch'd, that it may still go right:  
 Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all :  
 And, among three, to love the worst of all;  
 A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,  
 With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;  
 Ay, and by heav'n, one that will do the deed,  
 Tho' *Argus* were her eunuch and her guard;

genious conjecture on this passage. He reads, *This Signior Julio's Giant-dwarf*. *Shakespeare*, says he, intended to compliment *Julio Romano*, who drew *Cupid* in the character of a Giant-dwarf. *Dr. Warburton* thinks, that by *Junio* is meant youth in general.

\* An *apparitor*, or *paritor*, is the officer of the bishop's court who carries out citations: as citations are most frequently issued for fornication, the *paritor* is put under *Cupid's* government.

<sup>3</sup> In former Editions,

And I to be a Corporal of his Field,

And wear his Colours like a Tumbler's hoop!

A Corporal of a Field is quite a new Term: neither did the *Tumblers* ever adorn their *Hoops* with Ribbands, that I can learn: for

Those were not carried in Parade about with them, as the Fencer carries his Sword: Nor, if they were, is the Similitude at all pertinent to the Case in hand. I read, *like a tumbler's hoop*. To *scoop like a Tumbler* agrees not only with that Profession, and the servile Condescensions of a Lover, but with what follows in the Context. The wise Transcribers, when once the *Tumbler* appear'd, thought his *Hoop* must not be far behind.

WARBURTON.

The conceit seems to be very forced and remote, however it be understood. The notion is not that the *hoop wears colours*, but that the colours are worn as a *tumbler* carries his *hoop*, hanging on one shoulder and falling under the opposite arm.



And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!  
 To pray for her! go to!—It is a plague,  
 That *Cupid* will impose for my neglect  
 Of his almighty, dreadful, little, Might.  
 Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue and groan:  
 Some men must love my lady, and some *Joan*. [*Exit* \*.]

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A Pavilion in the Park near the Palace.*

*Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Catharine,  
 Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.*

PRINCESS.

WAS that the King, that spurr'd his horse so  
 hard

Against the steep uprising of the hill?

*Boyet.* I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

*Prin.* Who e'er he was, he shew'd a mounting mind.

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch;

On *Saturday* we will return to *France*.

—Then Forester, my friend, where is the bush,  
 That we must stand and play the murderer in?

*For.* Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;  
 A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot.

*Prin.* I thank my beauty, I am fair, that shoot:  
 And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.

*For.* Pardon me, madam: for I meant not so.

*Prin.* What, what? first praise me, then again say,  
 no?

O short-liv'd pride! not fair? alack, for wo!

*For.* Yes, madam, fair.

\* To this line Mr. *Theobald* served, without sufficient authority, extends his second act, not injudiciously, but, as was before ob-

*Prin.*

*Prin.* Nay, never paint me now;

Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.

<sup>4</sup> Here—good my glass—take this for telling true;

[Giving him money.

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

*For.* Nothing but fair is that, which you inherit.

*Prin.* See, see, my beauty will be fav'd by merit.

O heresy in fair, fit for these days!

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.

But come, the bow; now mercy goes to kill,

And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot,

Not wounding, Pity would not let me do't:

If wounding, then it was to shew my Skill;

That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.

And, out of question, so it is sometimes;

Glory grows guilty of detested crimes;

When for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part<sup>5</sup>,

We bend to that the working of the heart.

As I for praise alone now seek to spill

The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill<sup>6</sup>.

*Boyet.* Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty

Only for praise-fake, when they strive to be  
Lords o'er their Lords?

<sup>4</sup> Here—good my glass—] To understand how the princess has her glass so ready at hand in a casual conversation, it must be remembered that in those days it was the fashion among the French ladies to wear a looking glass, as Mr. Bayle coarsely represents it, on their bellies; that is, to have a small mirror set in gold hanging at the girdle, by which they occasionally viewed their faces, or adjusted their hair.

<sup>5</sup> When for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,

*We bend to that the working of the heart.]* The harmony of the measure, the easiness of the expression, and the good sense in the thought, all concur to recommend these two lines to the reader's notice. WARB.

<sup>6</sup> — THAT my heart means no ill] We should read, THO' my heart—— WARB.

*That my heart means no ill,* is the same with to whom my heart means no ill: the common phrase suppresses the particle, as I mean him [not to him] no harm.

*Prin.* Only for praise; and praise we may afford  
To any lady, that subdues her lord.

*Enter Costard.*

*Prin.* Here comes a member of the common-wealth<sup>7</sup>.

*Cost.* Good dig-you-den all; pray you, which is the head lady?

*Prin.* Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

*Cost.* Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

*Prin.* The thickest and the tallest.

*Cost.* The thickest and the tallest? it is so, truth is truth.

An' your waste, mistress, were as slender as my wit<sup>8</sup>,  
One o' these maids girdles for your waste should be fit.  
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

*Prin.* What's your will, Sir? what's your will?

<sup>7</sup> *A member of the common-wealth.]* Here, I believe, is a kind of jest intended; a member of the common-wealth is put for one of the common people, one of the meanest.

<sup>8</sup> *An' YOUR waste, mistress, were as slender as MY wit, One o' these maids girdles for YOUR waste should be fit.]*

And was not one of her maid's girdles fit for her? It is plain that *my* and *your* have all the way changed places, by some accident or other; and that the lines should be read thus,

*An' MY waste, mistress, was as slender as YOUR wit, One of these maids girdles for MY waste should be fit.*

The lines are humourous enough, both as reflecting on his own gross shape, and her slender wit.

WARBURTON.

This conjecture is ingenious enough, but not well considered. It is plain that the Ladies girdles would not fit the princess. For when she has referred the clown to *the thickest and the tallest*, he turns immediately to her with the blunt apology, *truth is truth*; and again tells her, *you are the thickest here*. If any alteration is to be made, I should propose,

*An' your waist, mistress, were as slender as your wit.*

This would point the reply; but perhaps he mentions the slenderness of his own wit to excuse his bluntness.

*Cost.*



*Cost.* I have a letter from Monsieur *Biron*, to one lady *Rosaline*.

*Prin.* O thy letter, thy letter: he's a good friend of mine.

Stand aside, good bearer. — *Boyet*, you can carve; Break up this capon °.

*Boyet.* I am bound to serve.

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;

It is writ to *Faquetta*.

*Prin.* We will read it, I swear.

Break the neck of the wax <sup>1</sup>, and every one give ear.

*Boyet reads.*

**B***R* heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth it self, that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal. The magnanimous and most illustrate King Cophetua <sup>2</sup> set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon; and he it was that might rightly say, *veni, vidi, vici*; which to anatomize in the vulgar (O base and obscure vulgar!) videlicet, he came, saw, and overcame; he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the King. Why did he

<sup>9</sup> *Boyet, you can carve;*

*Break up this Capon.] i. e. open this Letter.*

Our poet uses this metaphor, as the French do their Poulet; which signifies both a young Fowl, and a Love-letter. *Poulet, amatoriae Litterae*, says *Richard*: and quotes from *Voiture*, *Repondre au plus obligeant Poulet du Monde*; To reply to the most obliging Letter in the World. The *Italians* use the same manner of Expression, when they call a Love-Epistle, *una Pollicetta amo-*

*rosa*. I owed the Hint of this equivocal use of the Word to my ingenious friend Mr. *Bishop*. THE.

<sup>1</sup> *Break the neck of the wax.] Still alluding to the capon.*

<sup>2</sup> *King Cophetua.] This story is again alluded to in Henry IV.*

Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof. But of this King and Beggar the story then, doubtless, well known, is, I am afraid, lost. *Zenelophon* has not the appearance of a female name, but since I know not the true name, it is idle to guess.

come? to see. Why did he see? to overcome. To whom came he? to the beggar. What saw he? the beggar. Whom overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory; on whose side? the King's; the captive is enrich'd: on whose side? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial: on whose side? the King's? no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the King (for so stands the comparison) thou the beggar, for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could. Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles? titles: for thy self? me. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine in the dearest design of industry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO,

<sup>3</sup> Thus dost thou hear the *Nemean* lion roar  
 'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;  
 Submissive fall his princely feet before,  
 And he from forage will incline to play.  
 But if thou strive (poor soul) what art thou then?  
 Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

*Prin.* What plume of feathers is he, that indited  
 this letter?

What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear  
 better?

*Boyet.* I am much deceived, but I remember the  
 stile.

*Prin.* Else your memory is bad, going o'er it ere  
 while <sup>4</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> Thus dost thou hear, &c.] These six lines appear to be a quotation from some ridiculous poem of that time.

<sup>4</sup> — ere while.] Just now; a little while ago. So *Raleigh*,  
*Here lies Hobbinol our shepherd,*  
*while e'er.*

*Boyet.* This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keeps here  
in Court,

A phantasmie, a monarcho<sup>5</sup>, and one that makes sport  
To the Prince, and his book-mates.

*Prin.* Thou, fellow, a word;

Who gave thee this letter?

*Cost.* I told you; my lord.

*Prin.* To whom shouldst thou give it?

*Cost.* From my lord to my lady.

*Prin.* From which lord to which lady?

*Cost.* From my lord *Biron*, a good master of mine,  
To a lady of *France*, that he call'd *Rosaline*.

*Prin.* Thou hast mistaken this letter, Come, lords,  
away<sup>6</sup>.

Here, sweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another day.  
[*Exit Princess attended.*]

*Boyet.* Who is the shooter? who is the shooter?

*Ros.* Shall I teach you to know?

*Boyet.* Ay, my continent of beauty.

*Ros.* Why, she that bears the bow. Finely put off.

*Boyet.* My lady goes to kill horns: but if thou  
marry,

Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

Finely put on.—

*Ros.* Well then, I am the shooter.

*Boyet.* And who is your Deer?

*Ros.* If we chuse by horns, yourself; come not near.

Finely put on indeed.—

*Mar.* You will wrangle with her, *Boyet*, and she  
strikes at the brow.

*Boyet.* But she herself is hit lower. Have I hit her  
now?

*Ros.* Shall I come upon thee with an old saying,  
that was a man when King *Pippin* of *France* was a lit-  
tle boy, as touching the hit it?

<sup>5</sup> — a monarcho,] Sir T. Perhaps the Princess said rather  
*Hammer* reads, a mammuccio. Come, ladies, away.—The rest of

<sup>6</sup> — Come, lords, away.] the scene deserves no care.



*Boyet.* So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen *Quinover* of Britain was, a little wench, as touching the hit it.

*Ros.* *Thou can'st not hit it, hit it, hit it.* [Singing.  
*Thou can'st not hit it, my good man.*

*Boyet.* *An' I cannot, cannot, cannot;*  
*An' I cannot, another can.* [Exit *Ros.*

*Cost.* By my troth, most pleasant; how both did fit it.

*Mar.* A mark marvellous well shot; for they both did hit it.

*Boyet.* A mark? O, mark but that mark! a mark, says my lady;  
Let the mark have a prick in't; to meet at, if it may be.

*Mar.* Wide o'th'bow-hand; i'faith, your hand is out.

*Cost.* Indeed, a'must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

*Boyet.* An' if my hand be out, then, belike, your hand is in.

*Cost.* Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.

*Mar.* Come, come, you talk greasily; your lips grow foul.

*Cost.* She's too hard for you at pricks, Sir, challenge her to bowl.

*Boyet.* I fear too much rubbing; good night my good owl. [Exit all but *Costard.*

*Cost.* By my soul, a swain; a most simple clown! Lord, Lord! how the ladies and I have put him down! O' my troth, most sweet jests, most incony vulgar wit, When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely; as it were, so fit.

*Armado* o' th' one side—O, a most dainty man;  
To seek him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan.  
To see him kiss his hand, and how most sweetly he will swear:

And

And his Page o' t'other side, that handful of Wit;  
 Ah, heaven's! it is a most pathological Nit.

[Exit Costard.

[Shouting within.

S C E N E II.

Enter Dull, Holofernes, and Sir Nathanael.

Nath. Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good Conscience.

Hol. The deer was (as you know) *sanguis*, in blood; ripe as a pomwater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the

Enter — Holofernes,] There is very little personal reflexion in *Shakespeare*. Either the virtue of those times, or the candour of our author, has so effected, that his satire is, for the most part, general, and as himself says, — his taxing like a wild

goose flies,

Unclaim'd of any man. —

The place before us seems to be an exception. For by *Holofernes* is designed a particular character, a pedant and schoolmaster of our author's time, one *John Florio*, a teacher of the *Italian* tongue in *London*, who has given us a small dictionary of that language under the title of *A world of words*, which in his Epistle Dedicatory he tells us, is of little less value than *Stephens's treasure of the Greek tongue*, the most compleat work that was ever yet compiled of its kind. In his preface, he calls those who had criticized his works *Sea dogs or Land-critics; Monsters of men, if not beasts rather than men; whose teeth are canibals, their tooings ad-dars-forks, their lips aspes poison, their eyes basiliskes, their breath*

*the breath of a grave, their words like swordes of Turks that strive which shall dive deepest into a Christian lying bound before them.* Well therefore might the mild *Nathanael* desire *Holofernes* to abrogate *scurrility*. His profession too is the reason that *Holofernes* deals so much in *Italian* sentences. There is an edition of *Love's Labour's lost*, printed 1598, and said to be presented before her Highness this last Christmas 1597. The next year 1598, comes out our *John Florio* with his *World of Words, recentibus odiis*; and in the preface, quoted above, falls upon the comic poet for bringing him on the stage. *There is another sort of leering curs, that rather snarle than bite, whercof I could instance in one, who lighting on a good sonnet of a gentleman's, a friend of mine, that loved better to be a poet than to be counted so, called the author a Rymer.* — Let *Aristophanes* and his comedians make plaies, and scowre their mouths on *Socrates*; those very mouths they make to vilisfe shall be the means to amplisfe his virtue, &c. Here *Shakespeare* is so plain-ly

the ear of *Cælo*, the sky, the welkin, the heav'n; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of *Terra*, the soil, the land, the earth.

*Nath.* Truly, master *Holofernes*, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least; but, Sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

*Hol.* Sir *Nathanael*, *haud credo*.

*Dull.* 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

*Hol.* Most barbarous intimation; yet a kind of insinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of explication;

ly marked out as not to be mistaken. As to the sonnet, of *The Gentleman his friend*, we may be assured it was no other than his own. And without doubt was parodied in the very sonnet beginning with *The praiseful Princeps*, &c. in which our author makes *Holofernes* say, *He will something offend the letter; for it argues facility*. And how much *John Florio* thought this affectation argued facility, or quickness of wit, we see in this preface where he falls upon his enemy, *H. S.* *His name is H. S. Do not take it for the Roman H. S. unless it be as H. S. is twice as much and an half, as half an A. S.* With a great deal more to the same purpose; concluding his preface in these words, *The resolute John Florio*. From the ferocity of this man's temper it was, that *Shakespeare* chose for him the name which *Rablais* gives to his Pedant of *Tubal Holoferne*.

WARBURTON.

I am not of the learned commentator's opinion, that the satire of *Shakespeare* is so seldom personal. It is of the nature of personal invectives to be soon unintelligible; and the author that

gratifies private malice, *animam in vulnere ponit*, destroys the future efficacy of his own writings, and sacrifices the esteem of succeeding times to the laughter of a day. It is no wonder, therefore, that the sarcasms which, perhaps, in the author's time, set the playhouse in a roar, are now lost among general reflections. Yet whether the character of *Holofernes* was pointed at any particular man, I am, notwithstanding the plausibility of *Dr. Warburton's* conjecture, inclined to doubt. Every man adheres as long as he can to his own pre conceptions. Before I read this note I considered the character of *Holofernes* as borrowed from the *Rhombus* of *Sir Philip Sidney*, who, in a kind of pastoral entertainment exhibited to *Queen Elizabeth*, has introduced a schoolmaster so called, speaking a *leash of languages at once*, and puzzling himself and his auditors with a jargon like that of *Holofernes* in the present play. *Sidney* himself might bring the character from *Italy*; for, as *Peacham* observes, the Schoolmaster has long been one of the ridiculous personages in the farces of that country.

facere,



*facere*, as it were, replication; or rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination; after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or ratherest unconfirmed fashion, to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

*Dull.* I said, the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

*Hol.* Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus*; O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look?

*Nath.* Sir, he hath never fed on the dainties that are bred in a book. He hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink. His intellect is not replenished. He is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts; <sup>8</sup> And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be,

Which we taste and feeling are for those parts that do fructify in us, more than He.

<sup>8</sup> — and such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be; which we taste, and feeling are for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.} The Words have been ridiculously, and stupidly, transpos'd and corrupted. I read, *we thankful should be for those parts (which we taste and feel ingradate) that do fructify, &c.* The emendation I have offer'd, I hope, restores the author: At least, it gives him sense and grammar: and answers extremely well to his metaphors taken from planting. *Ingradate*, with the *Italians*, signifies, to rise higher and higher; *andare di grado in grado*, to make a progression; and so at length come to fructify, as the poet expresses it.

WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer reads thus,  
And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be,

For those parts which we taste and feel do fructify in us more than he.

And Mr. Edwards, in his animadversions on Dr. Warburton's notes, applauds the emendation. I think both the editors mistaken, except that Sir T. Hanmer found the metre though he missed the sense. I read, with a slight change, *And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be;*

When we taste and feeling are for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.

That is, such barren plants are exhibited in the creation, to make us thankful when we have more taste and feeling than he, of those parts or qualities which produce fruit in us, and preserve us from being likewise barren plants. Such is the sense, just in itself and pious, but a little clouded by the diction of Sir Nathanael.

For

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet,  
or a fool;

So were there a patch \* set on learning, to see him in  
a school.

But *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind,  
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

*Dull.* You two are book-men; can you tell by your  
wit,

What was a month old at *Cain's* birth, that's not five  
weeks old as yet?

*Hol. Diçtynna*, good-man *Dull*; *Diçtynna*, good-  
man *Dull*.

*Dull.* What is *Diçtynna*?

*Nath.* A title to *Phæbe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moon*.

*Hol.* The moon was a month old, when *Adam* was  
no more:

And raught not to five weeks, when he came to five-  
score.

Th' allusion holds in the exchange?

*Dull.* 'Tis true, indeed; the collusion holds in the  
exchange.

*Hol.* God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion  
holds in the exchange.

*Dull.* And I say, the pollution holds in the ex-  
change; for the moon is never but a month old; and  
I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the Princess kill'd.

*Hol.* Sir *Nathanael*, will you hear an extemporal  
epitaph on the death of the deer? and to humour the  
ignorant, I have call'd the deer the Princess kill'd, a  
pricket.

*Nath. Perge*, good master *Holofernes*, *perge*; so it  
shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

\* The meaning is, to be in a school would as ill become a patch, or low fellow, as folly would become me, *change.*] i. e. the riddle is as good when I use the name of *Adam*, as when you use the name of *Cain*.

WARBURTON.

<sup>o</sup> Th' allusion holds in the ex-

*Hol.*

*Hol.* I will something affect the letter; for it argues facility.

*The praiseful Princess pierc'd and prickt  
 A pretty pleasing pricket;  
 Some say, a sore; but not a fore,  
 'Till now made sore with shooting.  
 The dogs did yell; put L to sore,  
 Then sorrel jump't from thicket;  
 Or pricket sore, or else sorel,  
 The people fall a hooting.  
 If sore be sore, then L to sore  
 Makes fifty sores, o' sorel!  
 Of one sore I an hundred make,  
 By adding but one more L.*

*Nath.* A rare talent!

*Dull.* If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

*Hol.* This is a gift that I have; simple! simple! a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions. These are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourish'd in the womb of *pia mater*, and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occasion; but the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

*Nath.* Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you; you are a good member of the commonwealth.

*Hol.* Mehercle, if their sons be ingenuous, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be capable, I

*Makes fifty sores, O sorel!]* *the first year a Fawn; the second year a Pricket; the third year, a Sorel; the fourth year a Sore; the fifth year, a buck of the first head, &c. Manhood of the Laws of the Forest, p. 44.* WARB.

will



will put it to them. But *vir sapit, qui pauca loquitur*; a fowl feminine saluteth us.

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Jaquenetta, and Costard.*

*Jaq.* God give you good morrow, master Parson.

*Hol.* Master Parson, *quasi* Person. And if one should be pierc'd, which is the one?

*Cest.* Marry, master school-master, he that is likest to a hog'shead.

*Hol.* Of piercing a hog'shead. A good Lustre of conceit in a turf of earth, fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'Tis pretty, it is well.

*Jaq.* Good master Parson, be so good as read me this letter; it was given me by *Costard*, and sent me from *Don Armatho*; I beseech you, read it.

*Hol.* <sup>2</sup> *Fausste, precor, gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ.*

<sup>2</sup> *Nath. Fausste, precor, gelidâ]* Though all the Editions concur to give this Speech to Sir *Nathanael*, yet, as *Dr. Thirlby* ingeniously observ'd to me, it is evident, it must belong to *Holofernes*. The Curate is employ'd in reading the Letter to himself; and while he is doing so, that the Stage may not stand still, *Holofernes* either pulls out a Book, or, repeating some Verse by heart from *Mantuanus*, comments upon the Character of that Poet. *Battista Spagnolus*, (surnamed *Mantuanus*, from the Place of his Birth) was a Writer of Poems, who flourish'd towards the latter End of the 15th Century.

THEOBALD.

*Fausste, precor gelidâ, &c. A*

note of *La Monnoye's* on these very words in *Les Contes des Periers*, Nov. 42. will explain the humour of the quotation, and shew how well *Shakespeare* has sustained the character of his pedant.—*Il désigne le Carme de Baptiste Mantuan, dont au commencement du 16 siècle on lisoit publiquement à Paris les Poesies; si celebres alors, que, comme dit plaisamment Farnabe, dans sa preface sur Martial, les Pedans ne faisoient nulle difficulté de preferer à l'Arma virumque cano, le Fausste, precor, gelidâ, c'est-a-dire, à l'Eneide de Virgile les Eclogues de Mantuan, le premiere desquelles commence par Fausste precor gelidâ.* WARBURTON.

Ru-

*Ruminat*, and so forth. Ah, good old *Mantuan*, I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of *Venice*; <sup>3</sup> *Vinegia, Vinegia! qui non te vedi, ei non te pregia.* Old *Mantuan*, old *Mantuan*! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not;—*ut re sol la mi fa.* Under pardon, Sir, what are the contents? or rather, as *Horace* says in his: What! my soul! verses?

*Nath.* Ay, Sir, and very learned.

*Hol.* Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; *Lege, Domine.*

*Nath.* If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd;  
Tho' to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;  
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like  
osiers bow'd.

Study his biases leaves, and makes his book thine eyes;  
Where all those pleasures live, that art would  
comprehend:

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;  
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee  
commend.

All ignorant that Soul, that sees thee without wonder:  
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts ad-  
mire.

Thy eye *Jove's* lightning bears, thy voice is dreadful  
thunder;

Which, not to anger bent, is musick, and sweet fire.

<sup>3</sup> In old Editions: *Venechi, non te vedi, ei non te pregia.* O *venache a, qui non te vide, ei non te piaech.*] And thus Mr. *Rowe*, and Mr. *Rope*. But that Poets, Scholars, and Linguists, could not restore this little Scrap of true *Italian*, is to me unaccountable. Our Author is applying the Praises of *Mantuanus* to a common proverbial Sentence, said of *Venice*. *Vinegia, Vinegia! qui* *Venice, Venice,* he, who has never seen thee, has thee not in Esteem. THEOBALD. The proverb, as I am informed, is this; *He that sees Venice little, values it much; he that sees it much, values it little.* But I suppose Mr. *Theobald* is right, for the true proverb would not serve the speaker's purpose.

Celestial as thou art, Oh pardon, love, this wrong,  
That sings the heaven's praise with such an earthly  
tongue.

*Hol.* You find not the *Apostrophes*, and so miss the  
accent. Let me supervise the canzonet. Here are  
only numbers ratify'd<sup>4</sup>; but for the elegancy, facility,  
and golden cadence of poesie, *caret*:<sup>5</sup> *Ovidius Naso*  
was the man. And why, indeed, *Naso*; but for  
smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the  
jerks of invention? *imitari*, is nothing:<sup>6</sup> so doth the  
hound

<sup>4</sup> Nath. *Here are only Numbers  
ratified*;) Tho' this Speech has  
been all along plac'd to Sir *Nathanael*, I have ventur'd to join  
it to the preceding Words of  
*Holofernes*; and not without Reason. The Speaker here is im-  
peaching the Verses; but Sir  
*Nathanael*, as it appears above,  
thought them learned ones: be-  
sides, as Dr. *Thirlby* observes, al-  
most every Word of this Speech,  
fathers itself on the Pedant. So  
much for the Regulation of it:  
now, a little, to the Contents

*And why indeed Naso, but for  
smelling out the odoriferous Flowers  
of Fancy? the Jerks of Invention  
imitary is nothing.*

Sagacity, with a Vengeance!  
I should be asham'd to own my-  
self a Piece of a Scholar, to pre-  
tend to the Task of an Editor, and  
to pass such Stuff as this upon the  
World for genuine. Who ever  
heard of *Invention imitary*? In-  
vention and Imitation have ever  
been accounted two distinct  
Things. The Speech is by a  
Pedant, who frequently throws  
in a Word of *Latin* amongst his  
*English*; and he is here flourish-

ing upon the Merit of Invention,  
beyond That of Imitation, or  
copying after another. My Cor-  
rection makes the whole so plain  
and intelligible, that, I think,  
it carries Conviction along with  
it.

THEOBALD.

<sup>5</sup> *Ovidius Naso was the man.*] Our author makes his pedant af-  
fect the being conversant in the  
best authors: Contrary to the  
practice of modern wits, who  
represent them as despisers of all  
such. But those who know the  
world, know the pedant to be  
the greatest affecter of politeness.

WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> *so doth the hound his master,  
the ape his keeper, the TIRED  
horse his rider.*] The pedant  
here, to run down Imitation,  
shews that it is a quality within  
the capacity of beasts: that the  
dog and the ape are taught to co-  
py tricks by their master and  
keeper: and so is the *tir'd* horse  
by his rider. This last is a won-  
derful instance; but it happens  
not to be true. The author must  
have wrote — the *TRIED* horse  
*his rider*: i. e. one, *exercis'd*,  
and broke to the *manage*: for he  
obeys



hound his master, the ape his keeper, the try'd horse his rider: But *Damofella Virgin*, was this directly to you?

*Jaq.* Ay, Sir, from one Monsieur *Biron*, to one of the strange Queen's Ladies.

*Hol.* I will overglance the superscript. *To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous lady Rosaline.* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto.

*Your Ladyship's in all desir'd employment, Biron.*

This *Biron* is one of the votaries with the King; and here he hath fram'd a letter to a sequent of the stranger Queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarry'd. Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the hand of the King; it may concern much; stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

*Jaq.* Good *Costard*, go with me. Sir, God save your life.

*Cost.* Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.*

*Nath.* Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously: and as a certain father saith—

*Hol.* Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colourable colours<sup>7</sup>. But, to return to the verses; did they please you, Sir *Nathanael*?

*Nath.* Marvellous well for the pen:

*Hol.* I do dine to day at the father's of a certain

obeys every sign, and motion of the rein, or of his rider. So in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, the word is used in the sense of trained, exercised;

*And how he cannot be a perfect man,*

*Not being try'd and tutor'd in the world.*

WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> Colourable colours.] That is, specious, or fairseeming appearances.

pupil of mine; where if (being repast) it shall please you to gratifie the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the aforefaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*; where will I prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither favouring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beseech your society.

*Nath.* And thank you too: for society. (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

*Hol.* And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. Sir, I do invite you too; [*To Dull.*] you shall not say me, nay: *Pauca verba*. Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*Enter Biron, with a paper in his hand, alone.*

*Biron.* The King is hunting the deer, I am coursing myself. They have pitcht a toil, I am toiling in a pitch\*; pitch, that defiles; defile! a foul word: well, fet thee down, forrow; for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well prov'd wit. By the Lord, this love is as mad as *Ajax*, it kills sheep, it kills me, I a sheep. Well prov'd again on my side. I will not love; if I do, hang me; i'faith, I will not. O, but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not love; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love; and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme; and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already; the clown bore it; the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! by the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan! [*He stands aside.*]

\* Alluding to lady *Rosaline's* whole play, represented as a complexion, who is, through the black beauty.

*Enter*

*Enter the King.*

*King.* Ay me!

*Biron.* [*aside.*] Shot, by heav'n! proceed, sweet *Cupid*; thou hast thumpt him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap: in faith, secrets. —

*King.* [*reads.*] So sweet a kifs the golden fun gives  
not

To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,  
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote  
The night of dew, that on my cheeks down  
flows<sup>8</sup>;

Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright,  
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,  
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;  
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep;

No drop, but as a coach doth carry thee,  
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.

Do but behold the tears that swell in me,

And they thy glory through my grief will shew;

But do not love thyself, then thou wilt keep

My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.

O Queen of Queens, how far dost thou excel!

No thought can think, no tongue of mortal tell. —

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;  
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?

[*The King steps aside.*]

*Enter Longueville.*

What! *Longueville!* and reading! — Listen, ear.

*Biron.* [*aside.*] Now in thy likeness one more fool

*Long.* Ay me! I am forsworn. [appears.]

*Biron.* [*aside.*] Why, he comes in like a Perjure,  
wearing papers<sup>9</sup>.

<sup>8</sup> *The night of dew, that on my cheeks down flows.*] I cannot think the *night of dew* the true reading, but know not what to offer.

<sup>9</sup> *He comes in like a perjure.*] The punishment of perjury is to wear on the breast a paper expressing the crime.



King. [*aside.*] In love, I hope; sweet fellowship in  
shame.

Biron. [*aside.*] One drunkard loves another of the  
name.

Long. [*aside.*] Am I the first, that have been perjur'd so?

Biron. [*aside.*] I could put thee in comfort: not by  
two that I know;

Thou mak'st the triumvir, the three-corner-cap of  
society,

The shape of love's *Tyburn*, that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to  
move:

O sweet *Maria*, Empress of my love,

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. [*aside.*] O, rhimes are guards on wanton *Cu-*  
*pid's* hose:

Disfigure not his slop<sup>1</sup>.

Long. The same shall go. [*he reads the sonnet.*]

*Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye*

*(Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument)*

*Persuade my heart to this false perjury,*

*Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punishment:*

*A woman I forswore; but I will prove,*

*Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee.*

*My vow was earthy, thou a heav'nly love:*

*Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.*

<sup>1</sup> *Ob, Rhimes are Guards on  
wanton Cupid's Hose;*

*Disfigure not his Shop.*] All the  
Editions happen to concur in this  
Error; but what Agreement in  
Sense is there betwixt *Cupid's*  
*Hose* and his *Shop*? Or, what  
Relation can those two Terms  
have to one another? Or, what,  
indeed, can be understood by  
*Cupid's Shop*? It must undoubt-  
edly be corrected, as I have re-

form'd the Text. *Slops* are large  
and wide-kneed Breeches, the  
Garb in Fashion in our Author's  
Days, as we may observe from  
old Family Pictures; but they  
are now worn only by Boors and  
Sea faring Men: and we have  
Dealers whose sole Business it is  
to furnish the Sailors with Shirts,  
Jackets, &c. who are call'd,  
*Slop men*; and their Shops, *Slop-*  
*shops.*

THEOBALD,

*Vows*

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is ;  
 Then thou fair sun, which on my earth doth shine,  
 Exhal'st this vapour-vow : in thee it is ;  
 If broken then, it is no fault of mine ;  
 If by me broke, what fool is not so wise  
 To lose an oath to win a Paradise ?

*Biron.* [*aside.*] This is the liver-vein<sup>2</sup>, which makes  
 flesh a deity ;

A green goose a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.  
 God amend us, God amend us, we are much out o' th'  
 way.

*Enter Dumain.*

*Long.* By whom shall I send this?—company?  
 stay.— [*stepping aside.*

*Biron.* [*aside.*] All hid, all hid, an old infant play ;  
 Like a demy-god, here sit I in the sky,  
 And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye :  
 More facks to the mill ! O heav'ns, I have my wish ;  
*Dumain* transform'd ; four woodcocks in a dish ?

*Dum.* O most divine *Kate* !

*Biron.* O most prophane coxcomb ! [*aside.*

*Dum.* By heav'n, the wonder of a mortal eye !

*Biron.* By earth, she is but corporal<sup>3</sup> ; there you lie.  
 [*aside.*

<sup>2</sup> *The liver vein.*] The liver was anciently supposed to be the seat of love.

<sup>3</sup> Old Edition : *By Earth, she is not, corporal, there you lie,*] *Dumain*, one of the Lovers in spite of his Vow to the contrary, thinking himself alone here, breaks out into short Soliloquies of Admiration on his Mistress ; and *Biron*, who stands behind as an Eves-dropper, takes Pleasure in contradicting his amorous Raptures. But *Dumain* was a young

Lord : He had no Sort of Post in the Army : What Wit, or Allusion, then, can there be in *Biron's* calling him *Corporal* ? I dare warrant, I have restor'd the Poet's true meaning, which is this. *Dumain* calls his Mistress divine, and the Wonder of a mortal Eye ; and *Biron* in flat Terms denies these hyperbolical Praises. I scarce need hint, that our Poet commonly uses *corporal* as *corporeal*. THEOBALD.

*Dum.* Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.

*Biron.* An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

[*aside.*]

*Dum.* As upright as the cedar.

*Biron.* Stoop, I say;

Her shoulder is with child.

[*aside.*]

*Dum.* As fair as day.

*Biron.* Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine.

[*aside.*]

*Dum.* O that I had my wish!

*Long.* And I had mine!

[*aside.*]

*King.* And I mine too, good Lord!

[*aside.*]

*Biron.* Amen, so I had mine! Is not that a good word?

[*aside.*]

*Dum.* I would forget her, but a fever she Reigns in my blood, and will remembered be.

*Biron.* A fever in your blood! why then, incision Would let her out in sawcers, sweet misprision. [*aside.*]

*Dum.* Once more I'll read the ode, that I have writ.

*Biron.* Once more I'll mark, how love can vary wit.

[*aside.*]

*Dumain reads his sonnet.*

*On a day, (alack, the day!)  
Love, whose month is ever May,  
Spy'd a blossom passing fair,  
Playing in the wanton air:  
Through the velvet leaves the wind,  
All unseen, 'gan passage find;  
That the lover, sick to death,  
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.  
Air, (quoth he) thy cheeks may blow  
Air, would I might triumph so!  
But, alack, my hand is sworn,  
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn.*

\* *Air, would I might triumph so.*] Perhaps we may better read,  
Ah! would I might triumph so.

*Vow,*



*Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,  
 Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.  
 Do not call it sin in me,  
 That I am forsworn for thee:  
 Thou, for whom ev'n Jove would swear,  
 Juno but an Ethiopè were;  
 And deny himself for Jove,  
 Turning mortal for thy love.*

This will I send, and something else more plain,  
 That shall express my true love's fasting pain<sup>s</sup>;  
 O, would the King, Biron and Longueville,  
 Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,  
 Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note:  
 For none offend, where all alike do dote.

*Long. Dumain*, thy love is far from charity,  
 That in love's grief desir'st society: [*coming forward.*  
 You may look pale; but I should blush, I know,  
 To be o'er-heard, and taken napping so.

*King.* Come, Sir, you blush; as his, your case is  
 such; [*coming forward.*  
 You chide at him, offending twice as much.  
 You do not love *Maria*? *Longueville*  
 Did never sonnet for her sake compile;  
 Nor never lay'd his wreathed arms athwart  
 His loving bosom, to keep down his heart:  
 I have been closely shrowded in this bush,  
 And markt you both, and for you both did blush.  
 I heard your guilty rhimes, observ'd your fashion;  
 Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion.  
 Ay me! says one; O *Jove!* the other cries;  
 Her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes.  
 You would for Paradise break faith and troth;

[*To Long.*

And *Jove*, for your love, would infringe an oath.

[*To Dumain.*

<sup>s</sup> — my true love's fasting  
 pain;] I should rather chuse to  
 read *festring*, rankling. WARE.

There is no need of any alte-  
 ration; *fasting* is *longing*, *hungry*,  
*wanting*.

What

What will *Biron* say, when that he shall hear  
 A faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?  
 How will he scorn? how will he spend his wit?  
 How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it<sup>6</sup>?  
 For all the wealth that ever I did see,  
 I would not have him know so much by me.

*Biron.* Now step I forth to whip hypocrisie.  
 Ah, good my Liege, I pray thee, pardon me.

[*coming forward.*]

Good heart, what grace hast thou thus to reprove  
 These worms for loving, that art most in love?  
 Your eyes do make no coaches: In your tears,  
 There is no certain Princess that appears?  
 You'll not be perjurd, 'tis a hateful thing;  
 Tush; none but minstrels like of sonnetting.  
 But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not  
 All three of you, to be thus much o'er-shot?  
 You found his mote, the King your mote did see:  
 But I a beam do find in each of three.  
 O, what a scene of fool'ry have I seen,  
 Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen?  
 O me, with what strict patience have I sat,  
 To see a king transformed to a Knot<sup>7</sup>!  
 To see great *Hercules* whipping a gig,  
 And profound *Solomon* tuning a jig!  
 And *Nestor* play at push-pin with the boys,  
 And Cynic *Timon* laugh at idle toys<sup>8</sup>!  
 Where lyes thy grief? O tell me, good *Dumain*;  
 And gentle *Longueville*, where lyes thy pain?  
 And where my Liege's? all about the breast?

<sup>6</sup> *How will he triumph, LEAP, and laugh at it?*] We should certainly read, *GEAP, i. e. jeer, ridicule.*      *WARBURTON.*

<sup>7</sup> To leap is to exult, to skip for joy. It must stand.

<sup>8</sup> To see a King transformed to a Knot!] Knot has no sense

that can suit this place. We may read *set*. The rhymes in this play are such as that *sat* and *set* may be well enough admitted.

<sup>8</sup> —CRITIC *Timon*—] ought evidently to be *CYNIC*.

*WARBURTON.*

A candle,

A candle, ho!

*King.* Too bitter is thy jest.

Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

*Biron.* Not you by me, but I betray'd by you.

I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin

To break the vow I am engaged in.

I am betray'd by keeping company

With men-like men<sup>9</sup>, of strange inconstancy.

When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?

Or groan for *Joan*? or spend a minute's time

In pruning me? when shall you hear, that I

Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,

A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waste,

A leg, a limb?

*King.* Soft, wither away so fast?

A true man or a thief, that gallops so?

*Biron.* I post from love; good lover, let me go.

*Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.*

*Jaq.* God bless the King!

*King.* What Present hast thou there?

*Cost.* Some certain Treason.

*King.* What makes treason here?

*Cost.* Nay, it makes nothing, Sir.

*King.* If it mar nothing neither,

The treason and you go in peace away together.

*Jaq.* I beseech your Grace, let this letter be read,  
Our Parson misdoubts it: it was treason, he said.

*King.* *Biron*, read it over. [*He reads the letter.*]

Where hadst thou it?

*Jaq.* Of *Costard*.

*King.* Where hadst thou it?

*Cost.* Of *Dun Adramadio*, *Dun Adramadio*.

<sup>9</sup> With MEN like men, — ]  
This is a strange senseless line,  
and should be read thus,

With VANE like men, of strange

inconstancy. WARBURTON.

This is well imagined, but  
perhaps the poet may mean with  
men like common men.



*King.* How now, what is in you? why dost thou  
tear it?

*Biron.* A toy, my Liege, a toy: your Grace needs  
not fear it.

*Long.* It did move him to passion, and therefore  
let's hear it.

*Dum.* It is *Biron's* writing, and here is his name.

*Biron.* Ah, you whoreson loggerhead, you were  
born to do me shame. [To Costard,

Guilty, my lord, guilty: I confess, I confess.

*King.* What?

*Biron.* That you three fools lack'd me fool to make  
up the mefs.

He, he, and you; and you, my liege, and I  
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die,  
O, dismiss this Audience, and I shall tell you more.

*Dum.* Now the number is even.

*Biron.* True, true; we are four:

Will these turtles be gone?

*King.* Hence, Sirs, away.

*Cost.* Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors  
stay. [Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta.

*Biron.* Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us embrace:  
As true we are, as flesh and blood can be.

The sea will ebb and flow, heaven will shew his face:  
Young blood doth not obey an old decree.

We cannot cross the cause why we were born:  
Therefore of all hands must be forsworn.

*King.* What, did these rent lines shew some love of  
thine?

*Biron.* Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly  
*Rosaline.*

That (like a rude and savage man of *Inde*,  
At the first opening of the gorgeous east)  
Bows not his vassal head, and, stricken blind,  
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?

What

What peremptory eagle-sighted eye

Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,  
That is not blinded by her Majesty?

*King.* What zeal, what fury, hath inspir'd thee  
now?

My love (her mistress) is a gracious moon;  
She (an attending star<sup>1</sup>) scarce seen a light.

*Biron.* My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Biron*.

O, but for my love, day would turn to night.  
Of all complexions the cull'd Sovereignty  
Do meet, as at a Fair, in her fair cheek;  
Where several worthies make one dignity;

Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues;

Fy, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:

To things of sale a seller's praise belongs:  
She passes praise; the praise, too short, doth  
blot.

A wither'd hermit, fivescore winters worn,  
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:

Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,  
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy;

O, 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine.

*King.* By heav'n, thy love is black as ebony.

*Biron.* Is ebony like her? O wood divine<sup>2</sup>!

A wife of such wood were felicity.

<sup>1</sup> *She an attending star.*] Something like this is a stanza of Sir Henry Wotton, of which the poetical reader will forgive the insertion.

—*Ye stars, the train of night,  
That poorly satisfy our eyes  
More by your number than your  
light:*

*Ye common people of the skies,*

*What are ye when the sun  
shall rise!*

<sup>2</sup> *Is Ebony like her? O Word  
divine!*] This is the Reading of all the Editions that I have seen: but both Dr. Thirlby and Mr. Warburton concurr'd in reading (as I had likewise conjectur'd) *O Wood divine!*

THEOBALD.

O, who

O, who can give an oath? where is a book,  
That I may swear, Beauty doth beauty lack,  
If that she learn not of her eye to look?

No face is fair, that is not full so black?

*King.* O paradox, black is the badge of hell<sup>3</sup>:  
The huc of dungeons, and the scowl of night;  
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well<sup>4</sup>.

*Biron.* Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of  
light:

O, if in black my lady's brow be deckt,  
It mourns, that Painting and usurping Hair  
Should ravish doters with a false aspect:  
And therefore is she born to make black fair.

<sup>3</sup> In former editions; *The School of Night.*] *Black*, being the *School of Night*, is a Piece of Myltery above my Comprehension. I had guess'd, it should be, *the Stole of Night*: but I have preferr'd the Conjecture of my Friend Mr. *Warburton*, who reads *the scowl of night*, as it comes nearer in Pronunciation to the corrupted Reading, as well as agrees better with the other Images. THEOBALD.

<sup>4</sup> *And beauty's CREST becomes the heavens well.*] This is a contention between two lovers about the preference of a *black* or *white* beauty. But, in this reading, he who is contending for the *white*, takes for granted the thing in dispute; by saying, that *white* is the *crest of beauty*. His adversary had just as much reason to call *black* so. The question debated between them being which was the *crest of beauty*, black or white. *Shakespeare* could never write so absurdly: Nor has the *Oxford Editor* at all

mended the matter by substituting *dress* for *crest*. We should read,

*And beauty's CRETE becomes the heavens well,*

*i. e.* beauty's white from *creth*, In this reading the third line is a proper antithesis to the first. I suppose the blunder of the transcriber arose from hence, the *French* word *creste* in that pronunciation and orthography is *creté*, which he understanding, and knowing nothing of the other signification of *crete* from *creta*, critically altered it to the *English* way of spelling, *creste*.

WARBURTON.

This emendation cannot be received till its author can prove that *crete* is an *English* word. Besides, *crest* is here properly opposed to *Badge*. *Black*, says the *King*, is the *badge of hell*, but that which graces the heaven is *the crest of beauty*. *Black* darkens hell, and is therefore hateful: *white* adorns heaven, and is therefore lovely.

Her



Her Favour turns the fashion of the days,  
 For native blood is counted painting now;  
 And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,  
 Paints itself black to imitate her brow.

*Dum.* To look like her, are chimney-sweepers  
 black.

*Long.* And since her time, are colliers counted  
 bright.

*King.* And *Ethiops* of their sweet complexion crack.

*Dum.* Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

*Biron.* Your mistresses dare never come in rain,

For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

*King.* 'Twere good, yours did: for, Sir, to tell you  
 plain,

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day:

*Biron.* I'll prove her fair, or talk till dooms-day here.

*King.* No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

*Dum.* I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

*Long.* Look, here's thy love; my foot and her face  
 see. [*showing his shoe.*]

*Biron.* O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,  
 Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.

*Dum.* O vile! then as she goes, what upward lies  
 The street should see as she walkt over head.

*King.* But what of this, are we not all in love?

*Biron.* Nothing so sure, and thereby all for-  
 sworn.

*King.* Then leave this chat; and, good *Biron*, now  
 prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

*Dum.* Ay, marry, there; — some flattery for this  
 evil.

*Long.* O, some Authority how to proceed;

Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the devil<sup>s</sup>;

*Dum.* Some salve for perjury.

*Biron.*

<sup>s</sup> *Some tricks, some quilllets,* is the peculiar word applied to  
*how to cheat the devil.*] *Quillet* law-chicane. I imagine the ori-  
 ginal

*Biron.* O, 'tis more than need.

Have at you then, Affection's Men at arms<sup>o</sup>;

Consider, what you first did swear unto:

To fast, to study, and to see no woman;

Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.

Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young:

And abstinence ingenders maladies.

And where that you have vow'd to study, (Lords)

In that each of you hath forsworn his book.

Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?

For when would you, my Lord, or you, or you,

Have found the ground of Study's excellence,

Without the beauty of a woman's face?

\* From women's eyes this doctrine I derive;

They are the ground, the book, the academies,

From whence doth spring the true *Promethean* fire:

Why, universal plodding prisons up

The nimble spirits in the arteries<sup>7</sup>;

As motion and long-during Action tires

The sinewy Vigour of the traveller.

Now, for not looking on a woman's face,

You have in That forsworn the use of eyes;

And Study too, the causer of your vow.

For where is any author in the world,

Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye<sup>8</sup>;

Learn-

ginal to be this, in the *French* pleadings, every several allegation in the plaintiff's charge, and every distinct plea in the defendant's answer, began with the words *Qu'il est*; — from whence was formed the word *quillet*, to signify a false charge or an evasive answer. WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> *Affection's men at arms.*] *A man at arms*, is a soldier armed at all points both offensively and defensively. It is no more than, *Ye soldiers of affection.*

\* This and the two following lines are omitted, I suppose, by mere over-sight, in Dr. *Warburton's* edition.

<sup>7</sup> *The nimble spirits in the arteries;*] In the old system of physic they gave the same office to the *arteries* as is now given to the nerves; as appears from the name which is derived from *ἀρτηρα* *τρεῖς*. WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> *Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?*] This line is absolute nonsense. We should read,

Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,  
 And where we are, our Learning likewise is.  
 Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,  
 Do we not likewise see our learning there?  
 O, we have made a vow to study, lords;  
 And in that vow we have forsworn our books:  
 For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,  
 ° In leaden contemplation have found out  
 Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes  
 Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?  
 Other flow arts entirely keep the brain;  
 And therefore finding barren practisers,  
 Scarce shew a harvest of their heavy toil,  
 But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,  
 Lives not alone immured in the brain:  
 But with the motion of all elements,  
 Courses as swift as thought in every power;  
 And gives to every power a double power,  
 Above their functions and their offices.  
 It adds a precious Seeing to the eye:  
 A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind!

read *DUTY*, *i. e.* ethics, or the offices and devoirs that belong to man. A woman's eye, says he, teaches *observance* above all other things. *WARBURTON.*

\* This emendation is not so ill conceived as explained, but perhaps we might read, *Reaches such beauty.*

° — *In leaden contemplation have found out*

*Such fiery numbers,* —] Alluding to the discoveries in modern astronomy; at that time greatly improving, in which the ladies eyes are compared, as usual, to *stars*. He calls them *numbers*, alluding to the *Pythagorean* principles of astronomy,

which were founded on the laws of harmony. The *Oxford Editor*, who was at a loss for the conceit, changes *numbers* to *notions*, and so loses both the sense and the gallantry of the allusion. He has better luck in the following line, and has rightly changed *beauty's* to *beauteous*.

*WARBURTON.*

*Numbers* are in this passage nothing more than *poetical measures*. *Could you*, says *Biron*, by *solitary contemplation*, have attained such *poetical fire*, such *sprightly numbers*, as have been prompted by the eyes of *beauty*. The *Astronomer*, by looking too much aloft, falls into a ditch.



A lover's ear will hear the lowest Sound,  
 When the suspicious head of theft is stopt <sup>1</sup>.  
 Love's Feeling is more soft and sensible,  
 Than are the tender horns of cockled snails:  
 Love's Tongue proves dainty *Bacchus* gross in Taste:  
 For valour is not Love a *Hercules*,  
 Still climbing trees in the *Hesperides* <sup>2</sup>?  
 Subtle as *Sphinx*; as sweet and musical  
 As bright *Apollo's* lute, strung with his hair <sup>3</sup>:  
 And when Love speaks the voice of all the Gods <sup>4</sup>,  
 Mark,

<sup>1</sup> — the suspicious head of theft is stopt.] *i. e.* a lover in pursuit of his mistress has his sense of hearing quicker than a thief (who suspects every sound he hears) in pursuit of his prey. But Mr. Theobald says, there is no contrast between a lover and a thief: and therefore alters it to *thrift*, between which and love, he says, there is a remarkable *antithesis*. What he means by *contrast* and *antithesis*, I confess I don't understand. But 'tis no matter: the common reading is *sense*; and that is better than either one or the other. WARB.

<sup>2</sup> For Valour is not Love a Hercules,  
 Still climbing Trees in the Hesperides?] The Poet is here observing how all the senses are refined by Love. But what has the poor Sense of Smelling done, not to keep its Place among its Brethren? Then *Hercules's* Valour was not in climbing the Trees, but in attacking the Dragon guardant. I rather think that for *valour* we should read *savour*, and the Poet meant that *Hercules* was allured by the Odour and Fragrancy of the golden Apples. THEOBALD.

<sup>3</sup> As bright *Apollo's* lute, strung with his hair:] This expression, like that other in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, of—*Orpheus' harp was strung with poets' sinews*, is extremely beautiful, and highly figurative. *Apollo*, as the sun, is represented with golden hair; so that a lute strung with his hair means no more than strung with gilded wire. WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> And when Love speaks the voice of all the Gods,  
 Make, Heav'n drowse with the harmony!] This nonsense we should read and point thus,  
 And when love speaks the voice of all the Gods,  
 Mark, heav'n drowse with the harmony.

*i. e.* in the voice of love alone is included the voice of all the Gods. Alluding to the ancient Theogony, that love was the parent and support of all the Gods. Hence, as *Suidas* tells us, *Palcephatus* wrote a poem called, Ἀφροδίτης καὶ Ἐρωῶς φωνὴ καὶ λόγος. The voice and speech of Venus and Love, which appears to have been a kind of *Cosmogony*, the harmony of which is

Mark, Heaven drowly with the harmony !  
 Never durst Poet touch a pen to write,  
 Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs ;  
 O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,  
 And plant in tyrants mild humility. ———

From womens eyes this doctrine I derive :  
 They sparkle still the right *Promethean* fire,  
 They are the books, the arts, the academies,  
 That shew, contain, and nourish all the world ;  
 Else none at all in aught proves excellent.

Then fools you were, these women to forswear :  
 Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools <sup>s</sup>.  
 For wisdom's sake, a word, that all men love ;  
 Or for love's sake, a word, that loves all men ;  
 Or for men's sake, the author of these women ;  
 Or women's sake, by whom we men are men ;  
 Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves ;  
 Or else we lose ourselves, to keep our Oaths.

It is religion to be thus forsworn,  
 For charity itself fulfils the law ;  
 And who can sever love from charity ?

*King.* Saint *Cupid*, then ! and, soldiers, to the field !

*Biron.* Advance your standards, and upon them,  
 Lords ;

is so great that it calms and allays  
 all kinds of disorders ; alluding  
 again to the ancient use of mu-  
 sic, which was to compose mo-  
 narchs, when, by reason of the  
 cares of empire, they used to  
 pass whole nights in restless in-  
 quietude. WARBURTON.

The ancient reading is, *make  
 heaven.*

<sup>s</sup> ——— a word, THAT LOVES  
 ALL MEN ;] We should read,  
*A word all WOMEN love.*  
 the following line

*Or for men's sake (the author  
 of these women ;)*

which refers to this reading, puts  
 it out of all question. WARB.

Perhaps we might read thus,  
 transposing the lines,

*Or for love's sake, a word that  
 loves all men ;*

*For women's sake, by whom we  
 men are men ;*

*Or for men's sake, the authours  
 of these women.*

The antithesis of *a word that all  
 men love*, and *a word which loves  
 all men*, though in itself worth  
 little, has much of the spirit of  
 this play.

Pell-mell, down with them; but be first advis'd,  
In conflict that you get the fun of them.

*Long.* Now to plain-dealing—lay these glozes by—  
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of *France*?

*King.* And win them too; therefore let us devise  
Some entertainment for them in their Tents.

*Biron.* First, from the Park let us conduct them  
thither;

Then homeward every man attach the hand  
Of his fair mistress; in the afternoon  
We will with some strange pastime solace them,  
Such as the shortness of the time can shape:  
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,  
Forerun fair love, strewing her way with flowers.

*King.* Away, away! no time shall be omitted,  
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

*Biron.* *Allons! Allons!* sown Cockle reap'd no  
corn<sup>6</sup>;

And justice always whirls in equal measure;  
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;  
If so, our copper buys no better treasure\*.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>6</sup>—*sown cockle reap'd no corn* ;]  
This proverbial expression intimates, that beginning with perjury, they can expect to reap nothing but falsehood. The fol-

lowing lines lead us to this sense.

WARBURTON.

\* Here Mr. *Theobald* ends the third act.

ACT



## ACT V. SCENE I.

## The STREET.

Enter Holofernes, Nathanael and Dull.

H O L O F E R N E S.

*S*atis quod sufficit.

*Nath.* <sup>7</sup> I praise God for you, Sir, your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam*-day with a companion of the King's, who is entitled, nominated, or called, *Don Adriano d'Armado*.

*Hol.* *Novi hominem, tanquam te.* His humour's lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thraasonical. <sup>8</sup> He is too piqued, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were; too peregrinate, as I may call it.

<sup>7</sup> *Your reasons at dinner have been, &c.]* I know not well what degree of respect *Shakespeare* intends to obtain for this vicar, but he has here put into his mouth a finished representation of colloquial excellence. It is very difficult to add any thing to this character of the school-master's table-talk, and perhaps all the precepts of *Castiglione* will scarcely be found to comprehend a rule for conversation so justly delineated, so widely dilated, and so nicely limited.

It may be proper just to note, that *reason* here, and in many other places, signifies *discourse*, and that *audacious* is used in a good sense for *spirited, animated, confident*. *Opinion* is the same with *obstinacy* or *opiniatreté*.

<sup>8</sup> *He is too piqued.]* To have the beard *piqued* or shorn so as to end in a point, was in our Author's time a mark of a traveller affecting foreign fashions: so says the *Bastard* in *K. John*.

———*I catechise*

*My piqued man of countries.*

N 3

*Nath.*

*Nath.* A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Draws out his table book.*

*Hol.* He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such phanatical phantasms, such infociable and *point-de-vise* companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak dout fine, when he should say, doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt; d, e, b, t; not, d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf: half, hauf: neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abbreviated ne: this is abominable<sup>o</sup>, which he would call abhominable: 'it insinuateth me of

<sup>o</sup> *this is abominable, &c.*] He has here well imitated the language of the most redoubtable pedants of that time. On such sort of occasions, *Joseph Scaliger* used to break out, *Abominor, execror. Asinitas mera est, impietas, &c.* and calls his adversary *Lutum stercore maceratum, Demoniacum retrimentum inscitiae, Sterquilinum, Stercus Diaboli, Scrabæum, Larvam, Pecus postremum bestiarum, infame propudium, nadaqua.* WARB.

<sup>1</sup> In former Editions: *It insinuateth me of infamy: Ne intelligis, Domine, to make frantick, lunatick?*

*Nath.* *Laus Deo, bone intel- ligo.*

*Hol.* Bome, boon for boon Priscian; a little Scratch, 'twill serve.] This Play is certainly none of the best in itself, but the Editors have been so very happy in making it worse by their Indolence, that they have left me *Augeas's Stable* to cleanse: and a Man had need to have the Strength of a *Hercules* to heave out all their Rubbish. But to

Business; Why should *infamy* be explained by making *frantick, lunatick*? It is plain and obvious that the Poet intended, the Pedant should coin an uncouth affected Word here, *insanie*, from *insania* of the *Latines*. Then, what a Piece of unintelligible Jargon have these learned Criticks given us for *Latin*? I think, I may venture to affirm, I have restored the Passage to its true Purity.

*Nath.* *Laus Deo, bone, intel- ligo.*

The Curate, addressing with Complaisance his brother Pedant, says, *bone*, to him, as we frequently in *Terence* find *bone Vir*; but the Pedant, thinking he had mistaken the Adverb, thus descants on it.

*Bone?* — *bone* for *bene*. Priscian a little scratched: 'twill serve. Alluding to the common Phrase, *Diminuis Prisciani caput*, applied to such as speak false *Latin*.

THEOBALD.

*It insinuateth me of* INFAMY:] There is no need to make the

of Insanity: (*Ne intelligis, Domine?*) to make frantick, lunatick?

Nath. *Laus Deo, bone, intelligo.*

Hol. *Bone?* — *bone*, for *benè*; *Priscian* a little scratch'd; 'twill serve.

SCENE II.

*Enter Armado, Moth and Costard.*

Nath. *Videsne quis venit?*

Hol. *Video, & gaudeo.*

Arm. Chirrah.

Hol. *Quare* Chirrah, not Sirrah?

Arm. Men of Peace, well encountred.

Hol. Most military Sir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stole the scraps. [*To Costard aside.*]

Cost. O, they have liv'd long on the Alms-basket of words. I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace, the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes, he teaches boys the horn-book:

What is A B spelt backward with a horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn. You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou consonant?

the pedant worse than *Shakespeare* made him; who, without doubt, wrote *INSANITY*.

WARBURTON.

There seems yet something wanting to the integrity of this passage, which Mr. *Theobald* has

in the most corrupt and difficult places very happily restored.

For *ne intelligis Domine, to make frantick, lunatick*, I read (*nonne intelligis, Domine?*) *to be mad, frantick, lunatick.*



*Moth.* The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I<sup>2</sup>.

*Hol.* I will repeat them, a, e, I. —

*Moth.* The sheep; the other two concludes it, o, u.

*Arm.* Now by the salt wave of the *Mediterraneum*, a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit; snip, snap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect; true wit.

*Moth.* Offered by a child to an old man: which is wit-old.

*Hol.* What is the figure? what is the figure?

*Moth.* Horns.

*Hol.* Thou disputest like an infant; go, whip thy gigg.

*Moth.* Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy<sup>3</sup> *circum circa*; a gigg of a cuckold's horn.

*Cof.* An' I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy ginger-bread; hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, that the heav'ns were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard! what a joyful father wouldst thou make me? go to, thou hast it *ad dunghill*; at the fingers' ends, as they say.

*Hol.* Oh, I smell false Latin, *dungbill* for *unguem*.

*Arm.* Arts-man, *præambula*; we will be singled

<sup>2</sup> In former Editions: *The last of the five Vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth if I:*

*Hol.* I will repeat them, a, e, I. —

*Moth.* *The Sheep:—the other two concludes it out.*] Is not the last, and the fifth, the same vowel? Though my Correction restores but a poor *Conundrum*, yet if it restores the Poet's Meaning, it is the Duty of an Editor to trace him in his lowest Con-

ceits. By, O, U, *Moth* would mean—Oh, You—*i. e.* You are the Sheep still, either way; no matter which of Us repeats them. THEOBALD.

<sup>3</sup> *I will whip about your Infamy unum cita;*] Here again all the Editions give us Jargon instead of *Latin*. But *Moth* would certainly mean, *circum circa*: *i. e.* about and about: tho' it may be design'd, he should mistake the Terms. THEOBALD.

from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-houſe on the top of the mountain?

*Hol.* Or, *Mons* the hill.

*Arm.* At your ſweet pleaſure, for the mountain?

*Hol.* I do, *ſans queſtion*.

*Arm.* Sir, it is the King's moſt ſweet pleaſure and affection, to congratulate the Princeſs at her Pavilion, in the *poſterior* of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

*Hol.* The *poſterior* of the day, moſt generous Sir, is liable, congruent, and meaſurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, choice, ſweet, and apt, I do aſſure you, Sir, I do aſſure.

*Arm.* Sir, the King is a noble gentleman, and my familiar; I do aſſure ye, my very good friend;—for what is inward between us, let it paſs—I do beſeech thee, remember thy curteſy—I beſeech thee, apparel thy head,—and among other importunate and moſt ſerious deſigns, and of great import indeed too—but let that paſs:—for I muſt tell thee, it will pleaſe his Grace (by the world) ſometime to lean upon my poor ſhoulder, and with his royal finger thus dally with my \* excrement, with my muſtachio; but ſweet heart, let that paſs. By the world, I recount no fable; ſome certain ſpecial honours it pleaſeth his Greatneſs to impart to *Armado*, a ſoldier, a man of travel, that hath ſeen the world; but let that paſs—the very all of all is—but ſweet heart, I do implore ſecreſy—that the King would have me preſent the Princeſs (ſweet chuck) with ſome delightful oſtentation, or ſhow, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, underſtanding that the Curate and your ſweet ſelf are good at ſuch eruptions; and ſudden breaking out of mirth (as it were) I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your aſſiſtance.

*Hol.* Sir, you ſhall preſent before her the nine Wor-

\* The authour has before call'd the beard valour's excrement in the *Merchant of Venice*.

thies. Sir, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the *posterior* of this day, to be rendred by our assistance at the King's command, and this most gallant, illustrate and learned gentleman, before the Princess: I say, none so fit as to present the nine Worthies.

*Nath.* Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

*Hol.* *Joshua*, yourself; this gallant man, *Judas Maccabeus*; this swain (because of his great limb or joint) shall pass *Pompey* the great; and the page *Hercules*.

*Arm.* Pardon, Sir, error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb; he is not so big as the end of his club.

*Hol.* Shall I have audience? he shall present *Hercules* in minority: his *Enter* and *Exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

*Moth.* An excellent device: for if any of the audience hiss, you may cry; "well done, *Hercules*, now "thou crushest the snake;" that is the way to make an offence gracious, tho' few have the grace to do it,

*Arm.* For the rest of the Worthies, ———

*Hol.* I will play three myself.

*Moth.* Thrice-worthy gentleman!

*Arm.* Shall I tell you a thing?

*Hol.* We attend.

*Arm.* We will have, if this fadge not, an Antick. I beseech you, follow.

*Hol.* *Via!* good man *Dull*, thou hast spoken no word all this while.

*Dull.* Nor understood none neither, Sir.

*Hol.* *Allons*; we will employ thee.

*Dull.* I'll make one in a dance; or so: or I will play on the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.

*Hol.* Most dull, honest, *Dull*, to our Sport away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE



## SCENE III.

*Before the Princess's Pavilion.**Enter Princess, and Ladies.*

*Prin.* SWEET hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,  
If Fairings come thus plentifully in.

A lady wall'd about with diamonds! —

Look you, what I have from the loving King.

*Rof.* Madam, came nothing else along with That?

*Prin.* Nothing but this? Yes, as much love in  
rhime,

As would be cram'd up in a sheet of paper,

Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all;

That he was fain to seal on *Cupid's* name.

*Rof.* That was the way to make his God-head wax,  
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

*Cath.* Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

*Rof.* You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd your  
sister.

*Cath.* He made her melancholy, sad and heavy,

And so she died; had she been light, like you,

Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,

She might have been a grandam ere she dy'd.

And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

*Rof.* What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this  
light word?

*Cath.* A light condition, in a beauty dark.

*Rof.* We need more light to find your meaning out.

*Cath.* You'll marr the light, by taking it in snuff:  
Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.

*Rof.* Look, what you do; and do it still i'th' dark.

*Cath.* So do not you, for you are a light wench.

*Rof.* Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.

*Cath.* You weigh me not; O, that's, you care not  
for me.

*Rof.*

*Rof.* Great reason; for past Cure is still past Care<sup>4</sup>.

*Prin.* Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.

But, *Rosaline*, you have a Favour too:

Who sent it? and what is it?

*Rof.* I would, you knew.

And if my face were but as fair as yours,  
My favour were as great; be witness this.

Nay, I have verses too, I thank *Biron*.

The numbers true; and were the numbring too,  
I were the fairest Goddess on the ground.

I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.

O, he hath drawn my picture in this letter.

*Prin.* Any thing like?

*Rof.* Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.

*Prin.* Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

*Cath.* Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

*Rof.* 'Ware pencils<sup>5</sup>. How? let me not die your  
debter,

My red dominical, my golden letter.

O, that your face was not so full of Oes!

*Cath.* Pox of that jest, and I beshrew all shrews<sup>6</sup>:

*Prin.* But what was sent to you from fair *Dumain*?

*Cath.* Madam, this glove.

*Prin.* Did he not send you twain?

*Cath.* Yes, Madam; and moreover,

Some thousand verses of a faithful lover.

<sup>4</sup> — for past Care is still *shrew all Shrews.*] In former  
past Cure.] The Transposition copies this line is given to the  
which I have made in the two *Princesses*; but as she has behav'd  
Words, *Care* and *Cure*, is by the with great Decency all along,  
Direction of the ingenious Dr. there is no Reason why the  
*Thirly*. THEOBALD. should start all at once into

<sup>5</sup> 'Ware pencils] The former this coarse Dialect. *Rosaline*  
Editions read, *were pencils*. Sir and *Catharine* are rallying one  
T. Hammer here rightly restored another without Reserve; and to  
'*ware pencils*. *Rosaline*, a black *Catharine* this first Line certainly  
beauty, reproaches the fair *Ca- belong'd, and therefore I have*  
*tharine* for painting. ventur'd once more to put her in

<sup>6</sup> Pox of that jest, and I be- Possession of it. THEOBALD.

A huge translation of hypocrisy,  
Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

*Mar.* This, and these pearls, to me sent *Longueville*;  
The letter is too long by half a mile.

*Prin.* I think no less; dost thou not wish in heart,  
The chain were longer, and the letter short?

*Mar.* Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

*Prin.* We are wise girls to mock our lovers for't.

*Ros.* They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.  
That same *Biron* I'll torture, ere I go.

O, that I knew he were but in by th' week!

How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,

And wait the season, and observe the times,

And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhimes,

And shape his service all to my behests,

And make him proud to make me proud with jests:

So portent-like would I o'erfway his state<sup>7</sup>,

That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

*Prin.*<sup>8</sup> None are so surely caught, when they are  
catch'd,

As wit turn'd fool; folly, in wisdom hatch'd,

Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school;

And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

<sup>7</sup> In former copies:

So PERTAUNT-like would I  
o'er fway his state,

That he should be my Fool, and  
I his Fate.]

In old farces, to shew the inevitable approaches of death and destiny, the *Fool* of the farce is made to employ all his stratagems to avoid Death or Fate: Which very stratagems, as they are ordered, bring the *Fool*, at every turn, into the very jaws of Fate. To this *Shakespeare* alludes again in *Measure for Measure*,

— merely thou art Death's  
Fool;

For him thou labour'st by thy  
flight to shun,

And yet runs towards him still—

It is plain from all this, that the nonsense of *pertaunt-like*, should be read, *portent-like* i. e. I would be his fate or destiny, and like a *portent* hang over, and influence his fortunes. For *portents* were not only thought to forebode, but to influence. So the *Latins* called a person destined to bring mischief, *fatale portentum*.  
WARBURTON.

Mr. *Theobald* reads, so *Pedant-like*.

<sup>8</sup> These are observations worthy of a man who has surveyed human nature with the closest attention.

*Ros.*



*Ros.* The blood of youth burns not in such excess,  
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

*Mar.* Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,  
As fool'ry in the wife, when wit doth dote:  
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,  
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Boyet.*

*Prin.* Here comes *Boyet*, and mirth is in his face.

*Boyet.* O, I am stabb'd with laughter; where's her  
Grace?

*Prin.* Thy news, *Boyet*?

*Boyet.* Prepare, Madam, prepare:  
Arm, wenches, arm; Encounters mounted are  
Against your peace; love doth approach disguis'd,  
Armed in arguments; you'll be surpriz'd.  
Muste your wits, stand in your own defence,  
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

*Prin.* Saint *Dennis*, to faint *Cupid*! what are they,  
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

*Boyet.* Under the cool shade of a fycamore,  
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;  
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd Rest,  
Toward that shade, I might behold, address  
The King and his companions; warily  
I stole into a neighbour thicket by:  
And over-heard, what you shall over-hear:  
That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.  
Their Herald is a pretty knavish Page,  
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage.

<sup>o</sup> *Saint Dennis, to St Cupid.*] of her country, to oppose his  
The Princess of *France* invokes, power to that of *Cupid*.  
with too much levity, the patron

Action

Action and accent did they teach him there;  
*Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:*  
 And ever and anon they made a doubt,  
 Presence majestical would put him out:  
 For, quoth the King, an Angel shalt thou see;  
 Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.  
 The boy reply'd, an Angel is not evil;  
 I should have fear'd her, had she been a Devil.—  
 With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shoulder,  
 Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.  
 One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd and swore,  
 A better speech was never spoke before.  
 Another, with his finger and his thumb,  
 Cry'd, *via!* we will do't, come what will come.  
 The third he caper'd and cry'd, all goes well:  
 The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.  
 With that they all did tumble on the ground,  
 With such a zealous laughter, so profound,  
 That in this spleen ridiculous appears\*,  
 To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

*Prin.* But what, but what, come they to visit us?

*Boyet.* They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus,  
 Like *Muscovites*, or *Russians*, as I guess<sup>1</sup>.  
 Their purpose is to parley, court and dance;  
 And every one his love-feat will advance  
 Unto his sev'ral mistress; which they'll know  
 By Favours sev'ral, which they did bestow.

*Prin.* And will they so? the gallants shall be taskt;  
 For, ladies, we will every one be maskt;  
 And not a man of them shall have the grace,  
 Despight of suit, to see a lady's face.

\* *Spleen ridiculous* is, a ridiculous fit.  
<sup>1</sup> Like *Muscovites*, or *Russians*, as I guess.] The settling of commerce in *Russia* was, at that time, a matter that much ingrossed the concern and conversation of the publick. There had been several embassies employed thither on that occasion; and several tracts of the manners and state of that nation written: So that a mask of *Muscovites* was as good an entertainment to the audience of that time, as a coronation has been since.

WARBURTON.

Hold,

Hold, *Rosaline*, this Favour thou shalt wear,  
 And then the King will court thee for his Dear:  
 Hold, take you this, my sweet, and give me thine;  
 So shall *Biron* take me for *Rosaline*.

And change your Favours too; so shall your Loves  
 Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

*Rof.* Come on then, wear the Favours most in sight.

*Cath.* But in this changing, what is your intent?

*Prin.* Th' effect of my intent is to cross theirs;  
 They do it but in mocking merriment,  
 And mock for mock is only my intent.  
 Their several councils they unbosom shall  
 To loves mistook, and so be mockt withal,  
 Upon the next occasion that we meet,  
 With visages display'd, to talk and greet.

*Rof.* But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

*Prin.* No; to the death, we will not move a foot;  
 Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace:  
 But while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

*Boyet.* Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's  
 heart,  
 And quite divorce his memory from his Part.

*Prin.* Therefore I do it; and I make no doubt,  
 The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.  
 There's no such Sport, as Sport by Sport o'erthrown;  
 To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own;  
 So shall we stay, mocking intended game;  
 And they, well mockt, depart away with shame.

[*Sound.*

*Boyet.* The trumpet sounds; be maskt, the maskers  
 come. [The Ladies mask.

S C E N E



SCENE V.

*Enter the King, Biron, Longueville, Dumain, and attendants, disguis'd like Muscovites; Moth with Musick, as for a masquerade.*

*Moth.* All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!

*Boyet.* Beauties, no richer than rich taffata<sup>2</sup>.

*Moth.* A holy parcel of the fairest dames,

[The ladies turn their backs to him.

*That ever turn'd their backs to mortal views.*

*Biron.* Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

*Moth.* *That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views.*

*Out* ———

*Biron.* True; out, indeed.

*Moth.* *Out of your favours, heav'nly Spirits, vouchsafe*

*Not to behold.*

*Biron.* Once to behold, rogue.

*Moth.* *Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes —*

*With your sun-beamed eyes —*

*Boyet.* They will not answer to that epithet;

You were best call it daughter-beamed eyes.

*Moth.* They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

*Biron.* Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue.

*Ros.* What would these strangers? know their minds, *Boyet.*

<sup>2</sup> *Beauties, no richer than rich Taffata.] i. e. The Taffata Masks they wore to conceal themselves. All the Editors concur to give this Line to Biron; but, surely, very absurdly: for he's One of the zealous Admirers, and hardly would make such an Inference.*

*Boyet is sneering at the Parade of*

their Address, is in the secret of the Ladies' Stratagem, and makes himself Sport at the Absurdity of their Proem, in complimenting their Beauty, when they were mask'd. It therefore comes from him with the utmost Propriety.

THEOBALD.

If they do speak our language, 'tis our Will  
That some plain man recount their purposes.  
Know, what they would.

*Boyet.* What would you with the Princess?

*Biron.* Nothing, but peace and gentle visitation.

*Ros.* What would they, say they?

*Boyet.* Nothing, but peace and gentle visitation.

*Ros.* Why, That they have; and bid them so be gone.

*Boyet.* She says, you have it; and you may be gone.

*King.* Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,  
To tread a measure with her on the grass.

*Boyet.* They say, that they have measur'd many a mile,  
To tread a measure with you on this grass.

*Ros.* It is not so. Ask them, how many inches  
Is in one mile: 'if they have measur'd many,  
The measure then of one is easily told.

*Boyet.* If to come hither you have measur'd miles,  
And many miles; the Princess bids you tell,  
How many inches do fill up one mile?

*Biron.* Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

*Boyet.* She hears herself.

*Ros.* How many weary steps  
Of many weary miles, you have o'ergone,  
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

*Biron.* We number nothing that we spend for you;  
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,  
That we may do it still without accompt.  
Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face,  
That we (like savages) may worship it.

*Ros.* My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

*King.* Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do.  
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these \* thy stars, to shine  
(Those clouds remov'd) upon our watery eyne.

*Ros.* O vain petitioner, beg a greater matter;  
Thou now request'st but moon-shine in the water.

\* When Queen Elizabeth he, to judge of stars in the presence  
asked an ambassadour how he of the sun.  
liked her Ladies, *It is hard, said*

*King.* Then in our measure vouchsafe but one change;

Thou bid'st me beg, this begging is not strange.

*Ros.* Play, musick, then; nay, you must do it soon.

Not yet?—no dance.—Thus change I like the moon.

*King.* Will you not dance? how come you thus estrang'd.

*Ros.* You took the moon at full, but now she's chang'd.

*King.* Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.

The musick plays, vouchsafe some motion to it.

*Ros.* Our ears vouchsafe it.

*King.* But your legs should do it.

*Ros.* Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,

We'll not be nice; take hands;—we will not dance.

*King.* Why take you hands then?

*Ros.* Only to part friends;

Curt'sy, sweet hearts, and so the measure ends.

*King.* More measure of this measure; be not nice.

*Ros.* We can afford no more at such a price.

*King.* Prize yourselves then; what buys your company?

*Ros.* Your absence only.

*King.* That can never be.

*Ros.* Then cannot we be bought; and so, adieu;

Twice to your visor, and half oncè to you.

*King.* If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

*Ros.* In private then.

*King.* I am best pleas'd with That,

*Biron.* White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

*Prin.* Honey, and milk, and sugar, there is three.

*Biron.* Nay then, two treys; and if you grow so nice,

Methegline, wort, and malmsey;—well run, dice:

There's half a dozen sweets.



*Prin.* Seventh sweet, adieu;

Since you can cog \*, I'll play no more with you.

*Biron.* One word in secret.

*Prin.* Let it not be sweet.

*Biron.* Thou griev'st my gall.

*Prin.* Gall? bitter.——

*Biron.* Therefore meet.

*Dum.* Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

*Mar.* Name it.

*Dum.* Fair lady, ——

*Mar.* Say you so? fair lord:

Take that for your fair lady.

*Dum.* Please it you;

As much in private; and I'll bid adieu.

*Cath.* What, was your vizor made without a tongue?

*Long.* I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

*Cath.* O, for your reason! quickly, Sir; I long.

*Long.* You have a double tongue within your mask,  
And would afford my speechless vizor half.

*Cath.* Veal, quoth the *Dutch* man; is not veal a calf?

*Long.* A calf, fair lady?

*Cath.* No, a fair lord calf.

*Long.* Let's part the word.

*Cath.* No, I'll not be your half;

Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

*Long.* Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp  
mocks!

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

*Cath.* Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

*Long.* One word in private with you, ere I die.

*Cath.* Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry.

*Boyet.* The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen

As is the razor's edge, invincible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen:

Above the sense of sense, so sensible

\* To cog signifies to falsify the dice, and to falsify a narrative,  
or to lye.

Seemeth their conference, their conceits have wings;  
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter  
things.

*Ros.* Not one word more, my maids; break off,  
break off.

*Biron.* By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff.—

*King.* Farewel, mad wenches; you have simple wits.  
[*Exeunt King and Lords.*]

S C E N E VI.

*Prin.* Twenty adieus, my frozen *Muscovites*.  
Are these the Breed of wits so wondred at?

*Boyet.* Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puft  
out.

*Ros.* Well-liking wits they have; grofs, grofs; fat,  
fat.

*Prin.* O poverty in wit—kingly?—poor flout!  
Will they not (think you) hang themselves to night?  
Or ever, but in vizors, shew their faces?

This pert *Biron* was out of count'nance quite.

*Ros.* O! they were all in lamentable cafes.

The King was weeping-ripe for a good word.

*Prin.* *Biron* did swear himself out of all suit.

*Mar.* *Dumain* was at my service, and his sword:  
No, *point*, quoth I; my servant strait was mute.

*Cath.* Lord *Longueville* said, I came o'er his heart;  
And, trow you, what he call'd me?

*Prin.* Qualm, perhaps.

*Cath.* Yes, in good faith.

*Prin.* Go, sickness as thou art!

*Ros.* Well, better wits have worn plain statute-  
caps<sup>3</sup>.

But

<sup>3</sup> Better wits have worn plain statute-caps.] This line is not universally understood, because every reader does not know that a statute-cap is part of the academical habit. Lady *Rosaline* declares that her expectation was disappointed by these

But will you hear? the King is my love sworn.

*Prin.* And quick *Biron* hath plighted faith to me.

*Cath.* And *Longueville* was for my service born.

*Mar.* *Dumain* is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

*Boyet.* Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:  
Immediately they will again be here  
In their own shapes; for it can never be,  
They will digest this harsh indignity.

*Prin.* Will they return?

*Boyet.* They will, they will, God knows;  
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:  
Therefore, change Favours, and, when they repair,  
Blow, like sweet roses, in this summer air.

*Prin.* How, blow? how, blow? speak to be understood.

*Boyet.* + Fair ladies, maskt, are roses in their bud;  
Dis-

courtly students, and that *better wits* may be found in the common places of education.

+ *Fair ladies, maskt, are roses in the bud;*

*Dismaskt, their damask sweet commixture shewn,*

*Are ANGELS VEILING clouds, or roses blown.]* This strange

nonsense, made worse by the jumbling together and transposing the lines, I directed Mr. *Theobald* to read thus:

*Fair ladies mask'd are roses in the bud;*

*Or ANGELS VEIL'D IN clouds: are roses blown,*

*Dismaskt, their damask sweet commixture shewn.*

But he, willing to shew how well he could improve a thought, would print it,

— *Or Angel-veiling Clouds, i. e. clouds which veil Angels:*  
And by this means gave us, as

the old proverb says, *a cloud for a Juno*. It was *Shakespeare's* purpose to compare a fine lady to an angel; it was Mr. *Theobald's* chance to compare her to a cloud: And perhaps the ill-bred reader will say a lucky one. However I supposed the Poet could never be so nonsensical as to compare a *masked lady* to a cloud, though he might compare her *mask* to one. The *Oxford* Editor, who had the advantage both of this emendation and criticism, is a great deal more subtle and refined, and says it should not be *angels veil'd in clouds*, but *angels veiling clouds*, i. e. *cap-ping* the sun as they go by him, just as a man veils his bonnet.

WARBURTON.

I know not why Sir *T. Hanmer's* explanation should be treated with so much contempt, or why *veiling clouds* should be *cap-ping*



Dismaskt, their damask sweet Commixture shewn,  
Are angels vailing clouds: or roses blown.

*Prin.* Avaunt, perplexity; what shall we do.  
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

*Ros.* Good Madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,  
Let's mock them still, as well known, as disguis'd;  
Let us complain to them what fools were here,  
Disguis'd, like *Muscovites*, in shapeless gear<sup>s</sup>;  
And wonder what they were, and to what end  
Their shallow Shows, and Prologue vilely penn'd,  
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,  
Should be presented at our Tent to us.

*Boyet.* Ladies, withdraw, the Gallants are at hand.

*Prin.* Whip to our Tents, as roes run o'er the land.

[*Exeunt* \*.]

S C E N E VII.

*Before the Princess's Pavilion.*

*Enter the King, Biron, Longueville, and Dumain,  
in their own habits; Boyet, meeting them.*

*King.* FAIR Sir, God save you! Where's the Princess?

*Boyet.* Gone to her Tent.

Please it your Majesty, command me any service to her?

*King.* That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

*Boyet.* I will; and so will she, I know, my lord.

[*Exit.*

*ping the sun. Ladies unmasked,  
says Boyet, are like angels vail-  
ing clouds, or letting those clouds  
which obscured their brightness,  
sink from before them. What  
is there in this absurd or con-  
temptible?*

*s ——— shapeless gear;]  
Shapeless, for uncouth, or what  
Shakespeare elsewhere calls dis-  
fus'd.*

WARBURTON.

\* Mr. Theobald ends the fourth  
act here.

*Biron.* This fellow picks up wit, as pigeons peas ;  
 And utters it again, when *Jove* doth please :  
 He is wit's pedlar, and retails his wares  
 At wakes and waffels, meetings, markets, fairs :  
 And we that fell by gross, the Lord doth know,  
 Have not the grace to grace it with such show.  
 This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve ;  
 Had he been *Adam*, he had tempted *Eve*.  
 He can carve too, and lisp : why, this is he,  
 That kist away his hand in courtésy ;  
 This is the ape of form, Monsieur the nice,  
 That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice  
 In honourable terms : nay, he can sing  
 A mean most mainly ; and, in ushering,  
 Mend him who can ; the ladies call him sweet ;  
 The stairs, as he treads on them, kifs his feet.  
 This is the flower, that smiles on every one<sup>6</sup>,  
 To shew his teeth, as white as whale his bone.—

And

<sup>6</sup> *This is the flower, that smiles on every one.*] The broken disjointed metaphor is a fault in writing. But in order to pass a true judgment on this fault, it is still to be observed, that when a metaphor is grown so common as to desert, as it were, the figurative, and to be received into the common stile, then what may be affirmed of the thing represented, or the *substance*, may be affirmed of the thing representing, or the *image*. To illustrate this by the instance before us, a very complaisant, finical, over-gracious person, was so commonly called the *flower*, or, as he elsewhere expresses it, the *pink of courtésie*, that in common talk, or in the lowest stile, this metaphor might be used without keeping up the image,

but any thing affirmed of it as of an *agnomen* : hence it might be said, without offence, to *smile*, to *flatter*, &c. And the reason is this ; in the more solemn, less-used metaphors, our mind is so turned upon the image which the metaphor conveys, that it expects, this image should be, for some little time, continued, by terms proper to keep it in view. And if, for want of these terms, the image be no sooner presented than dismissed, the mind suffers a kind of violence by being drawn off abruptly and unexpectedly from its contemplation. Hence it is that the broken, disjointed, and mix'd metaphor so much shocks us. But when it is once become worn and hacknied by common use, then even the very first mention  
 of

And consciences, that will not die in debt,  
Pay him the due of honey-tongued *Boyet*.

*King*. A blister on his sweet tongue with my heart,  
That put *Armado's* Page out of his Part!

S C E N E VIII.

*Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Catharine,  
Boyet, and attendants.*

*Biron*. See, where it comes; behaviour, what wert  
thou?

'Till this man shew'd thee? and what art thou now?

*King*. All hail, sweet Madam, and fair time of day!

*Prin*. Fair in all hail is foul, as I conceive.

*King*. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

*Prin*. Then wish me better, I will give you leave.

*King*. We come to visit you, and purpose now

To lead you to our Court; vouchsafe it then.

*Prin*. This field shall hold me, and so hold your

vow:

Nor God, nor I, delight in perjurd men.

of it is not apt to excite in us the representative image; but brings immediately before us the idea of the thing represented. And then to endeavour to keep up and continue the borrow'd ideas, by right adapted terms, would have as ill an effect on the other hand: Because the mind is already gone off from the image to the substance. Grammarians would do well to consider what has been here said when they set upon amending *Greek* and *Roman* writings. For the much used hack-nied metaphors being now very imperfectly known, great care is required not to act in this case temerarioussly. *WARBURTON.*

{ *'Till this man shew'd thee? and what art thou now? }*  
These are two wonderfully fine lines, intimating that what courts call *manners*, and value themselves so much upon teaching, as a thing no where else to be learnt, is a modest silent accomplishment, under the direction of nature and common sense, which does its office in promoting social life without being taken notice of. But that when it degenerates into shew and parade it becomes an unmanly contemptible quality. *WARBURTON.*  
What is told in this note is undoubtedly true, but is not comprised in the quotation.

7 — behaviour, what wert  
thou,

*King.*



*King.* Rebuke me not for That, which you provoke ;

The virtue of your eye must break my oath <sup>a</sup>.

*Prin.* You nick-name virtue; vice you should have spoke :

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure

As the unfully'd lilly, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yield to be your house's guest ;

So much I hate a breaking cause to be

Of heav'nly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

*King.* O, you have liv'd in desolation here,

Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

*Prin.* Not so, my lord ; it is not so, I swear ;

We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game,

A mess of *Russians* left us but of late.

*King.* How, Madam ? *Russians* ?

*Prin.* Ay, in truth, my lord ;

Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

*Ros.* Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord :

My lady, to the manner of these days,

In courtesy gives undeserving praise.

We four, indeed, confronted were with four

In *Russian* habit : here they stay'd an hour,

And talk'd apace ; and in that hour, my lord,

They did not bless us with one happy word.

I dare not call them fools ; but this I think,

When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

<sup>a</sup> *The virtue of your eye MUST break my oath.*] Common sense requires us to read,

— MADE *break my oath*,

*i. e.* made me. And then the reply is pertinent—It was the force of your beauty that made me break my oath, therefore you ought not to upbraid me with a

crime which you yourself was the cause of.

WARBURTON.

I believe the author means that the *virtue*, in which word *goodness* and *power* are both comprised, *must dissolve* the obligation of the oath. The princess, in her answer, takes the most invidious part of the ambiguity.

*Biron.*

*Biron.* This jest is dry to me. Fair, gentle, sweet,  
Your wit makes wise things foolish; when we greet<sup>2</sup>  
With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,  
By light we lose light; your capacity  
Is of that nature, as to your huge store  
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

*Ros.* This proves you wise and rich; for in my  
eye——

*Biron.* I am a fool, and full of poverty.

*Ros.* But that you take what doth to you belong,  
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

*Biron.* O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

*Ros.* All the fool mine?

*Biron.* I cannot give you less.

*Ros.* Which of the vizors was it, that you wore?

*Biron.* Where? when? what vizor? why demand  
you this?

*Ros.* There, then, that vizor, that superfluous Case,  
That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face.

*King.* We are defcried; they'll mock us now down-  
right,

*Dum.* Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

*Prin.* Amaz'd, my lord? why looks your Highness  
sad?

*Ros.* Help, hold his brows, he'll swoon: why look  
you pale?

Sea-sick, I think, coming from *Muscovy*.

*Biron.* Thus pour the stars down plagues for Per-  
jury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out?

Here stand I, lady, dart thy skill at me;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;

And I will with thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in *Russian* habit wait.

<sup>2</sup> This is a very lofty and elegant compliment.

O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,  
 Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue;  
 Nor never come in vizer to my friend,  
 Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song.  
 Taffata-phrases, filken terms precise,  
 Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,  
 Figures pedantical, these summer-flies,  
 Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:  
 I do forswear them; and I here protest,  
 By this white glove, (how white the hand, God  
 knows!)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd  
 In rufflet yeas, and honest kerfy noes:  
 And to begin, wench, (so God help me, law!)  
 My love to thee is found, *sans* crack or flaw.

*Ros. Sans, sans, I pray you.*

*Biron.* Yet I have a trick

Of the old rage: bear with me, I am sick.  
 I'll leave it by degrees: soft, let us see;  
 Write<sup>1</sup>, *Lord have mercy on us*, on those three;  
 They are infected, in their hearts it lies;  
 They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes;  
 These lords are visited, you are not free;  
 For the lord's tokens on you both I see.

*Prin.* No, they are free, that gave these tokens  
 to us.

*Biron.* Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.

*Ros.* It is not so; for how can this be true<sup>2</sup>,  
 That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

*Biron.* Peace, for I will not have to do with you.

*Ros.*

<sup>1</sup> *Write, &c.*] This was the inscription put upon the door of the houses infected with the plague, to which *Biron* compares the love of himself and his companions; and pursuing the metaphor finds the *tokens* likewise on the ladies. The *tokens* of the

plague are the first spots or discolorations by which the infection is known to be received.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *how can this be true, That you should forfeit, being those that sue.*] That is, how can those be liable to forfeiture that begin the process. The jest



*Rof.* Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

*Biron.* Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end.

*King.* Teach us, sweet Madam, for our rude transgression

Some fair excuse.

*Prin.* The fairest is confession.

Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?

*King.* Madam, I was.

*Prin.* And were you well advis'd?

*King.* I was, fair Madam.

*Prin.* When you then were here,

What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

*King.* That more than all the world I did respect her.

*Prin.* When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

*King.* Upon mine honour, no.

*Prin.* Peace, p̄eece, forbear:

Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear<sup>3</sup>.

*King.* Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

*Prin.* I will, and therefore keep it. *Rosaline,*

What did the *Russian* whisper in your ear?

*Rof.* Madam, he swore, that he did hold me dear

As precious eye-sight; and did value me

Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,

That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

*Prin.* God give thee joy of him! the noble lord

Most honourably doth uphold his word.

*King.* What mean you, Madam? by my life, my troth,

I never swore this lady such an oath.

*Rof.* By heav'n, you did; and to confirm it plain,

You gave me this; but take it, Sir, again.

jest lies in the ambiguity of *sue*, which signifies to prosecute by law, or to offer a petition.

<sup>3</sup> You force not to forswear.] You force not is the same with

you make no difficulty. This is a very just observation. The crime which has been once committed, is committed again with less reluctance.

*King.*

*King.* My faith, and this, to th' Princess I did give;  
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

*Prin.* Pardon me, Sir, this jewel did she wear:  
And lord *Biron*, I thank him, is my Dear.  
What? will you have me? or your pearl again?

*Biron.* Neither of either: I remit both twain.  
I see the trick on't; here was a consent,  
(Knowing aforehand of our merriment)  
To dash it, like a *Christmas* comedy.

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some flight zany,  
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some

*Dick,*

That smiles his cheek in years<sup>4</sup>, and knows the trick  
To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd,  
Told our intents before; which once disclos'd,  
The ladies did change Favours, and then we,  
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she:  
Now to our perjury to add more terrors,  
We are again forsworn; in will, and error<sup>5</sup>.  
Much upon this it is.—And might not You

[To Boyet.

Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue?  
Do not you know my lady's foot by th' squire,  
And laugh upon the apple of her eye,  
And stand between her back, Sir, and the fire,  
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?

<sup>4</sup> ——— smiles his cheek in years, ———] Mr. *Theobald* says, he cannot, for his heart, comprehend the sense of this phrase. It was not his heart but his head that stood in his way. In years, signifies, into wrinkles. So in *The Merchant of Venice*,

*With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come.*

See the note on that line.——  
But the *Oxford* editor was in the same case, and so alters it to *fleers*.

WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— In will and error.  
*Much upon this it is—And might not You.*] I believe this passage should be read thus,

——— in will and error.

Boyet. *Much upon this it is.*  
*Biron.* *And might not you, &c.*

You

You put our Page out: go, you are allowed<sup>6</sup>;  
 Die when you will, a smock shall be your shrowd.  
 You leer upon me, do you; there's an eye,  
 Wounds like a leaden sword.

*Boyet.* Full merrily  
 Hath this brave Manage, this Career, been run.

*Biron.* Lo, he is tilting strait. Peace, I have done.

*Enter Costard.*

Welcome, pure wit, thou partest a fair fray.

*Cost.* O Lord, Sir, they would know

Whether the three Worthies shall come in, or no.

*Biron.* What are there but three?

*Cost.* No, Sir, but it is very fine;

For every one pursents three.

*Biron.* And three times three is nine?

*Cost.* Not so, Sir, under correction. Sir; I hope,  
 it is not so.

You cannot beg us<sup>7</sup>, Sir; I can assure you, Sir, we  
 know

What we know: I hope, three times three, Sir—

*Biron.* Is not nine.

*Cost.* Under correction, Sir, we know where until  
 it doth amount.

*Biron.* By *Jove*, I always took three threes for nine.

*Cost.* O Lord, Sir, it were pity you should get your  
 living by reckoning, Sir,

*Biron.* How much is it?

*Cost.* O Lord, Sir, the parties themselves, the ac-  
 tors, Sir, will shew where until it doth amount; for  
 my own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one  
 man in one poor man, *Pompion* the Great, Sir.

<sup>6</sup> — go, you are allow'd;]  
*i. e.* you may say what you will;  
 you are a licensed fool, a com-  
 mon jester. So *Twelfth Night*.  
*There is no slander in an allow'd*  
*fool.*

WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> *You cannot beg us.*] That is,  
 we are not fools, our next rela-  
 tions cannot beg the wardship of  
 our persons and fortunes. One  
 of the legal tests of a *natural* is  
 to try whether he can number.

*Biron.*



*Biron.* Art thou one of the Worthies?

*Cost.* It pleased them to think me worthy of *Pom-pion* the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy; but I am to stand for him.

*Biron.* Go bid them prepare.

*Cost.* We will turn it finely off, Sir, we will take some care.

*King.* *Biron*, they will shame us; let them not approach. [*Exit Cost.*]

*Biron.* We are shame-proof, my lord; and 'tis some policy  
To have one Show worse than the King's and his Company.

*King.* I say, they shall not come.

*Prin.* Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now;

That sport best pleases, that doth least know how<sup>a</sup>.  
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents  
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents;  
Their form, confounded, makes most form in mirth;  
When great things, labouring, perish in their birth.

*Biron.* A right description of our sport, my lord.

<sup>a</sup> *That sport best pleases, which doth least know how.*

*Where zeal strives to content, and the contents*

*dies in the zeal of that which it presents;*

*Their form, &c.]*

The third line may be read better thus,

—————*The contents*

*Die in the zeal of him which them presents.*

This sentiment of the Princess is very natural, but less generous than that of the Amazonian Queen, who says on a like occasion in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*,

*I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,*

*Nor duty in his service perishing.*

S C E N E

## SCENE IX.

*Enter Armado.*

*Arm.* Anointed, I implore so much expence of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

*Prin.* Doth this man serve God?

*Biron.* Why ask you?

*Prin.* He speaks not like a man of God's making.

*Arm.* That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too, too vain; too, too vain: but we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna de la guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement.

*King.* Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies: he presents *Hector* of *Troy*; the swain, *Pompey the Great*; the parish curate, *Alexander*; *Armado's* page, *Hercules*; the pedant, *Judas Machabeus*.

And if these four Worthies in their first Show thrive, These four will change habits, and present the other five.

*Biron.* There are five in the first Show.

*King.* You are deceiv'd, 'tis not so.

*Biron.* The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy.

A bare throw at *Novum*°, and the whole world again, Cannot prick out five such, take each one in's vein.

*King.* The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

*Enter Costard for Pompey.**Cost.* I Pompey am——

° *A bare throw at Novum.*] intended between the play of *nine pins* and the play of the *nine worthies*, but it lies too deep for my investigation.

*Boyet.* You lye, you are not he.

*Cost.* I Pompey am——

*Boyet.* With *Libbard's* head on knee<sup>1</sup>.

*Biron.* Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends with thee.

*Cost.* I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the Big.

*Dum.* The Great.

*Cost.* It is Great, Sir; Pompey, surnam'd the Great; That oft in field, with targe and shield,

Did make my foe to sweat:

And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance;  
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet Lass of France.

If your ladyship would say, "thanks—Pompey," I had done.

*Prin.* Great thanks, great Pompey.

*Cost.* 'Tis not so much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect. I made a little fault in great.

*Biron.* My hat to a half-penny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

*Enter Nathanael for Alexander.*

*Nath.* When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's Commander;

By east, west, north and south, I spread my conquering might;

My Scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alifander.

*Boyet.* Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

*Biron.* Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender smelling Knight.

<sup>1</sup> *With Libbard's head on knee.]* Shoulders had usually, by way of ornament, the resemblance of a Leopard's or Lion's head.

WARBURTON.

*Prin.*



*Prin.* The Conqueror is dismaid: proceed, good *Alexander*.

*Nath.* *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's Commander.*

*Boyet.* Most true, 'tis right; you were so, *Alisander*.

*Biron.* *Pompey the Great,*——

*Cost.* Your servant, and *Costard*.

*Biron.* Take away the Conqueror, take away *Alisander*.

*Cost.* O Sir, you have overthrown *Alisander* the Conqueror. [*to Nath.*] You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this; your lion that holds the pollax<sup>2</sup> sitting on a close-stool, will be given to *A-jax*\*; he will be then the ninth Worthy. A Conqueror, and afraid to speak? run away for shame, *Alisander*. [*Exit Nath.*] There, an't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd. He is a marvellous good neighbour, insooth, and a very good bowler; but for *Alisander*, alas, you see, how 'tis—a little o'erparted—but there are Worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

*Biron.* Stand aside, good *Pompey*.

*Enter Holofernes for Judas, and Moth for Hercules.*

*Hol.* Great *Hercules* is presented by this imp,

Whose club kill'd *Cerberus*, that three-headed  
And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp, [*canus*;

Thus did he strangle serpents in his *manus*:

*Quoniam*, he seemeth in minority;

*Ergo*, I come with this apology——

[*To Moth.*] Keep some state in thy *Exit*, and vanish:

*Hol.* Judas I am.

[*Exit Moth.*

*Dum.* A Judas!

*Hol.* Not *Iscariot*, Sir;

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to the arms given to the nine Worthies in the old History.

\* There is a conceit of *Ajax* and *Ajakes*.

Judas *I am, ycleped Machabeus.*

*Dum.* Judas Machabeus clipt, is plain Judas.

*Biron.* A kissing traitor. How art thou prov'd

Judas?

*Hol.* Judas *I am.*

*Dum.* The more shame for you, Judas.

*Hol.* What mean you, Sir?

*Boyet.* To make Judas hang himself.

*Hol.* Begin, Sir, you are my elder.

*Biron.* Well follow'd; Judas was hang'd on an Elder.

*Hol.* I will not be put out of countenance.

*Biron.* Because thou hast no face.

*Hol.* What is this?

*Boyet.* A cittern head.

*Dum.* The head of a bodkin.

*Biron.* A death's face in a ring.

*Long.* The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

*Boyet.* The pummel of Cæsar's faulchion.

*Dum.* The carv'd-bone face on a flask.

*Biron.* St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.

*Dum.* Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

*Biron.* Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer;  
And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

*Hol.* You have put me out of countenance.

*Biron.* False; we have given thee faces.

*Hol.* But you have out-fac'd them all.

*Biron.* An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

*Boyet.* Therefore, as he is an afs, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet Jude; nay, why dost thou stay?

*Dum.* For the latter end of his name.

*Biron.* For the Afs to the Jude; give it him. Jud-as,  
away.

*Hol.* This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

*Boyet.* A light for monsieur Judas; it grows dark,  
he may stumble.

*Prin.* Alas! poor Machabeus, how he hath been  
baited!

Enter

*Enter Armado.*

*Biron.* Hide thy head, *Achilles*, here comes *Hector* in arms.

*Dum.* Tho' my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

*King.* *Hector* was but a *Trojan* in respect of this.

*Boyet.* But is this *Hector*?

*King.* I think, *Hector* was not so clean-timber'd.

*Long.* His leg is too big for *Hector*.

*Dum.* More calf, certain.

*Boyet.* No; he is best indu'd in the small.

*Biron.* This can't be *Hector*.

*Dum.* He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces,

*Arm.* *The armipotent Mars, of lances Almighty,*  
Gave *Hector* a gift,——

*Dum.* A gilt nutmeg.

*Biron.* A lemon.

*Long.* Stuck with cloves.

*Dum.* No, cloven.

*Arm.* *The armipotent Mars, of lances Almighty,*

Gave *Hector* a gift, the heir of *Ilium*;

A man so-breath'd, that certain he would fight ye

From morn 'till night, out of his pavilion.

I am that Flower.

*Dum.* That mint,

*Long.* That columbine.

*Arm.* Sweet lord *Longueville*, rein thy tongue.

*Long.* I must rather give it the rein; for it runs against *Hector*.

*Dum.* Ay, and *Hector's* a grey-hound.

*Arm.* The sweet War-man is dead and rotten;  
Sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the bury'd;  
But I will forward with my device;

[*To the Princess.*] Sweet Royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

*Prin.* Speak, brave *Hector*; we are much delighted.

*Arm.* I do adore thy sweet *Grace's* slipper.



*Boyet.* Loves her by the foot.

*Dum.* He may not, by the yard.

*Arm.* *This* Hector far *firm* mounted Hannibal.

*Cost.* The Party is gone, fellow *Hector*, she is gone ; she is two months on her way.

*Arm.* What mean'st thou ?

*Cost.* Faith, unless you play the honest *Trojan*, the poor wench is cast away ; she's quick, the child brags in her belly already. 'Tis yours.

*Arm.* Dost thou infamonize me among Potentates ? Thou shalt die.

*Cost.* Then shall *Hector* be whipt for *Jaquenetta*, that is quick by him ; and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by him.

*Dum.* Most rare *Pompey* !

*Boyet.* Renowned *Pompey* !

*Biron.* Greater than great, great, great, great *Pompey* ! *Pompey* the huge !

*Dum.* *Hector* trembles.

*Biron.* *Pompey* is mov'd ; more *Ates*, more *Ates* <sup>3</sup> ; stir them on, stir them on.

*Dum.* *Hector* will challenge him.

*Biron.* Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

*Arm.* By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

*Cost.* I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man : I'll slash ; I'll do't by the Sword : I pray you, let me borrow my arms \* again.

*Dum.* Room for the incensed Worthies.

*Cost.* I'll do't in my shirt.

*Dum.* Most resolute *Pompey* !

*Moth.* Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do ye not see, *Pompey* is uncasing the the combat : what mean you ? you will lose your reputation.

<sup>3</sup> *More Ates.*] That is, more instigation. *Ate* was the mischievous goddess that incited bloodshed.

\* — *my arms*—] The weapons and armour which he wore in the character of *Pompey*.

*Arm.* Gentlemen, and foldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my fhirt.

*Dum.* You may not deny it, *Pompey* hath made the challenge.

*Arm.* Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

*Biron.* What reason have you for't?

*Arm.* The naked truth of it is, I have no fhirt; I go woolward for penance.

*Boyet.* True, and it was enjoin'd him in *Rome* for want of linnen<sup>4</sup>; ſince when, I'll be ſworn, he wore none but a diſh-clout of *Faquetta's*, and that he wears next his heart for a Favour.

S C E N E X.

*Enter Macard.*

*Mac.* God ſave you, Madam;

*Prin.* Welcome, *Macard*, but that thou interrupteſt our merriment.

*Mac.* I'm ſorry, Madam; for the news I bring is heavy in my tongue. The King your father —

*Prin.* Dead, for my life.

*Mac.* Even ſo: my Tale is told.

*Biron.* Worthies, away; the Scene begins to cloud.

*Arm.* For my own part, I breathe free breath; I

<sup>4</sup> *It was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linnen;*] This may poſſibly allude to a ſtory, well known in our author's time, to this Effect. A *Spaniard* at *Rome* falling in a duel, as he lay expiring, an intimate friend, by chance, came by, and offered him his beſt ſervices. The dying man told him he had but one requeſt to make to him, but con- jured him by the memory of their paſt friendſhip punctually to com-

ply with it, which was, not to ſuffer him to be ſtrippt, but to bury him as he lay, in the habit he then had on. When this was promiſed, the *Spaniard* cloſed his eyes, and expired with great compoſure and reſignation. But his friend's curioſity prevailing over his good faith, he had him ſtrippt, and found, to his great ſurpriſe, that he was without a ſhirt. WARBURTON.

have seen the days of wrong through the little hole of discretion<sup>5</sup>, and I will right myself like a soldier.

[*Exeunt Worthies.*

*King.* How fares your Majesty?

*Prin.* Boyet, prepare; I will away to night.

*King.* Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

*Prin.* Prepare, I say.— I thank you, gracious lords,  
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,  
Out of a new-fad soul, that you vouchsafe  
In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,  
The liberal opposition of our spirits;  
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves  
In the converse of breath<sup>6</sup>, your gentleness  
Was guilty of it. Farewel, worthy lord;  
An heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue<sup>7</sup>:  
Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks,  
For my great Suit so easily obtain'd.

*King.* The extreme part of time extremely forms  
All causes to the purpose of his speed;  
And often, at his very loose, decides  
That, which long Process could not arbitrate.  
And though the mourning brow of Progeny  
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love,  
The holy suit which fain it would convince<sup>8</sup>;

Yet

<sup>5</sup> — have seen the days of  
WRONG through the little hole of  
discretion, —] This has no  
meaning; we should read, *the*  
*day of RIGHT*, i. e. I have fore-  
seen that a day will come when  
I shall have justice done me, and  
therefore I prudently reserve my-  
self for that time.

WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> *In the converse of breath,* —]  
Perhaps *converse* may, in this  
line, mean *interchange*.

<sup>7</sup> *An heavy Heart bears not an*  
*humble Tongue:*] Thus all the

Editions; but, surely, without  
either Sense or Truth. None are  
more *humble* in Speech, than they  
who labour under any Oppres-  
sion. The *Princess* is desiring,  
her Grief may apologize for her  
not expressing her Obligations at  
large; and my Correction is con-  
formable to that Sentiment. Be-  
sides, there is an *Antithesis* be-  
tween *heavy* and *nimble*; but be-  
tween *heavy* and *humble*, there is  
none.

THEOBALD.

<sup>8</sup> — which fain it would  
convince;] We must read,

— which



Yet since love's argument was first on foot,  
 Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it  
 From what it purpos'd : Since, to wail friends lost,  
 Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,  
 As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

*Prin.* I understand you not, my griefs are double.

*Biron.*<sup>9</sup> Honest plain words best pierce the ear of  
 grief;

And by these badges understand the King.  
 For your fair fakes have we neglected time,  
 Play'd foul play with our oaths : your beauty, ladies,  
 Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours  
 Even to th' oppos'd end of our intents ;  
 And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,  
 As love is full of unbecfitting strains,  
 All wanton as a child, skipping in vain,  
 Form'd by the eye, and therefore like the eye,  
 Full of straying shapes, of habits, and of forms,  
 Varying in subjects as the eye doth rowl,  
 To every varied object in his glance ;  
 With party-coated presence of loose love  
 Put on by us, if, in your heav'nly eyes,  
 Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities ;  
 Those heav'nly eyes, that look into these faults,  
 Suggested us to make them : therefore, ladies,  
 Our love being yours, the error that love makes  
 Is likewise yours. We to ourselves prove false<sup>2</sup>,

By

— which fain would it convince ;  
 that is, the entreaties of love,  
 which would fain over-power  
 grief. So Lady Macbeth declares,  
 That she will convince the cham-  
 berlain with wine.

<sup>9</sup> *Honest plain words, &c.*—]  
 As it seems not very proper for  
*Biron* to court the princess for  
 the king in the king's presence,  
 at this critical moment, I believe

the speech is given to a wrong  
 person. I read thus,

*Prin.* I understand you not, my  
 griefs are double :  
*Honest plain words best pierce the  
 ear of grief.*

*King.* And by these badges, &c.  
<sup>1</sup> Suggested us ——— ] That  
 is, tempted us.

<sup>2</sup> ——— We to ourselves prove  
 false,

By

By being once false, for ever to be true  
 To those that make us both; fair ladies, you:  
 And even that fallhood, in itself a sin,  
 Thus purifies itself, and turns to Grace.

*Prin.* We have receiv'd your letters, full of love;  
 Your Favours, the embassadors of love:  
 And in our maiden council rated them  
 At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy;  
 As bombast, and as lining to the time<sup>3</sup>:  
 But more devout than this, in our respects<sup>4</sup>,  
 Have we not been; and therefore met your loves,  
 In their own fashion, like a merriment.

*Dum.* Our letters, Madam, shew'd much more than  
 jest.

*Long.* So did our looks.

*Ros.* We did not cote them so<sup>5</sup>.

*King.* Now at the latest minute of the hour,  
 Grant us your loves.

*Prin.* A time, methinks, too short,  
 To make a world-without-end bargain in;  
 No, no, my lord, your Grace is perjur'd much,

*By being once false, for ever to be true*

*To those that made us false.—*]  
 We should read,

*We to ourselves prove true.*

<sup>3</sup> *As bombast, and as lining to the time:*] This line is obscure. Bombast was a kind of loose texture not unlike what is now called wadding, used to give the dresses of that time bulk and protuberance, without much encrease of weight; whence the same name is yet given a tumour of words unsupported by solid sentiment. The princess, therefore, says, that they considered this courtship as but bombast, as something to fill out life, which not being closely united with it,

might be thrown away at pleasure.

<sup>4</sup> *But more devout, than THESE ARE our respects*

*Have we not been;—*]  
 This

nonsense should be read thus,  
*But more devout than THIS, (SAVE our respects)*

*Have we not been;—*

i. e. save the respect we owe to your majesty's quality, your courtship we have laughed at, and made a jest of. WARBURTON.

I read with Sir T. Hanmer,  
*But more devout than this, in our respects.*

<sup>5</sup> *We did not COAT them so.*]  
 We should read, QUOTE, esteem, reckon.

Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore, this —  
 If for my love (as there is no such cause)  
 You will do aught, this shall you do for me:  
 Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed  
 To some forlorn and naked Hermitage,  
 Remote from all the pleasures of the world;  
 There stay, until the twelve celestial Signs  
 Have brought about their annual reckoning.  
 If this austere infociable life  
 Change not your offer made in heat of blood;  
 If frosts and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds  
 Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,  
 But that it bear this trial, and last love;  
 Then, at the expiration of the year,  
 Come challenge; challenge me, by these deserts;  
 And by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,  
 I will be thine; and 'till that instant shut  
 My woful self up in a mourning house,  
 Raining the tears of lamentation,  
 For the remembrance of my father's death.  
 If this thou do deny, let our hands part;  
 Neither intitled in the other's heart.

*King.* If this, or more than this, I would deny,  
 'To flatter up these powers of mine with rest';  
 The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!  
 Hence, ever then, my heart is in thy breast.

*Biron.* ' And what to me, my love? and what to me?

*Rof.*

<sup>6</sup>To FLATTER up these powers of mine with rest;] We should read, FETTER up, i. e. the turbulence of his passion, which hindered him from sleeping, while he was uncertain whether she would have him or not. So that he speaks to this purpose, *If I would not do more than this to gain my wonted repose, may that repose end in my death.* WARB.

4

*Flatter* or *sooth* is, in my opinion, more apposite to the king's purpose than *fetter*. Perhaps we may read,

*To flatter on these hours of time with rest;*

That is, I would not deny to live in the hermitage, to make the year of delay pass in quiet.

<sup>7</sup>*Biron.* [*And what to me, my Love? and what to me?*

*Rof.*



*Ros.* You must be purged too, your sins are rank,  
 You are attaint with fault and perjury :  
 Therefore, if you my favour meant to get,  
 A twelve-month shall you spend, and never rest,  
 But see the weary beds of people sick.

*Dum.* But what to me, my love? but what to me?

*Cath.* A wife—a beard, fair health and honesty ;  
 With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

*Dum.* O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

*Cath.* Not so, my lord—a twelve month and a  
 day—

I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say.

Come, when the King doth to my lady come ;

Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some,

*Dum.* I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

*Cath.* Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn again.

*Long.* What says *Maria*?

*Mar.* At the twelve-month's end,

I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

*Long.* I'll stay with patience ; but the time is long.

*Mar.* The liker you ; few taller are so young.

*Biron.* Studies my lady? mistress look on me,

Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,

What humble Suit attends thy answer there ;

*Ros.* You must be purged too :  
 your Sins are rank :

You are attaint with Fault and  
 Perjury ;

Therefore if you my Favour mean  
 to get,

A Twelvemonth shall you spend,  
 and never rest,

But seek the weary Beds of People  
 sick.]

These six Verses both *Dr. Thirl-*  
*by* and *Mr. Warburton* concur to  
 think should be expung'd; and  
 therefore I have put them be-  
 tween Crochets : Not that they  
 were an Interpolation, but as the

Author's first Draught, which he  
 afterwards rejected; and exe-  
 cuted the same Thought a little  
 lower with much more Spirit and  
 Elegance. *Shakespeare* is not to  
 answer for the present absurd re-  
 petition, but his Actor-Editors ;  
 who, thinking *Rosalind's* Speech  
 too long in the second Plan, had  
 abridg'd it to the Lines above  
 quoted : but, in publishing the  
 Play, stupidly printed both the  
 Original Speech of *Shakespeare*,  
 and their own Abridgment of it.

THEOBALD.

Impose

Impose some service on me for thy love.

*Ros.* Oft have I heard of you, my lord *Biron*.  
 Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue  
 Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;  
 Full of comparisons and wounding flouts;  
 Which you on all estates will execute,  
 That lie within the mercy of your wit:  
 To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,  
 And therewithal to win me, if you please,  
 Without the which I am not to be won;  
 You shall this twelve-month term from day to day  
 Visit the speechless Sick, and still converse  
 With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,  
 With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,  
 T' enforce the pained Impotent to smile.

*Biron.* To move wild laughter in the throat of  
 death?

It cannot be, it is impossible:

Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

*Ros.* Why, that's the way to choak a gibing spirit,  
 Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,  
 Which shallow-laughing hearers give to fools:  
 A jest's prosperity lies in the ear  
 Of him that hears it, never in the tongue  
 Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,  
 Deaft with the clamours of their own \* dear groans,  
 Will hear your idle scorns; continue then,  
 And I will have you, and that fault withal:  
 But if they will not, throw away that spirit;  
 And I shall find you empty of that fault,  
 Right joyful of your Reformation.

*Biron.* A twelve-month? well; befall, what will befall,  
 I'll jest a twelve-month in an Hospital.

*Prin.* Ay, sweet my lord, and so I take my leave.

[To the King.]

*King.* No, Madam; we will bring you on your way.

\* — *dear* should here, as in many other places, be *dere*, sad,  
 odious.

*Biron.*

*Biron.* Our wooing doth not end like an old Play;  
*Jack* hath not *Fill*; these ladies' courtesy  
 Might well have made our sport a Comedy.

*King.* Come, Sir, it wants a twelve-month and a  
 day,  
 And then 'twill end.

*Biron.* That's too long for a Play.

*Enter Armado.*

*Arm.* Sweet Majesty, vouchsafe me —

*Prin.* Was not that *Hector*?

*Dum.* That worthy Knight of *Troy*.

*Arm.* I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I  
 am a *Votary*; I have vow'd to *Faquetta* to hold the  
 plough for her sweet love three years. But, most  
 esteem'd Greatness, will you hear the dialogue that  
 the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the  
 owl and the cuckow? it should have follow'd in  
 the end of our Show.

*King.* Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

*Arm.* Holla! approach.—

*Enter all, for the Song.*

This side is *Hiems*, winter.  
 This *Ver*, the spring; the one maintained by the owl,  
 The other by the cuckow.  
*Ver*, begin.

## THE S O N G.

### S P R I N G.

*When daizies pied, and violets blue<sup>8</sup>,*  
*And lady-smocks all silver white,*  
*And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,*  
*Do paint the meadows with delight<sup>9</sup>;*

*The*

<sup>8</sup> The first lines of this song replaced by Mr. Theobald.  
 that were transposed, have been <sup>9</sup> *Do paint the meadows with  
 delight;]*



*The cuckow then on every Tree,  
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,  
Cuckow!*

*Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!*

*When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
And merry larks are ploughmens' clocks;  
When turtles tread; and rooks and daws;  
And maidens bleach their summer smocks;*

*The cuckow then on every tree  
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,  
Cuckow!*

*Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!*

W I N T E R.

*When isicles hang by the wall,  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail;  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
And milk comes frozen home in pail;  
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl  
Tu-whit! to-who!*

*————— A merry note,  
While greasy Jone doth keel the pot.*

*When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
And coughing drowns the Parson's saw;  
And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;*

delight;] This is a pretty rural song, in which the images are drawn with great force from nature. But this senseless expletive of *painting with delight*, I would read thus,

*Do paint the meadows MUCH  
BEDIGHT,*

*i. e.* much bedecked or adorned, as they are in spring-time. The epithet is proper, and the compound not inelegant.

WARBURTON.

Much less elegant than the present reading.

*When*

When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl  
Tu whit! tu-who!

————— A merry note,  
While greasy Jone doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury  
Are harsh after the Songs of Apollo:  
You, that way; we, this way.

[*Exeunt omnes* \*.]

\* In this play, which all the editors have concurred to censure, and some have rejected as unworthy of our Poet, it must be confessed that there are many passages mean, childish, and vulgar; and some which ought not to have been exhibited, as we are told they were, to a maiden queen. But there are scattered, through the whole, many sparks of genius; nor is there any play that has more evident marks of the hand of *Shakespeare*.

ACT I. SCENE I. Page 119.

*This child of fancy, that Armado hight, &c.*] This, as I have shewn, in the note in its place, relates to the stories in the books of Chivalry. A few words therefore concerning their Origin and Nature may not be unacceptable to the reader. As I don't know of any writer who has given any tolerable account of this matter: and especially as *Monfieur Huet, the Bishop of Avranches*, who wrote a formal treatise of the *Origin of Romances*, has said little or nothing of these in that superficial work. For having brought down the account of romances to the later

*Greeks*, and entered upon those composed by the barbarous western writers, which have now the name of *Romances* almost appropriated to them, he puts the change upon his reader, and, instead of giving us an account of these books of Chivalry, one of the most curious and interesting parts of the subject he promised to treat of, he contents himself with a long account of the Poems of the *Provincial Writers*, called likewise *Romances*: and so, under the *equivoque* of a common term, drops his proper subject, and entertains us with another that had no relation to it more than in the name.

The *Spaniards* were of all others the fondest of these fables, as suiting best their extravagant turn to gallantry and bravery; which in time grew so excessive, as to need all the efficacy of *Cervantes's* incomparable satire to bring them back to their senses. The *French* suffered an easier cure from their Doctor *Rabelais*, who enough discredited the books of Chivalry, by only using the extravagant stories of its Giants, &c. as a cover for another kind of satire against the *refined Politicks* of

of his countrymen; of which they were as much possessed as the Spaniards of their *Romantic Bravery*. A *bravery* our *Shakespeare* makes their characteristic, in this description of a *Spanish Gentleman*:

*A man of compliments, whom  
right and wrong  
Have chose as Umpire of their  
mutiny:  
This Child of fancy, that Ar-  
mado light,  
For interim to our studies, shall  
relate  
In high-born words, the worth  
of many a Knight,  
From tawny Spain, lost in the  
world's debate.*

The sense of which is to this effect: *This Gentleman*, says the speaker, *shall relate to us the celebrated Stories recorded in the old Romances, and in their very stile*. Why he says, *from tawny Spain*, is because, these Romances being of *Spanish* Original, the Heroes and the Scene were generally of that country. He says, *lost in the world's debate*, because the subject of those Romances were the *Crusades* of the *European* Christians against the *Saracens* of *Asia* and *Africa*.

Indeed, the wars of the Christians against the Pagans were the general subject of the Romances of Chivalry. They all seem to have had their ground-work in two fabulous Monkish historians: The one, who, under the name of *Turpin* Archbishop of *Rheims*, wrote the History and Achievements of *Charlemagne* and his

twelve Peers; to whom, instead of his father, they assigned the task of driving the *Saracens* out of *France* and the South parts of *Spain*: the other, our *Geoffrey of Monmouth*.

Two of those Peers, whom the old Romances have rendered most famous, were *Oliver* and *Rowland*. Hence *Shakespeare* makes *Alanson*, in the first part of *Henry VI.* say, "Froysard, a countryman of ours, records, *England* all *Oliviers* and *Rowlands* bred, during the time *Edward* the Third did reign." In the *Spanish* Romance of *Bernardo del Carpio*, and in that of *Roncesvalles*, the feats of *Roland* are recorded under the name of *Roldan el encantador*; and in that of *Palmerin de Oliva*, or simply *Oliva*, those of *Oliver*: for *Oliva* is the same in *Spanish* as *Olivier* is in *French*. The account of their exploits is in the highest degree monstrous and extravagant, as appears from the judgment passed upon them by the Priest in *Don Quixote*, when he delivers the Knight's library to the secular arm of the house-keeper, "Eccetuando à un *Bernardo del Carpio* que anda por ay, y à otro llamado *Roncesvalles*; que estos en llegando a mis manos, an de estar en las de la ama, y dellas en las des fuego sin remission alguna<sup>1</sup>." And of *Oliver* he says; "essa *Oliva* se haga luego rajas, y se queme, que aun no queden della las cenizas<sup>2</sup>." The reasonableness of this sentence may be partly seen from one story in

<sup>1</sup> B. i. c. 6.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.



the *Bernardo del Carpio*, which tells us, that the cleft called *Roldan*, to be seen on the summit of an high mountain in the kingdom of *Valencia*, near the town of *Alicant*, was made with a single back-stroke of that hero's broad sword. Hence came the proverbial expression of our plain and sensible Ancestors, who were much cooler readers of these extravagances than the *Spaniards*, of giving one a *Rowland* for his *Oliver*, that is, of matching one impossible lye with another: as, in *French*, *faire le Roland* means, to swagger. This driving the *Saracens* out of *France* and *Spain*, was, as we say, the subject of the elder Romances. And the first that was printed in *Spain* was the famous *Amadis de Gaula*, of which the Inquisitor Priest says: "segun he oydo dezir, este libro fue el primero de Caval-  
 "lerias que se imprimiò en Es-  
 "paña, y todos los demás en  
 "tomado principio y origen  
 "deste<sup>3</sup>;" and for which he humourously condemns it to the fire, *como à Dogmatizádor de una festa tan mala*. When this subject was well exhausted, the affairs of *Europe* afforded them another of the same nature. For after that the western parts had pretty well cleared themselves of these inhospitable Guests: by the excitements of the Popes, they carried their arms against them into *Greece* and *Asia*, to support the *Byzantine* empire, and recover the holy Sepulchre. This gave birth to a new tribe of Romances, which we may call of the *second* race or class. And

as *Amadis de Gaula* was at the head of the first, so, correspondently to the subject, *Amadis de Grecian* was at the head of the latter. Hence it is, we find, that *Trebizonde* is as celebrated in these Romances as *Roncesvalles* is in the other. It may be worth observing, that the two famous *Italian* epic poets, *Ariosto* and *Tasso*, have borrowed, from each of these classes of old Romances, the scenes and subjects of their several stories: *Ariosto* choosing the first, *the Saracens in France and Spain*; and *Tasso*, the latter, *the Crusade against them in Asia*: *Ariosto's* hero being *Orlando* or *the French Roland*: for as the *Spaniards*, by one way of transposing the letters, had made it *Roldan*, so the *Italians*, by another, make it *Orland*.

The main subject of these fooleries, as we have said, had its original in *Turpin's* famous history of *Charlemagne* and his *twelve peers*. Nor were the monstrous embellishments of enchantments, &c. the invention of the Romancers, but formed upon eastern tales, brought thence by travellers from their crusades and pilgrimages; which indeed have a cast peculiar to the wild imaginations of the eastern people. We have a proof of this in the travels of *Sir J. Maundevile*, whose excessive superstition and credulity, together with an impudent monkish addition to his genuine work, have made his veracity thought much worse of than it deserved. This voyager, speaking of the isle of *Cos*, in the *Archipelago*, tells the follow-

<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

ing story of an enchanted dragon. "And also a zonge Man, that wiste not of the Dragoun, went out of a Schipp, and went thorghe the Isle, till that he cam to the Castelle, and cam into the Cave; and went so longe till that he fond a Chambre, and there he saughe a Damyselle, that kembed hire Hede, and lokede in a Myroure: and sche hadde meche Tresoure abouten hire: and he trowed that sche hadde ben a comoun Woman, that dwelled there to reseyyve Men to Folye. And he abode, till the Damyselle, saughe the schadewe of him in the Myroure. And sche turned hire toward him, and asked him what he wolde. And he seyde, he wolde ben hire Limman or Paramour. And sche asked him, if that he were a Knyghte. And he sayde, nay. And then sche sayde, that he myghte not ben hire Limman. But sche bad him gon azen unto his Felowes, and make him Knyghte, and come azen upon the Morwe, and sche scholde come out of her Cave before him; and thanne come and kyssie hire on the Mowth and have no drede. For I schalle do the no maner harm, alle be it that thou see me in likeness of a Dragoun. For thoughe though see me hideouse and horrible to loken onne, I do the to wytene that it is made by Enchauntement. For withouten doubt, I am none other than thou seest now, a Woman; and herefore drede the noughte. And zif thou kyssie

me, thou schalt have all this Tre-  
soure, and be my Lord, and Lord  
also of all that Isle. And he  
departed, &c." p. 29, 30.  
Ed. 1725. Here we see the ve-  
ry spirit of a Romance-adven-  
ture. This honest traveller be-  
lieved it all, and so, it seems,  
did the people of the Isle. *And  
some Men seyn (says he) that in  
the Isle of Lango is zit the Dought-  
tre of Ypocras in forme and lyke-  
nesse of a great Dragoun, that is  
an hundred Fadme in lengthe, as  
Men seyn: For I have not seen  
hire. And thei of the Isles callen  
hire, Lady of the Land.* We  
are not to think then, these kind  
of stories, believed by pilgrims  
and travellers, would have less  
credit either with the writers or  
readers of Romances: which  
humour of the times therefore  
may well account for their birth  
and favourable reception in the  
world.

The other monkish historian,  
who supplied the Romancers with  
materials, was our *Geoffry of  
Monmouth*. For it is not to be  
supposed, that these *Children of  
Fancy* (as *Shakespeare* in the place  
quoted above finely calls them,  
insinuating that *Fancy* hath its  
*infancy* as well as *manhood*)  
should stop in the midst of so ex-  
traordinary a career, or confine  
themselves within the lists of the  
*terra firma*. From *Him* there-  
fore the *Spanish* Romancers took  
the story of the *British Arthur*,  
and the *Knights of his round ta-  
ble*, his wife *Gueni-ver*, and his  
conjurer *Merlin*. But still it was  
the same subject, (essential to  
books of Chivalry) the Wars of  
*Christians* against *Infidels*. And  
whether it was by blunder or de-  
sign,

fig, they changed the Saxons into Saracens. I suspect by design: For Chivalry without a Saracen was so very lame and imperfect a thing, that even that wooden Image, which turned round on an axis, and served the Knights to try their swords, and break their lances upon, was called, by the Italians and Spaniards, *Saracino* and *Sarazino*; so closely were these two ideas connected.

In these old Romances there was much religious superstition mixed with their other extravagancies; as appears even from their very names and titles. The first Romance of *Lancelot of the Lake* and King *Arthur* and his Knights, is called the *History of Saint Greaal*. This *St. Greaal* was the famous relick of the holy blood pretended to be collected into a vessel by *Joseph of Arimathea*. So another is called *Kyrie Eleison of Montauban*. For in those days *Deuteronomy* and *Paralipomenon* were supposed to be the names of holy men. And as they made Saints of their Knights-errant, so they made Knights-errant of their tutelary Saints; and each nation advanced its own into the order of Chivalry. Thus every thing in those times being either a Saint or a Devil, they never wanted for the marvellous. In the old Romance of *Lancelot of the Lake*, we have the doctrine and discipline of the Church as formally delivered as in *Bellarmino* himself. "La confession (*says the preacher*) ne vaut rien si le cœur n'est repentant; & si tu es moult et éloigné de l'amour de nostre Seigneur, tu ne peus

"estre raccordé si non par trois choses: premierement par la confession de bouche; secondement par une contrition de cœur, tiercement par peine de cœur, & par oeuvre d'aumône & charité. Telle est la droite voye d'aimer Dieu. Or va & si te confesse en cette maniere & recois la discipline des mains de tes confesseurs, car c'est le signe de merite. — Or mande le roy ses evesques, dont grande partie avoit en l'ost, & vinrent tous en sa chapelle. Le roy vint devant eux tout nud en pleurant, & tenant son pleint point de menues verges, si les jetta devant eux, & leur dit en souffrant, qu'ils prissent de luy vengeance, car je suis le plus vil pecheur, &c.—Après prinst discipline & d'eux & moult doucement la receut." Hence we find the divinity-lectures of *Don Quixote* and the penance of his Squire, are both of them in the ritual of Chivalry. Lastly, we find the Knight-errant, after much turmoil to himself and disturbance to the world, frequently ended his course, like *Charles V of Spain*, in a Monastery; or turn'd Hermit, and became a Saint in good earnest. And this again will let us into the spirit of those Dialogues between *Sancho* and his master, where it is gravely debated whether he should not turn Saint or Archbishop.

There were several causes of this strange jumble of nonsense and religion. As first, the nature of the subject, which was a religious War or Crusade: 2dly, The quality of the first Writers,



Writers, who were religious Men: And 3dly. The end in writing many of them, which was to carry on a religious purpose. We learn, that *Clement V* interdicted *Jufts* and *Tournaments*, because he understood they had much hindered the *Crusade* decreed in the Council of *Vicenna*. "Tor-  
neamenta ipsa & Hastiludia  
"five Juxta in regnis Franciæ,  
"Angliæ, & Almanniæ, & aliis  
"nonnullis provinciis, in quibus  
"ea consuevere frequentius ex-  
"erceri, specialiter interdixit."  
*Extrac. de Torneamentis C. unic.*  
*tem. Ed. I.* Religious men, I

conceive, therefore, might think to forward the design of the *Crusades* by turning the fondness for *Tilts* and *Tournaments* into that channel. Hence we see the books of Knight-errantry so full of solemn *Jufts* and *Tournaments* held at *Trebizonde*, *Bizance*, *Tripoly*, &c. Which wise project, I apprehend, it was *Cervantes's* intention to ridicule, where he makes his Knight propose it as the best means of subduing the *Turk*, to assemble all the Knights-errant together by Proclamation\*.

WARBURTON.

\* See Part II. lib. v. c. 1.

W I N T E R S

T A L K

THE END OF THE WORLD

THE

W I N T E R's

T A L E.



## Dramatis Personæ.

LEONTES, *King of Sicilia.*

Polixenes, *King of Bohemia.*

Mamillius, *young Prince of Sicilia.*

Florizen, *Prince of Bohemia.*

Camillo,

Antigonus,

Cleomines,

Dion,

} *Sicilian Lords.*

*Another Sicilian Lord.*

Archidamus, *a Bohemian Lord.*

Rogero, *a Sicilian Gentleman.*

*An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.*

*Officers of a Court of Judicature.*

*Old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.*

*Clown, his Son.*

*A Mariner.*

*Goaler.*

*Servant to the old Shepherd.*

Autolicus, *a Rogue.*

Time, *as Chorus.*

Hermione, *Queen to Leontes.*

Perdita, *Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*

Paulina, *Wife to Antigonus.*

Emilia, *a Lady.*

*Two other Ladies.*

Mopsa,

Dorcas,

} *Shepherdeses.*

*Satyrs for a Dance, Shepherds, Shepherdeses, Guards,  
and Attendants.*

SCENE, *sometimes in Sicilia; sometimes in  
Bohemia.*

T H E

# W I N T E R ' S   T A L E .

---

## A C T I.   S C E N E I.

*An Antichamber in Leontes's Palace.*

*Enter Camillo, and Archidamus.*

A R C H I D A M U S .

**I**F you shall chance, *Camillo*, to visit *Bohemia*, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot; you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our *Bohemia* and your *Sicilia*.

*Cam.* I think, this coming summer, the King of *Sicilia* means to pay *Bohemia* the visitation, which he justly owes him.

<sup>1</sup> *The Winter's Tale.*] This play, throughout, is written in the very spirit of its author. And in telling this homely and simple, tho' agreeable, country tale,

*Our sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,*

*Warbles his native wood-notes wild.* Milton.

This was necessary to observe in

mere justice to the Play, as the meanness of the fable, and the extravagant conduct of it, had misled some of great name into a wrong judgment of its merit; which, as far as it regards sentiment and character, is scarce inferior to any in the whole collection.      WARBURTON.

*Arch.*

*Arch.* Wherein our entertainment shall shame us<sup>2</sup>, we will be justified in our love; for, indeed,——

*Cam.* 'Beseech you——

*Arch.* Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge; we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say—we will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, tho' they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

*Cam.* You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

*Arch.* Believe me, I speak, as my Understanding instructs me; and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

*Cam.* *Sicilia* cannot shew himself over-kind to *Bohemia*; they were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot chuse but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their incounters, though not personal, have been royally attornied<sup>3</sup> with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seem'd to be together, tho' absent; shook hands, as over a Vast; and embrac'd, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!——

*Arch.* I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young Prince *Mamillius*: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

*Cam.* I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physicks the subject<sup>4</sup>, makes old hearts fresh: they, that went

<sup>2</sup> — our entertainment, &c.] bly supplied by substitution of embassies, &c.  
Though we cannot give you equal entertainment, yet the consciousness of our good-will shall justify us.

<sup>3</sup> — royally attornied] No-  
<sup>4</sup> — physicks the subject,] Affords a cordial to the state; has the power of assuaging the sense of misery.



on crutches, ere he was born, desire yet their life to see him a man.

*Arch.* Would they else be content to die?

*Cam.* Yes, if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

*Arch.* If the King had no son, they would desire to live on crutches 'till he had one.

SCENE II.

*Opens to the Presence.*

*Enter* Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, and Attendants.

*Pol.* **N**INE Changes of the watry star hath been  
The shepherd's note, since we have left our  
Throne

Without a burden: time as long again  
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;  
And yet we should, for perpetuity,  
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cypher,  
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply  
With one, *we thank you*, many thousands more  
That go before it.

*Leo.* Stay your thanks a while;  
And pay them, when you part.

*Pol.* Sir, that's to-morrow:  
I'm question'd by my fears, of what may chance,  
Or breed upon our absence, that may blow<sup>s</sup>.

No

<sup>s</sup> ——— THAT MAY blow  
*No sneaping winds at home, &c.*  
'This is nonsense, we should read  
it thus,

———— MAY THERE blow, &c.  
He had said he was apprehensive  
that his presence might be want-  
ed at home; but, lest this should

prove an ominous speech, he en-  
deavours, as was the custom, to  
avert it by a deprecatory prayer.

———— may there blow  
*No sneaping winds — to make us  
say,*

*This was put forth too truly.—*  
But the Oxford Editor, rather  
than

No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,  
 "This is put forth too truly." Besides, I have stay'd  
 To tire your royalty.

*Leo.* We are tougher, brother,  
 Than you can put us to't.

*Pol.* No longer stay.

*Leo.* One sev'n-night longer.

*Pol.* Very sooth, to-morrow.

*Leo.* We'll part the time between's then: and in that  
 I'll no gain-saying.

*Pol.* Prefs me not, 'beseech you, so;  
 There is no tongue that moves. None, none i'th'  
 world,

So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,  
 Were there necessity in your request, altho'  
 'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs  
 Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder,  
 Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,  
 To you a charge and trouble: to save both,  
 Farewel, our brother.

*Leo.* Tongue-ty'd, our Queen? speak you.

*Her.* I had thought, Sir, to've held my peace, until  
 You'ad drawn oaths from him not to stay: you, Sir,  
 Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure,  
 All in *Bohemia's* well: this satisfaction  
 The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him,  
 He's beat from his best ward.

*Leo.* Well said, *Hermione*.

*Her.* To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong,  
 But let him say so then, and let him go;  
 But let him swear so, and he shall not stay;  
 We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.  
 Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure

[To Polixenes.

than be beholden to this correc-  
 tion, alters it to.

———— there may blow

Some *sneaping winds*.

and so destroys the whole senti-  
 ment.

WARBURTON.

The

The borrow of a week. When at *Bohemia*  
 You take my Lord, I'll give you my commission<sup>6</sup>,  
 To let him there a month, behind the *gest*<sup>7</sup>  
 Prefix'd for's parting: yet (good heed) *Leontes*<sup>8</sup>,  
 I love thee not a jar o'th' clock behind  
 What lady she her lord. You'll stay?

*Pol.* No, Madam.

*Her.* Nay, but you will?

*Pol.* I may not, verily.

*Her.* Verily?

You put me off with limber vows; but I,  
 Tho' you would seek t' unsphere the stars with oaths,  
 Should yet say, "Sir, no going: *verily*,  
 "You shall not go;" a lady's *verily* is  
 As potent as a lord's. Will you go, yet?  
 Force me to keep you as a prisoner,  
 Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees,  
 When you depart, and save your thanks. How say  
 you?

My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread *verily*,  
 One of them you shall be.

*Pol.* Your guest then, Madam:

To be your prisoner, should import offending;  
 Which is for me less easy to commit,

<sup>6</sup> ——— I'll give HIM my  
 commission,] We should read,  
 ——— I'll give YOU my com-  
 mission,

The verb *let*, or hinder, which  
 follows, shews the necessity of  
 it: For she could not say she  
 would give her husband a com-  
 mission to *let* or hinder himself.  
 The commission is given to *Po-  
 lixenes*, to whom she is speaking,  
 to let or hinder her husband.

WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— behind the *gest*] Mr.  
*Theobald* says, he can neither trace,  
 nor understand the phrase, and

therefore thinks it should be *just*:  
 But the word *gest* is right, and  
 signifies a stage or journey. In  
 the time of *Royal Progresses*, the  
 King's stages, as we may see by  
 the journals of them in the  
 Herald's office, were called his  
 GESTS; from the old French  
 word GISTE, *Diversorium*.

WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> ——— yet, good heed, *Le-  
 ontés*,] *i. e.* yet take good heed,  
*Leontés*, to what I say. Which  
 phrase, Mr. *Theobald* not under-  
 standing, he alters it to, *good  
 deed*.

WARBURTON.

Than



Than you to punish.

*Her.* Not your Goaler then,  
But your kind Hostess; come, I'll question you  
Of my Lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys:  
You were pretty lordings then?

*Pol.* We were, fair Queen,  
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,  
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,  
And to be boy eternal.

*Her.* Was not my Lord the verier wag o'th' two?

*Pol.* We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i'th'  
Sun,

And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd,  
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not  
The doctrine of ill-doing; no, nor dream'd,  
That any did: had we pursu'd that life,  
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd  
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven  
Boldly, *Not guilty*; th' imposition clear'd,  
Hereditary ours.

*Her.* By this we gather,  
You have tript since.

*Pol.* O my most sacred Lady,  
Temptations have since then been born to's: for  
In those un fledg'd days was my wife a girl;  
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes  
Of my young play-fellow.

*Her.* ' Grace to boot! ———

Of this make no conclusion, lest you say,

Your

9 — *th' imposition clear'd.*

*Hereditary ours.*] *i. e.* setting  
aside *original sin*; bating the im-  
position from the offence of our  
first parents, we might have bold-  
ly protested our innocence to hea-  
ven.

WARBURTON.

' *Grace to boot!*

*Of this make no conclusion, lest*

*you say, &c.] Polixenes*  
had said, that since the time of  
childhood and innocence, *temp-*  
*tations had grown to them*; for  
that, in that interval, the two  
Queens were become women.  
To each part of this observation  
the Queen answers in order. To  
that of *temptations* she replies,  
*Grace*

Your Queen and I are devils. Yet, go on; —  
 Th' offences we have made you do, we'll answer;  
 If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us  
 You did continue fault; and that you slipt not,  
 With any but with us.

*Leo.* Is he won yet?

*Her.* He'll stay, my Lord.

*Leo.* At my request he would not:

*Hermione,* my dearest, thou ne'er spok'st  
 To better purpose.

*Her.* Never?

*Leo.* Never, but once.

*Her.* What? have I twice said well? when was't  
 before?

I pr'ythee, tell me; cram's with praise, and make's  
 As fat as tame things: one good deed, dying tongue-  
 less,

Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.

Our praises are our wages. You may ride's

With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere

With spur we heat an acre, but to th' goal<sup>2</sup>.

My last good deed was to intreat his stay;

What was my first? it has an elder sister,

Or I mistake you: O, would her name were *Grace!*

But once before I spake to th' purpose? when?

*Grace to boot!* i. e. tho' temptations have grown up, yet I hope grace too has kept pace with them. *Grace to boot*, was a proverbial expression on these occasions. To the other part, she replies, as for our tempting you, pray take heed you draw no conclusion from thence, for that would be making your Queen and me devils, &c.

WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> *With spur we heat an acre.*  
*But to th' goal.*] Thus this passage has been always pointed; whence it appears, that

the Editors did not take the Poet's conceit. They imagined that, *But to th' goal* meant, *but to come to the purpose*; but the sense is different, and plain enough when the line is pointed thus,

ere  
*With spur we heat an acre, but  
 to th' goal.*

i. e. good usage will win us to any thing; but, with ill, we stop short, even there where both our interest and our inclination would otherwise have carried us.

WARBURTON.

Nay,

Nay, let me have't; I long.

*Leo.* Why, that was when  
Three crabbed months had fowr'd themselves to death,  
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,  
And clepe thyself my love; then didst thou utter,  
“ I am yours for ever.”

*Her.* 'Tis *Grace*, indeed.  
Why, lo you now; I've spoke to th' purpose twice;  
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;  
Th' other for some while a friend.

*Leo.* Too hot, too hot — [*Aside.*  
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.  
I have *tremor cordis* on me — my heart dances;  
But not for joy — not joy. — This entertainment  
May a free face put on; derive a liberty  
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,  
And well become the Agent: 't may, I grant;  
But to be padding palms, and pinching fingers,  
As now they are, and making practis'd smiles,  
As in a looking-glass — and then to sigh, as 'twere  
The mort o' th' deer<sup>3</sup>; oh, that is entertainment  
My bosom likes not, nor my brows — *Mamillius*,  
Art thou my boy?

*Mam.* Ay, my good Lord.

*Leo.* I' fecks!

Why, that's my bawcock; what? has't smutch'd thy  
nose?

They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,  
We must be neat<sup>\*</sup>; not neat, but cleanly, captain;  
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,  
Are all call'd *neat*. Still virginalling<sup>4</sup>

[*Observing Polixenes and Hermione.*

<sup>3</sup> *The mort o' th' deer* —] A lesson upon the horn at the death of the deer. THEOBALD. collecting that *neat* is the term for horned cattle, he says, *not neat, but cleanly.*

<sup>\*</sup> *We must be neat.*] *Leontes*, seeing his son's nose smutched, cries, *we must be neat*; then, re-  
<sup>4</sup> ——— *Still virginalling*] Still playing with her fingers, as a girl playing on the *virginals*.

Upon



Upon his palm?—how now, you wanton calf!  
Art thou my calf?

*Mam.* Yes, if you will, my Lord.

*Leo.* Thou want'st a rough path, and the shoots that  
I have,

To be full like me.—Yet they say, we are  
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,  
That will say any thing; but were they false,  
As \* o'er-dy'd blacks, as winds, as waters; false  
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes  
No bourne 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true  
To say, this boy were like me. Come, Sir page,  
Look on me with your welkin-eye<sup>s</sup>, sweet villain.  
Most dear'st, my collop—can thy dam—may't be—  
Imagination! thou dost stab to th' center.  
Thou dost make possible things not be so held,  
Communicat'st with dreams—— (how can this be?)  
With what's unreal, Thou co-active art,  
And fellow'st Nothing. Then 'tis very credent,  
Thou may'st co-join with something, and thou dost,  
And that beyond commission; and I find it;  
And that to the infection of my brains,  
And hardning of my brows.

*Pol.* What means *Sicilia*?

*Her.* He something seems unsettled.

*Pol.* How? my Lord?

*Leo.* What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

*Her.* You look

As if you held a brow of much Distraction.

Are not you mov'd, my Lord?

*Leo.* No, in good earnest.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly!

Its tendernefs! and make itself a pastime

To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines

Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil

Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd,

\* *As o'er-dy'd blacks.*] Sir T. <sup>s</sup> ——— *welkin eye,*] Blue  
*Hammer* understands, blacks died eye; an eye of the same colour  
too much, and therefore rotten. with the *welkin*, or *sky*.

In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,  
 Left it should bite its master; and so prove,  
 As ornaments oft do, too dangerous;  
 How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,  
 This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest friend,  
 Will you take eggs for money<sup>6</sup>?

*Mam.* No, my Lord, I'll fight.

*Leo.* You will!—why, \* happy man be's dole!—

My brother,

Are you so fond of your young Prince, as we  
 Do seem to be of ours?

*Pol.* If at home, Sir,

He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter;  
 Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;  
 My parasite, my foldier, states-man, all;  
 He makes a *July's* day short as *December*;  
 And with his varying childness, cures in me  
 Thoughts that should thicken my blood.

*Leo.* So stands this Squire

Offic'd with me: we two will walk, my Lord,  
 And leave you to your graver steps. *Hermione*,  
 How thou lov'st us, shew in our brother's welcome:  
 Let what is dear in *Sicily*, be cheap:  
 Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's  
 Apparent<sup>7</sup> to my heart.

*Her.* If you will seek us,

We are yours i'th' garden: shall's attend you there?

*Leo.* To your own bents dispose you; you'll be found,  
 Be you beneath the sky.—I am angling now,  
 Tho' you perceive me not, how I give line;

[*Aside, observing Her.*

<sup>6</sup> *Will you take eggs for money?*]  
 This seems to be a proverbial  
 expression, used when a man sees  
 himself wronged and makes no  
 resistance. Its original, or pre-  
 cise meaning, I cannot find, but  
 I believe it means, will you be  
 a *cuckold* for hire. The cuckow is  
 reported to lay her eggs in another

bird's nest; he therefore that has  
 eggs laid in his nest, is said  
 to be *cucullatus*, *cuckow'd*, or  
*cuckold*.

\* —*happy man be's dole!*—]  
 May his *dole* or *share* in life be  
 to be a *happy man*.

<sup>7</sup> *Apparent*—] That is, *beir*  
*apparent*, or the next claimant.

Go

Go to, go to.

How she holds up the neb! the bill to him!

And arms her with the boldness of a wife

[*Exe. Polix. Her. and attendants. Manent Leo.*

*Mam. and Cam.*

To her allowing husband. Gone already,

Inch-thick, knee-deep; o'er-head and ears,—a \* fork'd one.—

Go, play, boy, play—thy mother plays, and I  
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue  
Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour  
Will be my knel.—Go, play, boy, play—there  
have been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;  
And many a man there is, even at this present,  
Now while I speak this, holds his wife by th' arm,  
That little thinks, she has been sluic'd in's absence;  
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by  
Sir *Smile*, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,  
Whiles other men have gates; and those gates open'd,  
As mine, against their will. Should all despair,  
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind  
Would hang themselves. Physick for't, there is none:  
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike  
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it.  
From east, west, north and south. Be it concluded,  
No barricado for a belly. Know't,  
It will let in and out the enemy,  
With bag and baggage: many a thousand of's  
Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy?

*Mam.* I am like you, they say.

*Leo.* Why, that's some comfort.

What? is *Camillo* there?

*Cam.* Ay, my good Lord.

*Leo.* Go play, *Mamillius*—Thou'rt an honest man:

[*Exit Mamil.*

\* — a fork'd one—] That is, a horned one; a cuckold.



## SCENE III.

*Camillo*, this Great Sir will yet stay longer.

*Cam.* You had much ado to make his anchor hold ;  
When you cast out, it still came home.

*Leo.* Didst note it ?

*Cam.* He would not stay at your petitions made ;  
His business more material.

*Leo.* Didst perceive it ?

\* They're here with me already ; whisp'ring, rounding<sup>8</sup> :

*Sicilia* is a so-forth ; 'tis far gone,

When I shall gust it last. How came't, *Camillo*.

That he did stay ?

*Cam.* At the good Queen's entreaty.

*Leo.* At the Queen's be't ; good, should be pertinent ;  
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken  
By any understanding pate but thine ?  
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in  
More than the common blocks ; not noted, is't,  
But of the finer natures ? by some severals  
Of head-piece extraordinary ; lower messes<sup>9</sup>,  
Perchance, are to this business purblind ? say.

*Cam.* Business, my Lord ? I think, most understand  
*Bohemia* stays here longer.

*Leo.* Ha ?

*Cam.* Stays here longer.

*Leo.* Ay, but why ?

\* They're here with me already ; — ] Not *Polixenes* and *Hermione*, but casual observers, people accidentally present.

<sup>8</sup> ——— whisp'ring, rounding : ] i. e. rounding in the ear, a phrase in use at that time. But the *Oxford* Editor, not knowing that, alters the text to, whisp'ring round.

WARBURTON.

To round in the ear, is to whif-

per, or to tell secretly. The expression is very copiously explained by *M. Casaubon*, in his book *de Ling. Sax.*

<sup>9</sup> ——— lower messes, ] *Mess* is a contradiction of *Master*, as *Mess* John, *Master John* ; an appellation used by the *Scots*, to those who have taken their academical degree. *Lower Messes*, therefore, are graduates of a lower form.

*Cam.*

*Cam.* To satisfy your Highness, and th'entreaties  
Of our most gracious mistrefs.

*Leo.* Satisfy

Th' entreaties of your mistrefs?—satisfy?—  
Let that suffice. I've trusted thee, *Camillo*,  
With all the things nearest my heart; as well  
My chamber-councils, wherein, priest like, thou  
Hast cleans'd my bosom: I from thee departed  
Thy Penitent reform'd; but we have been  
Deceiv'd in thy integrity; deceiv'd  
In that, which seems so.

*Cam.* Be it forbid, my Lord——

*Leo.* To bide upon't;—Thou art not honest; or,  
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;  
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining  
From course requir'd: or else thou must be counted  
A servant grafted in my serious Trust,  
And therein negligent; or else a fool,  
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,  
And tak'st it all for jest.

*Cam.* My gracious Lord,

I may be negligent, foolish and fearful;  
In every one of these no man is free,  
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,  
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,  
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my Lord,  
If ever I were wilful negligent,  
It was my folly; if industriously  
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,  
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful  
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,  
Whereof the execution did cry out  
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear

<sup>a</sup> *Whereof the execution did cry* ly clouds his meaning. This  
*out* founding phrase means, I think,  
*Against the non-performance,—* no more than a thing necessary to  
This is one of the expressions by *be done.*  
which *Shakespeare* too frequent-

Which oft infects the wisest: these, my Lord,  
 Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty  
 Is never free of. But, 'beseech your Grace,  
 Be plainer with me, let me know my trespass  
 By its own visage; if I then deny it,  
 'Tis none of mine,

*Leo.* Ha'not you seen, *Camillo*,  
 (But that's past doubt, you have; or your eye-glass  
 Is thicker than a cuckold's horn;) or heard,  
 (For to a vision so apparent, rumour  
 Cannot be mute;) or thought, (for cogitation  
 Resides not in that man, that do's not think it;)   
 My wife is slippery? if thou wilt, confess;  
 (Or else be impudently negative,  
 To have nor eyes nor ears, nor thought,) then say,  
 My wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name  
 As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to  
 Before her troth plight: say't, and justify't.

*Cam.* I would not be a stander-by, to hear  
 My sovereign Mistress clouded so, without  
 My present vengeance taken; 'threw my heart,  
 You never spoke what did become you less  
 Than this; which to reiterate, were sin  
 As deep as that, tho' true<sup>2</sup>.

*Leo.* Is whispering nothing?  
 Is leaning cheek to cheek? is \* meeting noses?  
 Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career  
 Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible  
 Of breaking honesty :) horsing foot on foot?  
 Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?  
 Hours, minutes? the noon, midnight? and all eyes  
 Blind with the pin and web, but theirs; theirs only,  
 That would, unseen, be wicked? is this nothing?  
 Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;

<sup>2</sup> ————— were sin

*As deep as that, tho' true.] i. e.*

Your suspicion is as great a sin  
 as would be that (if committed,

for which you suspect her.

WARBURTON.

\* ————— meeting noses?] Dr.  
*Thirlby* reads, *meting noses*; that  
 is, *measuring noses*.



The covering sky is nothing, *Bohemia* nothing;  
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,  
If this be nothing.

*Cam.* Good my Lord, be cur'd  
Of this diseas'd Opinion, and betimes;  
For 'tis most dangerous.

*Leo.* Say it be, 'tis true.

*Cam.* No, no, my Lord.

*Leo.* It is; you lye, you lye:  
I fay, thou liest, *Camillo*, and I hate thee;  
Pronounce thee a gross lowt, a mindless slave,  
Or else a hovering temporizer, that  
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,  
Inclining to them both: were my wife's liver  
Infected, as her life, she would not live  
The running of one glass.

*Cam.* Who does infect her?

*Leo.* Why he, that wears her like his medal, hang-  
ing  
About his neck; *Bohemia*, — who, if I  
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes  
To see alike mine honour, as their profits,  
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that  
Which should undo more Doing: I, and thou  
His cup-bearer, (whom I from meaner form  
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship; who may'st see  
Plainly, as heav'n sees earth, and earth sees heav'n,  
How I am gall'd;) thou might'st be-spice a cup,  
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;  
Which draught to me were cordial.

*Cam.* Sir, my Lord,  
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,  
But with a lingring dram, that should not work <sup>3</sup>,  
Maliciously,

<sup>3</sup> *But with a lingring dram, that should not work, Maliciously, like poison: —*] expressed: He could do it with a dram that should have none of those visible effects that detect the poisoner. These effects he finely

Maliciously, like poison. But I cannot<sup>4</sup>  
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,  
So sovereignly being honourable.

*Leo.* I've lov'd thee.——Make't thy Question, and  
go rot :

Do'st think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,  
To appoint myself in this vexation ? Sully  
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,  
(Which to preserve, is sleep ; which being spotted,  
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps :)  
Give scandal to the blood o'th' Prince, my son,  
Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine,  
Without ripe moving to't ? would I do this ?

calls the malicious workings of  
poison, as if done with design to  
*betray* the user. But the *Oxford*  
Editor would mend *Shakespeare's*  
expression, and reads,

————— *that should not work*  
*Like a malicious poison: —*

So that *Camillo's* reason is lost in  
this happy emendation. WARB.

*Rash* is *basfy*, as in another  
place, *rash gunpowder*. *Ma-*  
*liciously* is *malignantly*, with ef-  
fects *openly hurtful*. *Shakespeare*  
had no thought of *betraying the*  
*user*. The *Oxford* emendation  
is harmless and useless.

<sup>4</sup> In former copies,

————— *but I cannot*

*Believe this Crack to be in my*  
*dread Mistress,*

*So sovereignly being honourable.*

I have lov'd thee —————

*Leo.* *Make that thy Question*  
*and go rot :]* The last  
Hemistich assign'd to *Camillo*,  
must have been mistakenly plac'd  
to him. It is Disrespect and In-  
solence in *Camillo* to his King,  
to tell him that he has once

lov'd him.——I have ventured  
at a Transposition, which seems  
self-evident. *Camillo* will not be  
persuaded into a Suspicion of the  
Disloyalty imputed to his Mi-  
stresses. The King, who believes  
nothing but his Jealousy, pro-  
vok'd that *Camillo* is so obsti-  
nately diffident, finely starts into  
a Rage and cries ;

*I've lov'd thee.* —— *Make't thy*  
*Question, and go rot*, i. e. I have  
tender'd thee well, *Camillo*, but  
I here cancel all former Respect  
at once. If thou any longer  
make a Question of my Wife's  
Disloyalty, go from my Presence,  
and Perdition overtake thee for  
thy Stubbornness. THEOBALD.

I have admitted this alteration,  
as *Dr. Warburton* has done, but  
am not convinced that it is ne-  
cessary. *Camillo*, desirous to de-  
fend the Queen, and willing to  
secure credit to his apology, be-  
gins, by telling the King that  
*he has loved him*, is about to give  
instances of his love, and to in-  
fer from them his present zeal,  
when he is interrupted.

Could

Could man so blench?

*Cam.* I must believe you, Sir,  
I do, and will fetch off *Bohemia* for't:  
Provided, that, when he's remov'd, your Highness  
Will take again your Queen, as yours at first,  
Even for your son's sake, and thereby for sealing  
The injury of tongues, in Courts and Kingdoms  
Known and ally'd to yours.

*Leo.* Thou dost advise me,  
Even so as I mine own course have set down:  
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

*Cam.* My Lord,  
Go then; and with a countenance as clear  
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with *Bohemia*,  
And with your Queen: I am his cup-bearer;  
If from me he have wholesome beverage,  
Account me not your servant.

*Leo.* This is all;  
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;  
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

*Cam.* I'll do't, my Lord.

*Leo.* I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.

[*Exit.*]

*Cam.* O miserable lady!—But, for me,  
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner  
Of good *Polixenes*, and my ground to do't  
Is the obedience to a master; one,  
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have  
All that are his, so too.—To do this deed,  
Promotion follows. If I could find example  
Of thousands, that had struck anointed Kings,  
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since  
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one;  
Let villany itself forswear't. I must  
Forfake the Court; to do't, or no, is certain  
To me a break-neck. — Happy star reign now!  
Here comes *Bohemia*.

SCENE



## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Polixenes.*

*Pol.* This is strange! methinks,  
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak? —  
Good day, *Camillo*.

*Cam.* Hail, most royal Sir!

*Pol.* What is the news i'th' court?

*Cam.* None rare, my Lord.

*Pol.* The King hath on him such a countenance,  
As he had lost some province, and a region  
Lov'd, as he loves himself: even now I met him  
With customary compliment, when he,  
Wasting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling  
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me, and  
So leaves me to consider what is breeding,  
That changes thus his manners.

*Cam.* I dare not know, my Lord.

*Pol.* How, dare not? do not? do you know, and  
dare not?

Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts:  
For to yourself, what you do know, you must;  
And cannot say, you dare not. Good *Camillo*,  
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,  
Which shews me mine chang'd too; for I must be  
A party in this alteration, finding  
Myself thus alter'd with it.

*Cam.* There is a sickness,  
Which puts some of us in distemper; but  
I cannot name the disease, and it is caught  
Of you that yet are well.

*Pol.* How caught of me?

Make me not fighted like the basilisk.  
I've look'd on thousands, who have sped the better  
By my regard, but kill'd none so. *Camillo*,  
As you are certainly a gentleman,

Clerk-

Clerk-like experienc'd (which no less adorns  
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,  
In whose success we are gentle<sup>5</sup>;) I beseech you,  
If you know aught, which does behove my knowledge  
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not  
In ignorant concealment.

*Cam.* I may not answer.

*Pol.* A sickness caught of me, and yet I well?  
I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, *Camillo*,  
I conjure thee by all the parts of man,  
Which honour does acknowledge (whereof the least  
Is not this fruit of mine), that thou declare,  
What incidency thou dost guess of harm  
Is creeping towards me; how far off, how near;  
Which way to be prevented, if it be;  
If not, how best to bear it.

*Cam.* Sir, I'll tell you.

Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him  
That I thing honourable; therefore, mark my counsel;  
Which must be ev'n as swiftly follow'd, as  
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me  
Cry lost, and so good night.

*Pol.* On, good *Camillo*.

*Cam.* I am appointed Him to murder you.

*Pol.* By whom, *Camillo*?

*Cam.* By the King.

*Pol.* For what?

*Cam.* He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,  
As he had seen't, or been an instrument  
To vice you to't<sup>6</sup>, that you have toucht his Queen  
Forbiddenly.

*Pol.* Oh, then, my best blood turn  
To an infected gelly, and my name

<sup>5</sup> In whose success we are gentle;—] I know not whether success here does not mean *succession*.

<sup>6</sup> To vice you to't,—] *i. e.* to draw, persuade you. The character called the *Vice*, in the old plays, was the *Tempter* to evil.

Be yok'd with his, that did betray the best!  
 Turn then my freshest reputation to  
 A favour, that may strike the dullest nostril  
 Where I arrive; and my approach be shun'd,  
 Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection  
 That e'er was heard, or read!

*Cam.* Swear this though over <sup>7</sup>.

By each particular star in heaven, and  
 By all their influences; you may as well  
 Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,  
 As or by oath remove, or counsel shake,  
 The fabrick of his folly; whose foundation <sup>8</sup>  
 Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue  
 The standing of his body.

*Pol.* How shall this grow?

*Cam.* I know not; but, I'm sure, 'tis safer to  
 Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.  
 If therefore you dare trust my honesty,  
 That lies inclosed in this trunk, which you  
 Shall bear along impawn'd, away to night;  
 Your followers I will whisper to the business;  
 And will by twos and threes, at several posterns,  
 Clear them o'th' city. For myself, I'll put  
 My fortunes to your service, which are here  
 By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;  
 For by the honour of my parents, I  
 Have utter'd truth; which if you seek to prove,  
 I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer,  
 Than one condemned by the King's own mouth;

<sup>7</sup> *Cam.* ——— Swear his  
 Thought over  
 By each particular Star in Hea-  
 ven, &c.] The Trans-  
 position of a single Letter recon-  
 ciles this Passage to good Sense;  
*Polixenes*, in the preceding Speech,  
 had been laying the deepest Im-  
 precations on himself, if he had  
 ever abus'd *Leontes* in any Fa-

miliarity with his Queen. To  
 which *Camillo* very pertinently  
 replies:

—Swear this though over, &c.  
 THEOBALD.

<sup>8</sup> ——— whose foundation  
 Is pil'd upon his faith,—] This  
 folly which is founded upon set-  
 tled belief.



Thereon his execution sworn.

*Pol.* I do believe thee:

I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand;  
 Be pilot to me, and thy places shall  
 Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and  
 My people did expect my hence departure  
 Two days ago.—This jealousy  
 Is for a precious creature; as she's rare,  
 Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,  
 Must it be violent; and, as he does conceive  
 He is dishonour'd by a man, which ever  
 Profess'd to him; why, his revenges must  
 In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er-shades me:  
 Good expedition be my friend, and comfort<sup>o</sup>  
 The gracious Queen's; part of his theme, but nothing  
 Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, *Camillo*,  
 I will respect thee as a father, if  
 Thou bear'st my life off hence. Let us avoid.

*Cam.* It is in mine authority to command  
 The keys of all the posterns: please your Highness,  
 To take the urgent hour. Come, Sir, away. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>o</sup> *Good expedition be my friend,  
 and comfort*

*The gracious Queen; —*] But  
 how could this expedition com-  
 fort the Queen? on the contrary  
 it would increase her Husband's  
 suspicion. We should read,

*— and comfort*

*The gracious Queen's; —*  
*i. e.* be expedition my friend, and  
 be comfort the Queen's friend.  
 The *Oxford* Editor has thought

fit to paraphrase my correction,  
 and so reads,

*— Heaven comfort*

*The gracious Queen; —*

WARBURTON.

*Dr. Warburton's* conjecture is,  
 I think, just; but what shall be  
 done with the following words,  
 of which I can make nothing?  
 Perhaps the line, which connected  
 them to the rest, is lost.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*The Palace.**Enter Hermione, Mamillius, and Ladies.*

HERMIONE.

**T**AKE the boy to you; he so troubles me,  
'Tis past enduring.

*1 Lady.* Come, my gracious Lord.

Shall I be your play-fellow?

*Mam.* No, I'll none of you.

*1 Lady.* Why, my sweet Lord?

*Mam.* You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if  
I were a baby still. I love you better.

*2 Lady.* And why so, my Lord?

*Mam.* Not for because

Your brows are blacker; (yet black brows, they say,  
Become some women best; so that there be not  
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,  
Or a half-moon made with a pen.)

*2 Lady.* Who taught you this?

*Mam.* I learn'd it out of women's faces: pray now,  
What colour be your eye-brows?

*1 Lady.* Blue, my Lord.

*Mam.* Nay, that's a mock: I've seen a lady's nose  
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

*1 Lady.* Hark ye,

The Queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall  
Present our services to a fine new prince  
One of these days; and then you'll wanton with us,  
If we would have you.

*2 Lady.* She is spread of late  
Into a goodly bulk; good time encounter her!

*Her.*

*Her.* What wisdom stirs amongst you? come, Sir,  
now

I am for you again. Pray you sit by us,  
And tell's a tale.

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

*Her.* As merry as you will.

*Mam.* A sad tale's best for winter.

I have one of sprights and goblins.

*Her.* Let's have that, good Sir.

Come on, sit down. Come on, and do your best  
To fright me with your spright: you're powerful at it.

*Mam.* There was a man —

*Her.* Nay, come sit down; then on.

*Mam.* Dwelt by a church-yard;—I will tell it  
softly:

Yond crickets shall not hear it.

*Her.* Come on then, and give't me in mine ear.

S C E N E II.

*Enter* Leontes, Antigonus, and Lords.

*Leo.* Was he met there? his train? *Camillo* with  
him?

*Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never  
Saw I men scowr so on their way: I ey'd them  
Even to their ships.

*Leo.* How blest am I

In my just censure! in my true opinion!  
Alack, for lesser knowledge<sup>1</sup>—how accurs'd  
In being so blest! There may be in the cup  
A spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart,  
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge  
Is not infected: but if one present  
Th' abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known

<sup>1</sup> *Alack, for lesser knowledge—* That is, O that my knowledge  
were less.

How



How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides  
With violent hefts—I have drunk, and seen the  
spider.—

*Camillo* was his help in this, his Pander :  
There is a plot against my life, my crown ;  
All's true, that is mistrusted : that false villain,  
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him :  
He hath discover'd my design, and I<sup>2</sup>  
Remain a pinch'd thing ; yea, a very trick  
For them to play at will : how came the posterns  
So easily open ?

*Lord.* By his great authority,  
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so  
On your command.

*Leo.* I know too well.—

Give me the boy ; [*To Herm.*] I'm glad, you did not  
nurfe him :

Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you  
Have too much blood in him.—

*Her.* What is this, sport ?

*Leo.* Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about  
her ;

Away with him, and let her sport herself  
With that she's big with : for it is *Polixenes*  
Has made thee swell thus.

*Her.* But I'd say, he had not ;  
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,  
How'er you lean to th' nayward.

*Leo.* You, my Lords,  
Look on her, mark her well ; be but about  
To say, she is a goodly lady, and  
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,  
'Tis pity, she's not honest, honourable,  
Praise her but for this her without-door form,

<sup>2</sup> *He hath discover'd my design,  
and I*

*Remain a pinch'd thing :—*]  
Alluding to the superstition of

the vulgar, concerning those who  
were enchanted, and fastened to  
the spot, by charms superior to  
their own. WARBURTON.

(Which

(Which on my faith deserves high speech), and straight  
 The shrug, the hum, or ha,—these petty brands,  
 That calumny doth use: oh, I am out,——  
 That mercy does; for calumny will fear  
 Virtue itself.—These shrugs, these hums, and ha's,  
 When you have said she's goodly, come between,  
 Ere you can say she's honest: but be't known,  
 (From him, that has most cause to grieve it should be);  
 She's an adulteress.

*Her.* Should a villain say so,  
 The most replenish'd villain in the world,  
 He were as much more villain: you, my Lord,  
 Do but mistake.

*Leo.* You have mistook, my lady,  
*Polixenes* for *Leontes*. O thou thing,  
 Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,  
 Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,  
 Should a like language use to all-degrees;  
 And mannerly distinguishment leave out  
 Betwixt the prince and beggar.—I have said,  
 She's an adulteress; I have said with whom:  
 More; she's a traitor, and *Camillo* is  
 A federary with her; and one that knows  
 What she should shame to know herself,  
 But with her most vile Principal, that she's  
 A bed-swarver, even as bad as those  
 That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy  
 To this their late escape.

*Her.* No, by my life,  
 Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,  
 When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that  
 You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my Lord,  
 You scarce can right me throughly then, to say  
 You did mistake.

*Leo.* No, if I mistake<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — if I mistake —— will not support the opinion I  
 The center, &c.—] That is, have formed, no foundation can  
 If the proofs which I can offer be trusted.

In these foundations which I build upon,  
The center is not big enough to bear  
A school-boy's top. Away with her to prison:  
He, who shall speak for her, is far off guilty<sup>4</sup>,  
But that he speaks.

*Her.* There's some ill planet reigns;  
I must be patient, 'till the heavens look  
With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,  
I am not prone to weeping; as our sex  
Commonly are, the want of which vain dew,  
Perchance, shall dry your pities; but I have  
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns  
Worse than tears down: 'beseech you all, my lords,  
With thoughts so qualified as your charities  
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so  
The King's will be perform'd!——

*Leo.* Shall I be heard?——

*Her.* Who is't, that goes with me? 'beseech your  
Highness,

My women may be with me, for, you see,  
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools,  
[To her Ladies.

There is no cause; when you shall know, your mistress  
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,  
As I come out; this action<sup>5</sup>, I now go on,  
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my Lord,  
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,  
I trust, I shall. My women,—come, you've leave.

<sup>4</sup> *He who shall speak for her,  
is far off guilty,*

*But that he speaks ——*]  
This cannot be the Speaker's  
Meaning. *Lesntes* would say, I  
shall hold the Person *in a great  
measure* guilty, who shall dare to  
intercede for her: And this, I  
believe, *Shakespeare* ventur'd to  
express thus:

*He, who shall speak for her, is*

*far of guilty, &c.*

*i. e.* partakes far, deeply, of her  
Guilt. THEOBALD.

It is strange that Mr. *Theobald*  
could not find out that *far off  
guilty*, signifies, *guilty in a re-  
mote degree.*

<sup>5</sup> —— *this action, ——*] The  
word *action* is here taken in the  
lawyer's sense, for *indictment,  
change, or accusation.*



Leo. Go, do our bidding; hence.

[Exit Queen, guarded; and Ladies.

Lord. 'Beseech your Highness call the Queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, Sir, lest your justice  
Prove violence; in the which three Great ones suffer,  
Yourself, your Queen, your son.

Lord. For her, my Lord,  
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, Sir,  
Please you t'accept it, that the Queen is spotless  
I'th' eyes of heaven, and to you, I mean,  
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove  
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stable where<sup>6</sup>  
I lodge my wife, I'll go in couples with her;  
Than when I feel, and see, no further trust her:  
For every inch of woman in the world,  
Ay every dram of woman's flesh is false,  
If she be.

Leo. Hold your peaces.

Lord. Good my Lord,——

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:  
You are abus'd, and by some putter on,  
That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the villain,  
I would land-dam \* him: be she honour-flaw'd,  
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;

<sup>6</sup> —— I'll keep my stable  
where

I lodge my wife, ——] *Stable-stand* (*stabilis statio* as *Spelman* interprets it) is a term of the Forest-Laws, and signifies a place where a Deer-stealer fixes his stand under some convenient cover, and keeps watch for the purpose of killing Deer as they pass by. From the place it came to be applied also to the person, and any man taken in a forest in that situation with a gun or bow in his hand, was presumed to be

an offender, and had the name of a *Stable-stand*. In all former editions this hath been printed *stables*, and it may perhaps be objected that another syllable added spoils the smoothness of the verse. But by pronouncing *stable* short the measure will very well bear it, according to the liberty allowed in this kind of writing, and which *Shakespeare* never scruples to use; therefore I read, *stable-stand*. HANMER.

<sup>4</sup> Land-dam him:] Sir T. Hanmer interprets, *stop his urine*.

The second, and the third, nine, and \* some five ;  
 If this prove true, they'll pay for't. By mine honour,  
 I'll geld 'em all : fourteen they shall not see,  
 To bring false generations : they are co-heirs,  
 And I had rather glib myself, than they  
 Should not produce fair issue.

*Leo.* Cease ; no more :

You smell this business with a sense as cold  
 As is a dead man's nose ; I see't and feel't,  
 As you feel doing thus ; and see withal  
 The instruments that feel. [*sinking his brows:*

*Ant.* If it be so,

We need no grave to bury honesty ;  
 There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten  
 Of the whole dungy earth.

*Leo.* What ? lack I credit ?

*Lord.* I had rather you did lack than I, my Lord,  
 Upon this ground ; and more it would content me  
 To have her honour true, than your suspicion ;  
 Be blam'd for't, how you might.

*Leo.* Why, what need we  
 Commune with you of this ? but rather follow  
 Our forceful instigation ? our prerogative  
 Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness  
 Imparts this ; which, if you, or stupified,  
 Or seeming so in skill, cannot, or will not  
 Relish a truth like us ; inform yourselves,  
 We need no more of your advice ; the matter,  
 The loss, the gain, the ord'ring on't, is all  
 Properly ours.

*Ant.* And I wish, my Liege,  
 You had only in your silent judgment try'd it,  
 Without more overture.

*Leo.* How could that be ?  
 Either thou art most ignorant by age,  
 Or thou wert born a fool. *Camillo's* flight,

\* This is Mr. Theobald's correction ; the former editions read,  
*sans* five.

Added to their familiarity,  
 (Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,  
 That lack'd fight only; nought for approbation<sup>7</sup>,  
 But only feeling; all other circumstances  
 Made up to th' deed) do push on this proceeding;  
 Yet for a greater confirmation,  
 For, in an act of this importance, 'twere  
 Most piteous to be wild, I have dispatch'd in post,  
 To sacred *Delphos*, to *Apollo's* temple,  
*Cleomines* and *Dion*, whom you know  
 Of stuff'd sufficiency<sup>8</sup>: Now, from the oracle  
 They will bring all: whose spiritual counsel had,  
 Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

*Lord.* Well done, my Lord.

*Leo.* Tho' I am satisfy'd, and need no more  
 Than what I know, yet shall the oracle  
 Give rest to th' minds of others: such as he,  
 Whose ignorant credulity will not  
 Come up to th' truth. So have we thought it good  
 From our free person, she should be confin'd:  
 Lest that the treachery of the two<sup>9</sup>, fled hence,  
 Be left her to perform. Come, follow us,  
 We are to speak in publick; for this business  
 Will raise us all——

*Ant.* [*aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,  
 If the good truth were known.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>7</sup> — nought for approbation,  
 But only feeling; —] *Appro-*  
*bation*, in this place, is put for  
*proof.*

<sup>8</sup> — stuff'd sufficiency; —]  
 That is, of abilities more than  
 enough.

<sup>9</sup> Lest that the treachery of the  
 two, &c.—] He has be-  
 fore declared, that there is a *plot*  
 against his life and crown, and  
 that *Hermione* is *federary* with  
*Polyxenes* and *Camillo*.



## SCENE III.

*Changes to a Prison.**Enter Paulina, and Gentlemen.*

*Paul.* **T**HE keeper of the prison,— call to him:  
[*Exit Gentleman.*]  
 Let him have knowledge who I am. Good lady,  
 No court in *Europe* is too good for thee;  
 What dost thou then in prison?

*Re-enter Gentleman, with the Goaler.*

Now, good Sir,  
 You know me, do you not?  
*Goal.* For a worthy lady,  
 And one whom much I honour.  
*Paul.* Pray you then,  
 Conduct me to the Queen.  
*Goal.* I may not, Madam;  
 To the contrary I have express commandment.  
*Paul.* Here's ado to lock up honesty and honour  
 From the access of gentle visitors!  
 Is it lawful, pray you, to see her women?  
 Any of them? *Emilia?*  
*Goal.* So please you, Madam,  
 To put a-part these your attendants, I  
 Shall bring *Emilia* forth.  
*Paul.* I pray you now, call her:  
 Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt Gent.*]  
*Goal.* And, Madam, I must be  
 Present at your conference.  
*Paul.* Well; be it so, pr'ythee. [*Exit Goaler.*]  
 Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,  
 As passes colouring.

*Enter Emilia.*

Dear gentlewoman,

How

How fares our gracious lady?

*Emil.* As well, as one so great and so forlorn  
May hold together; On the frights and griefs,  
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater;)  
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

*Paul.* A boy?

*Emil.* A daughter, and a goodly babe,  
Lusty, and like to live: the Queen receives  
Much comfort in't: says, My poor prisoner,  
I'm innocent as you.

*Paul.* I dare be sworn:

These dangerous, unsafe lunes i'th' King<sup>1</sup>! beshrew  
them,

He must be told on't, and he shall; the office  
Becomes a woman best. I'll take't upon me.  
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister;  
And never to my red-look'd anger be  
The trumpet any more! Pray you, *Emilia*,  
Commend my best obedience to the Queen,  
If she dares trust me with her little babe,  
I'll shew't the King, and undertake to be  
Her advocate to th' loud'ft. We do not know,  
How he may soften at the sight o'th' child:  
The silence often of pure innocence  
Persuades, when speaking fails.

*Emil.* Most worthy Madam,  
Your honour and your goodness is so evident,  
That your free undertaking cannot miss  
A thriving issue: there is no lady living  
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship  
To visit the next room, I'll presently

<sup>1</sup> *These dang'rous, unsafe Lunes* Expression with the *French*. —  
*i'th' King!* — ] I have *Il y a de la lune*: (i. e. He has  
no where, but in our Author, got the Moon in his Head; he  
observ'd this Word adopted in is frantick.) Cotgrave. *Lune*.  
our Tongue, to signify, *Frenzy*, folie. *Les femmes ont des lunes*  
*Lunacy*. But it is a Mode of *dans la tete*, Richelet.

THEOBALD.

Acquaint the Queen of your most noble offer,  
 Who but to day hammer'd of this design;  
 But durst not tempt a minister of honour,  
 Lest she should be deny'd.

*Paul.* Tell her, *Emilia*,  
 I'll use that tongue I have; if wit flow from't,  
 As boldness from my bosom, let't not be doubted  
 I shall do good.

*Emil.* Now be you blest for it!  
 I'll to the Queen: please you, come something nearer,

*Goal.* Madam, if't please the Queen to send the babe,  
 I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,  
 Having no warrant.

*Paul.* You need not fear it, Sir;  
 The child was prisoner to the womb, and is  
 By law and process of great nature thence  
 Free'd and enfranchis'd; not a party to  
 The anger of the King, nor guilty of,  
 If any be, the trespass of the Queen.

*Goal.* I do believe it.

*Paul.* Do not you fear; upon mine honour, I  
 Will stand 'twixt you and danger. [Exeunt.]

## S C E N E IV.

*Changes to the Palace.*

*Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords and other attendants.*

*Leo.* **N**OR night, nor day, no rest; — it is but  
 weakness  
 To bear the matter thus; meer weakness, if  
 The cause were not in being — part o'th' cause,  
 She, the adulteress — for the Harlot-King  
 Is quite beyond mine arm; out of the blank<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> ——— out of the blank that I can make against him.  
 And level of my brain; ———] Blank and level, are terms of  
 Beyond the aim of any attempt archery.

And



And level of my brain; plot-proof; but she  
I can hook to me: say, that she were gone,  
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest  
Might come to me again. Who's there?

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Atten.* My Lord.

*Leo.* How does the boy?

*Atten.* He took good rest to night; 'tis hop'd,  
His sickness is discharg'd.

*Leo.* To see his nobleness!

Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,  
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;  
Fasten'd, and fix'd the shame on't in himself;  
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,  
And down-right languish'd. Leave me solely; go,

*[Exit Attendant.]*

See how he fares.—Fy, fy, no thought of him;—  
The very thought of my revenges that way  
Recoil upon me; in himself too mighty,  
And in his parties, his alliance—let him be,  
Until a time may serve. For present vengeance,  
Take it on her. *Camillo* and *Polixenes*  
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow;  
They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor  
Shall she, within my power.

## S C E N E V.

*Enter Paulina, with a Child.*

*Lord.* You must not enter.

*Paul.* Nay rather, good my Lords, be second to me:  
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,  
Than the Queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,  
More free than he is jealous.

*Ant.* That's enough.

*Atten.*

*Atten.* [*within*] Madam, he hath not slept to night:  
commanded,

None should come at him.

*Paul.* Not so hot, good Sir;  
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,  
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh  
At each his needles heavings; such as you  
Nourish the cause of his awaking. I  
Do come with words, as medicinal, as true;  
Honest, as either; to purge him of that humour,  
That presses him from sleep.

*Leo.* What noise there, ho?

*Paul.* No noise, my Lord, but needful conference,  
About some gossips for your Highness.

*Leo.* How?

Away with that audacious lady.—*Antigonus,*  
I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me;  
I knew, she would.

*Ant.* I told her so, my Lord,  
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,  
She should not visit you.

*Leo.* What? can't not rule her?

*Paul.* From all dishonesty he can; in this,  
Unless he take the course that you have done,  
Commit me, for committing honour, trust 'it,  
He shall not rule me.

*Ant.* Lo-you now, you hear.  
When she will take the rein, I let her run,  
But she'll not stumble.

*Paul.* Good my Liege, I come ——  
And I beseech you, hear me, who profess  
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,  
Your most obedient counsellor: yet that dares  
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,  
Than such as most seems yours. I say, I come  
From your good Queen.

*Leo.* Good Queen?

*Paul.* Good Queen, my Lord,

Good

Good Queen, I say, good Queen;  
 And would by combat make her good, so were I<sup>3</sup>  
 A man, the worst about you.

*Leo.* Force her hence.

*Paul.* Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,  
 First hand me. On mine own accord, I'll off;  
 But first, I'll do my errand. The good Queen,  
 For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter,  
 Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the child.*]

*Leo.* Out!

A mankind witch<sup>4</sup>! hence with her, out o'door:  
 A most intelligencing bawd!

*Paul.* Not so;

I am as ignorant in that, as you  
 In so intit'ling me; and no less honest  
 Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,  
 As this world goes, to pass for honest.

*Leo.* Traitors!

Will you not push her out? give her the bastard.

[*To Antigonus.*]

<sup>3</sup> *And would by combat make her good, so were I*

*A man, the worst about you.]*

*Paulina* supposes the King's jealousy to be raised and inflamed by the courtiers about him; who, she finely says,

— *creep like shadows by him, and do sigh*

*At each his needless hearings:—*

Surely then, she could not say, that were she a man, *the worst of these*, she would vindicate her mistress's honour against the King's suspicions, in single combat. *Shakespeare*, I am persuaded, wrote,

— *so were I*

*A man, ON TH' worst about you. i. e.* were I a man, I would vindicate her honour, on the worst

of these sycophants that are about you.

WARBURTON.

The *worst* means only the *lowest*. Were I the meanest of your servants, I would yet claim the combat against any accuser.

<sup>4</sup> *A mankind witch?—*]

A *mankind* woman, is yet used in the midland counties, for a woman violent, ferocious, and mischievous. It has the same sense in this passage. Witches are supposed to be *mankind*, to put off the softness and delicacy of women, therefore Sir *Hugh*, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, says, of a woman suspected to be a witch, *that he does not like when a woman has a beard*. Of this meaning Mr. *Theobald* has given examples.

Thou



Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd; unroofed  
By thy dame *Partlet* here. Take up the bastard,  
Take't up, I say; give't to thy croan.

*Paul.* For ever.

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou  
Tak'st up the Princess, by that forced baseness  
Which he has put upon't!

*Leo.* He dreads his wife.

*Paul.* So, I would, you did: then 'twere past all  
doubt,

You'd call your children yours.

*Leo.* A nest of traitors!

*Ant.* I am none, by this good light.

*Paul.* Nor I; nor any

But one, that's here; and that's himself. For he  
The sacred honour of himself, his Queen's,  
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,  
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not  
(For as the case now stands, it is a curse  
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove  
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,  
As ever oak or stone was found.

*Leo.* A callat

Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband,  
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine:  
It is the issue of *Polixenes*.

Hence with it, and together with the dam,  
Commit them to the fire.

*Paul.* It is yours;

And, might we lay th' old proverb to your charge,  
So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold, my Lords,  
Altho' the print be little, the-whole matter  
And copy of the father; eye, nose, lip,  
The trick of's frown, his forehead, nay, the valley,

<sup>5</sup> *Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou*

*bastard*; *Paulina* forbids him to touch the Princess under that appellation. *Forced* is *false*, uttered with violence to truth.

*Tak'st up the Princess by that forced baseness*] *Leontes* had ordered *Antigonus* to take up the

The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek, his smiles,  
 The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.  
 And thou, good Goddess Nature, which hast made it  
 So like to him that got it, if thou hast  
 The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours  
 No yellow in't<sup>6</sup>; lest she suspect, as he does,  
 Her children not her husband's.

*Leo.* A gross hag!

And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,  
 That wilt not stay her tongue.

*Ant.* Hang all the husbands,  
 That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself.  
 Hardly one subject.

*Leo.* Once more, take her hence.

*Paul.* A most unworthy and unnatural Lord  
 Can do no more.

*Leo.* I'll ha' thee burnt.

*Paul.* I care not;

It is an heretick that makes the fire,  
 Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;  
 But this most cruel usage of your Queen  
 Not able to produce more accusation  
 Than your own weak-hing'd fancy, something favours  
 Of tyranny; and will ignoble make you,  
 Yea, scandalous to the world.

*Leo.* On your allegiance,  
 Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,  
 Where were her life? she durst not call me so,  
 If she did know me one. Away with her.

*Paul.* I pray you, do not push me, I'll be gone.

—Look to your babe, my Lord, 'tis yours; *Jove*  
 send her

A better guiding spirit!—What need these hands?—  
 You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,  
 Will never do him good, not one of you.  
 So, so: farewell, we are gone. [Exit.

<sup>6</sup> *No yellow in't*; —] *Yellow* is the colour of jealousy.

## SCENE VI.

*Leo.* Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.  
My child? away with't. Even thou, thou that hast  
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,  
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;  
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:  
Within this hour bring me word it is done,  
And by good testimony, or I'll seize thy life,  
With what thou else call'd thine: if thou refuse,  
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so:  
The bastard brains with these my proper hands  
Shall I dash out: go take it to the fire,  
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

*Ant.* I did not, Sir:  
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,  
Can clear me in't.

*Lord.* We can. My royal Liege,  
He is not guilty of her coming hither:

*Leo.* You're liars all.

*Lord.* 'Beseech your Highness, give us better credit.  
We've always truly serv'd you, and beseech you  
So to esteem of us: and on our knees we beg  
(As recompence of our dear services  
Past, and to come) that you do change this purpose,  
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must  
Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel——

[*they kneel.*]

*Leo.* I am a feather for each wind that blows:  
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel  
And call me father? better burn it now,  
Than curse it then. But be it; let it live:  
—It shall not neither.—You, Sir, come you hither;

[*To Antigonus.*]

You, that have been so tenderly officious  
With lady *Margery*, your midwife there,  
To save this bastard's life (for 'tis a bastard,

So



So sure as this beard's grey) what will you adventure  
To save this brat's life?

*Ant.* Any thing, my Lord,  
That my ability may undergo,  
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much;  
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,  
To save the innocent; any thing possible.

*Leo.* It shall be possible; swear by this sword,  
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

*Ant.* I will, my Lord.

*Leo.* Mark and perform it; feest thou? for the fail  
Of any point in't shall not only be  
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife,  
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoy thee,  
As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry  
This female bastard hence, and that thou bear it  
To some remote and desert place, quite out  
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,  
Without more mercy, to its own protection  
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune  
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,  
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,  
That thou commend it strangely to some place,  
Where chance may nurse, or end it. Take it up.

*Ant.* I swear to do this: tho' a present death  
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe;  
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens  
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,  
Casting their savageness aside, have done  
Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous  
In more than this deed does require; and blessing,  
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side!

—Poor thing condemn'd to loss.—[*Exit, with the Child.*]

*Leo.* No; I'll not rear  
Another's issue.

<sup>7</sup> ——— commend it strangely some place, as a stranger, with-  
to some place,] Commit to out more provision.

*Enter*

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mef.* Please your Highness, posts,  
From those you sent to th' oracle, are come  
An hour since. *Cleomines* and *Dion*,  
Being well arriv'd from *Delphos*, are both landed,  
Hasting to th' Court.

*Lord.* So please you, Sir, their speed  
Hath been beyond account.

*Leo.* Twenty-three days  
They have been absent: this good speed foretels,  
The great *Apollo* suddenly will have  
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords,  
Summon a session, that ~~me~~<sup>we</sup> may arraign  
Our most disloyal Lady; for as she hath  
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have  
A just and open trial. While she lives,  
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me,  
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt severally.*]

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

*A Part of Sicily, near the Sea-side.*

*Enter Cleomines and Dion, with Attendants.*

CLEOMINES.

THE climate's delicate, the air most sweet,  
Fertile the isle<sup>s</sup>, the temple much surpassing  
The common praise it bears.

*Dion.*

<sup>s</sup> Fertile the isle,—] But *Shakespeare*, or his Editors, had the temple of *Apollo* at *Delphi* was not in an island, but in *Phocis*, on the continent. Either their heads running on *Delos*, an island of the *Cyclades*. If it was the Editor's blunder; then *Shakespeare*

*Dion.* I shall report,  
 For most it caught me, the celestial habits,  
 (Methinks, I so should term them,) and the reverence  
 Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice —  
 How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly  
 It was i'th' offering!

*Cleo.* But of all, the burst  
 And the ear-deafning voice o'th' oracle,  
 Kin to *Jove's* thunder, so surpriz'd my sense,  
 That I was nothing.

*Dion.* If th' event o'th' journey  
 Prove as successful to the Queen, (O be't so!)  
 As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,  
 The time is worth the use on't<sup>1</sup>.

*Cleo.* Great *Apollo*,  
 Turn all to th' best! these proclamations,

*Spæare* wrote, *Fertile the soil*,—  
 which is more elegant too, than  
 the present reading.

WARBURTON.

*Shakespeare* is little careful of  
 geography. There is no need  
 of this emendation in a play of  
 which the whole plot depends  
 upon a geographical error, by  
 which *Bohemia* is supposed to be  
 a maritime country.

<sup>b</sup> *I SHALL report,*

FOR MOST *it caught me, &c.*]   
 What will he report? And what  
 means this reason of his report,  
 that the celestial habits most  
 struck his observation? We should  
 read,

IT SHAMES *report,*

FOREMOST *it caught me*,—  
*Cleomines* had just before said, that  
 the *Temple* much surpass'd the com-  
 mon praise it bore. The other,  
 very naturally, replies — *it*  
*shames report*, as far surpassing  
 what report said of it. He then

goes on to particularize the won-  
 ders of the place: *Foremost*, or  
 first of all, the priests garments,  
 their behaviour, their act of sa-  
 crifice, &c. in reasonable good  
 order.

WARBURTON.

Of this emendation I see no  
 reason; the utmost that can be  
 necessary is, to change, *it caught*  
*me*, to *they caught me*; but even  
 this may well enough be omitted.  
*It* may relate to the whole spec-  
 tacle.

<sup>1</sup> *The time is worth the use*  
*on't.*] It should be just  
 the reverse,

*The use is worth the time on't.*  
 and this alteration the *Oxford*  
 Editor approves. WARBURTON.

Either reading may serve, but  
 neither is very elegant. *The time*  
*is worth the use on't*, means, the  
 time which we have spent in vi-  
 siting *Delos* has recompens'd us  
 for the trouble of so spending it.



So forcing faults upon *Hermione*,  
I little like.

*Dion.* The violent carriage of it  
Will clear, or end the business; when the oracle,  
(Thus by *Apollo's* great divine seal'd up,  
Shall the contents discover, something rare  
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go — fresh  
horses —  
And gracious be the issue. [*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E II.

*Represents a Court of Justice.*

*Leontes, Lords and Officers, appear properly seated.*

*Leo.* THIS session, (to our great grief, we pronounce,)

Ev'n pushes 'gainst our heart. The party try'd,  
The daughter of a King, our wife, and one  
Of us too much belov'd; — let us be clear'd  
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly  
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,  
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.  
— Produce the prisoner.

*Off.* It is his Highness' pleasure, that the Queen  
Appear in person here in court. — Silence!

*Hermione is brought in, guarded; Paulina, and  
Ladies, attending.*

*Leo.* Read the Indictment.

*Off.* *Hermione, Queen to the worthy Leontes, King  
of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high  
treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, King of  
Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the  
life of our sovereign Lord the King, thy royal husband;*  
*the*

*the pretence<sup>2</sup> whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.*

*Her.* Since what I am to say, must be but that  
Which contradicts my accusation; and  
The testimony on my part, no other  
But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot me  
To say, *Not guilty*: mine integrity<sup>3</sup>,  
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,  
Be so receiv'd. But thus—If powers divine  
Behold our human actions, as they do,  
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make  
False accusation blush, and tyranny  
Tremble at patience.—You, my Lord, best know,  
Who least will seem to do so, my past life  
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,  
As I am now unhappy; which is more  
Than history can pattern, tho' devis'd,  
And play'd, to take spectators. For behold me  
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe  
A moiety of the throne, a great King's daughter,  
The mother to a hopeful Prince, here standing  
To prate and talk for life and honour, 'fore  
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it<sup>4</sup>  
As I weigh grief which I would spare: for honour,  
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,  
And only that I stand for. I appeal  
To your own conscience, Sir, before *Polixenes*  
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,

<sup>2</sup> — *pretence* —] Is, in this place, taken for a *scheme laid, a design formed*; to *pretend* means to *design*, in the *Gent. of Verona*.

<sup>3</sup> *Mine integrity, &c.*] That is, my *virtue* being accounted *wickedness*, my assertion of it

will pass but for a *lie*. *Falshood* means both *treachery* and *lie*.

<sup>4</sup> *For life I prize it, &c.*] *Life* is to me now only *grief*, and as such only is considered by me, I would therefore willingly dismiss it.

How merited to be so; since he came,  
 With what encounter so uncurrent I<sup>5</sup>  
 Have strain'd to appear thus; if one jot beyond  
 The bounds of honour, or in act, or will  
 That way inclining, hardned be the hearts  
 Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin  
 Cry, Fy, upon my grave!

*Leo.* I ne'er heard yet,  
 That any of those bolder vices wanted<sup>6</sup>  
 Less impudence to gain-say what they did,  
 Than to perform it first.

*Her.* That's true enough;  
 Tho' 'tis a saying, Sir, not due to me.

*Leo.* You will not own it.

*Her.* More than mistress of,  
 What comes to me in name of fault, I must not  
 At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*,  
 With whom I am accus'd, I do confess,  
 I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;  
 With such a kind of love, as might become  
 A lady like me; with a love, even such,  
 So and no other, as yourself commanded:

<sup>5</sup> — Since he came,

With what encounter so uncurrent I

Have strain'd to appear thus ]

These lines I do not understand; with the license of all Editors, what I cannot understand, I suppose unintelligible, and therefore propose that they may be altered thus,

————— Since he came,

With what encounter so uncurrent have I

Been stain'd to appear thus.

<sup>6</sup> I ne'er heard yet,

That any of those bolder vices wanted

Less impudence to gainsay what

they did,

Than to perform it first.] It is apparent that according to the proper, at least according to the present, use of words, *less* should be *more*, or *wanted* should be *had*. But *Shakespeare* is very uncertain in his use of negatives. It may be necessary once to observe, that in our language two negatives did not originally affirm, but strengthen the negation. This mode of speech was in time changed; but as the change was made in opposition to long custom, it proceeded gradually, and uniformity was not obtained but through an intermediate confusion.

Which



Which not to have done, I think, had been in me  
 Both disobedience and ingratitude  
 To you, and towards your friend; whose love had  
 spoke,

Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,  
 That it was yours. Now for Conspiracy,  
 I know not how it tastes, tho' it be dish'd  
 For me to try how; all I know of it,  
 Is, that *Camillo* was an honest man;  
 And why he left your Court, the Gods themselves  
 (Wotting no more than I) are ignorant.

*Leo.* You knew of his departure, as you know  
 What you have underta'en to do in's absence.

*Her.* Sir,

You speak a language that I understand not;  
 My life stands in the level of your dreams<sup>7</sup>,  
 Which I'll lay down.

*Leo.* Your Actions are my dreams;  
 You had a Bastard by *Polixenes*,  
 And I but dream'd it.—As you were past all shame<sup>8</sup>,  
 (Those of your Fact are so) so past all truth;  
 Which to deny, concerns more than avails: for as  
 Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,  
 No father owning it, (which is, indeed,  
 More criminal in thee than it) so thou  
 Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage  
 Look for no less than death.

*Her.* Sir, spare your threats;  
 The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek:

<sup>7</sup> *My life stands in the level of your dreams.] To be in the level is by a metaphor from archery to be within the reach.* where absolutely for guilt, which must be its sense in this place. Perhaps we may read,

<sup>8</sup> *As you were past all shame, Those of your Pack are so.* *Pack* is a low coarse word well suited to the rest of this royal invective. I do not remember that *fact* is used any

To me can life be no commodity.  
 The crown and comfort of my life, your Favour,  
 I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,  
 But know not how it went. My second joy,  
 The first-fruits of my body, from his presence  
 I'm barr'd like one infectious. My third comfort,  
 Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,  
 The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,  
 Hal'd out to murder; myself on every post  
 Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred,  
 The child-bed privilege deny'd, which 'longs  
 To women of all fashion. Lastly, hurried  
 Here to this place, i'th' open air, before  
 I have got strength of limit<sup>9</sup>. Now, my Leige,  
 Tell me what blessings I have here alive,  
 That I should fear to die? therefore proceed:  
 But yet hear this; mistake me not;—no life,  
 I prize it not a straw—but for mine honour,  
 Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd  
 Upon surmises, (all proofs sleeping else,  
 But what your jealousies awake) I tell you,  
 'Tis Rigour, and not Law. Your Honours all,  
 I do refer me to the Oracle;  
*Apollo* be my judge.

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Dion and Cleomines.*

*Lord.* This your request  
 Is altogether just; therefore bring forth,  
 And in *Apollo's* name, his Oracle.

*Her.* The Emperor of *Russia* was my father,

<sup>9</sup> *I have got strength of limit.*] which yet it must mean in this  
 I know not well how *strength of* place, unless we read in a more  
*limit* can mean *strength to pass the* easy phrase, *strength of limb.*  
*limits of the childbed chamber,* And now, &c.

Oh,

Oh, that he were alive, and here beholding  
His daughter's trial; that he did but see  
The flatness of my misery<sup>1</sup>; yet with eyes  
Of Pity, not Revenge!

*Offi.* You here shall swear upon the Sword of Justice,  
That you, *Cleomines* and *Dion*, have  
Been both at *Delphos*, and from thence have brought  
This seal'd-up Oracle, by the hand deliver'd  
Of great *Apollo's* Priest; and that since then  
You have not dar'd to break the holy Seal,  
Nor read the secrets in't.

*Cleo. Dion.* All this we swear.

*Leo.* Break up the Seals, and read.

*Offi.* *Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true Subject, Leontes a jealous Tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the King shall live without an heir, if that, which is lost, be not found.*

*Lords.* Now blessed be the great *Apollo!*

*Her.* Praised!

*Leo.* Hast thou read truth?

*Offi.* Ay, my Lord, even so as it is here set down.

*Leo.* There is no truth at all i'th' Oracle;  
The Session shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* My Lord the King, the King,——

*Leo.* What is the business?

*Ser.* O Sir, I shall be hated to report it.

The Prince your son, with mere conceit and fear  
Of the Queen's Speed, is gone<sup>2</sup>.

*Leo.* How gone?

*Ser.* Is dead.

*Leo.* *Apollo's* angry, and the heav'ns themselves

<sup>1</sup> *The flatness of my misery.]*  
That is, how long, how flat I am  
laid by my calamity.

<sup>2</sup> *Of the Queen's Speed.]* Of  
the event of the Queen's trial:  
so we still say, he sped well or ill.



Do strike at my injustice.—How now? there!

[*Hermione faints.*]

*Paul.* This news is mortal to the Queen: look  
down,

And see what death is doing.

*Leo.* Take her hence;

Her heart is but o'er-charg'd; she will recover.

[*Exeunt Paulina and ladies with Hermione.*]

#### SCENE IV.

I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:  
'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her  
Some remedies for life. *Apollo*, pardon  
My great Prophaneness 'gainst thine Oracle!  
I'll reconcile me to *Polixenes*,  
New woo my Queen, recall the good *Camillo*;  
Whom I proclaim a man of Truth, of Mercy;  
For, being transported by my jealousies  
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose  
*Camillo* for the Minister, to poison  
My friend *Polixenes*; which had been done,  
But that the good mind of *Camillo* tardied  
My swift Command; tho' I with death, and with  
Reward, did threaten, and encourage him,  
Not doing it, and being done; he (most humane,  
And fill'd with Honour) to my kingly Guest  
Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,  
Which you knew great, and to the certain hazard  
Of all incertainties himself commended,  
No richer than his honour: how he glisters  
Through my dark Rust! and how his Piety  
Does my deeds make the blacker<sup>3</sup>!

<sup>3</sup> This vehement retractation of *Leontes*, accompanied with the confession of more crimes than he was suspected of, is agreeable to our daily experience of the vicissitudes of violent tempers, and the eruptions of minds oppressed with guilt.

SCENE

## SCENE V.

*Enter Paulina.*

*Paul.* Woe the while!  
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,  
Break too. ———

*Lord.* What fit is this, good lady?

*Paul.* What studied torments, Tyrant, hast for me?  
What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling?  
burning

In leads, or oils? what old, or newer, torture  
Must I receive? whose every word deserves  
To taste of thy most worst: Thy Tyranny  
Together working with thy Jealousies,  
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle  
For girls of nine! O, think, what they have done,  
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad, for all  
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.  
That thou betray'dst *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing;  
That did but shew thee, of a Fool, inconstant<sup>4</sup>,  
And damnable ingrateful: nor was't much,  
Thou would'st have poison'd good *Camillo's* honour,  
To have him kill a King: poor trespasses,

<sup>4</sup> *That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;*

*That did but shew thee, of a Fool, inconstant,*

*And damnable ingrateful.]* I have ventur'd at a slight Alteration here, against the Authority of all the Copies, and for *fool* read *soul*. It is certainly too gross and blunt in *Paulina*, tho' she might impeach the King of Fooleries in some of his past Actions and Conduct, to call him downright a Fool. And it is much more pardonable in her to arraign his Morals, and the Qualities of his Mind, than rudely to

call him *Idiot* to his Face. THEOB.

—— *shew thee of a fool—*]

So all the copies. We should read, — *shew thee off, a fool,* — *i. e.* represent thee in thy true colours; a fool, an inconstant, &c. WARBURTON.

Poor Mr. *Theobald's* courtly remark cannot be thought to deserve much notice. Dr. *Warburton* too might have spared his sagacity if he had remembered, that the present reading, by a mode of speech anciently much used, means only, *It shew'd thee first a fool, then inconstant and ungrateful.*

More

More monstrous standing by; whereof I reckon  
 The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter,  
 To be, or none, or little; tho' a devil  
 Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:  
 Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death  
 Of the young Prince, whose honourable thoughts  
 (Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart,  
 That could conceive a gross and foolish Sire  
 Blemish'd his gracious Dam: this is not, no,  
 Laid to thy answer; but the last — O Lords,  
 When I have said, cry, Woe! — the Queen, the Queen,  
 The sweetest, dearest, creature's dead; and vengeance  
 for't

Not drop down yet.

*Lord.* The higher powers forbid!

*Paul.* I say, she's dead: I'll swear't: if word, nor  
 oath,

Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring  
 Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,  
 Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you.  
 As I would do the Gods. But, O thou tyrant!  
 Do not repent these things, for they are heavier  
 Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee  
 To nothing but Despair. A thousand knees,  
 Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,  
 Upon a barren mountain, and still winter  
 In storm perpetual, could not move the Gods  
 To look that way thou wert.

*Leo.* Go on, go on:

Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd  
 All tongues to talk their bitterest.

*Lord.* Say no more;

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault  
 I'th' boldness of your speech.

*Paul.* I am sorry for't\*.

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,

\* This is another instance to vehement and ungovernable  
 of the sudden changes incident minds.



I do repent: alas, I've shew'd too much  
 The rashness of a woman; he is touch'd  
 To th' nobler heart. What's gone, and what's past  
 help,  
 Should be past grief. Do not receive affliction  
 At my petition, I beseech you; rather  
 Let me be punish'd, that have minded you  
 Of what you should forget. Now, good my Liege,  
 Sir, royal Sir, forgive a foolish woman;  
 The love I bore your Queen—lo, fool again!—  
 I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children:  
 I'll not remember you of my own Lord,  
 Who is lost too. Take you your patience to you,  
 And I'll say nothing.

*Leo.* Thou didst say but well,  
 When most the truth; which I receive much better  
 Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me  
 To the dead bodies of my Queen and son;  
 One Grave shall be for both. Upon them shall  
 The causes of their death appear unto  
 Our shame perpetual; once a day I'll visit  
 The Chapel where they lie, and tears shed there  
 Shall be my recreation. So long as nature  
 Will bear up with this exercise,  
 So long I daily vow to use it. Come  
 And lead me to these forrows. [*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E VI.

*Changes to Bohemia. A desert Country; the Sea at a  
 little distance.*

*Enter Antigonus with a Child, and a Mariner.*

*Ant.* **T**HOU art perfect then, our ship hath  
 touch'd upon<sup>s</sup>

<sup>s</sup> *Thou art perfect then, —] speare for certain, well assured, or  
 Perfect is often used by Shake- well informed.*

The

The deserts of *Bohemia*?

*Mar.* Ay, my Lord; and fear,  
We've landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,  
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,  
The heav'ns with that we have in hand are angry,  
And frown upon's.

*Ant.* Their sacred wills be done! get thee aboard,  
Look to thy bark, I'll not be long before  
I call upon thee.

*Mar.* Make your best haste, and go not  
Too far i'th' land; 'tis like to be loud weather.  
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures  
Of prey, that keep upon't.

*Ant.* Go thou away.  
I'll follow instantly.

*Mar.* I'm glad at heart to be so rid o'th' business.  
[*Exit.*]

*Ant.* Come, poor babe; I have heard,  
But not believ'd, the spirits of the dead  
May walk again; if such thing be, thy mother  
Appear'd to my last night; for ne'er was dream  
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,  
Sometimes her head on one side, some another,  
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow  
So fill'd, and so becoming; in pure white robes,  
Like very sanctity, she did approach  
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,  
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes  
Became two spouts; the fury spent, anon  
Did this break from her. "Good *Antigonus*,  
" Since fate, against thy better disposition,  
" Hath made thy person for the thrower-out  
" Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,  
" Places remote enough are in *Bohemia*,  
" There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe  
" Is counted lost for ever and ever, *Perdita*,  
" I pry'thee, call't. For this ungentle business,  
" Put on thee by my Lord, thou ne'er shall see  
" Thy

“Thy wife *Paulina* more.”—And so, with shrieks,  
 She melted into air. Affrighted much,  
 I did in time collect myself, and thought  
 This was so, and no slumber: Dreams are toys,  
 Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,  
 I will be squar'd by this. I do believe,  
*Hermione* hath suffer'd death; and that  
*Apollo* would, this being indeed the issue  
 Of King *Polixenes*, it should here be laid,  
 Either for life or death, upon the earth  
 Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!

[*Laying down the child.*]

There lie, and there thy character: there these,

[*Laying down a bundle.*]

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty  
 one,

And still rest thine. The storm begins;—Poor wretch,  
 That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd  
 To loss, and what may follow—weep I cannot,  
 But my heart bleeds: and most accurst am I  
 To be by oath enjoin'd to this—Farewel!

The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have  
 A lullaby too rough: I never saw

The heav'ns so dim by day. A savage clamour\*!—

Well may I get aboard—this is the chace;

I am gone for ever.

[*Exit, pursued by a bear.*]

## S C E N E VII.

*Enter an old Shepherd.*

*Shep.* I would there were no age between ten and  
 three and twenty, or that youth would sleep out the  
 rest: for there is nothing in the *between* but getting  
 wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing,

\* *A savage clamour.*] This he cries, *this is the chace*, or, the  
 clamour was the cry of the dogs and hunters; then seeing the bear,  
*animal pursued.*

fight-



fighting—hark you now!—would any but these boil'd brains of nineteen, and two and twenty, hunt this weather? They have scarr'd away two of my best sheep, which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find than the master; if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, brouzing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking up the child.*] Mercy on's, a bearne! a very pretty bearne! a boy, or a child, I wonder! a pretty one, a very pretty one; fure, some 'scape: tho' I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting gentlewoman in the 'scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity, yet I'll tarry 'till my son come: he hollow'd but even now; Whoa, ho-hoa!

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* Hilloa, loa!——

*Shep.* What, art so near? if thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

*Clo.* I have seen two such fights, by sea and by land; but I am not to say, it is a sea; for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bed-kin's point.

*Shep.* Why, boy, how is it?

*Clo.* I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore; but that's not to the point; oh, the most piteous cry of the poor souls, sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallow'd with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hog'shead. And then for the land service,—to see how the Bear tore out his shoulder-bone, how he cry'd to me for help, and said his name was *Antigonus*, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it. But first, how the poor souls  
roar'd,

roar'd, and the sea mock'd them. And how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him; both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

*Shep.* 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

*Clo.* Now, now, I have not wink'd since I saw these fights; the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half din'd on the gentleman; he's at it now.

*Shep.* 'Would, I had been by to have help'd the old man.

*Clo.* I would, you had been by the ship-side, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing. ——— [Aside.

*Shep.* Heavy matters, heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou meet'st with things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a fight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't; so, let's see; it was told me, I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changeling: open't; what's within, boy?

*Col.* You're a mad old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

*Shep.* This is fairy gold, boy, and will prove so. Up with it, keep it close: home, home, the next way.

<sup>6</sup> *Shep.* *Would, I had been by to have help'd the old Man.*] Tho' all the printed Copies concur in this reading, I am persuaded, we ought to restore, *Nobleman*. The Shepherd knew nothing of *Antigonus's* Age; besides, the Clown had just told his Father, that he said, his Name was *Antigonus* a *Nobleman*, and no less than three times in this short Scene, the Clown, speaking of him, calls him the *Gentleman*. THEOBALD.

<sup>7</sup> In former copies, *You're a mad old Man; if the*

*Sins of your Youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all Gold!—*] This the Clown says upon his opening his Fardel, and discovering the Wealth in it. But this is no Reason why he should call his Father a *mad old Man*. I have ventur'd to correct in the Text — *You're a made old Man*: i. e., your Fortune's made by this adventitious Treasure. So our Poet, in a Number of other Passages.

THEOBALD.

We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go: come, good boy, the next way home.

*Clo.* Go you the next way with your findings, I'll go see if the Bear be gone from the gentleman; and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

*Shep.* That's a good deed. If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th' sight of him.

*Clo.* Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i'th' ground.

*Shep.* 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Time, as Chorus.*

*Time.* I, that please some, try all, both joy and  
terror  
Of good and bad, that make and unfold error<sup>s</sup>;  
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,  
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime  
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide  
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untry'd<sup>p</sup> Of

<sup>s</sup> ——— that make and unfold Error;] This does not, in my Opinion, take in the Poet's Thought. Time does not make mistakes, and discover them, at different Conjectures; but the Poet means, that Time often for a Season covers Errors, which he afterwards displays and brings to Light. I chuse therefore to read;

————— that mask and unfold Error. THEOBALD.

<sup>p</sup> — and leave the GROWTH untry'd

Of that wide gap; —] The growth of what? The reading is nonsense. Shakespeare wrote, — and leave the GULF untry'd, i. e. unwaded thro'. By this means, too, the uniformity of the metaphor is restored. All the terms of the sentence, relating to a Gulf; as *swift passage, — slide over — untry'd — wide gap.* WARBURTON.

This emendation is plausible, but the common reading is consistent enough with our author's manner



Of that wide gap; since it is in my power  
 To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour  
 To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass  
 The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,  
 Or what is now receiv'd. I witness to  
 The times, that brought them in; so shall I do  
 To the freshest things now reigning, and make stale  
 The glistering of this present, as my tale  
 Now seems to it: your patience this allowing,  
 I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing,  
 As you had slept between. *Leontes* leaving  
 Th' effects of his fond jealousies, so grieving  
 That he shuts up himself; imagine me<sup>2</sup>,  
 Gentle spectators, that I now may be  
 In fair *Bohemia*; and remember well,  
 I mention here a son o'th' King's, whom *Florizel*  
 I now name to you; and with speed so pace  
 To speak of *Perdita*, now grown in grace  
 Equal with wond'ring. What of her ensues,  
 I list not prophécy. But let Time's news  
 Be known, when 'tis brought forth. A shephèrd's  
 daughter,

manner, who attends more to his ideas than to his words. *The growth of the wide gap*, is somewhat irregular; but he means, *the growth*, or progression of the time which filled up the gap of the story between *Perdita's* birth and her sixteenth year. *To leave this growth untried*, is to leave the passages of the intermediate years, unnoted and unexamined. *Untried* is not, perhaps, the word which he would have chosen, but which his rhyme required.

<sup>1</sup>—since it is in my power, &c.] The reasoning of *Time* is not very clear; he seems to mean, that he who has broke so many laws may now break another; that he who introduced every

thing may introduce *Perdita* on her sixteenth year; and he intreats that he may pass as of old, before any order or succession of objects, ancient or modern, distinguished her periods.

<sup>2</sup>——— imagine me,  
 Gentle spectators, that I now  
 may be

In fair *Bohemia*;—] *Time* is every where alike. I know not whether both sense and grammar may not dictate,

——— imagine we,  
 Gentle spectators, that you now  
 may be, &c.

Let us imagine that you, who behold these scenes, are now in *Bohemia*.

And what to her adheres, which follows after,  
 Is th' \* argument of time; of this allow,  
 If ever you have spent time worse ere now:  
 If never, yet that Time himself doth say,  
 He wishes earnestly, you never may<sup>3</sup>. [Exit.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The Court of Bohemia.*

*Enter Polixenes and Camillo.*

POLIXENES.

I PRAY thee, good *Camillo*, be no more importunate; 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing, a death to grant this.

*Cam.* It is fifteen years since I saw my country; though I have for the most part been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent King, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure.

*Pol.* As thou lov'st me, *Camillo*, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now; the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made: better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou having made me businesses, which none, without thee, can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough consider'd, (as too much I cannot) to be more thankful to thee shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heap-

\* — argument is the same rather begins the fourth act than concludes the third.

<sup>3</sup> I believe this speech of *Time*

ing friendships <sup>4</sup>. Of that fatal country *Sicilia*, pr'y-  
thée; speak no more; whose very naming punishes me  
with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st  
him, and reconciled King my brother, whose loss of  
his most precious Queen and children are even now to  
be afresh lamented. Say to me when saw'st thou the  
Prince *Florizel* my son? Kings are no less unhappy,  
their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing  
them, when they have approved their virtues.

*Cam.* Sir, it is three days since I saw the Prince;  
what his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown;  
but I have missingly noted<sup>5</sup>, he is of late much re-  
tired from court, and is less frequent to his princely  
exercisef than formerly he hath appear'd.

*Pol.* I have consider'd so much, *Camillo*, and with  
some care so far, that I have eyes under my service,  
which look upon his removedness; from whom I have

<sup>4</sup> and my profit therein, the  
HEAPING friendships.] This is  
nonsense. We should read, REAP-  
ING friendships. The King had  
said his study should be to re-  
ward his friend's deserts; and  
then concludes, that his profit in  
this study should be reaping the  
fruits of his friend's attachment  
to him; which refers to what he  
had before said of the necessity  
of *Camillo's* stay; or otherwise he  
could not reap the fruit of those  
businesses, which *Camillo* had cut  
out.

WARBURTON.

I see not that the present read-  
ing is nonsense; the sense of  
*heaping friendships* is, though like  
many other of our author's,  
unusual, at least unusual to mo-  
dern ears, is not very obscure.  
*To be more thankful shall be my  
study; and my profit therein the*

*heaping friendships.* That is, *I  
will for the future be more liberal  
of recompence, from which I shall  
receive this advantage, that as I  
heap benefits I shall heap friend-  
ships, as I confer favours on thee  
I shall increase the friendship be-  
tween us.*

<sup>5</sup> but I have (MISSINGLY) not-  
ed,] We should read, but I have  
(MISSING HIM) noted. This  
accounts for the reason of his  
taking note, because he often  
missed him, that is, wanted his  
agreeable company. For a com-  
pliment is intended; and, in that  
sense, it is to be understood.  
The *Oxford* Editor reads, *mu-  
singly noted.* WARBURTON.

I see not how the sense is men-  
ded by Sir *T. Hanmer's* altera-  
tion, nor how it is at all changed  
by Dr. *Warburton's*.



this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

*Cam.* I have heard, Sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note; the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

*Pol.* That's likewise a part of my intelligence. But, I fear, the Angel that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place, where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of *Sicilia*.

*Cam.* I willingly obey your command.

*Pol.* My best *Camillo*—we must disguise ourselves.

*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E II.

*Changes to the Country.*

*Enter Autolycus singing.*

WHEN daffodils begin to peere,  
With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,  
Why, then comes in the sweet o'th' year;  
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

*The*

<sup>6</sup> But I fear the Angle.] Mr. think this nonsense should be read  
*Theobald* reads; And I fear the thus,

*Eagle.* Why, then COME in the sweet

o'th' year;

FOR the red blood REINS-  
in the winter pale.

the WINTER'S pale.] I

*The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,  
 With, hey! the sweet birds, O how they sing!  
 Dath set my pugging tooth on edge:  
 For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.  
 The lark, that tirra-lyra chaunts,  
 With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay:  
 Are summer songs for me and my aunts,  
 While we lie tumbling in the hay.*

I have served Prince Florizel, and in my time wore three pile, but now I am out of service.

*But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?*

*The pale moon shines by night:*

*And when I wander here and there,*

*I then do go most right.*

*If tinkers may have leave to live,*

*And bear the sow-skin budget;*

*Then my account I well may give,*

*And in the stocks avouch it.*

My traffick is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. <sup>9</sup> My father nam'd me *Autolycus*, being litter'd

*i. e.* Why then come in, or let us enjoy, pleasure, while the season serves, before *pale winter reins-in the red or youthful blood*; as much as to say, let us enjoy life in youth, before old age comes and freezes up the blood.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Thirlby reads, perhaps rightly, certainly with much more probability, and easiness of construction;

*For the red blood runs in the winter pale.*

That is, *for the red blood runs pale in the winter.*

Sir T. Hanmer reads,

*For the red blood reigns o'er the winter's pale.*

<sup>9</sup> *Pugging-tooth*] Sir T. Han-

*mer*, and after him Dr. Warburton, read, *proggung tooth*. It is certain that *pugging* is not now understood. But Dr. Thirlby observes, that this is the cant of gypsies.

<sup>9</sup> *My father nam'd me Autolycus, &c.*] Mr. Theobald says, the allusion is unquestionably to Ovid. He is mistaken. Not only the allusion, but the whole speech is taken from *Lucian*; who appears to have been one of our Poet's favourite authors, as may be collected from several places of his works. It is from his *discourse on judicial Astrology*, where *Autolycus* talks much in the same manner; and 'tis only on this account that he is called

litter'd under *Mercury*; who, as I am, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsider'd trifles: with die and drab, I purchas'd this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat'. Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the high-way; beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* Let me see,—Every eleven weather tod, every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool too?

*Aut.* If the springe hold, the cock's mine ———

[*Aside.*

*Clo.* I cannot do't without compters.—Let me see, what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast, three pound of sugar, five pound of currants, rice—what will this sister of mine do with rice? but my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on, She hath made me four and twenty nose-gays for the shearers; three-man-song-men all, and very good ones, but they are most of them means and bases; but one Puritan among them, and he sings psalms to horn-pipes. I must have saffron to colour the wardenpies, mace—dates—none—that's out of my

the son of *Mercury* by the ancients, namely because he was born under that planet. And as the infant was supposed by the Astrologers to communicate of the nature of the star which predominated, so *Autolycus* was a thief.

WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> *my revenue is the silly cheat.*] *Silly* is used by the writers of our author's time, for simple, low, mean; and in this the humour

of the speech consists. I don't aspire to arduous and high things, as bridewell or the gallows; I am content with this humble and low way of life, as a *snapper up of unconsidered trifles*. But the *Oxford* Editor, who, by his emendations, seems to have declared war against all *Shakespeare's* humour, alters it to, *the sly cheat*.

WARBURTON.

note:



note: nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many raisins o'th' sun.

*Aut.* Oh, that ever I was born!

*[Groveling on the ground.]*

*Clo.* P'th' name of \* me——

*Aut.* Oh, help me, help me: pluck but off these rags, and then death, death——

*Clo.* Alack, poor soul, thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

*Aut.* Oh, Sir, the loathfomeness of them offends me, more than the stripes I have receiv'd, which are mighty ones, and millions.

*Clo.* Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter,

*Aut.* I am robb'd, Sir, and beaten; my mony and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

*Clo.* What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man.

*Aut.* A foot-man, sweet Sir, a foot-man.

*Clo.* Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

*[Helping him up.]*

*Aut.* Oh! good Sir, tenderly, oh!

*Clo.* Alas, poor soul.

*Aut.* O good Sir, softly, good Sir: I fear, Sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

*Clo.* How now? canst stand?

*Aut.* Softly, dear Sir; good Sir, softly; you ha' done me a charitable office.

*Clo.* Dost lack any mony? I have a little mony for thee.

*Aut.* No, good sweet Sir; no, I beseech you, Sir; I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have mony, or

\* I believe *me* should be blotted out.

any thing I want; offer me no mony, I pray you; that kills my heart.

*Clo.* What manner of fellow was he, that robb'd you?

*Aut.* A fellow Sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames<sup>2</sup>: I knew him once a servant of the prince: I cannot tell, good Sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

*Clo.* His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court; they cherish it to make it stay there, and yet it will no more but \* abide.

*Aut.* Vices I would say, Sir. I know this man well, he hath been since an ape-bearer, then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compass'd a motion<sup>3</sup> of the prodigal son<sup>3</sup>, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in a rogue; some call him *Autolycus*.

*Clo.* Out upon him, prig! for my life, prig;— he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings,

*Aut.* Very true, Sir; he, Sir, he; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

*Clo.* Not a more cowardly rogue in all *Bohemia*; if you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

*Aut.* I must confess to you, Sir, I am no fighter; I am false at heart that way, and that he knew, I warrant him.

*Clo.* How do you now?

*Aut.* Sweet Sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk, I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

<sup>2</sup> with trol my dames:] Trou- time without a settled habitation.  
madame, French. The game of  
nine-holes. WARBURTON. <sup>3</sup> motion of the prodigal son,]

\* ——— to abide, here, must *Motions.* A term frequently oc-  
signify, to sojourn, to live for a ccurring in our author. WARB.

*Clo.* Shall I bring thee on thy way?

*Aut.* No, good-fac'd Sir; no, sweet Sir.

*Clo.* Then, farewell, I must go to buy spices for our sheep-shearing. [Exit.]

*Aut.* Prosper you, sweet Sir!—Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice, I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd, and my name put into the book of virtue.\*

S O N G.

*Jog on, jog on, the footh-path way,*

*And merrily bent the stile-a,*

*A merry heart goes all the day,*

*Your sad tires in a mile-a.* [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

*The Prospect of a Shepherd's Cott.*

*Enter Florizel and Perdita.*

*Flo.* THESE your unusual weeds to each part of you

Do give a life: no shepherdess, but *Flora* Peering in *April's* front. This your sheep-shearing Is as a meeting of the petty gods, And you the Queen on't.

*Per.* Sir, my gracious Lord, To chide at your extremes it not becomes me<sup>5</sup>:

\* let me be unroll'd, and my name put into the book of virtue! he wishes he may be unrolled if he does not so and so.

Begging gippies, in the time of our author, were in gangs and companies, that had something of the shew of an incorporated Body. From this noble society

WARBURTON. <sup>5</sup> Your extremes. ] That is, your excesses, the extravagance of your praises.

Oh



Oh pardon, that I name them: your high self,  
 'The gracious mark o'th' land, you have obscur'd  
 With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,  
 Most goddeſs-like prank'd up. But that our feaſts  
 In every meſs have folly, and the feeders  
 Digelt it with a cuſtom, I ſhould bluſh  
 To ſee you ſo attired; ſworn, I think,  
 To ſhew myſelf a glaſs<sup>7</sup>.

*Flo.* I bleſs the time,  
 When my good falcon made her flight a-croſs  
 Thy father's ground.

*Per.* Now *Jove* afford you cauſe!  
 To me the difference forges dread, your greatneſs  
 Hath not been us'd to fear; even now I tremble  
 To think, your father, by ſome accident,  
 Should paſs this way, as you did: oh, the fates!  
 How would he look, to ſee his work, ſo noble,  
 Vilely bound up<sup>8</sup>! what would he ſay, or how

<sup>6</sup>*The gracious mark o'th' land.]* The object of all men's notice and expectation.

<sup>7</sup>—— *ſworn, I think,*

*To ſhew myſelf a glaſs.]* i. e. one would think that in putting on this habit of a ſhepherd, you had ſworn to put me out of countenance; for in this, as in a glaſs, you ſhew me how much below yourſelf you muſt deſcend before you can get upon a level with me. The ſentiment is fine, and expreſſes all the delicacy, as well as humble modeſty of the character. But the *Oxford* Editor alters it to,

—— *ſwoon, I think,*

*To ſhew myſelf a glaſs.*

What he means I don't know. But *Perdita* was not ſo much given to *ſwooning*, as appears by

her behaviour at the King's threats, when the intrigue was diſcovered. *WARBURTON.*

*Dr. Thirlby* inclines rather to *Sir T. Hanmer's* emendation, which certainly makes an eaſy ſenſe, and is in my opinion preferable to the preſent reading. But concerning this paſſage I know not what to decide.

<sup>8</sup> *His work ſo noble, &c.]* It is impoſſible for any man to rid his mind of his profeſſion. The authourſhip of *Shakeſpeare* has ſupplied him with a metaphor, which rather than he would loſe it, he has put with no great propriety into the mouth of a country maid. Thinking of his own works, his mind paſſed naturally to the Binder. I am glad that he has no hint at an Editor.

Should

Should I in these my borrow'd flaunts behold  
The sternness of his presence!

*Flo.* Apprehend

Nothing but jollity: The Gods themselves,  
Humbling their deities to love, have taken  
The shapes of beasts upon them. *Jupiter*  
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green *Neptune*  
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd God,  
*Golden Apollo*, a poor humble swain,  
As I seem now. Their transformations  
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,  
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires  
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts  
Burn hotter than my faith.

*Per.* O, but, dear Sir,

Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis  
Oppos'd, as it must be, by th' power o'th' King.  
One of these two must be necessities,  
Which then will speak, that you must change this  
purpose,

Or I my life.

*Flo.* Thou dearest *Perdita*,

With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not  
The mirth o'th' feast; or I'll be thine, my fair,  
Or not my father's. For I cannot be  
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if  
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,  
Tho' destiny say *no*. Be merry, Gentle,  
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing  
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:  
Lift up your countenance, as 'twere the day  
Of celebration of that nuptial, which  
We two have sworn shall come.

*Per.* O lady fortune,  
Stand you auspicious!

SCENE

## SCENE V.

Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, Servants;  
with Polixenes and Camillo disguis'd.

*Flo.* See, your guests approach;  
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,  
And let's be rid with mirth.

*Shep.* Fy, daughter; when my old wife liv'd, upon  
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,  
Both dame and servant; welcom'd all, serv'd all;  
Would sing her song, and dance her turn; now here  
At upper end o'th' table, now i'th' middle:  
On his shoulder, and his; her face o'fire  
With labour; and the thing she took to quench it  
She would to each one sip. You are retired,  
As if you were a feasted one, and not  
The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid  
These unknown friends to's welcome, for it is  
A way to make us better friends, more known.  
Come, quench your blushes, and present yourself  
That which you are, mistress o'th' feast. Come on,  
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,  
As your good flock shall prosper.

*Per.* Sirs, welcome.

[To Pol. and Cam.

It is my father's will, I should take on me  
The hostessship o'th' day; you're welcome, Sirs.  
Give me those flowers there, *Dorcas*.—Reverend Sirs,  
For you there's rosemary and rue, these keep  
Seeming and favour all the winter long:  
\* Grace and remembrance be unto you both,  
And welcome to our shearing!

*Pol.* Shepherdess,

(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages  
With flowers of winter.

*Per.* Sir, the year growing ancient,  
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth

\* Grace and remembrance—] old Gentlemen, be good, and may  
I suppose she means, May you, your memories be honoured.

Of



Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o'th' season  
 Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flowers,  
 Which some call nature's bastards; of that kind  
 Our rustick garden's barren, and I care not  
 To get slips of them.

*Pol.* Wherefore, gentle maiden,  
 Do you neglect them?

*Per.* For I have heard it said,  
 There is an art, which in their piedness shares  
 With great creating nature.

*Pol.* Say, there be;  
 Yet nature is made better by no mean,  
 But nature makes that mean; so over that art  
 Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art,  
 That nature makes; you see, sweet maid, we marry  
 A gentler scyon to the wildest stock;  
 And make conceive a bark of baser kind  
 By bud of nobler race. This is an art,  
 Which does mend nature, change it rather; but  
 The art itself is nature.

*Per.* So it is.

*Pol.* Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers,  
 And do not call them bastards.

*Per.* I'll not put  
 The dibble in earth, to set one slip of them:  
 No more than, were I painted, I would wish  
 This youth should say, 'twere well; and only there-  
 fore

Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;  
 Hot lavender, mints, favoury, marjoram,  
 The mary-gold, that goes to bed with th' sun,  
 And with him rises, weeping: these are flowers  
 Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given  
 To men of middle age. Y'are very welcome.

*Cam.* I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,  
 And only live by gazing.

*Per.* Out, alas!  
 You'd be so lean, that blasts of *January*

Would

Would blow you through and through. Now, my fairest friend,

I would, I had some flowers o'th' spring, that might  
 Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,  
 That wear upon your virgin-branches yet  
 Your maiden-heads growing: O *Proserpina*,  
 For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let'st fall  
 From *Dis's* waggon! daffodils,  
 That come before the swallow dares, and take  
 The winds of *March* with beauty: violets dim,<sup>9</sup>  
 But sweeter than the lids of *Juno's* eyes,  
 Or *Cytherea's* breath; pale primroses,  
 That die unmarried, ere they can behold  
 Bright *Phæbus* in his strength; (a malady  
 Most incident to maids) \* gold oxlips, and  
 The crown-imperial; lillies of all kinds,  
 The flower-de-lis being one. O, these I lack  
 To make you garlands of, and, my sweet friend,  
 To strow him o'er and o'er.

*Flo.* What? like a coarſe?

*Per.* No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;  
 Not like a coarſe; or if,—not to be buried  
 But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers;  
 Methinks, I play as I have ſeen them do  
 In whitſun paſtorals: ſure, this robe of mine  
 Does change my diſpoſition.

*Flo.* What you do,  
 Still betters what is done. When you ſpeak, ſweet,  
 I'd have you do it ever; when you ſing,  
 I'd have you buy and ſell ſo; ſo, give alms;  
 Pray, ſo; and for the ord'ring your affairs,  
 To ſing them too. When you do dance, I wiſh you  
 A wave o'th' ſea, that you might ever do

<sup>9</sup> ————— *violets dim,*      *lid* is an odd image: but perhaps  
*But ſweeter than the lids of Ju-*      he uſes *ſweet* in the general ſenſe,  
*no's eyes,* I ſuſpect that      for *delightful*.  
 our author miſtakes *Juno* for      \* *Gold* is the reading of *Sir*  
*Pallas*, who was the goddeſs of      *T. Hamner*; the former editions  
*blue eyes.* Sweeter than an eye-      have told.

Nothing

Nothing but that; move still, still so,  
 And own no other function. \* Each your doing,  
 So singular in each particular,  
 Crowns what you're doing in the present deeds,  
 That all your acts are Queens.

*Per.* O *Doricles*,

Your praises are too large; but that your youth  
 And the true blood, which peeps forth fairly through it,  
 Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd;  
 With wisdom I might fear, my *Doricles*,  
 You wo'd me the false way.

*Flo.* I think, you have  
 As little skill to fear, as I have purpose  
 To put you to't. But, come; our dance, I pray;  
 Your hand, my *Perdita*; so turtles pair,  
 That never mean to part.

*Per.* I'll swear for 'em †.

*Pol.* This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever  
 Ran on the green-ford: nothing she does, or seems,  
 But smacks of something greater than herself,  
 Too noble for this place.

*Cam.* He tells her something<sup>2</sup>,  
 That makes her blood look out: good sooth, she is  
 The Queen of curds and cream.

\* — *Each your doing,*] That is, your manner in each act crowns the act.

† *I think, you have As little skill to fear* —] *To have skill to do a thing* was a phrase then in use equivalent to our *to have reason to do a thing*. The *Oxford* Editor, ignorant of this, alters it to,

*As little skill in fear,* — which has no kind of sense in this place. WARBURTON.

† *Per.* *I'll swear for 'em.*] I fancy this half line is placed to a wrong person, and that the king begins his speech aside.

*Pol.* *I'll swear for 'em, This is the prettiest, &c.*

<sup>2</sup> *He tells her something, That makes her Blood look on't:* Thus all the old Editions. The Meaning must be this. The Prince tells her *Something, that calls the Blood up into her Cheeks, and makes her blush*. She, but a little before, uses a like Expression to describe the Prince's Sincerity.

————— *your Youth*  
*And the true Blood, which peeps forth fairly through it,*  
*Do plainly give you out an un-*  
*stain'd Shepherd.* THEO.

*Clo.*



*Clo.* Come on, strike up.

*Dor.* *Mopsa* must be your mistress; marry, garlick to mend her kissing with—

*Mop.* Now in good time!

*Clo.* Not a word, a word; \* we stand upon our manners: come, strike up.

*Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

*Pol.* Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this. Who dances with your daughter?

*Shep.* They call him *Doricles*, and he boasts himself To have a worthy feeding<sup>3</sup>; but I have it Upon his own report, and I believe it: He looks like sooth; he says, he loves my daughter, I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon Upon the water, as he'll stand and read, As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain, I think, there is not half a kiss to chuse Who loves another best.

*Pol.* She dances featly.

*Shep.* So she does any thing, tho' I report it That should be silent; if young *Doricles* Do light upon her, she shall bring him that Which he not dreams of.

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* O master, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bag-pipe could not move you; he sings several tunes, faster than you'll tell mony; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

\* — *we stand, &c.*] That is, we are now on our behaviour.

<sup>3</sup> — *a worthy FEEDING;—*] Certainly BREEDING.

WARBURTON.

I conceive *feeding* to be a *pasture*, and a *worthy feeding* to be a track of pasturage not inconsiderable, not unworthy of my daughter's fortune.

*Clo.*

*Clo.* He could never come better ; he shall come in. I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down ; or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

*Ser.* He hath songs for man, or woman, of all sizes ; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves : he has the prettiest love-songs for maids, so without bawdry (which is strange), with such delicate burdens of *didle-dos* and *fadings* : *jump her and thump her* : and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man* ; puts him off, flights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*.

*Pol.* This is a brave fellow.

*Clo.* Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow ; has he any unbraided wares \* ?

*Ser.* He hath ribbons of all the colours i'th' rainbow ; points, more than all the lawyers in *Bohemia* can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross ; inkles, caddisses, cambricks, lawns ; why, he sings them over, 'as they were Gods and Goddeffes ; you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the <sup>4</sup> sleeve band, and the work about the square on't.

*Clo.* Pr'ythee, bring him in ; and let him approach, singing.

*Per.* Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in's tunes.

*Clo.* You have of these pedlers that have more in 'em than you'd think, sister.

*Per.* Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

\* *Unbraided wares.*] Surely we must read *braided*, for such are all the *wares* mentioned in the answer. <sup>4</sup> — *sleeve-band* is put very properly by Sir T. Hanmer ; it was before *sleeve-band*.

*Enter Autolycus singing.*

*Lawn as white as driven snow,  
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;  
Gloves as sweet as damask roses,  
Masks for faces and for noses;  
Bugle-bracelets, neck-lace amber,  
Perfume for a lady's chamber:  
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,  
For my lads to give their dears:  
Pins, and poaking-sticks of steel,  
What maids lack from head to heel:  
Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy,  
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry.  
Come buy, &c.*

*Clo.* If I were not in love with *Mopsa*, thou should'st take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

*Mop.* I was promis'd them against the feast, but they come not too late now.

*Dor.* He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars.

*Mop.* He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'may be, he has paid you more; which will shame you to give him again.

*Clo.* Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they should wear their faces? is there not milking time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle of these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'tis well, they are whisp'ring. <sup>s</sup> Clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

*Mop.*

<sup>s</sup> — clamour your tongues,] ing. When bells are at the  
The phrase is taken from ring- height, in order to cease them,  
the



*Mop.* I have done. Come, you promis'd me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

*Clo.* Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money?

*Aut.* And, indeed, Sir, there are cozeners abroad: therefore it behoves men to be wary.

*Clo.* Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

*Aut.* I hope so, Sir, for I have about me many parcels of charge.

*Clo.* What hast here? ballads?

*Mop.* Pray now, buy some; I love a ballad in print, or a life; for then we are sure they are true.

*Aut.* Here's one to a very doleful tune, how an usurer's wife was brought to bed with twenty money bags at a burden; and how she long'd to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonado'd.

*Mop.* Is it true, think you?

*Aut.* Very true, and but a month old.

*Dor.* Bless me from marrying an usurer!

*Aut.* Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress *Taleporter*, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

*Mop.* Pray you now, buy it.

*Clo.* Come on, lay it by, and let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

*Aut.* Here's another ballad, of a fish that appear'd upon the coast, on *Wednesday* the fourscore of *April*, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids; it was thought, she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her. The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

*Dor.* Is it true too, think you?

the repetition of the strokes becomes much quicker than before: this is called *clamouring* them. The allusion is humorous.

WARBURTON.

*Aut.* Five justices hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

*Clo.* Lay it by too: another.—

*Aut.* This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

*Mop.* Let's have some merry ones.

*Aut.* Why, this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man*; there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you.

*Mop.* We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear, 'tis in three parts.

*Dor.* We had the tune on't a month ago.

*Aut.* I can bear my part, you must know; 'tis my occupation; have at it with you.

*Aut.* *Get you hence, for I must go  
Where it fits not you to know.*

*Dor.* *Whither?*

*Mop.* *O whither?*

*Dor.* *Whither?*

*Mop.* *It becomes thy oath full well,  
Thou to me thy secrets tell.*

*Dor.* *Me too, let me go thither:*

*Mop.* *Or thou goest to th' grange, or mill,*

*Dor.* *If to either, thou dost ill:*

*Aut.* *Neither.*

*Dor.* *What neither?*

*Aut.* *Neither.*

*Dor.* *Thou hast sworn my love to be;*

*Mop.* *Thou hast sworn it more to me:*

*Then whither goest? say, whither?*

*Clo.* We'll have this song out anon by ourselves, my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them: come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedler, let's have the first choice. Follow me, girls.

*Aut.* And you shall pay well for 'em.

[*aside.*]

S O N G

## S O N G.

Will you buy any tape,  
 Or lace for your cape,  
 My dainty duck, my dear-a?  
 And silk, and thread,  
 Any toys for your head  
 Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?  
 Come to the Pedler;  
 Mony's a medler,

That doth utter all mens ware-a.

[*Ex. Clown, Autolycus, Dorcas, and Mopfa.*]

## S C E N E VII.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* <sup>6</sup> Master, there are three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, and three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair <sup>7</sup>, they call themselves

<sup>6</sup> *Master, there are three Carters, three Shepherds, three Neat-herds, and three Swine-herds,—* Thus all the printed Copies hitherto. Now, in two Speeches after this, these are called four three's of Herdsmen. But could the Carters properly be called Herdsmen? At least, they have not the final Syllable, *Herd*, in their Names; which, I believe, *Shakespeare* intended, all the four three's should have. I therefore guess that he wrote;—*Master, there are three Goat-herds, &c.* And so, I think, we take in the four Species of Cattle usually tended by Herdsmen.

<sup>7</sup> — all men of hair,] *i. e.* nimble, that leap as if they rebounded: The phrase is taken from tennis balls, which were stuffed with hair. So in *Henry V.* it is said of a courser,

*He bounds as if his entrails were hairs.* WARBURTON.

This is a strange interpretation. *Errors*, says *Dryden*, flow upon the surface, but there are men who will fetch them from the bottom. *Men of hair* are hairy men, or satyrs. A dance of satyrs was no unusual entertainment in the middle ages. At a great festival celebrated in France, the king and some of the nobles personated satyrs dressed

THEOBALD.

X 3



elves Saltiers: and they have a dance, which the wenches say is a gallymaufry of gambols, because they are not in't: but they themselves are o'th mind, if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling \*, it will please plentifully.

*Shep.* Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, Sir, we weary you.

*Pol.* You weary those, that refresh us. Pray, let's see these four-threes of herdsmen.

*Ser.* One three of them, by their own report, Sir, hath danc'd before the King; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the square.

*Shep.* Leave your prating; since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in; but quickly now.

*Here a Dance of twelve Satyrs.*

*Pol.* [*aside.*] O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter<sup>s</sup>.

Is it not too far gone? 'tis time to part them. He's simple, and tells much.—How now, fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something, that doth take Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,

dressed in close habits, tufted or shagged all over, to imitate hair. They began a wild dance, and in the tumult of their merriment one of them went too near a candle and set fire to his satyr's garb; the flame ran instantly over the loose tufts, and spread itself to the dress of those that were next him; a great number of the dancers were cruelly scorched, being neither able to throw off their coats nor extinguish them. The king had set himself in the Van of the dutchefs of Burgundy,

who threw her robe over him and saved him.

\* *Bowling*, I believe, is here a term for a dance of smooth motion without great exertion of agility.

<sup>s</sup> *Pol.* O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.] This is replied by the King in answer to the shepherd's saying, since these good men are pleased. Yet the *Oxford* Editor, I can't tell why, gives this line to *Florizel*, since *Florizel* and the old man were not in conversation.

WAREBURTON.

And

And handed love, as you do, I was wont  
 To load my she with knacks; I would have ranfack'd  
 The pedler's filken treasury, and have pour'd it  
 To her acceptance; you have let him go,  
 And nothing marted with him. If your las  
 Interpretation should abuse, and call this  
 Your lack of love or bounty; you were straited  
 For a reply, at least, if you make care  
 Of happy holding her.

*Flo.* Old Sir, I know,  
 She prizes not such trifles as these are;  
 The gifts, the looks from me, art packt and lockt  
 Up in my heart, which I have given already,  
 But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my love  
 Before this ancient Sir, who, it should seem,  
 Hath sometime lov'd. I take thy hand, this hand,  
 As soft as doye's down, and as white as it,  
 Or *Ethiopian's* tooth, or the fann'd snow  
 That's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er.

*Pol.* What follows this?  
 How prettily the young swain seems to wash  
 The hand, was fair before!—I've put you out—  
 But, to your protestation: let me hear  
 What you profess.

*Flo.* Do, and be witness to't.

*Pol.* And this my neighbour too?

*Flo.* And he, and more  
 Than he, and men; the earth, and heav'ns, and all;  
 That were I crown'd the most imperial monarch  
 Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth  
 That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge  
 More than was ever man's, I would not prize them  
 Without her love; for her employ them all;  
 Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,  
 Or to their own perdition.

*Pol.* Fairly offer'd.

*Cam.* This shews a sound affection.

*Shep.* But, my daughter,

Say you the like to him?

*Per.* I cannot speak

So well, nothing so well, no, nor mean better.

By th' pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out

The purity of his.

*Shep.* Take hands, a bargain;

And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't;

I give my daughter to him, and will make

Her portion equal his.

*Flo.* O, that must be

I'th' virtue of your daughter; one being dead,

I shall have more than you can dream of yet,

Enough then for your wonder. But come on,

Contract us 'fore these witnessess.

*Shep.* Come, your hand,

And, daughter, yours.

*Pol.* Soft, swain, a while; 'beseech you,

Have you a father?

*Flo.* I have; but what of him?

*Pol.* Knows he of this?

*Flo.* He neither does, nor shall.

*Pol.* Methinks, a father

Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest

That best becomes the table: 'pray you once more,

Is not your father grown incapable

Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid

With age, and alt'ring rheums? can he speak? hear?

Know man from man? dispute his own estate?

Lies he not bed-rid? and, again, does nothing,

But what he did being childish?

*Flo.* No, good Sir;

He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,

Than most have of his age.

*Pol.* By my white beard,

You offer him, if this be so, a wrong.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *dispute his own estate?*] be the same with *talk over his*  
Perhaps for *dispute* we might read *affairs*.  
*compute*; but *dispute his estate* may



Something unfilial: Reason, my son  
Should chuse himself a wife; but as good reason,  
The father (all whose joy is nothing else  
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel  
In such a business.

*Flo.* I yield all this;  
But for some other reasons, my grave Sir,  
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint  
My father of this business.

*Pol.* Let him know't.

*Flo.* He shall not.

*Pol.* Pr'ythee, let him.

*Flo.* No; he must not.

*Shep.* Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve  
At knowing of thy choice.

*Flo.* Come, come, he must not:

Mark our contract.

*Pol.* Mark your divorce, young Sir,  
[Discovering himself.

Whom son I dare not call: thou art too base  
To be acknowledg'd. Thou a scepter's heir,  
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook! Thou old traitor,  
I'm sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but  
Shorten thy life one week. And thou fresh piece  
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know  
The royal fool thou cop'st with——

*Shep.* O my heart!

*Pol.* I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and made  
More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,  
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh  
That thou no more shalt see this knack, as never  
I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from succession;  
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,  
\* Far than *Deucalion* off. Mark thou my words;  
Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,

\* *Far than.*] I think for *far* even so far off as *Deucalion* the  
*than* we should read *far as*. We common ancestor of all.  
will not hold thee of our kin

Tho'

Tho' full of our displeasure, yet we free thee  
 From the dead blow of it. And you, enchantment,  
 Worthy enough a herdsman; yea him too,  
 That makes himself, but for our honour therein,  
 Unworthy thee; if ever, henceforth, thou  
 These rural latches to his entrance open,  
 Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,  
 I will devise a death as cruel for thee,  
 As thou art tender to it.

[Exit.

## S C E N E VIII.

*Per.* Even here, undone,  
 I was not much afraid'; for once or twice  
 I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,  
 The self-same fun, that shines upon his court,  
 Hides not his visage from our cottage, but  
 Looks on alike. Wilt please you, Sir, be gone?

[To Florizel.

I told you, what would come of this. 'Beseech you,  
 Of your own state take care:—this dream of mine,—  
 Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,  
 But milk my ewes, and weep.

*Cam.* Why, how now, father?  
 Speak, ere thou diest.

*Shep.* I cannot speak, nor think,  
 Nor dare to know that which I know. O Sir,

[To Florizel.

You have undone a man of fourscore three<sup>2</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> *I was not much afraid; &c.*] The Character is here finely sustained. To have made her quite astonished on the king's discovery of himself, had not become her birth; and to have given her presence of mind to have made this reply to the King, had not become her education.

WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> *You have undone a man of*

*fourscore three, &c.*] These sentiments, which the Poet has heighten'd by a strain of ridicule that runs thro' them, admirably characterize the speaker; whose selfishness is seen in concealing the adventure of *Perdita*; and here supported, by shewing no regard for his son or her, but being taken up entirely with himself, though *fourscore three*:

WARBURTON.

That

That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,  
 To die upon the bed my father dy'd,  
 To lie close by his honest bones; but now  
 Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me  
 Where no priest shovels in dust. O cursed wretch!

[To Perdita.

That knew'st, this was the Prince; and would'st ad-  
 venture

To mingle faith with him. Undone, undone!

If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd

To die when I desire.

[Exit.

S C E N E IX.

*Flo.* Why look you so upon me?

I am but sorry, not afraid; delay'd,

But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;

More straining on, for plucking back; not following  
 My leash unwillingly.

*Cam.* Gracious my Lord,

You know your father's temper: at this time

He will allow no speech (which I do guess,

You do not purpose to him;) and as hardly

Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear;

Then, 'till the fury of his Highness settle,

Come not before him.

*Flo.* I not purpose it.

I think, *Camillo*? ———

*Cam.* Even he, my Lord.

*Per.* How often have I told you, 'twould be thus?

How often said, my dignity would last

But till 'twere known?

*Flo.* It cannot fail, but by

The violation of my faith, and then

Let nature crush the sides o'th' earth together,

And mar the seeds within—Lift up thy looks—

From my succession wipe me, father, I

Am heir to my affection.

*Cam.* Be advis'd.

*Flo.*



*Flo.* I am; and by my fancy \*; if my reason  
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;  
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,  
Do bid it welcome.

*Cam.* This is desperate, Sir.

*Flo.* So call it; but it does fulfil my vow;  
I needs must think it honesty. *Camillo,*  
Not for *Bohemia*, nor the pomp that may  
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or  
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide  
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath  
To this my fair belov'd: therefore, I pray you,  
As you have ever been my father's friend,  
When he shall miss me, as, in faith, I mean not  
To see him any more, cast your good counsels  
Upon his passion; let myself and fortune  
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,  
And so deliver, I am put to sea  
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;  
And, most opportune to our need, I have  
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd  
For this design. What course I mean to hold  
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor  
Concern me the reporting.

*Cam.* O my Lord,  
I would your spirit were easier for advice,  
Or stronger for your need.

*Flo.* Hark, *Perdita*——

I'll hear you by and by.

[To *Camillo*,

*Cam.* [*aside.*] He's irremovable,  
Resolv'd for flight: now were I happy, if  
His going I could frame to serve my turn;  
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;  
Purchase the fight again of dear *Sicilia*,  
And that unhappy King, my master, whom  
I so much thirst to see.

\* It must be remembered that *fancy* in this authour very often,  
as in this place, means *love*.

*Flo.* Now, good *Camillo* ———

I am so fraught with curious business, that  
I leave out ceremony.

*Cam.* Sir, I think,

You have heard of my poor services, o'th' love  
That I have borne your father?

*Flo.* Very nobly

Have you deserv'd: it is my father's musick  
To speak your deeds, not little of his care  
To have them recompenc'd, as thought on.

*Cam.* Well, my Lord,

If you may please to think I love the King,  
And through him, what's nearest to him, which is  
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction.  
If your more ponderous and settled project  
May suffer alteration, on mine honour,  
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving  
As shall become your Highness, where you may  
Enjoy your mistress; from the whom, I see,  
There's no disjunction to be made, but by  
(As, heav'ns forefend!) your ruin. Marry her,  
And with my best endeavours, in your absence,  
Your discontented father I'll strive to qualify,  
And bring him up to liking.

*Flo.* How, *Camillo*,

May this, almost a miracle, be done?  
That I may call thee something more than man,  
And after that trust to thee.

*Cam.* Have you thought on  
A place whereto you'll go?

*Flo.* Not any yet;

\* But as th' unthought-on accident is guilty  
Of what we wildly do, so we profess  
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies  
Of every wind that blows.

*Cam.* Then list to me.

\* As *chance* has driven me to myself to *chance* to be conducted  
these extremities, so I commit through them.

This

This follows. If you will not change your purpose,  
 But undergo this flight, make for *Sicilia*;  
 And there present yourself, and your fair Princess  
 For so, I see, she must be, 'fore *Leontes*.  
 She shall be habited, as it becomes  
 The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see  
*Leontes* opening his free arms, and weeping  
 His welcomes forth; asks thee, the son, forgiveness;  
 As 'twere 'ith' father's person; kisses the hands  
 Of your fresh Princess; o'er and o'er divides him,  
 'Twixt his unkindness, and his kindness: th' one  
 He chides to hell, and bids the other grow  
 Faster than thought or time.

*Flo.* Worthy *Camillo*,  
 What colour for my visitation shall I  
 Hold up before him?

*Cam.* Sent by the King your father  
 To greet him, and to give him comforts, Sir.  
 The manner of your Bearing towards him, with  
 What you, as from your father, shall deliver,  
 Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down;  
 The which shall point you forth at ev'ry sitting,  
 What you must say; that he shall not perceive,  
 But that you have your father's bosom there,  
 And speak his very heart.

*Flo.* I am bound to you:  
 There is some sap in this.

<sup>3</sup> Things known betwixt us  
 three I'll write you down,

The which shall point you forth  
 at ev'ry sitting,

What you must say;—] Every  
 Sitting, methinks, gives but a  
 very poor Idea. Every sitting,  
 as I have ventur'd to correct the  
 Text, means, every convenient  
 Opportunity: every Juncture,  
 when it is fit to speak of such,  
 or such, a Point. THEOBALD.

The which shall point you forth

at every sitting;] Every sit-  
 ting, says Mr. Theobald, methinks,  
 gives us but a very poor Idea. But  
 a poor idea is better than none;  
 which it comes to, when he has  
 alter'd it to every sitting. The  
 truth is, the common reading is  
 very expressive; and means, at  
 every audience you shall have of  
 the King and Council. The  
 Council-days being, in our au-  
 thor's time, called, in common  
 speech, the *Sittings*. WARBURT.

*Cam.*



*Cam.* A course more promising  
Than a wild dedication of yourselves  
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most certain  
To miseries enough: no hope to help you,  
But as you shake off one, to take another:  
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who  
Do their best office, if they can but stay you  
Where you'll be loth to be. Besides, you know,  
Prosperity's the very bond of love,  
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together  
Affliction alters.

*Per.* One of these is true:  
I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,  
But not take in the mind.

*Cam.* Yea, say you so?  
There shall not at your father's house, these seven years,  
Be born another such.

*Flo.* My good *Camillo*,  
She is as forward of her Breeding, as  
She is i'th' rear of birth.

*Cam.* I cannot say, 'tis Pity  
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress  
To most that teach.

*Per.* Your pardon, Sir, for this:  
I'll blush you thanks.

*Flo.* My prettiest *Perdita*——  
But, oh, the thorns we stand upon! *Camillo*,  
Preserver of my father, now of me;  
The medicine of our House! how shall we do?  
We are not furnish'd like *Bohemia's* son,  
Nor shall appear in *Sicily*——

*Cam.* My Lord,  
Fear none of this: I think, you know, my fortunes  
Do all lie there; it shall be so my care  
To have you royally appointed, as if  
The Scene, you play, were mine. For instance, Sir,  
That you may know you shall not want; one word.—

[*They talk aside.*]

SCENE

## SCENE X.

*Enter Autolycus.*

*Aut.* Ha, ha, what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass, pomander, browch, table-hook, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tye, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my Pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been \* hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer; by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use, I remember'd. My good Clown, who wants but something to be a reasonable man, grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes 'till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears; you might have pinch'd a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my Sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses: and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the King's son, and scar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[Camillo, Florizel and Perdita come forward.]

*Cam.* Nay; but my letters by this means being there, So soon as you arrive, shall clear that Doubt.

*Flo.* And those that you'll procure from King Leontes——

*Cam.* Shall satisfy your father.

*Per.* Happy be you!

All that you speak shews fair.

*Cam.* Who have we here? [Seeing Autolycus.]

\* This alludes to beads often particularly efficacious by the sold by the Romanists, as made touch of some relick.

We'll make an instrument of this; omit  
Nothing may give us aid.

*Aut.* If they have over-heard me now,—why hanging. [*Aside.*]

*Cam.* How now, good fellow,  
Why shak'st thou so? fear not, man,  
Here's no harm intended to thee.

*Aut.* I am a poor fellow, Sir.

*Cam.* Why, be so still; here's no body will steal that from thee; yet for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange: therefore discafe thee instantly, thou must think, there's necessity in't, and change garments with this gentleman: tho' the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some \* boot.

*Aut.* I am a poor fellow, Sir;—I know ye well enough. [*Aside.*]

*Cam.* Nay, pr'ythee, dispatch: the gentleman is half fled already.

*Aut.* Are you in earnest, Sir?—I smell the trick on't. — [*Aside.*]

*Flo.* Dispatch, I pr'ythee.

*Aut.* Indeed, I have had Earnest, but I cannot with conscience take it.

*Cam.* Unbuckle, unbuckle.  
Fortunate Mistress!—let my Prophecy  
Come home to ye,—you must retire yourself  
Into some covert; take your sweet-heart's hat,  
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face,  
Dismantle you; and, as you can, disliken  
The truth of your own Seeming; that you may,  
For I do fear eyes over you, to ship-board  
Get undescry'd.

*Per.* I see, the Play so lies,  
That I must bear a Part.

*Cam.* No remedy —

\* *Boot*, that is, something over and above, or, as we now say, something to boot.



Have you done there?

*Flo.* Should I now meet my father,  
He would not call me son.

*Cam.* Nay, you shall have no hat:  
Come, Lady, come.—Farewel, my friend.

*Aut.* Adieu, Sir.

*Flo.* O *Perdita*, what have we twain forgot?  
Pray you, a word.

*Cam.* What I do next, shall be to tell the King

[*Aside.*

Of this Escape, and whither they are bound:

Wherein my hope is, I shall so prevail  
To force him after; in whose company  
I shall review *Sicilia*; for whose sight  
I have a woman's Longing.

*Flo.* Fortune speed us!

Thus we set on, *Camillo*, to th' sea-side.

[*Exit. Flor. with Per.*

*Cam.* The swifter speed, the better.

[*Exit.*

## S C E N E XI.

*Aut.* I understand the business, I hear it: to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for th' other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange? sure, the Gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The Prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the King withal, I would do't<sup>4</sup>; I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my Profession.

<sup>4</sup> This is the reading of Sir *T. Hamner*, instead of if I thought it were a piece of honesty to ac-  
*quaint the King withal, I'd not do it.*

*Enter*

*Enter Clown and Shepherd.*

Aside, aside,—here's more matter for a hot brain; every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

*Clo.* See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the King she's a Changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

*Shep.* Nay, but hear me.

*Clo.* Nay, but hear me.

*Shep.* Go to then.

*Clo.* She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the King; and, so your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those things you found about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her; this being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

*Shep.* I will tell the King all, every word; yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the King's brother-in-law.

*Clo.* Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.

*Aut.* Very wisely, puppies! [*Aside.*]

*Shep.* Well; let us to the King; there is that in this Farthel will make him scratch his beard.

*Aut.* I know not, what impediment this Complaint may be to the flight of my master.

*Clo.* 'Pray heartily, he be at the Palace.

*Aut.* Tho' I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance.—Let me pocket up my Pedler's \* excrement.—How now, rusticks, whither are you bound?

*Shep.* To th' Palace, an it like your Worship.

*Aut.* Your affairs there,—what? with whom? the

\* What he means by his *Pedler's excrement*, I know not.

condition of that farthel? the place of your dwelling? your names? your age? of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting for to be known, discover.

*Clo.* We are but plain fellows, Sir.

*Aut.* A lie; you are rough and hairy; let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lye; but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel, therefore they do not give us the lye<sup>5</sup>.

*Clo.* Your Worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

*Shep.* Are you a Courtier, an like you, Sir?

*Aut.* Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seest thou not the air of the Court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the Court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not, on thy baseness?—court contempt. Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from thee thy business, I am therefore no Courtier? I am courtier, *Cap-a-pè*; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there; whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

*Shep.* My business, Sir, is to the King.

*Aut.* What Advocate hast thou to him?

*Shep.* I know not, an't like you.

*Clo.* Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant<sup>6</sup>; say, you have none.

*Shep.* None, Sir; I have no pheasant cock, nor hen.

*Aut.* How blest'd are we, that are not simple men!

Yet Nature might have made me as these are,  
Therefore I will not disdain.

<sup>5</sup> ——— therefore they do not give us the lie.] Dele the negative: the sense requires it. The joke is this, they have a profit in lying to us, by advancing the price of their commodities; therefore they do lie. WARBURTON,

<sup>6</sup> Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant;] This satire, on the bribery of courts, not unpleas-  
sant. ——— WARBURTON.  
This satire, or this pleasantry, I confess myself not well to understand.



*Clo.* This cannot be but a great Courtier.

*Shep.* His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

*Clo.* He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical. A great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.

*Aut.* The farthel there? what's i'th' farthel? Wherefore that box?

*Shep.* Sir, there lies such secrets in this farthel and box, which none must know but the King; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to th' speech of him.

*Aut.* Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

*Shep.* Why, Sir?

*Aut.* The King is not at the Palace: he is gone aboard a new ship, to purge melancholy and air himself; for if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the King is full of grief.

*Shep.* So 'tis said, Sir, about his son that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

*Aut.* If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

*Clo.* Think you so, Sir?

*Aut.* Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, tho' remov'd fifty times, shall all come under the hangman; which tho' it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! some say, he shall be ston'd; but that death is too soft for him, say I. Draw our throne into a sheep-coat! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

*A great man — by the picking of his teeth.* It seems, that to pick the teeth was, at this time, a mark of some pretension to greatness or elegance. So the bastard in *King John*, speaking of the traveller, says, *He and his pick-tooth at my worship's mess.*

*Clo.* Has the old man e'er a son, Sir, do you hear an't like you, Sir?

*Aut.* He has a son, who shall be flay'd alive, then 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest, then stand 'till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recover'd again with *Aqua-vitæ*, or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day<sup>s</sup> prognostication proclaims, shall be set against a brick-wall, the Sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the King; being something \*gently consider'd, I'll bring you where he is abroad, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalf, and if it be in man besides the King to effect your suits, here is a man shall do it.

*Clo.* He seems to be of great authority; close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn Bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold; shew the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember, ston'd, and flay'd alive.——

*Shep.* An't please you, Sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have; I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn 'till I bring it you.

*Aut.* After I have done what I promised?

*Shep.* Ay, Sir.

*Aut.* Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

*Clo.* In some sort, Sir; but tho' my case be a pitiful one, I hope, I shall not be flay'd out of it.

<sup>s</sup> —— the hottest day, &c.] That is, the hottest day foretold in the Almanack.

\* — gently consider'd] That is, I who am regarded as a gentleman will bring you to the king.

*Aut.*

*Aut.* Oh, that's the case of the shepherd's son;  
—hang him, he'll be made an example.

*Clo.* Comfort, good comfort; we must to the King,  
and shew our strange sights; he must know, 'tis none  
of your daughter, nor my sister; we are gone else.  
Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does,  
when the business is perform'd: and remain, as he says,  
your Pawn 'till it be brought you.

*Aut.* I will trust you, walk before toward the sea-  
side, go on the right hand; I will but look upon the  
hedge, and follow you.

*Clo.* We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even  
blefs'd.

*Shep.* Let's before, as he bids us; he was provided  
to do us good. [Exeunt Shep. and Clown.]

*Aut.* If I had a mind to be honest, I see, *Fortune*  
would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth.  
I am courted now with a double occasion: gold, and  
a means to do the Prince my master good; which,  
who knows how that may turn back to my advance-  
ment? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones,  
aboard him; if he think it fit to shore them again,  
and that the complaint they have to the King concerns  
him nothing, let him call me rogue, for being so far  
officious; for I am proof against that Title, and what  
flame else belongs to't: to him will I present them,  
there may be matter in it. [Exit.]



## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Changes to Sicilia.**Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulina, and Servants.*

CLEOMINES.

SIR, you have done enough, and have perform'd  
A faint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,  
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down  
More penitence, than done trespass. At the last,  
Do as the heav'ns have done, forget your evil;  
With them, forgive yourself.

*Leo.* Whilst I remember

Her and her virtues, I cannot forget  
My blemishes in them, and so still think of  
The wrong I did myself; which was so much,  
That heir-less it hath made my Kingdom; and  
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man  
Bred his hopes out of.

*Paul.* True, too true, my Lord;

If one by one you wedded all the world,  
Or, from the \* All that are, took something good,  
To make a perfect woman; she, you kill'd,  
Would be unparallel'd.

*Leo.* I think so. Kill'd?

Kill'd? she I kill'd? I did so, but thou strik'st me  
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter

Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now,  
Say so but seldom.

<sup>9</sup> In former editions,  
*Destroy'd the sweet'st Companion,*  
*that e'er Man*

that, *true*, here has jumped out  
its place in all the Editions.

THEOBALD.

*Bred his hopes out of, true.*

\* This is a favourite thought;

*Paul.* Too true, my Lord.] A  
very slight Examination will con-  
vince every intelligent Reader,

it was bestowed on *Miranda* and  
*Rosalind* before.

*Cleo.*

*Cleo.* Not at all, good Lady;  
You might have spoke a thousand things, that would  
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd  
Your kindness better.

*Paul.* You are one of those,  
Would have him wed again.

*Diø.* If you would not so,  
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance  
Of his most sovereign name; consider little,  
What dangers (by his Highness' fail of issue)  
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour  
Uncertain lookers on. What were more holy,  
Than to rejoice, the former Queen is well?  
What holier, than for royalty's repair,  
For present comfort, and for future good,  
To bless the bed of Majesty again  
With a sweet fellow to't?

*Paul.* There is none worthy,

[*Than to rejoice, the former Queen is well?*] The speaker is here giving reasons why the King should marry again. One reason is, pity to the State; another, regard to the continuance of the royal family; and the third, comfort and consolation to the King's affliction. All hitherto is plain, and becoming a Privy-counsellor. But now comes in, what he calls, a *holy* argument for it, and that is a rejoicing that the former Queen is well and at rest. To make this argument of force, we must conclude that the speaker went upon this opinion, that a widower can never heartily rejoice that his former wife is at rest, till he has got another. Without doubt *Shakespeare* wrote,

—What were more holy,

*Than to rejoice the former Queen?*  
THIS WILL.

What, says the speaker, can be a more holy motive to a new choice than that it will glad the spirit of the former Queen? for she was of so excellent a disposition, that the happiness of the King and Kingdom, to be procured by it, will give her extreme pleasure. The poet goes upon the general opinion, that the spirits of the happy in the other world are concerned for the condition of their surviving friends.

WARBURTON.

This emendation is one of those of which many may be made; it is such as we may wish the authour had chosen, but which we cannot prove that he did chuse; the reasons for it are plausible, but not cogent.

Respect

Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the Gods  
 Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:  
 For has not the divine *Apollo* said,  
 Is't not the tenour of his oracle,  
 That King *Leontes* shall not have an heir,  
 'Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,  
 Is all as monstrous to our human reason;  
 As my *Antigonus* to break his grave,  
 And come again to me; who, on my life,  
 Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,  
 My Lord should to the heav'ns be contrary;  
 Oppose against their wills. — Care not for issue;  
[To the King.]

The crown will find an heir. Great *Alexander*  
 Left his to th' worthiest; so his successor  
 Was like to be the best.

*Leo.* Good *Paulina*,  
 Who hast the memory of *Hermione*,  
 I know, in honour: O, that ever I  
 Had squar'd me to thy counsel! then, even now  
 I might have look'd upon my Queen's full eyes,  
 Have taken treasure from her lips!

*Paul.* And left them  
 More rich, for what they yielded.

*Leo.* Thou speak'st truth:  
 No more such wives, therefore no wife; one worse,  
 And better us'd, would make her fainted spirit<sup>2</sup>  
 Again possess her corps; and on this stage  
 (Where we offend her now) appear foul-vest,

<sup>2</sup> In the old copies,

— would make her fainted  
 Spirit  
 Again possess her Corps, and on  
 this Stage  
 (Where we Offenders now ap-  
 pear) foul-vest.

And begin, &c.] 'Tis obvious,  
 that the Grammar is defective;  
 and the Sense consequently wants

supporting. The slight Change,  
 I have made, cures both: and,  
 surely, 'tis an improvement to  
 the Sentiment for the King to  
 say, that *Paulina* and he offended  
 his dead Wife's Ghost with the  
 Subject of a second Match; ra-  
 ther than in general Terms to  
 call themselves *Offenders, Sinners.*

THEOBALD.

And



And begin, Why to me?——

*Paul.* Had she such power,  
She had just cause.

*Leo.* She had, and would incense me  
To murder her I married.

*Paul.* I should so,  
Were I the ghost that walk'd; I'd bid you mark  
Her eye, and tell me, for what dull part in't  
You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even your ears  
Shou'd rift to hear me, and the words that follow'd  
Should be; *Remember mine.*

*Leo.* Stars, stars,  
And all eyes else, dead coals. Fear thou no wife,  
I'll have no wife, *Paulina.*

*Paul.* Will you swear  
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

*Leo.* Never, *Paulina*; so be bless'd my spirit!

*Paul.* Then, good my Lords, bear witness to his oath.

*Cleo.* You tempt him over-much.

*Paul.* Unless another,  
As like *Hermione* as is her picture,  
\* Affront his eye.

*Cleo.* Good Madam, pray, have done.

*Paul.* Yet, if my Lord will marry.—If you will, Sir;  
No remedy, but you will; give me the office  
To chuse you a Queen; she shall not be so young  
As was your former; but she shall be such,  
As, walk'd your first Queen's ghost, it should take joy  
To see her in your arms.

*Leo.* My true *Paulina*,  
We shall not marry, 'till thou bid'st us.

*Paul.* That  
Shall be, when your first Queen's again in breath:  
Never till then.

\* *To affront, is to meet.*

SCENE

## S C E N E II.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Gent.* One that gives out himself prince *Florizel*,  
Son of *Polixenes*, with his Princess she,  
The fairest I have yet beheld, desires  
Access to your high presence.

*Leo.* What with him? he comes not  
Like to his father's greatness; his approach,  
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us,  
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd  
By need and accident. What train?

*Gent.* But few,  
And those but mean.

*Leo.* His Princess, say you, with him?

*Gent.* Yes; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,  
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

*Paul.* Oh *Hermione*,  
As every present time doth boast itself  
Above a better, gone; so must thy grave  
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself<sup>3</sup>  
Have said, and writ so; (but your writing now  
Is colder than that theme) *she had not been*,  
*Nor was she to be equall'd*; thus your verse  
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,  
To say, you've seen a better.

*Gent.* Pardon, Madam;  
The one I have almost forgot, (your pardon)  
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,  
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,  
Would she begin a fest, might quench the zeal  
Of all professors else, make profelytes  
Of who she but bid follow.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *Sir, you yourself* so relates not to what precedes,  
*Have said, and writ so; —*] but to what follows that, *she had*  
The reader must observe, that *not been — equall'd*.

*Paul.*

*Paul.* How? not women?

*Gent.* Women will love her, that she is a woman  
More worth than any man: men, that she is  
The rarest of all women.

*Leo.* Go, *Cleomines*;  
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,  
[*Exit Cleomines.*  
Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange  
He thus should steal upon us.

*Paul.* Had our Prince,  
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had pair'd  
Well with this Lord; there was not full a month  
Between their births.

*Leo.* Pr'ythee, no more; cease; thou know'st,  
He dies to me again, when talk'd of. Sure,  
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches  
Will bring me to consider that which may  
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come. —

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Florizel, Perdita, Cleomines, and others.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock, Prince,  
For she did print your royal father off,  
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one,  
Your father's image is so hit in you,  
His very air, that I should call you brother,  
As I did him, and speak of something wildly  
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome,  
As your fair Princess, goddess! — oh! alas!  
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heav'n and earth  
Might thus have stood begetting wonder, as  
You, gracious couple, do; and then I lost  
(All mine own folly!) the society,  
Amity too of your brave father, whom  
Tho' bearing misery I desire my life  
Once more to look on.

*Flo.*



*Flo.* Sir, by his command  
 Have I here touch'd *Sicilia*, and from him  
 Give you all greetings, that a King as friend  
 Can fend his brother; and but infirmity,  
 Which waits upon worn times, hath something seiz'd  
 His wish'd ability, he had himself  
 The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his  
 Measur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves,  
 He bade me say so, more than all the scepters,  
 And those that bear them living.

*Leo.* Oh, my brother!  
 Good gentleman, the wrongs I've done thee stir  
 Afresh within me; and these thy offices,  
 So rarely kind, are as interpreters  
 Of my behind-hand slackness. Welcome hither,  
 As is the spring to th' earth. And hath he too  
 Expos'd this paragon to th' fearful usage  
 At least, ungentle, of the dreadful *Neptune*,  
 To greet a man, not worth her pains; much less,  
 Th' adventure of her person?

*Flo.* Good my Lord,  
 She came from *Libya*.

*Leo.* Where the warlike *Smalus*,  
 That noble honour'd Lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

*Flo.* Most royal Sir,  
 From thence; from him, whose daughter<sup>+</sup>  
 His tears proclaim'd his parting with her; thence  
 (A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,  
 To execute the charge my father gave me,  
 For visiting your Highness; my best train  
 I have from your *Sicilian* shores dismiss'd.  
 Who for *Bohemia* bend, to signify

<sup>+</sup> ——— *Whose daughter*  
*His tears proclaim'd his parting*  
*with her.]* This is very un-  
 grammatical and obscure. We  
 may better read,

————— *Whose daughter*  
*His tears proclaim'd her part-*

*ing with her.*

The prince first tells that the La-  
 dy came from *Libya*, the king in-  
 terrupting him, says, from *Smalus*;  
 from him, says the Prince, whose  
 tears, at parting, shew'd her to be  
 his daughter.

Not only my success in *Libya*, Sir,  
 But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety  
 Here, where we are.

*Leo.* The blessed Gods  
 Purge all infection from our air, whilst you  
 Do climate here: You have a holy father,  
 A graceful gentleman, against whose person,  
 So sacred as it is, I have done sin;  
 For which the heavens, taking angry note,  
 Have left me issue-less; and your father's bless'd,  
 As he from heaven merits it, with you,  
 Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,  
 Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,  
 Such goodly things as you?

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* Most noble Sir,  
 That, which I shall report, will bear no credit,  
 Were not the proof so high. Please you, great Sir,  
*Bohemia* greets you from himself, by me;  
 Desires you to attach his son, who has,  
 His dignity and duty both cast off,  
 Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with  
 A shepherd's daughter.

*Leo.* Where's *Bohemia*? speak.

*Lord.* Here in your city; I now came from him.  
 I speak amazedly, and it becomes  
 My marvel, and my message: to your court  
 Whilst he was hastning, in the chase, it seems,  
 Of this fair couple, meets he on the way  
 The father of this seeming Lady, and  
 Her brother, having both their country quitted  
 With this young Prince.

*Flo.* *Camillo* has betray'd me;  
 Whose honour and whose honesty 'till now  
 Endur'd all weathers.

*Lord.* Lay't so to his charge;

He's

He's with the King your father.

*Leo.* Who? *Camillo*?

*Lord.* *Camillo*, Sir, I spake with him; who now  
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I  
Wretches so quake; they kneel, they kiss the earth;  
Forswear themselves, as often as they speak:  
*Bohemia* stops his ears, and threatens them  
With divers deaths, in death.

*Per.* Oh, my poor father!

The heav'n sets spies upon us, will not have  
Our contract celebrated.

*Leo.* You are marry'd?

*Flo.* We are not, Sir, nor are we like to be;  
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first;  
The odds for high and low's alike.

*Leo.* My Lord,  
Is this the daughter of a King?

*Flo.* She is,

When once she is my wife.

*Leo.* That *once*, I see, by your good father's speed,  
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,  
(Most sorry) you have broken from his liking,  
Where you were ty'd in duty; and as sorry,  
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty<sup>5</sup>,  
That you might well enjoy her.

*Flo.* Dear, look up;  
Though *Fortune*, visible an enemy,  
Should chafe us, with my father; power no jot

<sup>5</sup> *Your choice is not so rich in* speech to the Prince, calls her  
WORTH *as beauty.*] The his *precious mistress*.  
Poet must have wrote, WARBURTON.

*Your choice is not so rich in* Worth is as proper as *birth*.  
BIRTH *as beauty;* Worth signifies any kind of *wor-*  
Because *Leontes* was so far from *thiness*, and among others that of  
disparaging, or thinking mean- high descent. The King means  
ly of her worth, that, on the that he is sorry the Prince's  
contrary, he rather esteems her choice is not in other respects as  
a treasure; and, in his next worthy of him as in beauty.



Hath she to change our loves. 'Beseech you, Sir,  
Remember, since you ow'd no more to time  
Than I do now; with thought of such affections,  
Step forth mine advocate. At your request,  
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

*Leo.* Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mis-  
trefs,

Which he counts but a trifle.

*Paul.* Sir, my Liege,

Your eye hath too much youth in't; not a month  
'Fore your Queen dy'd, she was more worth such  
gazes

Than what you look on now.

*Leo.* I thought of her,  
Even in these looks I made——But your petition  
[To Florizel:

Is yet unanswer'd; I will to your father;  
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,  
I'm friend to them and you; upon which errand  
I now go toward him, therefore follow me,  
And mark what way I make. Come, good my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

*Near the Court in Sicilia.*

*Enter Autolycus, and a Gentleman.*

*Aut.* **B**eseech you, Sir, were you present at this re-  
lation?

*i Gent.* I was by at the opening of the farthel, heard  
the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it;  
whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all com-  
manded out of the chamber. Only this, methought, I  
heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

*Aut.* I would most gladly know the issue of it.

*i Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the business;

VOL. II.

Z

but

but the changes I perceived in the King, and *Camillo*, were very notes of admiration; they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes. There was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they look'd, as they had heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroyed; a notable passion of wonder appear'd in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing; could not say if th' importance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

*Enter another Gentleman.*

Here comes a gentleman, that, haply, knows more: the news, *Rogero*?

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires. The oracle is fulfill'd; the King's daughter is found; such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

*Enter another Gentleman.*

Here comes the lady *Paulina's* Steward, he can deliver you more. How goes it now, Sir? this news, which is call'd true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion; has the King found his heir?

3 *Gent.* Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: That which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen *Hermione*,—her jewel about the neck of it,—the letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know to be his character,—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother,—the affection of nobleness, which nature shews above her breeding,—and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the King's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two Kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.*

3 *Gent.* Then have you lost a sight; which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner, that it seem'd, sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our King being ready to leap out of himself, for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, oh, thy mother, thy mother! then asks *Bobemia* forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old shepherd, who stands by, like a weather-beaten conduit of many Kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of *Antigonus*, that carry'd hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale still, which will have matters to rehearse, tho' credit be asleep, and not an ear open; he was torn to pieces with a bear; this avouches the shepherd's son, who has not only his innocence, which seems much to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his, that *Paulina* knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wreckt the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd; so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, oh, the noble combat, that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in *Paulina*! She had one eye declin'd for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the Oracle was fulfilled. She lifted the Princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.



1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes; for by such was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, (caught the water, tho' not the fish) was, when at the relation of the Queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, bravely confess'd, and lamented by the King, how attentiveness wounded his daughter; 'till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *alas!* I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble, there changed colour; some swooned, all forrowed; if all the world could have seen't, the woe had been universal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No. The Princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of *Paulina*, a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by <sup>6</sup> that rare *Italian* master, *Giulio Romano*; who, had he him-

<sup>6</sup> *That rare Italian Master, Giulio Romano;*] All the Encomiums, put together, that have been conferred on this excellent Artist in Painting and Architecture, do not amount to the fine Praise here given him by our Author. He was born in the Year 1492, liv'd just that Circle of Years which our *Shakespeare* did, and died eighteen Years before the latter was born. Fine and generous, therefore, as this Tribute of Praise must be own'd, yet it was a strange Absurdity, sure, to thrust it into a Tale, the Action of which is suppos'd within the Period of Heathenism, and whilst the Oracles of *Apollo* were consulted. This, however, was a known and wilful Anachronism; which might have slept in Obscurity, perhaps, Mr. *Pope*

will say, had I not animadverted on it. THEOBALD.

*That rare Italian master, Julio Romano, &c.*] Mr. *Theobald* says, *All the encomiums put together, that have been conferred on this excellent artist in painting and architecture, do not amount to the fine praise here given him by our Author.* But he is ever the unluckiest of all criticks when he passes judgment on beauties and defects. The passage happens to be quite unworthy *Shakespeare*.

1. He makes his speaker say, that was *Julio Romano* the God of Nature, he would outdo Nature. For this is the plain meaning of the words, *had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, he would beguile Nature of her custom.* 2dly, He makes of this famous Painter, a

Statuary;

himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her \* custom, so perfectly he is her ape: He so near to *Hermione* hath done *Hermione*, that they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer. Thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

2 *Gent.* I thought, she had some great matter there in hand, for she hath privately twice or thrice a-day, ever since the death of *Hermione*, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gent.* † Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*]

*Aut.* Now had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the Prince; told him, I heard them talk of a farthel, and I know not what; but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of wea-

*Statuary*; I suppose confounding him with *Michael Angelo*; but, what is worst of all, a painter of statues, like Mrs. Salmon of her wax-work. WARBURTON.

Poor *Theobald's* encomium of this passage is not very happily conceived or expressed, nor is the passage of any eminent excellence; yet a little candour will clear *Shakespeare* from part of the impropriety imputed to him. By *Eternity* he means only *Immortality*. or that part of *Eternity* which is to come; so we talk of *eternal* renown and *eternal* infamy. *Immortality* may subsist without *Divinity*, and therefore the meaning only is,

that, if *Julia* could always continue his labours, he would mimic nature.

\* — of her custom:} That is, of her trade, — would draw her customers from her.

† It was, I suppose, only to spare his own labour that the poet put this whole scene into narrative, for though part of the transaction was already known to the audience, and therefore could not properly be shewn again, yet the two kings might have met upon the stage, and after the examination of the old shepherd, the young Lady might have been recognized in sight of the spectators.

ther continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter Shepherd and Clown.*

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

*Shep.* Come, boy, I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

*Clo.* You are well met, Sir; you denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: see you these cloaths? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born. You were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lye; do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

*Aut.* I know you are now, Sir, a gentleman born.

*Clo.* Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

*Shep.* And so have I, boy.

*Clo.* So you have; but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the King's son took me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two Kings call'd my father brother; and then the Prince my brother, and the Princess my sister, call'd my father, father, and so we wept; and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

*Shep.* We may live, son, to shed many more.

*Clo.* Ay, or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

*Aut.* I humbly beseech you, Sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the Prince, my master.

*Shep.* 'Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

*Clo.* Thou wilt amend thy life?

*Aut.* Ay, an it like your good worship.

*Clo.*



*Clo.* Give me thy hand; I will swear to the Prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in *Bobemia*.

*Shep.* You may say it, but not swear it.

*Clo.* Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? let boors and \* franklins say it, I'll swear it.

*Shep.* How if it be false, sön?

*Clo.* If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend: and I'll swear to the Prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no † tall fellow of thy hands; and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it; and, I would, thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

*Aut.* I will prove so, Sir, to my power.

*Clo.* Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow; if I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark, the Kings and the Princes, our kindred, are going to see the Queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. [Exeunt.]

## S C E N E VII.

*Changes to Paulina's House.*

*Enter* Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, *Lords and attendants.*

*Leo.* O Grave and good *Paulina*, the great comfort That I have had of thee!

*Paul.* What, sovereign Sir,

I did not well, I meant well; all my services You have paid home. But that you have vouchsaf'd, With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,

\* —franklin, is a freeholder, † Tall, in that time, was the or yeoman, a man above a wil- word used for stout.  
lain, but not a gentleman.

It is a surplus of your Grace, which never  
My life may last to answer.

*Leo.* O *Paulina*,  
We honour you with trouble; but we came  
To see the statue of our Queen. Your gallery  
Have we pass'd through, not without much content,  
In many singularities; but we saw not  
That, which my daughter came to look upon,  
The statue of her mother.

*Paul.* As she liv'd peerless,  
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,  
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,  
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it  
Lovely, apart<sup>7</sup>. But here it is; prepare  
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever  
Still sleep mock'd death; behold, and say, 'tis well!

[*Paulina draws a curtain, and discovers a statue.*  
I like your silence, it the more shews off  
Your wonder; but yet speak.—First you, my Liege.  
Comes it not something near?

*Leo.* Her natural posture!  
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say, indeed,  
Thou art *Hermione*: or rather, thou art she,  
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender  
As infancy and grace. But yet, *Paulina*,  
*Hermione* was not so much wrinkled, nothing  
So aged as this seems.

*Pol.* Oh, not by much.

*Paul.* So much the more our carver's excellence,

<sup>7</sup> ——— therefore I keep it  
Lovely, apart.——] Love-  
ly, i. e. charily, with more than  
ordinary regard and tenderness.  
The Oxford Editor reads,

Lonely, apart.——

As if it could be apart without

being alone.      WARBURTON.  
I am yet inclined to lonely,  
which in the old angular writing  
cannot be distinguished from  
lovely. To say, that I keep it  
alone, separate from the rest, is a  
pleonasm which scarcely any  
nicety declines.

Which lets go by some sixteen years; and make her,  
As she liv'd now.

*Leo.* As now she might have done,  
So much to my good comfort, as it is  
Now piercing to my soul. Oh, thus she stood;  
Even with such life of Majesty (warm life,  
As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her,  
I am ashamed; do's not the stone rebuke me,  
For being more stone than it? oh, royal piece!  
There's magick in thy Majesty, which has  
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and  
From my admiring daughter took the spirits,  
Standing like stone with thee.

*Per.* And give me leave,  
And do not say 'tis superstition, that  
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,  
Dear Queen, that ended when I but began,  
Give me that hand of yours to kifs.

*Paul.* O, patience<sup>s</sup>; ———  
The statue is but newly fix'd; the colour's  
Not dry.

*Cam.* My Lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,  
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,  
So many summers, dry: scarce any joy  
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,  
But kill'd itself much sooner.

*Pol.* Dear my brother,  
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power  
To take off so much grief from you, as he  
Will piece up in himself.

*Paul.* Indeed, my Lord,  
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image  
Would thus have wrought you (for the stone is mine)  
I'd not have shew'd it.

*Leo.* Do not draw the curtain.

*Paul.* No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy

<sup>s</sup> O patience.] That is, Stay a while, be not so eager.



May think anon, it move.

*Leo.* Let be, let be;

° Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already —  
What was he, that did make it? fee, my Lord,  
Would you not deem, it breath'd; and that those  
veins

Did verily bear blood?

*Pol.* Masterly done!

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

*Leo.* The fixure of her eye has motion in't',  
As we were mock'd with art.

*Paul.* I'll draw the curtain.

My Lord's almost so far transported, that  
He'll think anon, it lives.

*Leo.* O sweet *Paulina*,  
Make me to think so twenty years together:  
No settled senses of the world can match  
The pleasure of that madness. Let alone.

*Paul.* I'm sorry, Sir, I have thus far stirr'd you;  
but

I could afflict you further.

*Leo.* Do, *Paulina*;

For this affliction has a taste as sweet  
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,  
There is an air comes from her. What fine chizzel  
Could ever yet cut breath? let no man mock me,  
For I will kiss her.

*Paul.* Good my Lord, forbear;  
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;

° *Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—*] The sentence completed is,

— *but that, methinks, already I converse with the dead.*

But there his passion made him break off. WARBURTON.

° *The FIXURE of her eye has motion in't.*] This is sad

nonsense. We should read,

*The FISSURE of her eye —*

*i. e.* the socket the place where the eye is. WARBURTON.

*Fixure* is right. The meaning is, that her eye, though *fixed*, as in an earnest gaze, has motion in it. EDWARDS.

You'll

You'll marr it, if you kifs it; stain your own  
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

*Leo.* No, not these twenty years.

*Per.* So long could I  
Stand by, a looker on.

*Paul.* Either forbear.

Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you  
For more amazement; if you can behold it,  
I'll make the statue move, indeed; descend,  
And take you by the hand; but then you'll think,  
Which I protest against, I am assisted  
By wicked powers.

*Leo.* What you can make her do,  
I am content to look on; what to speak,  
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy  
To make her speak, as move.

*Paul.* It is requir'd,  
You do awake your faith: then, all stand still:  
And those, that think it is unlawful business  
I am about, let them depart.

*Leo.* Proceed;  
No foot shall stir.

*Paul.* Musick; awake her: strike. [*Musick.*  
'Tis time, descend; be stone no more; approach,  
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,  
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;  
Bequeath to death your numbness; for from him  
Dear life redeems you. You perceive, she stirs;  
[*Hermione comes down.*

Start not; her actions shall be holy, as  
You hear my spell is lawful; do not shun her,  
Until you see her die again, for then  
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand;  
When she was young, you woo'd her; now in age,  
Is she become the suitor.

*Leo.* Oh, she's warm; [*Embracing her.*  
If this be magick, let it be an art  
Lawful as eating.

*Pol.*

*Pol.* She embraces him.

*Cam.* She hangs about his neck;  
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

*Pol.* Ay, and make it manifest where she has liv'd,  
Or how stol'n from the dead?

*Paul.* That she is living,  
Were it but told you, should be hooted at  
Like an old tale; but it appears, she lives,  
Tho' yet she speak not. Mark a little while.  
Please you to interpose.—Fair Madam, kneel,  
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good Lady:  
Our *Perdita* is found.

[*Presenting Perdita, who kneels to Herm.*

*Her.* You Gods, look down,  
And from your sacred vials pour your graces  
Upon my daughter's head. Tell me, mine own,  
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how  
found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,  
Knowing by *Paulina* that the Oracle  
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd  
Myself, to see the issue.

*Paul.* There's time enough for that;  
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble  
Your joys with like relation. Go together,  
<sup>2</sup> You precious winners all, your exultation  
Partake to every one; I, an old turtle,  
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there  
My mate, that's never to be found again,  
Lament 'till I am lost.

*Leo.* O peace, *Paulina*:  
Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,  
As I by thine, a wife. This is a match,  
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine,

<sup>2</sup> *Ye precious winners all.*] You who by this discovery have gained what you desired may join in festivity, in which I, who have lost what can never be recovered, can have no part.

But



But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her,  
 As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said many  
 A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far  
 (For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee  
 An honourable husband. Come, *Camillo*,  
 And take her by the hand; whose worth and honesty  
 Is richly noted; and here justify'd  
 By us, a pair of Kings. Let's from this place.  
 What?—look upon my brother—Both your pardons,  
 That e'er I put between your holy looks  
 My ill suspicion.—This, your son-in-law,  
 And son unto the King whom heav'ns directing,  
 Is troth-pledge to your daughter. Good *Paulina*,  
 Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely  
 Each one demand, and answer to his part  
 Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first  
 We were dissever'd. Hastily lead away.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Of this play no edition is known published before the folio of 1623.

The story is taken from the novel of *Dorastus* and *Faunia*, which may be read in *Shakespeare illustrated*.

This play, as *Dr. Warburton* justly observes, is, with all its absurdities, very entertaining. The character of *Autolycus* is very naturally conceived, and strongly represented.

THE HISTORY OF

THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES

THE FIRST

OF GREAT BRITAIN

AND IRELAND

BY

JOHN BURNET

ESQ.

OF LINCOLN'S INN

AND

OF THE SOCIETY OF BARRISTERS

AT LONDON

PRINTED BY

JOHN BURNET

AT THE SIGN OF THE

ROSE IN ST. MARTIN'S

CHURCH

1679

Donna's Pastors

# TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

# 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, belov'd by  
the Duke.*

Viola, *in Love with the Duke.*

Maria, *Olivia's Woman.*

*Priest, Sailors, Officers, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, *a City on the Coast of Illyria.*

The first edition of this play is in the Folio of 1623.

The Persons of the Drama were first enumerated, with all the cant  
of the modern Stage, by Mr. Rowe.

TWELFTH-

# TWELFTH-NIGHT:

O R.

## WHAT YOU WILL.

---

### ACT I. SCENE I.

*The PALACE.*

*Enter the Duke, Curio, and Lords.*

D U K E.

**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

<sup>1</sup> ——— *that, surfeiting,*  
*The appetite may sicken, and so*  
*die.]* There is an impropriety of expression in the present reading of this fine passage. We do not say, *that the appetite sickens and dies thro' a surfeit*; but

VOL. II.

the subject of that appetite. I am persuaded, a word is accidentally dropt; and that we should read, and point, the passage thus,

————— *that, surfeiting*  
*The app'tite, LOVE may sicken,*  
*and so die.* WARBURT.

A a

It

<sup>2</sup> That strain again;—it had a dying fall:  
 O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet south,  
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
 Stealing and giving odour. Enough!—no more;  
 'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.  
 O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!  
 That, notwithstanding thy capacity  
 Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,  
 Of what validity and pitch foe'er,  
 But falls into abatement and low price,  
 Even in a minute; <sup>3</sup> so full of shapes in fancy,

That

It is true, we do not talk of the death of appetite, because we do not ordinarily speak in the figurative language of poetry; but that *appetite sickens by a surfeit* is true, and therefore proper.

<sup>2</sup> That strain again;—it had a dying fall:

O! it came o'er my ear, like the sweet south,

That breathes upon a bank of violets,

Stealing and giving odour.—]

Amongst the beauties of this charming similitude, its exact propriety is not the least. For, as a south wind, while blowing over a violet-bank, wafts away the odour of the flowers, it, at the same time, communicates its own sweetness to it; so the soft affecting musick, here described, tho' it takes away the natural, sweet, tranquillity of the mind, yet, at the same time, it communicates a new pleasure to it. Or, it may allude to another property of musick, where the same strains have a power to excite pain or pleasure, as the state is, in which it finds the hearer. Hence Milton makes the self-

same strains of *Orpheus* proper to excite both the affections of mirth and melancholy, just as the mind is then disposed. If to mirth, he calls for such musick,

*That Orpheus' self may bear  
 his head*

*From golden slumbers on a bed  
 Of heapt Elyfian flowers, and  
 bear*

*Such strains as would have won  
 the ear*

*Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
 His half-regain'd Eurydice.*

L'allegro.

If to melancholy—

*Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
 Such notes as warbled to the  
 string,*

*Drew iron tears down Pluto's  
 cheek,*

*And made Hell grant what love  
 did seek.* Il penseroso.

WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> — so full of shapes in fancy,  
 That it alone is HIGH fantasti-  
 cal.] This complicated non-

sense should be rectified thus,

— so full of shapes IN fancy,  
 That it alone is HIGHT fantasti-  
 cal.

i. e.



That it alone is high fantastical.

*Cur.* Will you go hunt, my Lord?

*Duke.* What, *Curio*?

*Cur.* The hart.

*Duke.* Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:

O, when my eyes did see *Olivia* first,  
Methought, she purg'd the air of pestilence;  
That instant was I turn'd into a hart<sup>†</sup>,  
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 cloystrefs, she will veiled walk,  
And water once a day her chamber round  
With eye-offending brine: all this to season  
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh  
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

*Duke.* O, she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,  
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,

*i. e.* love is so full of shapes in fancy, that the name of fantastical is peculiarly given to it alone.

But, for the old nonsense, the *Oxford* Editor gives us his new.

— so full of shapes is fancy,

And thou all o'er art high fantastical, Says the Critic.

WARBURTON.

<sup>†</sup> That instant I was turn'd into a hart,] This image evidently alludes to the story of *Aëteon*, by which *Shakespeare* seems to think men cautioned against too great familiarity with forbidden beauty. *Aëteon*, who saw *Diana* naked, and was torn in

pieces by his hounds, represents a man, who indulging his eyes, or his imagination, with the view of a woman that he cannot gain, has his heart torn with incessant longing. An interpretation far more elegant and natural than that of *Sir Francis Bacon*, who, in his *Wisdom of the Antients*, supposes this story to warn us against enquiring into the secrets of princes, by showing, that those who knew that which for reasons of state is to be concealed, will be detected and destroyed by their own servants.

356 TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,  
 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,  
<sup>5</sup> Three sov'reign thrones, are all supply'd, and fill'd,  
<sup>6</sup> Her sweet perfections, with one self-same King!  
 Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;  
 Love-thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*The Street.*

*Enter Viola, a Captain and Sailors.*

*Vio.* **W**HAT 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 fav'd.

*Vio.* O my poor brother! so, perchance, may he be.

*Cap.* True, Madam: and to comfort you with chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,  
 When you, and that poor number fav'd with you,  
 Hung on our driving boat: I saw your brother,  
 Most provident in peril, bind himself  
 (Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)  
 To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea;  
 Where, like *Arion* on the dolphin's back,  
 I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,  
 So long as I could see.

<sup>5</sup> THESE *sov'reign thrones*—] *spirit, do give thee fivefold blazon.*  
 We should read THREE *sov'reign*  
*thrones.* This is exactly in the  
 manner of *Shakespeare.* So, af-  
 terwards, in this play, *Thy tongue,*  
*thy face, thy limbs, actions, and*

WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> HER *sweet perfections*,——]  
 We should read, and point it  
 thus, (*O sweet perfection!*)

WARBURTON.

*Vio.*

*Vio.* For saying so, there's gold.

Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,  
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,  
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

*Cap.* Ay, Madam, well; for I was bred and born,  
Not three hours travel from this very place.

*Vio.* Who governs here?

*Cap.* A noble Duke in nature, as in name<sup>7</sup>.

*Vio.* What is his name?

*Cap.* *Orsino*.

*Vio.* *Orsino!* I have heard my father name him:  
He was a batchelor then.

*Cap.* And so is now, or was so very late;  
For but a month ago I went from hence,  
And then 'twas fresh in murmur (as you know,  
What Great ones do, the less will prattle of)  
That he did seek the love of fair *Olivia*.

*Vio.* What's she?

*Cap.* A virtuous maid, the daughter of a Count,  
That dy'd some twelve months since, then leaving her  
In the protection of his son, her brother,  
Who shortly also dy'd; for whose dear love,  
They say, she hath abjur'd the fight  
And company of men.

*Vio.* O, that I serv'd that lady,  
And might not be deliver'd to the world<sup>8</sup>,  
'Till I had made mine own occasion mellow  
What my estate is!

*Cap.* That were hard to compass;

<sup>7</sup> *A noble Duke in nature, as in name.*] I know not whether the nobility of the name is comprised in *Duke*, or in *Orsino*, which is, I think, the name of a great *Italian* family.

<sup>8</sup> *And might not be deliver'd, &c.*] I wish I might not be made publick to the world, with regard to the state of my birth

and fortune, till I have gained a ripe opportunity for my design.

*Viola* seems to have formed a very deep design with very little premeditation: she is thrown by shipwreck on an unknown coast, hears that the prince is a batchelor, and resolves to supplant the lady whom he courts.



Because she will admit no kind of suit,  
No, not the Duke's.

*Vio.* There is a fair behaviour in thee, Captain;  
And tho' that nature with a beauteous wall  
Doth oft close in pollution; yet of thee,  
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits  
With this thy fair and outward character:  
I 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?  
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,  
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,  
And speak to him in many sorts of musick,  
That will allow me very worth his service,  
What else may hap, to time I will commit;  
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

*Cap.* Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:  
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

*Vio.* I thank thee; lead me on. [Exeunt.]

## S C E N E III.

*An Apartment in Olivia's House.*

*Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.*

*Sir To.* **W**HAT a plague means my niece, to  
take the death of her brother thus? I  
am sure, care's an enemy to life.

*Mar.* By my troth, *Sir Toby*, you must come in  
earlier a-nights; your niece, my lady, takes great ex-  
ceptions 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.

[*9* — *I'll serve this Duke;*] serve the lady, she will serve the  
*Viola* is an excellent schemer, Duke.  
never at a loss; if she cannot

*Sir*

*Sir To.* Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am; these cloaths are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

*Mar.* That quaffing and drinking will undo you; I heard my lady talk of it yesterday, and of a foolish Knight that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

*Sir To.* Who, Sir *Andrew Ague-cheek*?

*Mar.* Ay, he.

*Sir To.* He's as tall a man as any's in *Illyria*.

*Mar.* What's that to th' purpose?

*Sir To.* Why he has three thousand ducats a year.

*Mar.* Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool and a prodigal.

*Sir To.* Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o'th' violdegambo, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

*Mar.* He hath, indeed,—almost natural; for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

*Sir To.* By this hand, they are scoundrels and subtractors that say so of him. Who are they?

*Mar.* They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

*Sir To.* With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to her as long as there's a passage in my throat, and drink in *Illyria*. He's a coward, and a coystril, that will not drink to my niece 'till his brains turn o'th' toe like a parish-top. What, wench? *Castiliano Volgo*; for here comes Sir *Andrew Ague-cheek*.

## SCENE

\* ——— *Castiliano volgo*;] *glifs*, put on your *Castilian* countenance; that is, your grave, solemn

## S C E N E 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 neice's chamber-maid.

*Sir And.* Good mistress *Accost*, I desire better acquaintance.

*Mar.* My name is *Mary*, *Sir.*

*Sir And.* Good mistress *Mary Accost*, —

*Sir To.* You mistake, Knight: accost, is, front her, board her, wooe her, assail her.

*Sir And.* By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of *accost*?

*Mar.* Fare you well, gentlemen.

*Sir To.* An thou let her part so, *Sir Andrew*, would thou might'st never draw sword again.

*Sir And.* An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think, you have fools in hand?

*Mar.* *Sir*, I have not you by th' hand.

*Sir And.* Marry, but you shall have, and here's my hand.

*Mar.* Now, *Sir*, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to th' buttery-bar, and let it drink.

*Sir And.* Wherefore, sweet heart? what's your metaphor?

lemn looks. The *Oxford* Editor has taken my emendation: But by *Castilian countenance*, he supposes is meant most civil and

courtly looks. It is plain, he understands gravity and formality to be civility and courtliness. WARBURTON.

*Mar.*



Mar. It's dry, Sir<sup>2</sup>.

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 ends: marry, now I let your hand go, I am barren.

[Exit Maria.]

Sir To. O Knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think, unless you see canary put me down: methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a christian, or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that; I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoy*, my dear Knight.

Sir And. What is *pourquoy*? do, or not do? I would, I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O, had I but follow'd the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for<sup>3</sup> thou see'st, 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;

<sup>2</sup> *It's dry, Sir.*] What is the hand being vulgarly accounted a jest of *dry hand*, I know not sign of an amorous constitution.

any better than Sir Andrew.

It may possibly mean, a hand with no money in it: or, according to the rules of Physiognomy, she may intend to insinuate, that it is not a lover's hand, a moist

<sup>3</sup> In former copies,

— *thou see'st, it will not cool MY nature.*] We should read, *it will not curl by nature.* The joke is evident.

WARBURTON.

and

and I hope to see a house-wife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

*Sir And.* Faith, I'll home to-morrow, *Sir Toby*; your 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 it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

*Sir And.* I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o'th' strangest mind i'th' world: I delight in masks and revels sometimes altogether.

*Sir To.* Art thou good at these kick-shaws, Knight?

*Sir And.* As any man in *Illyria*, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters<sup>4</sup>; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

*Sir To.* What is thy excellence in a galliard, Knight?

*Sir And.* Faith, I can cut a caper.

*Sir To.* And I can cut the mutton to't.

*Sir And.* And, I think, I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in *Illyria*.

*Sir To.* Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress *Mall's* picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? my very walk should be a jig! I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace: what dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.

*Sir And.* Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stocking. Shall we set about some revels?

<sup>4</sup> ——— and yet I will not compare with an old man.] This is intended as a satire on that common vanity of old men, in

preferring their own times, and the past generation, to the present.

WARBURTON.

*Sir To.* What shall we do else? were we not born under *Taurus*?

*Sir And. Taurus*? that's sides and heart<sup>s</sup>.

*Sir To.* No, Sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper; ha! higher: ha, ha!——excellent.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V.

*Changes to the Palace.*

*Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire.*

*Val.* IF the Duke continue these favours towards you, *Cesario*, you are like to be much advanc'd; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

*Vio.* You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, Sir, in his favours?

*Val.* No, believe me.

*Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.*

*Vio.* I thank you: here comes the Duke.

*Duke.* Who saw *Cesario*, hoa?

*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,

<sup>s</sup> *Taurus*? *that's sides and heart.*] Alluding to the medical astrology still preserved in Almanacks, which refers the affections of particular parts of the body, to the predominance of particular constellations.



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 unprofited 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<sup>6</sup>.  
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; [*Exit Duke.*] yet, a barful strife!  
Who-e'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E VI.

*Changes to Olivia's House.*

*Enter Maria and Clown.*

*Mar.* **N**AY, either tell me where thou hast been,  
or I will not open my lips so wide as a

<sup>6</sup> ——— a woman's part.] men were then personated by  
That is, thy proper part in a boys.  
play would be a woman's. Wo-

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<sup>7</sup> lenten answer: I can tell thee where that faying was born, of, I fear no colours.

*Clo.* Where, good mistress *Mary*?

*Mar.* In the wars, and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

*Clo.* Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

*Mar.* Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent, or be turn'd away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

*Clo.* Marry, a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and for turning away, let summer bear it out.

*Mar.* You are resolute then?

*Clo.* Not so neither, but I am resolv'd on two points.

*Mar.* That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

*Clo.* 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.]

## S C E N E VII.

*Enter Olivia, and Malvolio.*

*Clo.* Wit, and't be thy will, put me into a good fooling! those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee,

<sup>7</sup> — lenten answer:—] A lean, or as we now call it, a dry answer.

may

may pass for a wise man. For what says *Quinapalus*, Better be a witty fool than a foolish wit<sup>s</sup>. God bless thee, Lady!

*Oli.* Take the fool away.

*Clo.* Do you not hear, fellows? take away the Lady.

*Oli.* Go to, y'are a dry fool; I'll no more of you; besides, you grow dishonest.

*Clo.* Two faults, *Madona*, that drink and good counsel will amend; for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: Bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing, that's mended, is but patch'd; virtue, that transgresses, is but patch'd with sin; and sin, that amends, is but patch'd with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? as there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower: the Lady bade take away the fool, therefore, I say again, take her away.

*Oli.* Sir, I bade 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*.

<sup>s</sup> *Hall*, in his *Chronicle*, speaking of the death of Sir *Thomas More*, says, that he knows not whether to call him a foolish wise man, or a wise foolish man.



*Oli.* I know his soul is in heav'n, fool.

*Clo.* The more fool you, *Madona*, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heav'n: take away the fool, Gentlemen.

*Oli.* What think you of this fool, *Malvolio*, doth he not mend?

*Mal.* Yes, and shall do, 'till the pangs of death shake him. Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make better the fool.

*Clo.* God send you, Sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir *Toby* will be sworn, that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two pence, that you are no fool.

*Oli.* How say you to that, *Malvolio*?

*Mal.* I marvel, your Ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagg'd. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' *Zanies*.

*Oli.* O, you are sick of self-love, *Malvolio*, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guileless, 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 repove.

*Clo.* Now *Mercury* indue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools!

*Enter*

<sup>9</sup> Now *Mercury* indue thee with LEASING, for thou speak'st well of fools!] This is a stupid blunder. We should read, with PLEASING, i. e. with eloquence, make thee a gracious and power-

ful speaker, for *Mercury* was the God of orators as well as cheats. But the first Editors, who did not understand the phrase, indue thee with pleasing, made this foolish correction; more excusable, however

*Enter Maria.*

*Mar.* Madam, there is at the gate a young Gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

*Oli.* From the Count *Orsino*, is it?

*Mar.* 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 fruit from the Count, I am sick, or not at home: What you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit Malvolio.*] Now you see, Sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

*Clo.* Thou hast spoke for us, *Madona*, as if thy eldest Son should be a fool: whose scull *Jove* cram with brains, for here comes one of thy Kin has a most weak *Pia Mater*! —

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 To.* 'Tis a Gentleman here. — A plague o' these pickle herring! how now, sot?

*Clo.*

however, than the last Editor's, who, when this emendation was pointed out to him, would make one of his own; and so in his *Oxford* edition, reads, *with LEARNING*; without troubling himself to satisfy the reader how the first editor should blunder in a word so easy to be understood

as *learning*, tho' they well might in the word *pleasing*, as it is used in this place. WARBURTON.

I think the present reading more humourous. *May Mercury teach thee to lye, since thou liest in favour of fools.*

'Tis a gentleman. HERE,— He had before said it was a gentleman.

*Clo.* Good Sir *Toby*,——

*Oli.* Uncle, Uncle, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

*Sir To.* Letchery! I despise lechery: there's one at the gate.

*Oli.* Ay, marry, what is he?

*Sir To.* Let him be the devil and he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

*Oli.* What's a drunken man like, fool?

*Clo.* Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

*Oli.* Go thou and seek the Coroner, and let him 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 him you were asleep; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, Lady? he's fortified against any denial.

*Oli.* Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

*Mal.* He has been told so; and he says, he'll<sup>2</sup> stand at your door like a Sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

*Oli.*

tleman. He was asked what gentleman? and he makes this reply; which, it is plain, is corrupt, and should be read thus,

'Tis a Gentleman-HEIR.

i. e. some lady's eldest son just come out of the nursery; for

VOL. II.

this was the appearance *Viola* made in mens clothes. See the character *Malvolio* draws of him presently after. WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup>—— stand at your door like a Sheriff's post,——] It was the custom for that officer to have

B b

large



*Oli.* What kind o'man is he?

*Mal.* Why, of mankind.

*Oli.* What manner of man.

*Mal.* Of very ill manners; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

*Oli.* Of what personage and years is he?

*Mal.* Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when it is almost an apple: 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

*Oli.* Let him approach: call in my Gentlewoman.

*Mal.* Gentlewoman, my Lady calls. [Exit.

## S C E N E 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

large posts set up at his door, as an indication of his office. The original of which was, that the King's proclamations, and other publick acts, might be affixed thereon by way of publication. So *Johnson's* Every man out of his humour,

————— put off  
To the Lord Chancellor's tomb, or  
the Shrives posts.

So again in the old play called *Lingua*,

Knows he how to become a scar-  
let gown, hath he a pair of fresh  
posts at his door?

WARBURTON.  
cast

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 scorn<sup>3</sup>; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

*Oli.* Whence came you, Sir?

*Vio.* I can say little more than I have studied, and that Question's out of my Part. Good gentle One, give me modest assurance, if you be the Lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

*Oli.* Are you a Comedian?

*Vio.* No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the Lady of the house?

*Oli.* If I do not usurp myself, I am.

*Vio.* Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve; but this is from my Commission. I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

*Oli.* Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

*Vio.* Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

*Oli.* It is the more like to be feign'd. I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were sawcy at my gates; and I allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of the moon with me, to make one in so \* skipping a dialogue.

*Mar.* Will you hoist sail, Sir? here lies your way.

*Vio.* No, good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your + Giant, sweet Lady.

B b 2

*Oli.*

<sup>3</sup> — I am very comptible,] frolick, mad.

Comptible for ready to call to account.

WARBURTON.

\* — skipping — ] Wild,

<sup>4</sup> Ladies, in romance, are guarded by giants, who repel all improper or troublesome advances.

*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 maiden-head; to your ears, divinity; to any other's, prophanation.

*Oli.* Give us the place alone. [*Exit Maria.*] We will hear this divinity. Now, Sir, what is your text?

*Vio.* Most sweet Lady, ———

*Oli.* A comfortable Doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your 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 heresy. 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.

vances. *Viola*, seeing the waiting-maid so eager to oppose her message, intreats *Olivia* to pacify her giant.

<sup>5</sup> *Vio.* — *tell me your mind, I am a messenger.*] These words must be divided between the two speakers thus,

*Oli.* *Tell me your mind.*

*Vio.* *I am a messenger.*

*Viola* growing troublesome, *Olivia* would dismiss her, and therefore cuts her short with this command, *Tell me your mind.* The other taking advantage of the ambiguity of the word *mind*, which signifies either *business* or *inclinations*, replies, as if she had used it in the latter sense, *I am a messenger.*      WARBURTON.

Look



° Look you, Sir, such a one I was this present: is't not well done? [Unveiling.]

*Vio.* Excellently done, if God did all.

*Oli.* 'Tis in grain, Sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

*Vio.* 'Tis Beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:

Lady, you are the cruell'st She alive,  
If you will lead these graces to the Grave,  
And leave the world no copy.

*Oli.* O, Sir, I will not be so hard-hearted: I will give out diverse schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labell'd to my will. As, *Item*, two lips indifferent red. *Item*, two grey eyes, with lids to them. *Item*, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

*Vio.* I see you, what you are; you are too proud;  
But if you were the Devil, you are fair.  
My Lord and Master loves you: O, such love  
Could be but recompens'd, tho' you were crown'd  
The Non-pareil of Beauty!

*Oli.* How does he love me?

*Vio.* With adorations, with fertile tears,  
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

*Oli.* Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot love him;

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,  
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;

<sup>6</sup> Look you, Sir, such a one I was this present: is't not well done?] This is Nonsense. The change of *was* to *wear*, I think, clears all up, and gives the Expression an Air of Gallantry. *Viola* presses to see *Olivia's* Face: The other at length pulls off her Veil, and says; *We will draw the Curtain, and shew you the Picture.* I wear

this Complexion to day, I may wear another to-morrow; jocularly intimating, that she *paints*. The other, next at the Jest, says, "Excellently done, if God did all." Perhaps, it may be true, what you say in Jest; otherwise 'tis an excellent Face. 'Tis in Grain, &c. replies *Olivia*.

In voices well divulg'd; free, learn'd, and valiant;  
 And in dimension, and the shape of nature,  
 A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him:  
 He might have took his answer long ago.

*Vio.* If I did love you in my master's flame,  
 With such a suff'ring, such a deadly life,  
 In your denial I would find no sense:  
 I would not understand it.

*Oli.* Why, what would you do?

*Vio.* Make me a willow cabin at your gate,  
 And call upon my soul within the house;  
 Write loyal canto's of contemned love,  
 And sing them loud even in the dead of night;  
<sup>7</sup> Hollow your name to the reverberant hills,  
 And make the babbling 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 send no more;  
 Unless, perchance, you come to me again,  
 To tell me how he takes it; fare you well:  
 I thank you for your pains; spend this for me.

*Vio.* I am no fee'd post, Lady; keep your purse:  
 My master, not myself, lacks recompence.  
 Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love,  
 And let your fervour, like my master's, be  
 Plac'd in contempt! farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit,*

*Oli.* What is your parentage?  
*Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:——*  
*I am a gentleman——*I'll be sworn thou art.

<sup>7</sup> *Hollow your Name to the reverberate Hills,]* I have corrected,  
 reverberant. THEOBALD.

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,  
Do give thee five-fold blazon—not too fast—soft!  
soft!

Unless the master were the man.—How now?  
Even so quickly may one catch the plague!  
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,  
With an invisible and subtile stealth,  
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be—  
What ho, *Malvolio*,—

*Enter Malvolio.*

*Mal.* Here, Madam, at your service.

*Oli.* Run after that same peevish messenger,  
The Duke's man; he left this ring behind him,  
Would I, or not: tell him, I'll none of it.  
Desire him not to flatter with his Lord,  
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:  
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,  
I'll give him reasons for't. Hye thee, *Malvolio*.

*Mal.* Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*]

*Oli.* I do, I know not what: and fear to find  
\* Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind:  
Fate, shew thy force; ourselves we do not owe;  
What is decreed, must be; and be this so! [*Exit.*]

\* *Mine eye, &c.*] I believe that my eyes betray me, and the meaning is; I am not mistress flatter the youth, without my consent, with discoveries of love.



## A C T II. S C E N E I.

*The* S T R E E T.*Enter* Antonio, *and* Sebastian.

A N T O N I O.

WILL you stay no longer? nor will you not, that I go with you?

*Seb.* By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompence for your love, to lay any of them on you.

*Ant.* Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

*Seb.* No, in 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 <sup>s</sup> to express myself: you must know of me then, *Antonio*, my name is *Sebastian*; which I call'd *Rodorigo*; my father was that *Sebastian* of *Messaline*, whom, I know, you have heard of. He left behind him, myself and a sister, both born in one hour; if the heav'ns had been pleas'd, would we had so ended! but you, Sir, alter'd that; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

*Ant.* Alas, the day!

*Seb.* A Lady, Sir, tho' it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful;

<sup>s</sup> *To express myself.*] That is, *to reveal myself.*

but

but tho' I could not<sup>o</sup> with such estimable wonder  
overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly pub-  
lish 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 kind-  
ness, 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;  
farewel. [*Exit.*

*Ant.* The gentleness of all the Gods go with thee!  
I have made enemies in *Orsino's* court,  
Else would I very shortly see thee there;  
But come what may, I do adore thee so,  
The danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Viola and Malvolio, at several doors.*

*Mal.* Were not you e'en now with the Countess  
*Olivia*?

*Vio.* Even now, Sir; on a moderate pace I have  
since arrived but hither.

*Mal.* She returns this ring to you, Sir; you might

<sup>o</sup> *With such estimable wonder.*] These words Dr. *Warburton* calls an interpolation of the players, but what did the players gain by it? they are sometimes guilty of a joke without the concurrence of the poet, but they never lengthen a speech only to make it longer.

*Shakespeare* often confounds the active and passive adjectives. *Estimable wonder* is esteeming wonder, or wonder and esteem. The meaning is, that he could not venture to think so highly as others of his sister.

have saved me my pains, to have taken it away your self. She adds moreover, that you should put your Lord into a desperate Assurance, she will none of him. And one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your Lord's taking of this: receive it so.

*Vio.* She took the ring of me, I'll none of it.

*Mal.* Come, Sir, you peevishly threw it to her, and her will is, it should be so return'd: if it be worth stooping for, there it lyes in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [Exit.

*Vio.* I left no ring with her; what means this Lady? Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her! She made good view of me; indeed, so much, That, sure, methought ' her eyes had lost her tongue; For she did speak in starts distinctly: She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion Invites me in this churlish messenger. None of my Lord's ring; why, he sent her none. I am the man—If it be so, (as, 'tis;) Poor Lady, she were better love a dream. Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness, Wherein the pregnant enemy does much. How easie is it, for the proper false<sup>2</sup>

In

\* *Her eyes had LOST her tongue.*] This is nonsense: we should read,

— *her eyes had CROST her tongue;*

Alluding to the notion of the fascination of the eyes; the effects of which were called *crossing*.  
WARBURTON.

That the fascination of the eyes was called *crossing* ought to have been proved. But however that be, the present reading has not only sense but beauty. We say a man *loses* his company when

they go one way and he goes another. So *Olivia's* tongue *lost* her eyes; her tongue was talking of the Duke and her eyes gazing on his messenger.

<sup>2</sup> *How easy is it, for the proper false*

*In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!*] This is obscure. The meaning is, *how easy is disguise to women; how easily does their own falsehood, contained in their waxen changeable hearts, enable them to assume deceitful appearances.*

The



In women's waxen hearts to fet their forms!  
 Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we,  
 For such as we are made, if such we be.  
 How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly,  
 And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;  
 And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.  
 What will become of this? as I am man,  
 My state is desperate for my master's love;  
 As I am woman (now, alas the day!)  
 What thriftless sighs shall poor *Olivia* breathe?  
 O time, thou must untangle this, not I;  
 It is too hard a knot for me t' unty. [Exit.

## S C E N E III.

*Changes to Olivia's House.*

*Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*

*Sir To.* **A**PPROACH, *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<sup>3</sup>, I think, it ra-  
 ther consists of eating and drinking.

The two next lines are per-  
 haps transposed, and should be  
 read thus.

*For such as we are made, if such  
 we be,*

*Alas, our frailty is the cause,  
 not we.*

<sup>3</sup> *I think, it rather consists of  
 eating and drinking.] A ridicule  
 on the medical theory of that  
 time, which supposed health to  
 consist in the just temperament  
 and balance of these elements in  
 the human frame. WARBURT.*

*Sir*

*Sir To.* Th'art a scholar, let us therefore eat and drink. *Maria!* I fay! — a stoop of wine.

*Enter Clown.*

*Sir And.* Here comes the fool, i'faith.

*Clo.* How now, my hearts? did you never see the picture of we three?

*Sir To.* Welcome, afs, now let's have a catch.

*Sir And.* By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* passing the Equinoctial of *Queubus*: 'twas very good, i'faith: I sent thee six-pence for thy Lemon, hadst it<sup>4</sup>?

*Clo.* <sup>5</sup> I did impeticos thy gratility; for *Malvolio's* nose is no whip-stock. My Lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses,

*Sir And.* Excellent: why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a Song——

*Sir To.* Come on, there's Six-pence for you. Let's have a Song.

*Sir And.* There's a testril 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.

<sup>4</sup> *I sent thee six-pence for thy Lemon, had'st it?* But the Clown was neither Pantler, nor Butler. The Poet's Word was certainly mistaken by the Ignorance of the Printer. I have restor'd, *leman, i. e.* I sent thee Six-pence to spend on thy Mistress. THEO.

<sup>5</sup> *I did impeticos, &c.*] This,

*Sir T. Hamner* tell us, is the same with *impocket thy gratuity*. He is undoubtedly right; but we must read, *I did impetic at thy gratuity*. The fools were kept in long coats, to which the allusion is made. There is yet much in this dialogue which I do not understand.

Clown

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 lover's meeting,  
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir *And.* Excellent good, i'faith!

Sir *To.* Good, good.

Clo. What is love? 'tis not hereafter,  
Present mirth hath present laughter,  
What's to come, is still unsure:  
° In delay there lyes no plenty,  
\* Then come kiss me, sweet, and twenty,  
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir *And.* A mellifluous voice, as I am a true Knight.

Sir *To.* A contagious breath.

Sir *And.* Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir *To.* To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we<sup>7</sup> make the welkin dance, indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will<sup>8</sup> draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that? Sir

° In delay there lies no plenty:] This is a proverbial saying corrupted; and should be read thus,

*In DECAY there lies no plenty.*

A reproof of avarice, which stores up perishable fruits till they decay. To these fruits the Poet, humorously, compares youth or virginity; which, he says, is a stuff will not endure. WARB.

I believe *delay* is right.

\* Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,] This line is obscure; we might read,

*Come, a kiss then, sweet, and twenty.*

Yet I know not whether the present reading be not right, for in some counties *sweet and twenty*, whatever be the meaning, is a phrase of endearment.

7 *Make the welkin dance.*] That is, drink till the sky seems to turn round.

8 *draw three souls out of one weaver?*] Our Author represents weavers as much given to harmony in his time. I have shewn the cause of it elsewhere. This expression of the power of musick is familiar with our Author.



*Sir And.* An you love me, let's do't: I am a dog at a catch.

*Clo.* By'r Lady, Sir, and some dogs will catch well.

*Sir And.* Most certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

*Clo.* *Hold thy peace, thou knave,* Knight. I shall be constrain'd in't, to call thee knave, Knight.

*Sir And.* 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

*Clo.* I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

*Sir And.* Good, i'faith: come, begin.

[*They sing a catch.*]

#### S C E N E 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 *Catayan*, we are politicians, *Malvolio's* a *Peg-a-Ramsfey*, and *Three merry men be we.*

Am

thor. *Much ado about nothing.* Now it is soul ravished. Is it not strange that Sheep's-guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?—Why, he says, *three souls*, is because he is speaking of a catch in *three parts*. And the peripatetic philosophy, then in vogue, very liberally gave every man three souls. The *vegetative* or *plastic*, the *animal*, and the *rational*. To this, too, *Johnson* alludes, in his *Poetafter*; *What, will I turn starke upon my friends? or my friends friends? I scorn it with my three souls.* By the mention of these *three*, therefore, we may suppose it was

*Shakespeare's* purpose, to hint to us those surprising effects of music, which the antients speak of. When they tell us of *Amphion*, who moved *stones* and *trees*; *Orpheus* and *Arion*, who tamed *savage beasts*, and *Timotheus*, who governed, as he pleased, the *passions of his human auditors*. So noble an observation has our Author conveyed in the ribaldry of this buffoon character.

WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> This catch is lost.

<sup>1</sup> *Peg-a-Ramsfey* I do not understand. *Tilly valley* was an interjection of contempt, which *Sir Thomas More's* lady is recorded

Am not I confanguineous? am I not 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 ye make an ale-house of my Lady's house, that ye squeak out your<sup>2</sup> 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. Sneek up! ——— [Hiccoughs.]

*Mal.* Sir *Toby*, I must be round with you. My Lady bade me tell you, that tho' she harbours you as her Uncle, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the House: if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

*Sir To.* Farewel, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

*Mal.* Nay, good Sir *Toby*.

*Clo.* His eyes do shew, his days are almost done.

*Mal.* Is't even so?

*Sir To.* But I will never die.

*Clo.* Sir *Toby*, there you lie.

*Mal.* This is much credit to you.

ed to have had very often in her mouth. <sup>2</sup> A *Cozier* is a taylor, from *cousier* to *sew*. *French.*

Sir To. *Shall I bid him go?* [Singing.

Clo. *What, an if you do?*

Sir To. *Shall I bid him go, and spare not?*

Clo. *O no, no, no, you dare not.*

Sir To. Out o'time, Sir, ye lie: art thou any more than a steward? dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint *Anne*; and ginger shall be hot i'th' mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i'th' right.—Go, Sir, rub your chain with crums<sup>3</sup>.—A stoop of wine, *Maria*.——

Mal. Mistress *Mary*, if you priz'd my Lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule<sup>4</sup>; 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 nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think, I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know, I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us<sup>5</sup>, possess us, tell us something of him.

<sup>3</sup> *Rub your chain with crums.*] I suppose it should be read, *rub your chin with crums*, alluding to what had been said before that. *Malvolio* was only a steward, and consequently dined after his lady.

<sup>4</sup> *Rule is*, method of life, so *misrule* is tumult and riot.

<sup>5</sup> *Possess us.*] That is, *inform us, tell us*, make us masters of the matter.

Mar.



*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; <sup>6</sup>an affection'd afs, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swaths; the best persuaded of himself; so cram'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

*Sir To.* What wilt thou do?

*Mar.* I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love, wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the exprefsure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my Lady your Niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

*Sir To.* Excellent, I smell a device.

*Sir And.* I have't in my nose too.

*Sir To.* He shall think by the letters, that thou wilt drop, that they comè from my Niece, and that she is in love with him.

*Mar.* My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

*Sir And.* And your horse now would make him an afs.

*Mar.* Afs, I doubt not.

*Sir And.* O, 'twill be admirable.

*Mar.* Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physick will work with him. I will plant you two,

<sup>6</sup> an affectioned afs.] *Affectioned*, for full of affection. WARB.

386 TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,  
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 send  
for more money.

*Sir And.* If I cannot recover your Niece, 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.

## S C E N E VI.

*Changes to the Palace.*

*Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.*

*Duke.* GIVE me some musick now.—Good mor-  
row, friends—

Now, good *Cesario*, but that piece of song,  
That old and antique song, we heard last night;  
Methought, it did relieve my passion much;  
More than light airs, and recollected terms\*  
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.  
—Come, but one verse.

*Cur.* He is not here, so please your Lordship, that  
should sing it.

*Duke.* Who was it?

\* *Recollected*, studied. *WARB.* and alludes to the practice of  
I rather think that *recollected* composers who often prolong the  
signifies, more nearly to its primitive sense, *recalled*, *repeated*,  
song by repetitions.

*Cur.*

*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 herself, so wears she to him;  
So sways she level in her husband's heart.  
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,  
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,  
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,  
Than women's are.

*Vio*. I think it well, my Lord.

*Duke*. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,  
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:

\* The word *favour* ambiguously used. words coming usually and naturally together, and the alteration

[*Lost and worn.*] Though being very slight, I would so read in this place with Sir *Thomas Hanmer*.  
*lost and worn* may mean *lost and worn out*, yet *lost and won* being, I think, better, these two



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<sup>8</sup> maids that weave their thread with  
bones,  
Do use to chaunt it: it is silly sooth\*,  
And dallies with the innocence of love<sup>9</sup>,  
Like the old age<sup>1</sup>.

*Clo.* Are you ready, Sir?

*Duke.* Ay; pr'ythee, sing.

[*Musick.*

S O N G.

Come away, come away, death,  
And in sad cypress let me be laid;  
Fly away, fly away, breath,  
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
O, prepare it.  
My part of death no one so true  
Did share it<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>8</sup> Free is, perhaps, vacant, unengaged, easy in mind.

\* Silly sooth.] It is plain, simple truth.

<sup>9</sup> And dallies with the innocence of love,] Dallies has no sense. We should read, TALLIES, i. e. agrees with; is of a

piece with. WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> The old age is the ages past, the times of simplicity.

<sup>2</sup> My part of death no one so true Did share it.] Though Death is a part in which every one acts his share, yet of all these actors no one is so true as I.

*Not*

*Not a flower, not a flower sweet,  
 On my black coffin let there be strown:  
 Not a friend, not a friend greet  
 My poor corps, where my bones shall be thrown.  
 A thousand thousand sighs to save,  
 Lay me, O! where  
 True lover never find my grave,  
 To weep there.*

*Duke.* There's for thy pains,

*Clo.* No pains, Sir; I take pleasure in singing, Sir,

*Duke.* I'll pay thy pleasure then.

*Clo.* Truly, Sir, and pleasure will be paid one time or other.

*Duke.* Give me now leave to leave thee.

*Clo.* Now the melancholy God protect thee, and the taylor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal<sup>2</sup>! I would have men of such constancy put to sea,<sup>3</sup> 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.

[*Exeunt.*]

Once more, *Cesario*,

Get thee to yond fame sovereign cruelty :

<sup>2</sup> a very opal!] A precious stone of almost all colours.

POPE.

<sup>3</sup> that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where;] Both the preservation of the antithesis, and the recovery of the sense, require we should read,——and their intent NO where. Because a

man who suffers himself to run with every wind, and so makes his business every where, cannot be said to have any *intent*; for that word signifies a determination of the mind to something. Besides, the conclusion of *making a good voyage* out of nothing, directs to this emendation.

WARBURTON,

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:

<sup>4</sup> 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 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 —

<sup>4</sup> *But 'tis that miracle, and Queen of Gems,*

*That nature pranks her in, —]*  
What is *that miracle, and Queen of Gems?* we are not told in this reading. Besides, what is meant by *nature pranking her in a miracle?* — We should read,

*But 'tis that miracle, and Queen of Gems,*

*That nature pranks, HER MIND, —*

*i. e.* what attracts my soul, is not her Fortune, but her Mind, that miracle, and Queen of Gems that

*nature pranks, i. e.* sets out, adorns.

WARBURTON:

The *miracle and Queen of Gems* is her beauty, which the commentator might have found without so emphatical an enquiry. As to her mind, he that should be captious would say, that though it may be formed by nature it must be pranked by education.

Shakespeare does not say that *nature pranks her in a miracle*; but in the *miracle of gems*, that is, in a Gem miraculously beautiful.

*Duke.*



Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe;  
In faith, they are as true of heart, as we.  
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,  
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,  
I should your Lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my Lord: She never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i'th' bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;  
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,  
She sat like Patience on a monument,  
Smiling at Grief. Was not this love indeed?

We

<sup>5</sup> *She sat like Patience on a monument,  
Smiling at Grief,]* Mr. Theobald supposes this might possibly be borrowed from Chaucer.

*And her besid's wonder discretlie  
Dame Pacience ysittinge there I  
fonde  
With face pale, upon an hill of  
fonde.*

And adds, *If he was indebted, however, for the first rude draught, how amply has he repaid that debt, in heightning the picture! How much does the green and yellow melancholy transcend the old bard's pale face; the monument his hill of sand!——I hope this Critick does not imagine Shakespeare meant to give us a picture of the face of Patience, by his green and yellow melancholy; because, he says, it transcends the pale face of Patience given us by Chaucer. To throw Patience into a fit of melancholy, would be indeed very extraordinary. The green and yellow then belonged not to Patience, but to*

*her who sat like Patience. To give Patience a pale face, was proper: and had Shakespeare described her, he had done it as Chaucer did. But Shakespeare is speaking of a marble statue of Patience; Chaucer, of Patience herself. And the two representations of her, are in quite different views. Our Poet, speaking of a despairing lover, judiciously compares her to Patience exercised on the death of friends and relations; which affords him the beautiful picture of Patience on a monument. The old Bard speaking of Patience herself, directly, and not by comparison, as judiciously draws her in that circumstance where she is most exercised, and has occasion for all her virtue; that is to say, under the losses of shipwreck. And now we see why she is represented as sitting on an hill of sand, to design the scene to be the seashore. It is finely imagined; and one of the noble simplicities of that admirable Poet. But the*

We men may fay more, swear more, but, indeed,  
Our fhowes are more than will ; for ftill we prove  
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

*Duke.* But dy'd the fifter of her love, my boy ?

*Vio.* I'm all the daughters of my father's houfe °,  
And all the brothers too—and yet I know not——  
Sir, fhall I to this Lady ?

*Duke.* Ay, that's the theme.

To her in hafte ; give her this jewel : fay,  
My love can give no place, bide no deny. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

*Changes to Olivia's Garden.*

*Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*

*Sir To.* C O M E thy ways, Signior *Fabian*.

*Fab.* Nay, I'll come ; if I lofe a fcruple of this fport, let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

*Sir To.* Would'ft thou not be glad to have the

Critick thought, in good earnest, that *Chaucer's* invention was fo barren, and his imagination fo beggarly, that he was not able to be at the charge of a monument for his Goddeffs, but left her, like a stroller, funning herfelf upon a heap of fand.

WARBURTON.

° *I'm all the daughters of my father's houfe,  
And all the brothers too——*]

This was the moft artful answer that could be given. The queftion was of fuch a nature, that to have declined the appearance of a direct answer, muft have

raifed fufpicion. This has the appearance of a direct answer, that the fifter died of her love ; fhe (who paffed for a man) faying, fhe was all the daughters of her father's houfe. But the *Oxford* Editor, a great enemy, as fhould feem, to all equivocati- on, obliges her to answer thus,

*She's all the daughters of my father's houfe,*

*And I am all the fons——*

But if it fhould be asked now, how the Duke came to take this for an answer to his queftion, to be fure the Editor can tell us.

WARBURTON.  
niggardly

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 practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! lye thou there; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.  
[Throws down a letter, and Exit.]

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 herself 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.* O, peace: contemplation makes a rare Tur-

\* *Nettle of India* means, I believe, nothing more than *precious nettle*.



394 TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,  
key-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<sup>7</sup>: the Lady of the  
*Strachy* married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

*Sir And.* Fie on him, *Jezebel*!

*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.* <sup>8</sup> O for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!—

*Mal.* Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd  
velvet-gown; having come down from a day-bed,  
where I have left *Olivia* sleeping.

*Sir To.* Fire and brimstone!

*Fab.* O, peace, peace.

*Mal.* And then to have the humour of state; and  
after a demure travel of regard, telling them, I know  
my place, as I would they should do theirs——to ask  
for my uncle *Toby*———

*Sir To.* Bolts and shackles!

*Fab.* 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,

<sup>7</sup> *the Lady of the Strachy.*] We should read *Trachy*, i. e. *Thrace*; for so the old *English* writers called it. *Mandeville* says, *As Trachye and Macedoigne of the which Alifandre was Kyng.* It was common to use the article *the* before names of places: And this was no improper in-

stance, where the scene was in *Illyria*. WARBURTON.

What we should read is hard to say. Here is an allusion to some old story which I have not yet discovered.

<sup>8</sup> *Stone-bow.*] That is, a cross-bow, a bow which shoots stones.

wind up my watch<sup>9</sup>, or play with some rich jewel.  
*Toby* approaches, curtsies there to me.

*Sir To.* Shall this fellow live?

*Fab.* Tho' our silence be drawn from us with cares,  
yet, peace<sup>1</sup>.

*Mal.* I extend my hand to him thus; quenching  
my familiar smile with an austere regard of controul.

*Sir To.* And does not *Toby* take you a blow o'th' lips  
then?

*Mal.* Saying, uncle *Toby*, my fortunes having cast  
me on your Neice, give me this prerogative of  
speech——

*Sir To.* What, what?

*Mal.* You must amend your drunkenness.

*Sir To.* Out, scab?

*Fab.* Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our  
plot.

*Mal.* Besides, you waste the treasure of your time  
with a foolish Knight——

*Sir And.* That's me, I warrant you.

*Mal.* One Sir *Andrew*,——

*Sir And.* I knew, 'twas I; for many do call me  
Fool.

<sup>9</sup> *Wind up my watch.*] In our  
author's time, watches were ve-  
ry uncommon. When *Guy Faux*  
was taken, it was urged as a cir-  
cumstance of suspicion that a  
watch was found upon him.

<sup>1</sup> *Tho' our silence be drawn  
from us with cares,*] i. e. Tho' it  
is the greatest pain to us to keep  
silence. Yet the *Oxford* Editor  
has altered it to,

*Tho' our silence be drawn from  
us by th' ears.*

There is some conceit, I sup-  
pose, in this, as in many other

of his alterations, yet it oft lies  
so deep that the reader has rea-  
son to wish he could have ex-  
plained his own meaning.

WARBURTON.

I believe the true reading is,  
*Though our silence be drawn from  
us with carts, yet peace.* In the  
*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, one  
of the Clowns says, *I have a  
mistress, but who that is, a team  
of horses shall not draw from  
me. So in this play, Oxen and  
wain-ropes will not bring them to-  
gether.*

*Mal.*

*Mal.* What employment have we here<sup>2</sup>?

[*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 great *P's*. It is in contempt of question, her hand.

*Sir And.* Her *C's*, her *U's*, and her *T's*: why that.

*Mal.* *To the unknown belov'd, this, and my good wishes*; her very phrases: By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impresse 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, but who,*

*Lips do not move, no man must know.*

No man must know — what follows? the number's alter'd — no man must know — if this should be thee, *Malvolio*?

*Sir To.* Marry, hank thee, Brock!

*Mal.* *I may command, where I adore,*

*But, silence, like a Lucrece knife,*

*With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore,*

*M. O. A. I. doth sway my life.*

*Fab.* A fustian riddle.

*Sir To.* Excellent wench, say I.

*Mal.* *M. O. A. I. doth sway my life* — nay, but first, let me see — let me see —

*Fab.* What a dish of poison has she dress'd him?

<sup>2</sup> *What employment have we here?*] A phrase of that time, equivalent to our common speech of — *What's to do here.* The Oxford Editor, not attending to this, alters it to

*What implement have we*

*here?*

By which happy emendation, he makes *Malvolio* to be in the plot against himself; or how could he know that this letter was an implement made use of to catch him?

WARBURTON.

*Sir To,*



*Sir To.* And with what wing the <sup>3</sup> stannyl 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 <sup>4</sup> formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this——and the end——what should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me? softly—*M. O. A. I.*——

*Sir To.* O, ay; make up that; he is now at a cold scent.

*Fab.* Sowter will cry upon't for all this, tho' it be not as rank as a fox<sup>5</sup>.

*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<sup>6</sup>.

*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 follows prose—*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee, but be not afraid*

<sup>3</sup> *Stannyl*, the name of a kind of hawk, is very judiciously put here for *Stallion*, by *Sir Thomas Hammer*.

<sup>4</sup> formal capacity.] *Formal*, for common. WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> So *Sir Thomas Hammer*. The other editions, *though it be as rank*.

<sup>6</sup> *And O shall end I hope.*] By *O* is here meant what we now call a *bempen collar*.

of greatness; some are born great, some atchieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself 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 discovers no more<sup>7</sup>: 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 de vice*, the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my Lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg, being cross-garter'd, and in this she manifests 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 pr'y thee.* —*Jove*, I thank thee! I will smile, I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [Exit.

<sup>7</sup> with thee. The fortunate and happy day-light and champion discovers no more:] Wrong pointed: We should read, —with thee, the fortunate and happy.

Day-light and champion discover no more: i. e. Broad day and an open country cannot make things plainer. WARBURTON.

*Fab.* I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

*Sir To.* I could marry this wench for this device.

*Sir And.* So could I too.

*Sir To.* And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

## 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 To.* Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip<sup>8</sup>, 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 vita* with a midwife<sup>9</sup>.

*Mar.* If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my Lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy, as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

*Sir To.* To the gates of *Tartar*; thou most excellent devil of wit!

*Sir And.* I'll make one too.

[*Exeunt:*

<sup>8</sup> The word *tray-trip* I do not understand.

<sup>9</sup> *Aqua vita* is the old name of strong waters.



## ACT III. SCENE I.

OLIVIA'S Garden.

*Enter Viola and Clown.*

VIOLA:

SAVE thee, Friend, and thy musick. Dost thou live by thy Tabor?

*Clo.* No, Sir, I live by the Church.

*Vio.* Art thou a Churchman?

*Clo.* No such matter, Sir; I do live by the Church; for I do live at my House, and my House doth stand by the Church.

*Vio.* So thou may'st say, the King lyes by a Beggar, if a Beggar dwell near him: or the Church stands by thy Tabor, if thy Tabor stand by the Church.

*Clo.* You have said, Sir.—To see this age!—A fence is but a chev'ril glove to a good wit; how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward?

*Vio.* Nay, that's certain; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

*Clo.* I would therefore, my Sister had had no Name, Sir:

*Vio.* Why, Man?

*Clo.* Why, Sir, her Name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my Sister wanton; but, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.

*Vio.* Thy reason, Man?

*Clo.* Troth, Sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

*Via.*

*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 to 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.

*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*<sup>1</sup> 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 conster to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, is out of my welkin; I might say, element; but the word is over-worn.

[Exit.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Pandarus.] See our authour's play of *Troilus* and *Cressida*.

*Vio.* This fellow is wise enough to play the fool,  
 And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:  
 He must observe their mood on whom he jests,  
 The quality of the persons, and the time;  
 And, like the haggard, check at every feather  
 That comes before his eye. This is a practice,  
 As full of labour as a wise-man's art:  
 For folly, that he wisely shews, is fit;  
 But wise men's folly fall'n<sup>2</sup>, quite taints their wit.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*

*Sir And.* Save you, Gentleman<sup>3</sup>.

*Vio.* And you, Sir.

*Sir To.* *Dieu vous garde, Monsieur.*

*Vio.* *Et vous aussi; votre 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<sup>4</sup>.

*Sir To.* Taste your legs, Sir, put them to motion.

*Vio.* My legs do better understand me, Sir, than I

<sup>2</sup> *But wise men's folly fall'n.]* Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *folly shewn.*

<sup>3</sup> In former editions.

*Sir To.* *Save you, Gentleman.*

*Vio.* *And you, Sir.*

*Sir And.* *Dieu vous garde, Monsieur.*

*Vio.* *Et vous aussi; votre Ser-  
 viteur.*

*Sir And.* *I hope, Sir, you are;  
 and I am yours.]* I have ventured  
 to make the two Knights change

Speeches in this Dialogue with  
*Viola*; and, I think, not without  
 good reason. It were a prepos-  
 terous Forgetfulness in the Poet,  
 and out of all probability, to  
 make *Sir Andrew* not only speak  
*French*, but understand what is  
 said to him in it, who in the first  
 Act did not know the *English* of  
*Pourquoi.* THEOBALD.

<sup>4</sup> *The list is the bound, limit,  
 farthest point.*

understand



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 gait 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<sup>s</sup>.

*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.*]

S C E N E 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 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 were blanks, rather than filled with me!

*Vio.* Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts On his behalf.

<sup>6</sup> most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.] Pregnant, for ready. WARB.

*Oli.* O, by your leave, I pray you ;——  
I bade you never speak again of him.  
But would you undertake another suit,  
I'd rather hear you to solicit that  
Than musick from the spheres.

*Vio.* Dear lady, ——

*Oli.* Give me leave, I beseech you : I did fend,  
After the last enchantment, (you did hear)<sup>6</sup>  
A ring in chafe of you. So did I abuse  
Myself, 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 one of your re-  
ceiving<sup>7</sup>

Enough is shewn ; a cyprus<sup>8</sup>, 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<sup>9</sup> ; 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 ;

<sup>6</sup> After the last enchantment,  
you did hear.] Nonsense.  
Read and point it thus,

After the last enchantment you  
did here,

*i. e.* after the enchantment, your  
presence worked in my affec-  
tions. WARBURTON.

The present reading is no more

nonsense than the emendation.

<sup>7</sup> to one of your receiving] *i. e.*  
to one of your ready apprehension.  
She considers him as an arch  
page. WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> A cyprus is a transparent stuff.

<sup>9</sup> A grice is a step, sometimes  
written greefe from degres, French.

And yet when wit and youth are come to harvest,  
Your wife is like to reap a proper man :  
There lies your way, due west.

*Vio.* Then westward hoe: —

Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship;  
You'll nothing, Madam, to my Lord by me?

*Oli.* Stay; pr'ythee tell me, what thou think'st of  
me?

*Vio.* That you do think, you are not what you are.

*Oli.* If I think so, I think the fame of you.

*Vio.* Then think you right, I am not what I am.

*Oli.* I would you were, as I would have you be!

*Vio.* Would it be better, Madam, than I am?

I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

*Oli.* O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful

In the contempt and anger of his lip!

A murd'rous guilt shews not itself more soon,

Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.

*Cesario*, by the roses of the spring,

By maid-hood, honour, truth, and every thing,

I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,

Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.

Do not extort '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, unfought, is better.

*Vio.* By innocence I swear, and by my youth,

I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,

<sup>1</sup> And that no woman has; nor never none

Shall mistress be of it, save I alone <sup>2</sup>.

And so adieu, good Madam; never more

Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

<sup>1</sup> *And that no woman has.*] <sup>2</sup> *Save I alone.*] These three words Sir Thomas Hamner gives of *Olivia* probably enough.



*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.

*Changes to an Apartment in Olivia's House.*

*Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*

*Sir And.* **N**O, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.  
*Sir To.* Thy reason, dear venom, give  
thy reason.

*Fab.* You must needs yield your reason, *Sir Andrew.*

*Sir And.* Marry, I saw your niece do more favours  
to the Duke's serving-man, than ever she bestow'd on  
me. I saw't, i'th' orchard.

*Sir To.* Did she see thee the while, old boy, tell me  
that ?

*Sir And.* As plain as I see you now.

*Fab.* This was a great argument of love in her to-  
wards you.

*Sir And.* 'Slight ! will you make an afs o' me ?

*Fab.* I will prove it legitimate, Sir, upon the oaths  
of Judgment and Reason.

*Sir To.* And they have been Grand Jury-men since  
before *Noah* was a sailor.

*Fab.* She did shew favour to the youth in your sight,  
only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse va-  
lour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your  
liver. You should then have accosted her, with some  
excellent jests, fire-new from the mint ; you should have  
bang'd the youth into dumbness. This was look'd for  
at your hand, and this was baulkt. The double 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 isicle on a *Dutchman's*  
beard,

beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour or policy.

*Sir And.* And't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a *Brownist*, as a 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 thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

*Fab.* There is no way but this, *Sir Andrew*.

*Sir And.* Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

*Sir To.* Go, write in a martial hand; be curst and brief: it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention; <sup>3</sup> taunt him with the licence of ink; if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss;

<sup>3</sup> — taunt him with the Licence of Ink; if thou *thou'st* him some thrice,] There is no Doubt, I think, but this Passage is One of those, in which our Author intended to shew his Respect for *Sir Walter Raleigh*, and a Detestation of the Virulence of his Prosecutors. The Words, quoted seem to me directly levelled at the Attorney-General *Coke*, who, in the Trial of *Sir Walter*, attacked him with all the following indecent Expressions. — “All that he did was by the Instigation, thou Viper; for I thou thee, thou Traytor!” (Here by the way, are the Poet's three thou's.) “You are an odious Man.” — “Is he base? I re- turn it into thy Throat, on his behalf.” — “O damnable

“Atheist!” — “Thou art a monster; thou hast an English Face, but a Spanish Heart.” — “Thou hast a Spanish Heart, and thyself art a Spider of Hell.” — “Go to, I will lay thee on thy Back for the confidentest Traytor that ever came at a Bar, &c.” Is not here all the Licence of Tongue, which the Poet satyrically prescribes to *Sir Andrew's Ink*? And how mean an Opinion *Shakespeare* had of these petulant Invectives, is pretty evident from his Close of this Speech; Let there be Gall enough in thy Ink, tho' thou write it with a Goose-pen, no matter. — A keener Lash at the Attorney for a Fool, than all the Contumelies the Attorney threw at the Prisoner, as a suppos'd Traytor!

THEOBALD.

and as many lies as will lye in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of *Ware* in *England*; set 'em down, go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, tho' thou write with a goosepen, no matter: about it.

*Sir And.* Where shall I find you?

*Sir To.* We'll call thee at the *Cubiculo*: go.

[*Exit Sir Andrew.*]

S C E N E V.

*Fab.* This is a dear manikin to you, *Sir Toby*.

*Sir To.* I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong or so.

*Fab.* We shall have a rare letter from him; but you'll not deliver't.

*Sir To.* Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For *Andrew*, if he were open'd, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of th' anatomy.

*Fab.* And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

*Enter Maria.*

*Sir To.* \* Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

*Mar.* If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stiches, follow me: yond gull *Malvolio* is turned Heathren, 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.

\* *Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.*] The women's parts were then acted by boys, sometimes so low in stature, that there was occasion to obviate the impropriety by such kind of oblique apologies.

WARBURTON,  
*Sir*



*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 murthèrer. He does obey every point of the letter, that I dropt to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map, with the augmentation of the *Indies*; you have not seen such a thing, as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

*Sir To.* Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt,*

## SCENE VI.

*Changes to 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.

*Ant.* I could not stay behind you; my desire  
(More sharp than filed steel) did spur me forth;  
And not all love to see you (tho' so much,  
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage.)  
But jealousy what might befall your travel,  
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,  
Unguided and unfriended, often prove  
Rough and unhospitable. My willing love,  
The rather by these arguments of fear,  
Set forth in your pursuit.

*Seb.* My kind *Antonio*,  
I can no other answer make, but thanks<sup>4</sup>;

And

<sup>4</sup> In former editions,  
*I can no other Answer make but  
Thanks,*

*And Thanks: and ever-oft good  
Turns  
Are shuffled off with such uncur-  
rent*

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 relics 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 galleys,  
 I did some service, of such note, indeed,  
 That were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

*Seb.* Belike, you slew great number of his people.

*Ant.* Th' offence is not of such a bloody nature,  
 Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel  
 Might well have given us bloody argument:  
 It might have since been answer'd in repaying  
 What we took from them, which, for traffick's sake,  
 Most of our city did. Only myself stood out;  
 For which, if I be laps'd in this place,  
 I shall pay dear.

*Seb.* Do not then walk too open.

*Ant.* It doth not fit me: hold, Sir, here's my purse.  
 In the south suburbs at the *Elephant*

*rent Pay*;—] The second  
 Line is too short by a whole Foot.  
 Then, who ever heard of this  
 goodly double Adverb, *ever-oft*,  
 which seems to have as much  
 Propriety as, *alway-sometimes*?  
 As I have restor'd the Passage, it  
 is very much in our Author's  
 Manner and Mode of Expression.  
 So, in *Cymbeline*;

— Since when I have been

*Debtor to You for Courtesies, which  
 I will be ever to pay, and yet pay  
 still.*

And in *All's well, that Ends  
 well.*

*And let me buy your friendly Help  
 thus far,*

*Which I will over-pay, and pay  
 again*

*When I have found it.*

THEOBALD.

Is

Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,  
Whiles you beguile your time, and feed your knowledge  
With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.

*Seb.* Why I your purse?

*Ant.* Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy  
You have desire to purchase; and your store,  
I think, is not for idle markets, Sir.

*Seb.* I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for  
An hour.

*Ant.* To th' *Elephant*.——

*Seb.* I do remember.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

*Changes to Olivia's House.*

*Enter Olivia, and Maria.*

*Oli.* I HAVE sent after him<sup>5</sup>; he says he'll come;  
How shall I feast him? what bestow on him?  
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd or bor-  
row'd.

I speak too loud.——

Where is *Malvolio*? he is sad and civil,  
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.

Where is *Malvolio*?

*Mar.* He's coming, Madam; but in very strange  
manner.

<sup>5</sup> In former editions,  
*I have sent after him; he says  
he'll come;]* From whom  
could my Lady have any such  
Intelligence? Her Servant, em-  
ploy'd upon this Errand, was  
not yet return'd; and, when he  
does return, he brings Word,  
that the Youth would hardly be  
intreated back. I am persuaded,  
she was intended rather to be in  
Suspense, and deliberating with

herself: putting the Supposition  
that he would come; and ask-  
ing Herself, in that Case, how  
She should entertain him.

THEOBALD.

—— *he says he'll come;]* *i. e.* I  
suppose now, or admit now, he  
says he'll come; which Mr.  
*Theobald*, not understanding, al-  
ters unnecessarily to, *say he will  
come;* in which the *Oxford* Edi-  
tor has followed him. WARB.

He



He is fure poffeft, Madam.

*Oli.* Why, what's the matter, does he rave?

*Mar.* No, Madam, he does nothing but fmile; your ladyfhip were beft to have fome guard about you, if he come; for, fure, the man is tainted in his wits.

*Oli.* Go call him hither.

*Enter Malvolio.*

I'm as mad as he,  
If fad and merry madnefs equal be  
How now, *Malvolio*?

*Mal.* Sweet lady, ha, ha. [*Smiles fantaftically.*]

*Oli.* Smil'ft thou? I fent for thee upon a fad oc-  
cafion.

*Mal.* Sad, lady? I could be fad; this does make  
fome obftruction in the blood; this crofs-gartering;  
but what of it; if it pleafe the eye of One, it is with  
me as the very true fonnet is: *Please one, and please all.*

*Oli.* Why? how doft thou, man? what is the mat-  
ter with thee?

*Mal.* Not black in my mind, tho' yellow in my  
legs: it did come to his hands, and commands fhall  
be executed. I think, we do know that fweet *Roman*  
hand.

*Oli.* Wilt thou go to bed, *Malvolio*?

*Mal.* To bed? ay, fweet heart; and I'll come to  
thee.

*Oli.* God comfort thee! why doft thou fmile fo,  
and kifs thy hand fo oft?

*Mar.* How do you, *Malvolio*?

*Mal.* At your request?

Yes, nightingales anfwer daws!

*Mar.* Why appear you with this ridiculous bold-  
nefs before my lady?

*Mal.* Be not afraid of Greatnefs;—'twas well writ.

*Oli.* What meaneft thou by that, *Malvolio*?

*Mal.* Some are born Great——

*Oli.*

*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 cros-garter'd ———

*Oli.* Cros-garter'd?

*Mal.* Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be  
fo ———

*Oli.* Am I made?

*Mal.* If not, let me see thee a servant still.

*Oli.* Why, this is a very midsummer madness<sup>6</sup>.

*Enter* Servant.

*Ser.* Madam, the young gentleman of the Duke *Orsino's* is return'd; I could hardly entreat him back; he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

*Oli.* I'll come to him. Good *Maria*, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my uncle *Toby*? let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for half of my dowry. [*Exit.*]

### S C E N E VIII.

*Mal.* Oh, oh! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir *Toby* to look to me! this concurs directly with the letter; she sends him on purpose that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. Cast thy humble slough, says she, — be opposite with a kinsman, — furly with servants, — let thy tongue tang with arguments of state,

<sup>6</sup> Hot weather often turns the brain, which is, I suppose, alluded to here.

— put thyself into the trick of singularity;— and consequently set 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<sup>7</sup>, 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<sup>8</sup>! 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, ha! does she so?

*Sir To.* Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, *Malvolio*? how is't with you? what! man, defy the devil; consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

*Mal.* Do you know what you say?

<sup>7</sup> *I have lim'd her,*—] I originally signified *companion*, was have entangled or caught her, not yet totally degraded to its as a bird is caught with *birdlime*. present meaning; and *Malvolio* takes it in the favourable sense.

<sup>8</sup> *fellow!*—] This word which

*Mar.*



*Mar.* La, you! if you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart.——Pray God, he be not bewitch'd.

*Fab.* Carry his water to th' wife woman.

*Mar.* Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning if I live. My Lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

*Mal.* How now, mistress?

*Mar.* O Lord!

*Sir To.* Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; that is not the way: do you not see, you move him? let me alone with him.

*Fab.* No way but gentleness, gently, gently; the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

*Sir To.* Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

*Mal.* Sir? ——

*Sir To.* Ay, 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 yourselves all: you are idle shallow things; I am not of your element, you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.

*Sir To.* Is't possible?

*Fab.* If this were plaid upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

*Sir To.* His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

*Mar.* Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint.

*Fab.* Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

*Mar.* The house will be the quieter.

*Sir*

*Sir To.* Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is 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<sup>o</sup> of madmen; but see, but see.

## S C E N E 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 fawcy?

*Sir And.* Ay, is't? I warrant him: do but read.

*Sir To.* Give me. [*Sir Toby reads.*

*Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.*

*Fab.* Good and valiant.

*Sir To.* *Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind why I do call thee so; for I will shew thee no reason for't.*

*Fab.* A good note: That keeps you from the blow of the law.

*Sir To.* *Thou com'st to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly; but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

*Fab.* Very brief, and exceeding good sense-les.

*Sir To.* *I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me——*

*Fab.* Good.

*Sir To.* *Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.*

*Fab.* Still you keep o'th' windy side of the law: good.

<sup>o</sup> This is, I think, an allusion to the *witch-finders*, who were very busy.

Sir To. *Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one of our souls : he may have mercy upon mine<sup>1</sup>, but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, Andrew Ague-cheek.*

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. 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 seest him, draw; and, as thou drawst, swear horribly; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*]

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter; for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his Lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth; he will find, that it comes from a clodpole. But, Sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon *Ague-cheek* a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

<sup>1</sup> — *he may have mercy upon mine, —*] We may read, *He may have mercy upon thine, but my hope is better.* Yet the passage may well enough stand without alteration. It were much to be wished, that *Shakespeare*, in this and some other passages, had not ventured so near profaneness.



## S C E N E 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.*

## S C E N E 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 interpreter, full of despight, bloody  
as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end; dis-

\* *Jewel* does not properly signify a single gem, but, any precious ornament or superfluity.

mount thy tack, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

*Vio.* You mistake, Sir; I am sure, no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

*Sir To.* You'll find it otherwise, I assure you; therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him, what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

*Vio.* I pray you, Sir, what is he?

*Sir To.* He is Knight, dubb'd with unhack'd<sup>2</sup> rapier, and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl; souls and bodies hath he divorc'd three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulcher: hob, nob, is his word; give't, or take't.

*Vio.* I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour: belike, this is a man of that quirk.

*Sir To.* Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him; therefore on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

<sup>2</sup> *He is Knight, dubb'd with unback'd rapier, and on carpet consideration;—*] That is, he is no foldier by profession, not a Knight Banneret, dubbed in the field of battle, but, on carpet consideration, at a festivity, or on some peaceable occasion, when knights receive their dignity kneeling not on the ground, as in war, but on a carpet. This is, I believe, the original of the contemptuous term a *carpet knight*, who was naturally held in scorn by the men of war.

*Vio.* This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

*Sir To.* I will do so. Signior *Fabian*, stay you by this gentleman, 'till my return. [Exit *Sir Toby*.

*Vio.* Pray you, Sir, do you know of this matter?

*Fab.* I know, the Knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

*Vio.* I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

*Fab.* Nothing of that wonderful promise to read him by his form, as you are like to find in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, Sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of *Illyria*: will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

*Vio.* I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with Sir Priest than Sir Knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [Exeunt.

### 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; an I thought he had been va-

\* *Virago* cannot be properly used here, unless we suppose *Sir Toby* to mean, I never saw one that had so much the look of woman with the prowess of man.

liant,



liant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey *Capilet*.

*Sir To.* I'll make the motion; stand here, make a good shew on't;— This shall end without the perdition of souls; marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. [*Aside.*]

*Enter Fabian and Viola.*

I have his horse to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him, the youth's a devil. [*To Fabian.*]

*Fab.* He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

*Sir To.* There's no remedy, Sir, he will fight with you for's oath sake: marry, he 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 me tell them how much I lack of a man.

*Fab.* Give ground, if you see him furious.

*Sir To.* Come, Sir *Andrew*, there's no remedy; the gentleman will for his honour's sake have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promis'd me, as he is a gentleman and a foldier, he will not hurt you. Come on, to't. [*They draw.*]

*Sir And.* Pray God, he keep his oath!

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 defy 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 myself: you stand amaz'd, But be of comfort.

*2 Off.* Come, Sir, away.

*Ant.* I must intreat of you some of that money.

*Vio.* What money, Sir?

For the fair kindness you have shew'd me here, And part being prompted by your present trouble, Out of my lean and low ability I'll lend you something; my Having is not much; I'll make division of my present with you: Hold, there's half my coffer.

*Ant.* Will you deny me now?

Is't possible, that my deserts to you Can lack persuasion? do not tempt my misery,

Left

Left that it make me so unfound a man,  
As to upbraid you with those kindneſſes  
That I have done for you.

*Vio.* I know of none,  
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature :  
I hate ingratitude more in a man,  
Than lying, vainneſs, babling drunkenneſs,  
Or any taint of vice, whoſe ſtrong corruption  
Inhabits our frail blood.

*Ant.* Oh, heav'ns themſelves ! ———

*2 Off.* Come, Sir, I pray you, go.

*Ant.* Let me ſpeak a little. This youth that you ſee  
here,

I ſnatch'd one half out of the jaws of death ;  
Reliev'd him with ſuch ſanctity of love,  
And to his image, which, methought, did promiſe  
Moſt venerable worth, did I devotion.

*1 Off.* What's that to us? — the time goes by — away.

*Ant.* But oh, how vile and 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.* The man grows mad, away with him,  
— Come, come, Sir.

*Ant.* Lead me on. [*Exit Antonio with Officers.*]

*Vio.* Methinks, his words do from ſuch paſſion fly,  
That he believes himſelf — ſo do not I \*.  
Prove true, imagination, oh, prove true,  
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you !

*Sir To.* Come hither, Knight ; come hither, *Fabian* ;  
we'll whiſper o'er a couplet or two of moſt ſage ſaws.

*Vio.* He nam'd *Sebastian* ; I my brother know  
Yet living in my glaſs. Even ſuch, and ſo  
In favour was my brother ; and he went

\* *So do not I.*] This, I believe, ſelf, when, from this accident,  
means, I do not yet believe my- I gather hope of my brother's life.



Still in this fashion, colour, ornament;  
 For him I imitate: oh, if it prove,  
 Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love. *[Exit.*

*Sir To.* A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a  
 coward than a hare; his dishonesty appears in leaving  
 his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for  
 his cowardship, ask *Fabian*.

*Fab.* A coward, a most devout coward, religious  
 in it.

*Sir And.* 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

*Sir To.* Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy  
 sword.

*Sir And.* An I do not,— *[Exit Sir Andrew.*

*Fab.* Come, let's see the event.

*Sir To.* I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet.  
*[Exeunt.*

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

### *The STREET.*

*Enter Sebastian, and Clown.*

CLOWN.

**W**ILL you make me believe, that I am not sent  
 for you?

*Seb.* Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow. Let  
 me be clear of thee.

*Clo.* Well held out, i'faith: no, I do not know you,  
 nor I am not sent to you by my Lady, to bid you  
 come speak with her; nor your name is not master *Ce-*  
*sario*, 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

my folly! I am afraid, this great lubber \* the world will prove a cockney. I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my Lady; shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

*Seb.* I pr'ythee, foolish Greek<sup>3</sup>, 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<sup>4</sup>.

*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.

\* *I am afraid this great lubber.]* That is, affectation and foppery will overspread the world.

tor alters it to *Geck*.

WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> *I pr'ythee, foolish Greek,—]* Greek, was as much as to say Bawd or Pander. He understood the Clown to be acting in that office. A bawdy-house was called *Corinth*, and the frequenters of it *Corinthians*, which words occur frequently in *Shakespeare*, especially in *Timon of Athens*, and *Henry IV*th. Yet the *Oxford* Edi-

<sup>4</sup> — get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.] This seems to carry a piece of satire upon *Monopolies*, the crying grievance of that time. The Grants generally were for fourteen years; and the petitions being referred to a committee, it was suspected that many gained favourable reports from thence.

WARBURTON.

Sir

*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.*]

S C E N E 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 fight!  
Be not offended, dear *Cesario*: ———

*Rudeſby*, be gone! I pr'ythee, gentle friend,

[*Excunt Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*]

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway

In this uncivil and unjust extent<sup>5</sup>

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,

And hear thou there, how many fruitless pranks

This ruffian hath botch'd up<sup>6</sup>, 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<sup>7</sup>.

<sup>5</sup> *In this uncivil and unjust extent*] *Extent* is, in law, a writ of execution, whereby goods are seized for the king. It is therefore taken here for *violence* in general.

<sup>6</sup> *This ruffian hath botch'd up*, —] *i. e.* swelled and inflamed. A botch being a swelling or abscess. WARBURTON.

I fancy it is only a coarse expression for *made up*, as a bad

taylor is called a *botcher*, and to botch is to make clumsily.

<sup>7</sup> *He started one poor heart of mine in thee.*] I know not whether here be not an ambiguity intended between *heart* and *hart*. The sense however is easy enough. *He that offends thee attacks one of my hearts*; or, as the antients expressed it, *half my heart*.

*Seb.*



*Seb.* What relish is in this<sup>8</sup>? how runs the stream?  
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.

Let fancy still my sense in *Lethe* steep,  
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep.

*Oli.* Nay, come, I pray: 'would, thou'dst be rul'd  
by me.

*Seb.* Madam, I will.

*Oli.* O, say so, and so be!

[*Exeunt.*]

### S C E N E III.

*An Apartment in Olivia's House.*

*Enter Maria, and Clown.*

*Mar.* **N**AY, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and  
this beard; make him believe, thou art  
Sir *Topas* the curate; do it quickly. I'll call Sir *Toby*  
the whilst. [*Exit Maria.*]

*Clo.* Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble my-  
self in't; and I would, I were the first that ever dis-  
sembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to be-  
come 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 careful  
man and a great scholar<sup>9</sup>. 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

<sup>8</sup> *What relish is in this?*] How does this taste? What judgment am I to make of it.

<sup>9</sup> *as to say, a CAREFUL man and a great scholar.*] This refers to what went before, *I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student*; it is plain then that *Shakespeare* wrote, *as to say*

a GRACEFUL man, *i. e.* comely. To this the *Oxford* Editor says, *rectè.*

WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> *very wittily said* — that *that is, is:*] This is a very humorous banter of the rules established in the schools, that all reasonings are *ex præcognitis* & *præconcessis*, which lay the foundation of every science in these maxims,

to a niece of King *Gorboduck*, that that is, is: so I being Mr. Parson, am Mr. Parson; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

*Sir To.* To him, Sir *Topas*.

*Clo.* What, ho, I say,—peace in this prison!

*Sir To.* The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

*Mal.* Who calls there? [Malvolio *within*.

*Clo.* Sir *Topas* the curate, who comes to visit *Malvolio* the lunatick.

*Mal.* Sir *Topas*, Sir *Topas*, good Sir *Topas*, go to my lady.

*Clo.* Out, hyperbolical fiend, how vexest thou this man?

Talkest thou of nothing but ladies?

*Sir To.* Well said, master Parson.

*Mal.* Sir *Topas*, never was man thus wrong'd; good Sir *Topas*, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

*Clo.* Fy, thou dishonest fathan; I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with curtesy: say'st thou, that house is dark?

*Mal.* As hell, Sir *Topas*.

*Clo.* Why, it hath bay-windows transparent as baricadoes, 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

maxims, *whatsoever is, is; and to be and not to be; with much it is impossible for the same thing* trifling of the like kind. WARB.

than you are, make the tryal of it in any constant question <sup>2</sup>.

*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 of his opinion.

*Clo.* Fare thee well: remain thou still in darkness; thou shalt hold the opinion of *Pythagoras*, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

*Mal.* Sir *Topas*, Sir *Topas*!

*Sir To.* My most exquisite Sir *Topas*!

*Clo.* Nay, I am for all waters <sup>3</sup>.

*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 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.

<sup>2</sup> Constant question.] A settled, a determinate, a regular question.

<sup>3</sup> Nay, I am for all waters.] A phrase taken from the actor's ability of making the audience

cry either with mirth or grief.

WARBURTON.

I rather think this expression borrowed from sportsmen, and relating to the qualifications of a complete spaniel.

*Mal.*



*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 abused; I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

*Clo.* But as well! then thou art mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

*Mal.* They have here<sup>4</sup> propertyed me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

*Clo.* Advise you what you say: the minister is here. *Malvolio, Malvolio*, thy wits the heav'ns restore: endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bible babble.

*Mal.* Sir *Topas*,——

*Clo.* \* Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—  
Who, I, Sir? not, I, Sir. God b'w'you, good Sir  
*Topas*——

Marry, amen.—I will, Sir, I will.

*Mal.* Fool, fool, fool, I say.

*Clo.* 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 thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in *Illyria*.

<sup>4</sup> *Propertyed me.*] They have taken possession of me as of a man unable to look to himself.

\* Here the Clown in the dark acts two persons, and counterfeits, by variation of voice, a

dialogue between himself and Sir *Topas*.——*I will, Sir, I will*, is spoken after a pause, as if, in the mean time, Sir *Topas* had whispered.

*Clo.*

*Clo.* Well-a-day—that you were, Sir!

*Mal.* By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper and light; and convey what I set down to my Lady: It shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

*Clo.* I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad, indeed, or do you but counterfeit<sup>s</sup>?

*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 lath, in his rage, and his wrath,*

*Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:*

*Like a mad lad, pair thy nails, dad,*

*Adieu, good man drivell.* [Exit.

## S C E N E V.

*Changes to another apartment in Olivia's House.*

*Enter Sebastian.*

*Seb.* **T**HIS is the air, that is the glorious fun;  
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't.

<sup>s</sup> *Tell me, are you not mad, or do you but counterfeit?* If he was not mad, what did he counterfeit by declaring that he was not mad? The fool, who meant to insult him, I think, asks, *are you mad, or do you but counterfeit?* That is, *you look like a madman, you talk like a madman: Is your* *madness real, or have you any secret design in it?* This, to a man in poor *Malvolio's* state, was a severe taunt.

\* *Vice* was the fool of the old moralities. Some traces of this character are still preserved in puppet-shows, and by country mummers

And

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 credit<sup>6</sup>,  
 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<sup>7</sup>;  
 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 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,

<sup>6</sup> *Yet there he was, and there I found this Credit,*

*That he did range, &c.] i. e.*

I found it justified, credibly vouched. Whether the Word *Credit* will easily carry this Meaning, I am doubtful. The expression seems obscure; and tho' I have not disturbed the Text, I very much suspect that the Poet wrote;

—*and there I found this credit,* He uses the same Term again in the very same Sense in the *Winter's Tale*.

—*Then 'tis very credit,* Thou may'st enjoin with some-

*thing, and thou dost, &c.*

THEOBALD.

—*I found this credit.] Credit,*

for account, information. The *Oxford* Editor roundly alters it to *current*; as he does almost every word that *Shakespeare* uses in an anomalous signification.

WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> — *all instance, all discourse;] Instance,* for sense; *discourse,* for reason.

WARBURTON.

*Instance is example.*

\* *To any other trust.] To any other belief, or confidence, to any other fixed opinion.*

Now



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 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; and heav'n  
 so shine,  
 That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*The STREET.*

*Enter Clown, and Fabian.*

FABIAN:

**N**OW, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.  
*Clo.* Good Mr. Fabian, grant me another  
 request.

*Fab.* Any thing.

*Clo.* Do not desire to see this letter.

*Fab.* This is to give a dog, and in recompence de-  
 sire 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.

\* *Whiles* is *until*. This word counties.  
 is still so used in the northern † *Truth* is *fidelity*.

VOL. II.

F f

*Duke.*

*Duke.* I know thee well; how dost thou, my good fellow?

*Clo.* Truly, Sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

*Duke.* Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

*Clo.* No, Sir, the worse.

*Duke.* How can that be?

*Clo.* Marry, Sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now, my foes tell me plainly, I am an ass: so that by my foes, Sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused; so that, conclusions to be as kisses<sup>8</sup>, 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.

<sup>8</sup> *So that conclusions to be as kisses, — —*] Tho' it might be unreasonable to call our Poet's Fools and Knaves every where to account; yet, if we did, for the generality we should find them responsible. But what monstrous absurdity have we here? To suppose the text genuine, we must acknowledge it too wild to have any known meaning: and what has no known meaning, cannot be allowed to have either wit or humour. Besides, the *Clown* is affecting to argue seriously and in form. I imagine, the Poet wrote:

*So that, conclusion to be asked, is, i. e.* So that the conclusion I have to demand of you is this, if your four, &c. He had in the pre-

ceding words been inferring some *premises*, and now comes to the *conclusion* very *logically*; you grant me, says he, the *premises*; I now ask you to grant the *conclusion*.

WARB.

Though I do not discover much ratiocination in the *Clown's* discourse, yet, methinks, I can find some glimpse of a meaning in his observation, that *the conclusion is as kisses*. For, says he, *if four negatives make two affirmatives, the conclusion is as kisses*: that is, the conclusion follows by the conjunction of two negatives, which, by *kissing* and embracing, coalesce into one, and make an affirmative. What the *four negatives* are I do not know. I read, *So that conclusions be as kisses*.

*Clo.*

*Clo.* But that it would be double-dealing, Sir, I would, you could make it another.

*Duke.* O, you give me ill counsel.

*Clo.* Put your grace in your pocket, Sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

*Duke.* Well, I will be so much a finner 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 triplet, Sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of *St. Bennet*<sup>o</sup>, 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, and I will awake it anon. [Exit Clown.]

S C E N E 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,

<sup>o</sup> *Bells of St. Bennet.*] When ded in *England*; but his sense of in this play he mentioned the the same impropriety could not *bed of Ware*, he recollected that restrain him from the bells of the scene was in *Illyria*, and ad- *St. Bennet.*



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 *Phœnix* 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<sup>1</sup>,  
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

*Vio.* He did me kindness, Sir; drew on my side:  
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me,  
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

*Duke.* Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!  
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,  
Whom thou in terms so bloody, and so dear,  
Hast made thine enemies;

*Ant. Orsino*, noble Sir,  
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me:  
*Antonio* never yet was thief, or pirate;  
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,  
*Orsino's* enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:  
That most ungrateful boy there, by your side,  
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth  
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:  
His life I gave him, and did thereto add  
My love without retention or restraint;  
All his in dedication. For his sake,  
Did I expose myself, pure, for his love,  
Into the danger of this 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

<sup>1</sup> *Desperate of shame and state.*] his condition, like a desperate  
Unattentive to his character or man.

Not half an hour before.

*Vio.* How can this be?

*Duke.* When came he to this town?

*Ant.* To-day, my Lord; and for three months before,

No *Interim*, not a minute's vacancy,  
Both day and night did we keep company.

### S C E N E 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,

Wherein *Olivia* may seem serviceable?

—*Cesario*, you do not keep promise with me.

*Vio.* Madam!

*Duke.* Gracious *Olivia*,——

*Oli.* What do you say, *Cesario*?——Good my Lord——

*Vio.* My Lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

*Oli.* If it be aught to the old tune, my Lord,

It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear<sup>2</sup>,

As howling after musick.

*Duke.* Still so cruel?

*Oli.* Still so constant, lord.

*Duke.* What, to perverseness? you uncivil Lady,  
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars  
My soul the faithfull'st offerings has breath'd out,

<sup>2</sup> — as FAT and fulsome.] Fat means dull; so we say a fatheaded fellow, and fat is more congruent to fulsome than flat.

WARBURTON.

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

<sup>3</sup> Like to th' *Egyptian* thief, at point of death

Kill what I love? (a savage jealousy,

That sometimes favours nobly;) but hear me this;

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,

And that I partly know the instrument,

That screws me from my true place in your favour:

Live you the marbled-breasted tyrant still.

But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,

And whom, by heav'n, I swear, I tender dearly,

Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,

Where he sits crowned in his master's spight.

Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,

<sup>3</sup> *Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,*

*Like to th' Egyptian Thief, at point of Death*

*Kill what I love?*] In this

*Simile*, a particular Story is presuppos'd; which ought to be known, to shew the Justness and Propriety of the Comparison. It is taken from *Heliodorus's Æthiopics*, to which our Author was indebted for the Allusion. This *Egyptian* Thief was *Thyamis*, who was a Native of *Memphis*, and at the Head of a Band of Robbers. *Theagenes* and *Chariclea* falling into their Hands, *Thyamis* fell desperately in love with the Lady, and would have married her. Soon after, a stronger Body of Robbers coming down upon *Thyamis's* Party, he was in such Fears for his Mis-

trefs, that he had her shut into a Cave with his Treasure. It was customary with those Barbarians, when they despair'd of their own Safety, first to make away with those whom they held dear, and desired for Companions in the next Life. *Thyamis*, therefore, benetted round with his Enemies, raging with Love, Jealousy, and Anger, went to his Cave; and calling aloud in the *Egyptian* Tongue, so soon as he heard himself answer'd towards the Cave's Mouth by a *Grecian*, making to the Person by the Direction of her Voice, he caught her by the Hair with his left Hand, and (supposing her to be *Chariclea*) with his right Hand plung'd his Sword into her Breast.

THEOBALD.

To



To spight a raven's heart within a dove. [*Duke going.*

*Vio.* And I most jocund, apt, and willingly,  
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

[*following.*

*Oli.* Where goes *Cesario*?

*Vio.* After him I love,

More than I love these eyes, more than my life;

More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.

If I do feign, you witness above

Punish my life, for tainting of my love!

*Oli.* Ay me, detested! how am I beguil'd?

*Vio.* Who does beguile you? who does do you  
wrong?

*Oli.* Hast thou forgot thyself? 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 clove of lips.

Strengthened by enterchangement of your rings ;  
 And all the ceremony of this compact  
 Seal'd in my function, by my testimony :  
 Since when, my watch hath told me, tow'rd my grave  
 I have travell'd but two hours.

*Duke.* O thou dissembling cub ! what wilt thou be,  
 When time hath sow'd a grizzel on thy \* case ?  
 Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,  
 That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow ?  
 Farewel, and take her ; but direct thy feet,  
 Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

*Vio.* My Lord, I do protest——

*Oli.* O, do not swear ;  
 Hold little faith, tho' thou hast too much fear !

#### 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 count's gentleman, one *Cesario* ; we  
 took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incar-  
 dinate.

*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.

\* *Case* is a word used con- talk of a fox case, meaning the  
 temptuously for *skin*. We yet stuffed skin of a fox.

*Enter*

*Enter Sir Toby, and Clown.*

*Sir And.* If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think, you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb. Here comes *Sir Toby* halting, you shall hear more; but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you other-gates than he did.

*Duke.* How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

*Sir To.* That's all one, he has hurt me, and there's an end on't; sot, didst see *Dick-surgeon*, sot?

*Clo.* O he's drunk, *Sir Toby*, above an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight i'th' morning.

*Sir To.* Then he's a rogue, and a past-measure *Painim*. I hate a drunken rogue.

*Oli.* Away with him: who hath made this havock with them?

*Sir And.* I'll help you, *Sir Toby*, because we'll be drest together.

*Sir To.* Will you help an afs-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave, a thin fac'd knave, a gull?

[*Exeunt Clo. Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*]

*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 kinf-man:

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.*



*Duke.* One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;

\* A nat'ral perspective, that is, and is not!

*Seb. Antonio,* O my dear *Antonio!*

How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,  
Since I have lost thee?

*Ant. Sebastian* are you?

*Seb.* Fear'st thou that, *Antonio!*

*Ant.* How have you made division of 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 that deity in my nature,  
Of here and every where. I had a sister,  
Whom the blind waves and furies have devour'd:  
Of charity, what kin are you to me? [*To Viola.*  
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

*Vio.* Of *Messaline*; *Sebastian* was my father;  
Such a *Sebastian* was my brother too:  
So went he suited to his wat'ry tomb.  
If spirits can assume both form and suit,  
You come to fright us.

*Seb.* A spirit I am, indeed;  
But am in that dimension grossly clad,  
Which from the womb I did participate.  
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,  
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,  
And say, "Thrice welcome, drowned *Viola!*"

*Vio.* My father had a mole upon his brow.

*Seb.* And so had mine.

*Vio.* And dy'd that day, when *Viola* from her birth  
Had number'd thirteen years.

\* *A nat'ral perspective,*] A The *Duke* therefore says, that  
*perspective* seems to be taken for nature has here exhibited such a  
shows exhibited through a glass show, where shadows seem rea-  
with such lights as make the pic- lities; where that which is not  
tures appear really protuberant. appears like that which is.

*Seb.*

*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 lie my maids weeds ; by whose gentle help  
I was preserv'd to serve this noble Duke.  
All the occurrence of my fortune since  
Hath been between this Lady, and this Lord.

*Seb.* So comes it, Lady, you have been mistook ;  
[*To Olivia.*

But nature to her bias drew in that,  
You would have been contracted to a maid,  
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, [*To Vio.*  
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

*Vio.* And all those sayings will I over-swear,  
And all those swearings keep as true in soul ;  
As doth that orb'd continent the fire,  
That severs day from night.

*Duke.* Give me thy hand,  
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

*Vio.* The captain, that did bring me first on shore,  
Hath my maids garments : he upon some action  
Is now in durance, at *Malvolio's* suit,  
A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

*Oli.* He shall enlarge him : fetch *Malvolio* hither.  
And yet, alas, now I remember me,  
They say, poor gentleman ! he's much distract.

SCENE

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter the Clown with a Letter, and Fabian.*

A most extracting frenzy + of mine own  
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.  
How does he, sirrah?

*Clo.* Truly, Madam, he holds *Belzebug* at the stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do: h'as here writ a letter to you, I should have given't you to-day morning. But as a mad-man's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much, when they are deliver'd.

*Oli.* Open't, and read it.

*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, Sirrah.

[*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 the benefit of my senses as well as your Ladyship. I have your own Letter, that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not, but to do myself much right, or you much shame: think of me, as you please: I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.* — The madly us'd *Malvolio.*

*Oli.* Did he write this?

*Clo.* Ay, Madam.

+ *A most extracting frenzy—*] *i. e.* A frenzy that drew me away from every thing but its own object.      WARBURTON.



*Duke.* This favours not much of distraction.

*Oli.* See him deliver'd, *Fabian*; bring him hither.  
My Lord, so please you, these things further thought on,  
To think me as well a sister, as a wife;  
One day shall crown th' alliance on't, so please you,  
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

*Duke.* Madam, I am most apt t' embrace your offer.  
Your master quits you; and for your service done him,  
So much against the metal of your sex, [To *Viola*.  
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding;  
And since you call'd me master for so long,  
Here is my hand, you shall from this time be  
Your master's mistress.

*Oli.* A sister, — you are she.

## 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,  
Bade 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,

\* — lighter —] People of less dignity or importance.

And

And made the most notorious geck<sup>s</sup>, and gull,  
That e'er invention plaid on? tell me, why?

*Oli.* Alas, *Malvolio*, this is not my writing,  
Tho', I confess, much like the character:  
But, out of question, 'tis *Maria's* hand.  
And now I do bethink me, it was she  
First told me, thou wast mad; then cam'st thou smiling,

And in such forms which here were presuppos'd<sup>6</sup>  
Upon thee in the letter: pr'ythee, be content;  
This practice hath most shrewdly past upon thee;  
But when we know the grounds, and authors of it,  
Thou shalt be both the plantiff and the judge  
Of thine own cause.

*Fab.* Good Madam, hear me speak;  
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,  
Taint the condition of this present hour,  
Which I have wondred at. In hope it shall not,  
Most freely I confess, myself and Sir *Toby*  
Set this device against *Malvolio* here,  
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts  
We had conceiv'd against him. *Maria* writ  
The letter, at Sir *Toby's* great importance;  
In recompence whereof, he hath married her.  
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,  
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;  
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,  
That have on both sides past.

*Oli.* Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee?

*Clo.* Why, *some are born great, some atchieve greatness; and some have greatness thrust upon them.* I was one, Sir, in this interlude; one Sir *Topas*, Sir; but that's all one:—*by the Lord, fool, I am not mad*—but do you remember, Madam,—*why laugh you at*

<sup>s</sup> — geck—] A fool. — pos'd] *Presuppos'd*, for imposed.

<sup>6</sup> ————— here were presup-

WARBURTON.

*such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagg'd: and thus the whirl-gigg of time brings in his revenges.*

*Mal.* I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you.

[*Exit.*]

*Oli.* He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

*Duke.* Pursue him, and intreat him to a peace:

He hath not told us of the captain yet;  
When that is known, and golden time convents,

A solemn combination shall be made  
Of our dear souls. Mean time, sweet 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 a little tiny boy,*

*With hey, ho, the wind and the rain:*

*A foolish thing was but a toy,*

*For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came to man's estate,*

*With hey, ho, &c.*

*'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,*

*For the rain, &c.*

*But when I came, alas! to wive,*

*With hey, ho, &c.*

*By swaggering could I never thrive,*

*For the rain, &c.*

*But when I came unto my beds,*

*With hey, ho, &c.*

*With tofs-pots still had drunken heads,*

*For the rain, &c.*

*A great*



*A great while ago the world begun,  
With hey, ho, &c.*

*But that's all one, our play is done ;  
And we'll strive to please you every day. [Exit.*

This play is in the graver part elegant and easy, and in some of the lighter scenes exquisitely humorous. *Ague-cheek* is drawn with great propriety, but his character is, in a great measure, that of natural fatuity, and is therefore not the proper prey of a satirist. The soliloquy of *Malvolio* is truly comick ; he

is betrayed to ridicule merely by his pride. The marriage of *Olivia*, and the succeeding perplexity, though well enough contrived to divert on the stage, wants credibility, and fails to produce the proper instruction required in the drama, as it exhibits no just picture of life.

T H E

M E R R Y W I V E S

O F

W I N D S O R .

VOL. II.

G g

## Dramatis Personæ.

SIR John Falstaff.

Fenton.

Shallow, *a Country Justice.*

Slender, *Cousin to Shallow.*

Mr. Page, } *two Gentlemen, dwelling at Windsor.*

Mr. Ford, }

Sir Hugh Evans, *a Welch Parson.*

Dr. Caius, *a French Doctor.*

Host of the Garter.

Bardolph.

Pistol.

Nym.

Robin, *Page to Falstaff.*

William Page, *a Boy, Son to Mr. Page.*

Simple, *Servant to Slender.*

Rugby, *Servant to Dr. Caius.*

Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Ford.

Mrs. Ann Page, *Daughter to Mr. Page, in Love with Fenton.*

Mrs. Quickly, *Servant to Dr. Caius.*

*Servants to Page, Ford, &c.*

SCENE, *Windsor; and the Parts adjacent.*



THE  
'MERRY WIVES  
OF  
WINDSOR.

---

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Before Page's House in Windsor.*

*Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.*

SHALLOW.

SIR Hugh, persuade me not. I will make a *Star-Chamber* matter of it. If he were twenty Sir *John Falstaffs*, he shall not abuse *Robert Shallow*, Esq;

*Slender.*

<sup>1</sup> *The Merry Wives of Windsor.*] Queen *Elizabeth* was so well pleased with the admirable Character of *Falstaff* in the two Parts of *Henry IV*, that, as Mr. *Rowe* informs us, She com-  
manded *Shakespeare* to continue it for one Play more, and to shew him in Love. To this Command we owe the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: which, Mr. *Gil- don* says, he was very well af-  
fected,  
G g 2

*Slen.* In the county of *Gloucester*, justice of peace, and *Coram*.

*Shal.* Ay, cousin *Slender*, and *Custalorum* <sup>2</sup>.

*Slen.* Ay, and *Rato-lorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson, who writes himself *Armigero* in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation; *Armigero*.

*Shal.* Ay, that I do, and have done any time these three hundred years.

*Slen.* All his successors, gone before him, have don't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may; they may give the dozen white luces in their Coat.

*Shal.* It is an old Coat.

*Eva.* The dozen white lowfes do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

*Shal.* <sup>3</sup> The luce is the fresh fish, the salt-fish is an old Coat.

*Slen.* I may quarter, coz.

*Shal.* You may by marrying.

*Eva.* It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

*Shal.* Not a whit.

*Eva.* Yes, per-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures. But that is all one; if Sir *John Falstaff* have committed disparagements upon you, I am

fured, our Author finish'd in a Fortnight. But this must be meant only of the first imperfect Sketch of this Comedy, an old Quarto Edition whereof I have seen, printed in 1602; which says in the Title-page—*As it hath been divers times acted both before her Majesty and elsewhere.*

POPE. THEOBALD.

<sup>2</sup> *Custalorum*.] This is, I suppose, intended for a corruption of *Custos Rotulorum*. The mistake was hardly designed by the Author, who, though he

gives *Shallow* folly enough, makes him rather pedantick than illiterate. If we read:

*Shal.* Ay, cousin *Slender*, and *Custos Rotulorum*.

It follows naturally:

*Slen.* Ay, and *Ratulum* too.

<sup>3</sup> *The luce, &c.*] I see no consequence in this answer. Perhaps we may read, *the salt-fish* is not an old coat. That is, the *fresh-fish* is the coat of an ancient family, and the *salt-fish* is the coat of a merchant grown rich by trading over the sea.

of

of the Church, and would be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

*Shal.* The Council shall hear it; it is a riot.

*Eva.* It is not meet, the Council hear of a riot; there is no fear of God in a riot: the Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of God, and not to hear a riot; take your viza-ments in that.

*Shal.* Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

*Eva.* It is better that friends is the sword, and end it; and there is also another advice in my brain, which, peradventure, brings good discretions with it; there is *Anne Page*,<sup>4</sup> which is daughter to master *George Page*, which is pretty virginity.

*Shen.* Mistress *Anne Page*? she has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman<sup>5</sup>.

*Eva.* It is that ferry person for all the world, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold and silver, is her grandfire upon his death's-bed (God deliver to a joyful resurrection) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a good motion, if we leave our pribbles and prables, and desire a marriage between master *Abraham* and mistress *Anne Page*.

*Shen.* Did her grandfire leave her seven hundred pounds?

*Eva.* Ay, and her father is make her a better penny.

<sup>4</sup> ——— which is Daughter to Master Thomas Page,] The whole Set of Editions have negligently blunder'd one after another in *Page's* Christian Name in this place; tho' Mrs. *Page* calls him *George* afterwards in at least six several Passages.

THEOBALD.

<sup>5</sup> Speaks SMALL like a woman.] This is from the Folio of 1623,

and is the true reading. He admires her for the sweetness of her voice. But the expression is highly humorous, as making her speaking small like a woman one of her marks of distinction; and the ambiguity of *small*, which signifies little as well as low, makes the expression still more pleasant. WARBURTON.



*Slen.* I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

*Shal.* Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.

*Slen.* Well; let us see honest Mr. *Page*: is *Falstaff* there?

*Eva.* Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false; or as I despise one that is not true. The Knight, Sir *John*, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-wishers. I will peat the door [*Knocks.*] for master *Page*. What, ho? Got blest your house here.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Mr. Page.*

*Page.* Who's there?

*Eva.* Here is Got's plesing, and your friend, and Justice *Shallow*; and here's young master *Slender*; that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

*Page.* I am glad to see your worships well. I thank you for my venison, master *Shallow*.

*Shal.* Master *Page*, I am glad to see you; much good do it your good heart: I wish'd your venison better; it was ill kill'd. How doth good mistress *Page*? and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

*Page.* Sir, I thank you.

*Shal.* Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

*Page.* I am glad to see you, good master *Slender*.

*Slen.* How does your fallow greyhound, Sir? I heard say, he was out-run on *Cotfale*.

*Page.* It could not be judg'd, Sir.

*Slen.* You'll not confes, you'll not confes.

*Shal.* That he will not — 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault — 'tis a good dog.

*Page.* A cur, Sir.

*Shal.* Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more said? he is good and fair.—Is Sir *John Falstaff* here?

*Page.* Sir, he is within; and I would, I could do a good office between you.

*Eva.* It is spoke as a christian ought to speak.

*Shal.* He hath wrong'd me, master *Page*.

*Page.* Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

*Shal.* If it be confess'd, it is not redress'd; is not that so, master *Page*? He hath wrong'd me—indeed, he hath—at a word, he hath—believe me—*Robert Shallow*, Esq; faith, he is wrong'd.

*Page.* Here comes Sir *John*.

S C E N E III.

*Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym and Pistol.*

*Fal.* Now, master *Shallow*, you'll complain of me to the Council?

*Shal.* Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge\*.

*Fal.* But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter.

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

*Fal.* I will answer it strait: I have done all this.

That is now answer'd.

*Shal.* The Council shall know this.

*Fal.* 'Twere better for you, if 'twere not known in Council; you'll be laugh'd at.

*Eva.* *Pauca verba*, Sir *John*, good worts.

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

*Slen.* Marry, Sir, I have matter in my head against you, and against your<sup>6</sup> cony-catching-rafcals *Bardolph*, *Nym* and *Pistol*. *Bar.*

\* This probably alludes to of *Elizabeth*, a common name for some real incident, at that time a cheat or sharper. *Green*, one well known. of the first among us who made

<sup>6</sup>A *Coneycatcher* was in the time a trade of writing pamphlets, published

*Bar.* You *Banbury* cheefe!

*Slen.* Ay, it is no matter.

*Pist.* How now, *Mephostophilus*?

*Slen.* Ay, it is no matter.

*Nym.* Slice, I say; *pauca, pauca*: slice, that's my humour.

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

*Eva.* Peace: I pray you: now let us understand; there is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, master *Page*; *fidelicet*, master *Page*; and there is myself; *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine Host of the Garter.

*Page.* We three to hear it, and end it between them.

*Eva.* Ferry goot; I will make a prief of it in my note-book, and we will afterwards ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

*Fal. Pistol.*——

*Pist.* He hears with ears.

*Eva.* The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, he hears with ears? why this is affectations.

*Fal. Pistol,* did you pick master *Slender's* purse?

*Slen.* Ay, by these gloves, did he; (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else,) of seven groats in mill-fixpences, and two<sup>7</sup> *Edward* shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of *Yead Miller*, by these gloves.

*Fal.* Is this true, *Pistol*?

*Eva.* No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

*Pist.* Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!——Sir *John*, and master mine.

I Combat challenge of this latten bilboe<sup>8</sup>:

Word

published a *detection of the frauds and tricks of Coneycatchers and Couzeners.*

<sup>7</sup> *Edward Shovelboards.*] By this term, I believe, are meant, brass casters, such as are sho-

veled on a board, with king *Edward's* face stamped upon them.

<sup>8</sup> *Combat challenge of this Latten bilboe.*] Our modern Editors have distinguish'd this

Word;



Word of denial in thy *Labra's* here<sup>9</sup> ;  
 Word of denial. Froth and scum, thou ly'ft.

*Slen.* By these gloves, then 'twas he.

*Nym.* Be advis'd, Sir, and pass good humours: I will say *marry trap* \* with you, if you run the ' base humour on me; that is the very note of it.

*Slen.* By this hat, then he in the red face had it; for tho' I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an afs.

*Fal.* What say you, *Scarlet* and *John*?<sup>2</sup>

Word, *Latin*, in *Italic* Characters, as if it was address'd to Sir *Hugh*, and meant to call him *pendantic Blade*, on account of his being a Schoolmaster, and teaching *Latin*. But I'll be bold to say, in This they do not take the Poet's Conceit. *Pistol* barely calls Sir *Hugh* Mountain-foreigner, because he had interpos'd in the Dispute: but then immediately demands the Combat of *Slender*, for having charg'd him with picking his Pocket: The old *Quarto's* write it *Latten*, as it should be, in the common Characters: And as a Proof that the Author design'd This should be address'd to *Slender*, Sir *Hugh* does not there interpose one Word in the Quarrel. But what then signifies — *latten Bilbo*? Why, *Pistol* seeing *Slender* such a slim, puny, Wight; would intimate, that he is as thin as a Plate of that compound Metal, which is call'd *latten*: and which was, as we are told, the Old *Orichalc*. Monsieur *Dacier*, upon this Verse in *Horace's* *Epistle de Arte Poetica*, *Tibia non ut nunc Orichalco vincia*, &c.

says, *C'est une espece de Cuivre de montagne, comme son nom mesme le*

*temoigne; c'est ce que nous appellons aujourd'hui du leton.* " It " is a sort of Mountain-Copper, " as its very Name imports, and " which we at this time of Day " call *Latten*." THEOBALD.

\* *Marry trap*.] When a man was caught in his own stratagem, I suppose the exclamation of insult was *marry, trap!*

<sup>9</sup> *Word of denial in thy Labra's here;*] I suppose it should rather be read,

*Word of denial in my Labra's hear.*

That is, *hear* the word of denial in my lips, *Thou liest*.

<sup>1</sup> — *base humour*] Read, *pass the Nutbooks humour*. *Nutbook* was a term of reproach in the vulgar way, and in cant strain. In the second part of *Hen. IV.* *Doll Tearsheet* says to the beadle, *Nutbook, Nutbook, you lie*. Probably it was a name given to a bailiff or catchpole, very odious to the common people. HANMER.

<sup>2</sup> — *Scarlet and John*] The names of two of *Robin Hood's* companions; but the humour consists in the allusion to *Bardolph's red face*; concerning which see the second part of *Henry* the fourth. WAREBURTON.

*Bard.*

*Bard.* Why, Sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five senses.

*Eva.* It is his five senses: fie, what the Ignorance is!

*Bard.* And being sap, Sir, was, as they say, cashier'd; and so conclusions past the car-cires\*.

*Slen.* Ay, you spake in *Latin* then too; but 'tis no matter; I'll never be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

*Eva.* So Got udg me, that is a virtuous mind.

*Fal.* You hear all these matters deny'd, gentlemen; you hear it.

*Enter Mistress Anne Page, with wine.*

*Page.* Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [Exit Anne Page.]

*Slen.* O heav'n! this is mistress *Anne Page*.

*Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.*

*Page.* How now, mistress *Ford*?

*Fal.* Mistress *Ford*, by my troth, you are very well met; by your leave, good mistress. [Kissing her.]

*Page.* Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome: come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen; I hope, we shall drink down all unkindness.

[Exe. Fal. Page, &c.]

#### S C E N E IV.

Manent *Shallow, Evans, and Slender.*

*Slen.* I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of songs and sonnets here.

*Enter Simple.*

How now, *Simple*, where have you been? I must wait

\* *Carcires.*] I believe this sion means, that the common strange word is nothing but the bounds of good behaviour were French *carriere*, and the expres. overpassed.

on myself, must I? you have not the book of riddles about you, have you?

*Simp.* Book of riddles! why, did you not lend it to *Alice Shortcake*<sup>3</sup> upon *Allhallowmas* last, a fortnight afore *Michaelmas*?

*Shal.* Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you: a word with you, coz: marry this, coz; there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir *Hugh* here; do you understand me?

*Slen.* Ay, Sir, you shall find me reasonable: if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

*Shal.* Nay, but understand me.

*Slen.* So I do, Sir.

*Eva.* Give ear to his motions, Mr. *Slender*: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

*Slen.* Nay, I will do, as my cousin *Shallow* says: I pray you, pardon me; he's a Justice of peace in his country, simple tho' I stand here.

*Eva.* But that is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage.

*Shal.* Ay, there's the point, Sir.

*Eva.* Marry, is it; the very point of it, to Mrs. *Anne Page*.

*Slen.* Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

*Eva.* But can you affection the 'oman? let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of

<sup>3</sup>— upon *Allhallowmas last*, a fortnight afore *Michaelmas*.] Sure, *Simple*'s a little out in his Reckoning. *Allhallowmas* is almost five Weeks after *Michaelmas*. But may it not be urg'd it is design'd, *Simple* should appear thus ignorant, to keep up Character? I think, not. The simplest Creatures (nay, even Naturals) generally are very precise in the Knowledge of Festivals,

and marking how the Seasons run: and therefore I have ventur'd to suspect our Poet wrote *Martlemas*, as the Vulgar call it: which is near a fortnight after *All Saints Day*, i. e. eleven Days, both inclusive. THEOBALD.

This correction, thus seriously and wisely enforced, is received by Sir *Tho. Hanmer*, but probably *Shakespeare* intended a blunder.



the mind, therefore precisely, can you carry your good Will to the maid?

*Shal.* Cousin *Abraham Slender*, can you love her?

*Slen.* I hope, Sir, I will do, as it shall become one that would do reason.

*Eva.* Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possible, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

*Shal.* That you must: will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

*Slen.* I will do a greater thing than that upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

*Shal.* Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz, what I do, is to pleasure you, coz; can you love the maid?

*Slen.* I will marry her, Sir, at your request: but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heav'n may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are marry'd, and have more occasion to know one another: <sup>4</sup>I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, marry her, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

*Eva.* It is a ferry discretion answer, save, the fall is in th'ort *dissolutely*: the ort is, according to our meaning, *resolutely*; his meaning is good.

*Shal.* Ay, I think, my cousin meant well.

*Shen.* Ay, or else I would I might be hang'd, la,

<sup>4</sup> — *I hope upon Familiarity will grow more Content:*] Certainly, the Editors in their Sagacity have murder'd a Jest here. It is design'd, no doubt, that *Slender* should say *decrease*, instead of *increase*; and *dissolved*, *dissolutely*, instead of *resolved* and *resolutely*: but to make him say, on the present Occasion, that upon Familiarity will grow more *Content*, instead of *Contempt*, is disarming the Sentiment of all its Salt and Humour, and disappointing the Audience of a reasonable Cause for Laughter.

THEOBALD.

SCENE

## SCENE V.

*Enter Mistress Anne Page.*

*Sbal.* Here comes fair mistress *Anne*: 'would, I were young for your sake, mistress *Anne*!

*Anne.* The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worship's company.

*Sbal.* I will wait on him, fair mistress *Anne*.

*Eva.* Od's plessed will, I will not be absence at the Grace. [*Ex.* Shallow and Evans.]

*Anne.* Will't please your worship to come in, Sir?

*Slen.* No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

*Anne.* The dinner attends you, Sir.

*Slen.* I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. Go, Sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin *Shallow*: [*Ex.* Simple.] A Justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, 'till my mother be dead; but what though, yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

*Anne.* I may not go in without your worship; they will not fit, 'till you come.

*Slen.* P'faith, I'll eat nothing: I thank you as much as though I did.

*Anne.* I pray you, Sir, walk in.

*Slen.* I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruis'd my shin th'other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, three veneyes for a dish of stew'd prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i'th' town?

*Anne.* I think, there are, Sir; I heard them talk'd of.

*Slen.* I love the sport well, but I shall as soon quarrel

rel at it as ~~any~~ man in *England*. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

*Anne*. Ay, indeed, Sir.

*Slen*. That's meat and drink to me now; I have seen *Sackerfon* loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but I warrant you, the women have so cry'd and shriek'd at it, that it pass<sup>s</sup>: but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

*Enter Mr. Page.*

*Page*. Come, gentle Mr. *Slender*, come; we stay for you.

*Slen*. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, Sir.

*Page*. By cock and pye, you shall not chuse, Sir; come; come.

*Slen*. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

*Page*. Come on, Sir.

*Slen*. Mistress *Anne*, yourself shall go first.

*Anne*. Not I, Sir; pray you, keep on.

*Slen*. Truly, I will not go first, truly-la: I will not do you that wrong.

*Anne*. I pray you, Sir.

*Slen*. I'll rather be unmannerly, than troublesome; you do yourself wrong, indeed-la. [*Exeunt*.]

## S C E N E VI.

*Re-enter Evans and Simple.*

*Eva*. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor *Caius*' house which is the way; and there dwells one mistress *Quickly*, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry

<sup>s</sup> — that it pass:—] *It* sentence completed would be, *pass*, or *this passes*, was a way of speaking customary heretofore, to signify the excess, or extraordinary degree of any thing. The *strange*. WARBURTON.

nurse,



nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

*Simp.* Well, Sir.

*Eva.* Nay, it is petter yet; give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogethers acquaintance with mistress *Anne Page*; and the letter is to desire and require her to sollicit your master's desires to mistress *Anne Page*: I pray you, be gone; I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E VII.

*Changes to the Garter-Inn.*

*Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol and Robin.*

*Fal.* **M**INE host of the garter. ———

*Host.* What says my bully *Rock*? speak schollarly, and wisely.

*Fal.* Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

*Host.* Discard, bully *Hercules*, cashier; let them wag: trot, trot.

*Fal.* I sit at ten pounds a week.

*Host.* Thou'rt an Emperor, *Cæsar*, *Keisar* and *Pheazar*. I will entertain *Bardolph*, he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully *Hector*?

*Fal.* Do so, good mine host.

*Host.* I have spoke, let him follow; let me see thee froth, and live: I am at a word; follow. [*Exit Host.*]

*Fal.* *Bardolph*, follow him; a tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wither'd serving-man, a fresh tapster; go, adieu.

*Bard.* It is a life that I have desir'd: I will thrive.

[*Exit Bard.*]

*Pist.* O base *Hungarian* wight, wilt thou the spigot wield?

*Nym.*

*Nym.* He was gotten in drink, is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroick, and there's the humour of it.

*Fal.* I am glad, I am so quit of this tinderbox; his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful finger, he kept not time.

*Nym.* The good humour is to steal at a <sup>6</sup> minute's rest.

*Pist.* Convey, the Wife it call: steal? foh; a fico for the phrase!

*Fal.* Well, Sirs, I am almost out at heels.

*Pist.* Why then let kibes ensue.

*Fal.* There is no remedy: I must cony-catch, I must shift.

*Pist.* Young ravens must have food.

*Fal.* Which of you know *Ford* of this Town?

*Pist.* I ken the wight, he is of substance good.

*Fal.* My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

*Pist.* Two yards and more.

*Fal.* No quips now, *Pistol*: indeed, I am in the waste two yards about; but I am now about no waste, I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to *Ford's* wife: I spy entertainment in her, she discourtes, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar stile, and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be english'd right, is, *I am Sir John Falstaff's*.

*Pist.* He hath study'd her well, and translated her well; out of honesty into English.

*Nym.* The anchor is deep; <sup>7</sup> will that humour pass?

<sup>6</sup> ——— at a minute's rest.] It was very judiciously suggested to me by a young gentleman who knows more of musick than I, that our authour probably wrote at a *minim's* rest.

<sup>7</sup> The anchor is deep; will that humour pass? ] I see not what

relation *the anchor* has to *translation*. Perhaps we may read *the authour is deep*; or perhaps the line is out of its place, and should be inserted lower after *Falstaff* has said,

*Sail like my pinnace to those golden shores.*

*Fal.* Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse: she hath a legion of angels.

*Pist.* As many devils entertain; and to her, boy, say I.

*Nym.* The humour rises; it is good; humour me the angels.

*Fal.* I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to *Page's* wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with most judicious eyeliads; sometimes, the beam of her view gilded my foot; sometimes, my portly belly.

*Pist.* Then did the sun on dung-hill shine.

*Nym.* I thank thee for that humour.

*Fal.* O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass. Here's another letter to her; she bears the purse too; she<sup>8</sup> is a region in *Guiana*, all gold and bounty. <sup>9</sup> I will be Cheater to them both, and they shall be *Exchequers* to me; they shall be my *East* and *West-Indies*, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to

<sup>8</sup> *she is a Region in Guiana, all Gold and Bounty.*] If the Tradition be true (as I doubt not, but it is) of this Play being wrote at Queen *Elizabeth's* Command; this Passage, perhaps, may furnish a probable Conjecture that it could not appear 'till after the Year 1598. The mention of *Guiana*, then so lately discover'd to the *English*, was a very happy Compliment to Sir *W. Raleigh*, who did not begin his Expedition for *South America* 'till 1595, and return'd from it in 1596, with an advantageous Account of the great Wealth of *Guiana*. Such an Address of the

Poet was likely, I imagine, to have a proper Impression on the People, when the Intelligence of such a golden Country was fresh in their Minds, and gave them Expectations of immense Gain.

THEOBALD:

<sup>9</sup> *I will be Cheater to them both, and they shall be Exchequers to me;—*] The same joke is intended here, as in the second part of *Henry the fourth*, Act 2. — *I will bar no honest man my house, nor no Cheater.*—By which is meant *Escheatours*, an officer in the exchequer, in no good repute with the common people. WARBURTON.



mistress *Page*, and thou this to mistress *Ford*: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

*Pist.* Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become,  
And by my side wear steel? then, *Lucifer*, take all!

*Nym.* I will run no base humour; here, take the  
humour letter, I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

*Fal.* Hold, Sirrah, bear you these letters tightly,  
Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores. [*To Robin.*  
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hail-stones, go;  
Trudge, plod away o'th' hoof seek shelter, pack!

*Falstaff* will learn the humour of the age,

*French* thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page.

[*Exit Falstaff and Boy.*]

S C E N E VIII.

*Pist.* Let vultures gripe thy guts; <sup>1</sup> for gourd, and  
*Fullam* holds:

And high and low beguiles the rich and poor.  
Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,  
Base *Phrygian Turk*!

*Nym.* I have operations in my head, which be hu-  
mours of revenge.

*Pist.* Wilt thou revenge?

*Nym.* By welkin, and her star.

*Pist.* With wit, or steel?

*Nym.* With both the humours, I:

I will discuss the humour of this love to *Ford*.

<sup>1</sup> ——— for gourd, and *Fullam* holds:

And high and low beguiles the rich and poor.] *Fullam* is a cant term for false dice, high and low. *Torriano*, in his *Italian Dictionary*, interprets *Pise* by false dice, high and low men, high *Fullams*, and low *Fullams*. *Johnson*, in his *Every man out of his humour*, quibbles upon this

cant term. *Who, he serve? He keeps high men and low men, he has a fair living at Fullam.*—

As for *Gourd*, or rather *Gord*, it was another instrument of gaming, as appears from *Beaumont* and *Fletcher's Scornful Lady*.—  
*And thy dry bones can reach at nothing now, but GORDS or nine-pins.*

WARBURTON.

*Pist.*

*Pist.* And I to *Page* shall eke unfold,  
How *Falstaff*, varlet vile,  
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,  
And his soft couch defile.

*Nym.* My humour shall not cool; I will incense  
*Ford* to deal with poison; I will possess him with yel-  
lowness; for the Revolt of *Mien*<sup>2</sup> is dangerous: that  
is my true humour.

*Pist.* Thou art the *Mars* of male-contents: I second  
thee; troop on. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE IX.

*Changes to Dr. Caius's House.*

*Enter Mrs. Quickly, Simple, and John Rugby.*

*Quic.* **W**HAT, *John Rugby*! I pray thee, go to  
the casement, and see if you can see my  
master, master Doctor *Caius*, coming; if he do, i'faith,  
and find any body in the house, here will be old abu-  
sing of God's patience, and the King's *Engliss*.

*Rug.* I'll go watch.

*Quic.* Go, and we'll have a posset for't soon at  
night, in faith, at the latter end<sup>3</sup> of a sea-coal fire.  
[Exit Rugby.] An honest, willing, kind fellow, as  
ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I war-  
rant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate; his worst  
fault is, that he is given to pray'r; he is something  
peevish that way; but no-body but has his fault; but  
let that pass. *Peter Simple*, you say your name is.

*Sim.* Ay, for fault of a better.

*Quic.* And master *Slender*'s your master?

*Sim.* Ay, forsooth.

<sup>2</sup> — the Revolt of *Mien*] I serve, for of the present text I  
suppose we may read, the revolt can find no meaning.  
of men. Sir T. Hanmer reads, <sup>3</sup> — at the latter end, &c.]  
this revolt of mine. Either may That is, when my master is in bed.

*Quic.* Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

*Sim.* No, forsooth; he hath but a little wee-face, with a little yellow beard, + a *Cain-colour'd* beard.

*Quic.* A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

*Sim.* Ay, forsooth; but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head: he hath fought with a warrener.

*Quic.* How say you? oh, I should remember him; does he not hold up his head, as it were? and strut in his gate?

*Sim.* Yes, indeed, does he.

*Quic.* Well, heav'n send *Anne Page* no worse fortune! Tell master parson *Evans*, I'll do what I can for your master: *Anne* is a good girl, and I wish—

*Enter Rugby.*

*Rug.* Out, alas! here comes my master.

*Quic.* We shall all be shent; run in here, good young man; go into this closet; [*Shuts Simple in the closet.*] He will not stay long. What, *John Rugby*! *John*! what, *John*, I say; go, *John*, go enquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home: *and down, down, a-down-a, &c.* [*Sings.*

S C E N E X.

*Enter Doctor Caius.*

*Caius.* Vat is you sing? I do not like des toys; pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier verd*; a box, a green-a box; do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

<sup>4</sup> — a cane-colour'd beard.] *Cain* and *Judas*, in the Tapestries, and Pictures of old, were restor'd with the old Copies. represented with yellow Beards.

THEOBALD.

*Quic.*



*Quic.* Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you.

I am glad, he went not in himself; if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad. [*Aside.*

*Caius.* *Fe, fe, fe, fe, mai foi, il fait ford chaud; je m'en vaie à la Cour——la grande affaire.*

*Quic.* Is it this, Sir?

*Caius.* *Ouy, mettez le au mon pocket; Dépéchez, quickly; ver is dat knave Rugby?*

*Quic.* What, *John Rugby!* *John!*

*Rug.* Here, Sir.

*Caius.* You are *John Rugby*, and you are *Jack Rugby*; come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to the Court.

*Rug.* 'Tis ready, Sir, here in the porch.

*Caius.* By my trot, I tarry too long: od's me! *Qu'ay j' oublie?* dere is some simplés in my closet, dat I will not for the varld I shall leave behind:

*Quic.* Ay-me, he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

*Caius.* O *Diable, Diable!* vat is in my closet? vil-laine, *Larron!* *Rugby*, my rapier.

[*Pulls Simple out of the closet.*

*Quic.* Good master be content.

*Caius.* Wherefore shall I be content-a?

*Quic.* The young man is an honest man.

*Caius.* What shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man, dat shall come in my closet.

*Quic.* I beseech you, be not so flegmatick; hear the truth of it. He came of an errand to me from par-son *Hugh*.

*Caius.* Vell.

*Sim.* Ay, forsooth, to desire her to ——

*Quic.* Peace, I pray you.

*Caius.* Peace-a your tongue.—Speak-a your tale.

*Sim.* To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistress *Anne Page* for my master in the way of marriage.

*Quic.* This is all, indeed-la; but I'll never put my finger in the fire, and need not.

*Caius.* Sir *Hugh* fend-a-you? *Rugby*, baillez me some paper; tarry you a little while.

*Quic.* I am glad he is so quiet; if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy.—But notwithstanding, man, I'll do for your master what good I can; and the very yea and the no is, the *French* Doctor my master. (I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house, and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself.)

*Sim.* 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

*Quic.* Are you a-vis'd o' that? you shall find it a great charge; and to be up early and down late.—But notwithstanding, to tell you in your ear, I would have no words of it, my master himself is in love with mistress *Anne Page*; but, notwithstanding that, I know *Anne's* mind, that's neither here nor there.

*Caius.* You jack'nape; give-a this letter to Sir *Hugh*; by gar, it is a shallenge: I will cut his throat in de parke, and I will teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make ——— you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here; by gar, I will cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog.

[Exit Simple.

*Quic.* Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

*Caius.* It is no matter'a ver dat: do you not tell-a-me, dat I shall have *Anne Page* for myself? by gar, I will kill de jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of *de Farterre* to measure our weapon; by gar, I will myself have *Anne Page*.

*Quic.* Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate; what, the goujere!

*Caius.* *Rugby*, come to the Court with me; — by gar, if I have not *Anne Page*, I shall turn your head

head out of my door ;—follow my heels, *Rugby*.

[*Ex. Caius and Rugby.*]

*Quic.* You shall have *An* fools-head of your own. No, I know *Anne's* mind for that; never a Woman in *Windfor* knows more of *Anne's* mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heav'n.

*Fent.* (*within.*) Who's within there, ho?

*Quic.* Who's there, I trow, come near the house I pray you.

## S C E N E XI.

*Enter Mr. Fenton.*

*Fent.* How now, good woman, how dost thou?

*Quic.* The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask.

*Fent.* What news? how does pretty mistress *Anne*?

*Quic.* In truth, Sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praise heav'n for it.

*Fent.* Shall I do any good, think'st thou? shall I not lose my suit?

*Quic.* Troth, Sir, all is in his hands above; but notwithstanding, master *Fenton*, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you—Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

*Fent.* Yes, marry, have I? and what of that?

*Quic.* Well, thereby hangs a tale; good faith, it is such another *Nan*; but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread;—we had an hour's talk of that wart:—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company!—But, indeed, she is given too much to allicholly and musing; but for you——Well——go to——

*Fent.* Well; I shall see her to day; hold, there's mony for thee: let me have thy voice in my behalf; if thou see'st her before me, commend me——

*Quic.* Will I? ay, faith, that we will: and I will



tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other woovers.

*Fen.* Well, farewell, I am in great haste now. [*Exit.*]

*Quic.* Farewel to your worship. Truly, an honest gentleman, but *Anne* loves him not; I know *Anne's* mind as well as another does. Out upon't, what have I forgot? [*Exit.*]

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Before Page's House.*

*Enter Mrs. Page, with a Letter.*

*Mrs. PAGE.*

**W**HAT, have I scap'd love-letters in the holy-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? let me see:

*Ask me no reason, why I love you; for tho' love use reason for his precisian's, he admits him not for his counsellor: you are not young, no more am I; go to then,*

<sup>s</sup> — tho' love use reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counsellor:] This is obscure; but the meaning is, tho' love permit reason to tell what is fit to be done, he seldom follows its advice.— By *precisian*, is meant one who pretends to a more than ordinary degree of virtue and sanctity. On which account they gave this name to the puritans of that time. So *Osborne*, — Conform their mode, words and looks to these PRECISIANS. And

*Maine*, in his *City match*,

———— I did commend

A great PRECISIANS to her, for her woman. *WARBURTON.*

*Precisian.* Of this word I do not see any meaning that is very apposite to the present intention. Perhaps *Falstaff* said, *I though love use reason as his physician, he admits him not for his counsellor.* This will be plain sense. Ask not the reason of my love; the Business of Reason is not to assist love but to cure it.

*there's*

there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; ha! ha! then there's more sympathy; you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? let it suffice thee, mistress Page, at the least if the love of a soldier can suffice, that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me:

By me, thine own true Knight,  
By day or night,  
Or any kind of light,  
With all his might,  
For thee to fight.

John Falstaff.

What a Herod of Jewry is this? O wicked, wicked world! one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! what unweigh'd behaviour hath this *Flemish* drunkard pickt, i'th' devil's name, out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner essay me? why, he hath not been thrice in my company: what should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth<sup>6</sup>—heav'n forgive me—Why, I'll exhibit<sup>7</sup> a Bill in the Parliament for the putting down  
of

<sup>6</sup> — I was then frugal of my mirth, &c.] By breaking this speech into exclamations, the text may stand; but I once thought it must be read, If I was not then frugal of my mirth.

<sup>7</sup> — a bill in the Parliament for the putting down of Men:—] What, Mrs. Page, put down the whole Species *Unius ob noxam*, for a single Offender's Trespas? Don't he be so unreasonable in your Anger. But 'tis a false Charge against You. I am persuaded, a short Monosyllable is dropt out, which, once restor'd, would qualify the Matter. We must ne-

cessarily read, — for the putting down of fat Men.—Mrs. Ford says in the very ensuing Scene, I shall think the worse of fat Men, as long as I have an Eye, &c. And in the old Quarto's, Mrs. Page, so soon as she has read the Letter, says, Well, I shall trust fat Men the worse, while I live, for his sake: And he is call'd, the fat Knight, the greasy Knight, by the Women, throughout the Play.

THEOBALD.

— I'll exhibit a Bill in Parliament for putting down of MEN:] Mr. Theobald says, we must necessarily read,

— for putting down of fat men.

of men: how shall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Mrs. Ford.*

*Mrs. Ford.* *Mrs. Page*, trust me, I was going to your house.

*Mrs. Page.* And trust me, I was coming to you; you look very ill.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to shew to the contrary.

*Mrs. Page.* 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

*Mrs. Ford.* Well, I do then; yet I say, I could

men. But how is the matter mended? or the thought made less ridiculous? *Shakespeare* wrote,

— for the putting down of MUM, i. e. the fattening liquor so called. So *Fletcher* in his *Wild goose chase*: *What a cold I have over my stomach, would I had some MUM*

This is truly humorous, and agrees with the character she had just before given him of *Flemish drunkard*. But the greatest confirmation of this conjecture is the allusion the words, in question, bear to a matter then publicly transacting. The *Merry Wives of Windsor* appears to have been wrote in 1601, or very shortly after. And we are informed by *Sir Simon D'Erves' Journal*, that no home affair made more noise in and out of parliament at that time, than the suppression and regulation of taverns, inns, ale-houses, strong liquors, and the drinkers

of them. In the Parliament held 1597, a bill was brought into both houses, *For suppressing the multitude of Maltsters, &c.* Another, *To restrain the excessive making of Malt, and disorderly brewing of strong beer.* Another, *For regulation of Inns, Taverns, &c.* In the next Parliament, held 1601, was a bill, *For the suppressing of the multitude of Ale-houses and Tipling houses.* Another, *Against excessive and common drunkenness*; and several others of the same nature. Some of which, after much canvassing, were thrown out, and others passed into Acts. WARBURT.

I do not see that any alteration is necessary, if it were, either of the foregoing conjectures might serve the turn. But surely *Mrs. Page* may naturally enough, in the first heat of her anger, rail at the sex for the fault of one.

shew



shew you to the contrary: O mistress Page, give me some counsel.

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman! if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour.

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman, take the honour; what is it? dispense with trifles; what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What?—thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford!—these Knights will hack, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry<sup>s</sup>.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light—here, read—read—perceive how I might be knighted—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking; and yet he would not swear; prais'd women's modesty; and give such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have

<sup>s</sup> *What, thou liest! Sir Alice Ford! these Knights will HACK, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.*] The unintelligible nonsense of this speech is hardly to be matched. The change of a single letter has occasioned it, which is thus easily removed. Read and point,—*These Knights will LACK, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.* The other had said, *I could be knighted,* meaning, *I could have a Knight for my lover*; her companion took it in the other sense, of conferring the title, and says, *What, thou liest! Sir Alice Ford!*—these Knights will lack a title, [*i. e.* risk the punishment of degradation] rather than not make a whore of thee. For we are to observe that—and so

*thou shouldst not,* is a mode of speech, amongst the writers of that time, equivalent to—rather than thou shouldst not.

WARBURTON.

Upon this passage the learned Editor has tried his strength, in my opinion, with more spirit than success.

I read thus—*These knights we'll hack, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.* The punishment of a recreant or undeserving knight, was to hack off his spurs: the meaning therefore is; it is not worth the while of a gentlewoman to be made a Knight, for we'll degrade all these Knights in a little time, by the usual form of hacking off their spurs, and thou, if thou art knighted, shalt be hacked with the rest.

gone

gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere, and keep place together, than the hundredth Psalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves*.—What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, 'with so many ton of oil in his belly, a'shore at *Windsor*? how shall I be reveng'd on him? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, 'till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease—Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. *Page*. Letter for letter, but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs. To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin brother of thy letter; but let thine inherit first, for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank-space for different names; nay, more; and these are of the second edition; he will print them out of doubt, for he cares not what he puts into the \* *press*, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lye under mount *Pelion*. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. *Ford*. Why, this is the very fame, the very hand, the very words; what doth he think of us?

Mrs. *Page*. Nay, I know not; it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he knew some Stain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. *Ford*. Boarding, call it you? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. *Page*. So will I; if he come under my hatch-  
es, I'll never to sea again. Let's be reveng'd on him; let's appoint him a meeting, give him a show of comfort in his suit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

\* *Press* is used ambiguously, for a *press* to print, and a *press* to squeeze.

Mrs. *Ford*. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not fully the chariness of our honesty. Oh, that my husband saw this letter! it would give him eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. *Page*. Why, look, where he comes, and my good man too; he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. *Ford*. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. *Page*. Let's consult together against this greasy Knight. Come hither. [*They retire.*]

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Ford with Pistol, Page with Nym.*

*Ford*. Well, I hope, it be not so.

*Pist*. Hope is a \* curtail-dog in some affairs.

Sir *John* affects thy wife.

*Ford*. Why, Sir, my wife is not young.

*Pist*. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor.

Both young and old, one with another, *Ford*;  
He loves thy gally-mawfry, *Ford*, perpend.

*Ford*. Love my wife?

*Pist*. With liver burning hot: prevent, or go thou, like Sir *Acteon*, he, with Ring-wood at thy heels—  
O, odious is the name.

*Ford*. What name, Sir?

*Pist*. The horn, I say: farewell.

Take heed, have open eye; for thieves do foot by night.

Take heed ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds affright.  
Away, Sir corporal *Nym*.—<sup>9</sup> Be-

\* — *curtail-dog*] That is, a dog that misses his game. The tail is counted necessary to the agility of a greyhound, and one method of qualifying a dog according to the forest laws, is to cut his tail, or make him a *curtail*.  
<sup>9</sup> *Away, Sir corporal Nym. Believe it, Page, he speaks sense.*] *Nym*, I believe, is out of place, and we should read thus: *Away,*



Believe it, *Page*, he speaks sense. [Exit Pistol.

*Ford*. I will be patient; I will find out this.

*Nym*. And this is true: I like not the humour of lying; he hath wrong'd me in some humours: I should have born the humour'd letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity — He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. — My name is Corporal *Nym*; I speak, and I avouch; 'tis true — my name is *Nym*, and *Falstaff* loves your Wife. — Adieu; I love not the humour of bread and cheese: adieu. [Exit *Nym*.

*Page*. The humour of it, quoth a'! here's a fellow, frights humour out of its wits.

*Ford*. I will seek out *Falstaff*.

*Page*. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

*Ford*. If I do find it: well.

*Page*. I will not believe such a <sup>2</sup> *Cataian*, tho' the priest o' th' town commended him for a true man.

*Ford*. 'Twas a good sensible fellow — well.

## SCENE

*Away, Sir corporal.*

*Nym*. Believe it, *Page*, he speaks sense.

<sup>1</sup> *I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; &c.*] This absurd passage may be pointed into sense. *I have a sword, and it shall bite — upon my necessity, he loves your wife, &c.* — Having said his sword should bite, he stops short, as was fitting: For he meant that it should bite upon the high-way. And then turns to the subject of his conference, and swears, by his necessity, that *Falstaff* loved his wife.

WARBURTON.

I do not see the difficulty of this passage: no phrase is more com-

mon than — you may, upon a need, thus. *Nym*, to gain credit, says, that he is above the mean office of carrying love-letters; he has nobler means of living; he has a sword, and upon his necessity, that is, when his need drives him to unlawful expedients, his sword shall bite.

<sup>2</sup> *I will not believe such a Cataian.*] Mr. Theobald has here a pleasant note, as usual. This is a piece of satire that did not want its force at the time of this play's appearing; tho' the history on which it is grounded is become obsolete. And then tells a long story of *Martin Frobisher* attempting the north-west passage, and bringing home a black-stone,

## SCENE IV.

*Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford come forwards.*

*Page.* How now, *Meg*?

*Mrs. Page.* Whither go you, *George*?—hark you.

*Mrs. Ford.* How now, sweet *Frank*, why art thou melancholy?

*Ford.* I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

*Mrs. Ford.* Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now—Will you go, mistress *Page*?

*Mrs. Page.* Have with you.—You'll come to din-

as he thought, full of gold-ore: that it proved not so, and that therefore *Cataians* and *Frobishers* became by-words for vain boasters.—The whole is an idle dream. All the mystery of the term *Cataian*, for a liar, is only this. *China* was anciently called *Cataia* or *Cathay*, by the first adventurers that travelled thither; such as *M. Paulo*, and our *Mandeville*, who told such incredible wonders of this new discovered empire, (in which they have not been outdone even by the *Jesuits* themselves, who followed them) that a notorious liar was usually called a *Cataian*. WARBURTON.

*Mr. Theobald* and *Dr. Warburton* have both told their stories with confidence, I am afraid, very disproportionate to any evidence that can be produced. That *Cataian* was a word of hatred or contempt is plain, but that it signified a *boaster* or a *liar* has not been proved. *Sir Toby*

in *Twelfth-Night* says of the *Lady Olivia* to her maid *thy Lady's a Cataian*; but there is no reason to think he means to call her *liar*. Besides, *Page* intends to give *Ford* a reason why *Pistol* should not be credited. He therefore does not say, *I would not believe such a liar*: for that he is a liar is yet to be made probable: but he says, *I would not believe such a Cataian on any testimony of his veracity*. That is: *This fellow has such an odd appearance; is so unlike a man civilized, and taught the duties of life, that I cannot credit him*. To be a foreigner was always in *England*, and I suppose every where else, a reason of dislike. So *Pistol* calls *Slender* in the first act, a *mountain foreigner*; that is, a fellow uneducated and of gross behaviour; and again in his anger calls *Bardolph*, *Hungarian wight*.

ner,

ner, *George*?—Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this poultry Knight.

[*Afide to Mrs. Ford.*

*Enter Mistress Quickly.*

*Mrs. Ford.* Trust me, I thought on her, she'll fit it.

*Mrs. Page.* You are come to see my daughter *Anne*?

*Quick.* Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good mistress *Anne*?

*Mrs. Page.* Go in with us, and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Ex. Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quickly.*

S C E N E V.

*Page.* How now, master *Ford*?

*Ford.* You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

*Page.* Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

*Ford.* Do you think there is truth in them?

*Page.* Hang 'em, slaves; I do not think, the Knight would offer it; but these, that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoak of his discarded men; <sup>3</sup> very rogues, now they be out of service.

*Ford.* Were they his men?

*Page.* Marry, were they.

*Ford.* I like it never the better for that. Does he lye at the *Garter*?

*Page.* Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend his voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lye on my head.

*Ford.* I do not misdoubt my wife, but I would be

<sup>3</sup> *Very rogues, now they be out of service.*] A rogue is a wanderer or vagabond, and, in its consequential signification, a cheat.



both to turn them together; a man may be too confident; I would have nothing lye on my head; I cannot be thus satisfi'd.

*Page.* Look, where my ranting Host of the Garter comes; there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily. How now, mine Host?

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter Host and Shallow.*

*Host.* How, now, bully *Rock*? thou'rt a gentleman; cavalero-justice, I say.

*Shal.* I follow, mine Host, I follow. Good even, and twenty, good master *Page*. Master *Page*, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

*Host.* Tell him, cavalero-justice; tell him, bully *Rock*.

*Shal.* Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir *Hugh* the *Welsh* priest, and *Caius* the *French* doctor.

*Ford.* Good mine Host o' th' Garter, a word with you.

*Host.* What say'st thou, bully *Rock*?

*[They go a little aside.]*

*Shal.* *[To Page.]* Will you go with us to behold it? my merry Host hath had the measuring of their Weapons, and, I think, he hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear, the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

*Host.* Hast thou no suit against my Knight, my guest-cavalier?

*Ford.* None, I protest; but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him, my name is *Brook*; only for a jest.

*Host.*

\* And tell him, my Name is *Quarto's*; and thus most certainly the Poet wrote. We need no better

*Host.* My hand, bully. Thou shalt have egrefs and regrefs; said I well? and thy name shall be *Brook*. It is a merry Knight. 'Will you go an-heirs?

*Shal.* Have with you, mine host.

*Page.* I have heard, the *Frenchman* hath good skill in his rapier.

*Shal.* Tut, Sir, I could have told you more. In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccardo's, and I know not what. 'Tis the heart, master *Page*; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time with my<sup>o</sup> long sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

*Host.* Here, boys, here, here: shall we wag?

*Page.* Have with you; I had rather hear them scold than fight. [*Exeunt Host, Shallow and Page.*]

*Ford.* Tho' *Page* be a secure fool<sup>7</sup>, and stand so firmly

better Evidence, than the Pun that *Falstaff* anon makes on the Name, when *Brook* sends him some burnt Sack.

*Such Brooks are welcome to me, that overflow with such Liquor.*  
The Players, in their Editions, altered the Name to *Broom*.

THEOBALD.

<sup>5</sup> *Will you go AN HEIRS?*]  
This nonsense is spoken to *Shallow*. We should read,

*Will you go ON, HERIS?*  
*i. e.* Will you go on, Master. *Heris*, an old Scotch word for master.

WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> *My long sword.*] Not long before the introduction of rapiers, the swords in use were of an enormous length, and sometimes raised with both hands. *Shallow*, with an old man's vanity, censures the innovation by which lighter weapons were introduced, tells what he could once

have done with his *long sword*, and ridicules the terms and rules of the rapier.

<sup>7</sup> *And stand so firmly on his Wife's Frailty.*] No surely; *Page* stood tightly to the opinion of her Honesty, and would not entertain a Thought of her being frail. I have therefore ventured to substitute a Word correspondent to the Sense requir'd; and one, which our Poet frequently uses, to signify *conjugal faith*.

THEOBALD.

*stand so firmly on his wife's frailty.*] Thus all the copies. But Mr. *Theobald* has no conception how any man could stand firmly on his wife's frailty. And why? Because he had no conception how he could stand upon it, without knowing what it was. But if I tell a stranger, that the bridge he is about to cross is rotten,

firmly on his wife's fealty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily. She was in his company at *Page's* house; and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't; and I have a disguise to sound *Falstaff*: if I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestow'd.

[Exit.

## S C E N E VII.

*Changes to the Garter-Inn.*

*Enter Falstaff and Pistol.*

*Fal.* I Will not lend thee a penny.

*Pist.* Why then the world's mine oyster, which I with sword will open.—I will retort the sum in Equipage<sup>s</sup>.

*Fal.* Not a penny. I have been content, Sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn; I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you, and your couch-fellow, *Nym*; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd in hell for swearing to gentlemen, my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows. And when *Mrs. Bridget* lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour, thou hadst it not.

*Pist.* Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

ten, and he believes it not, but will go on, may I not say, when I see him upon it, that he stands firmly on a rotten plank? Yet he has changed *frailty* for *fealty*, and the *Oxford Editor* has followed him. But they took the phrase, to stand firmly on, to signify to insist upon, whereas it signifies to rest upon, which the cha-

racter of a *secure fool*, given to him, shews. So that the common reading has an elegance that would be lost in the alteration.

WARBURTON.

<sup>s</sup> *I will retort the sum in equipage.*] This is added from the old Quarto of 1619, and means, I will pay you again in stolen goods. WARBURTON.



*Fal.* Reason, you rogue, reason : think'st thou, I'll endanger my soul *gratis* ? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you.—Go.—A<sup>9</sup> short knife and a throng—to your manor of <sup>1</sup> *Pickt-batch*.—Go.—You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—you stand upon your honour!—why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the term of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge and to lurch ; and yet you rogue will ensconce your rags, your *cat-a-mountain* looks, your <sup>2</sup> red lettuce phrases, and your <sup>3</sup> bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour ! You will not do it, you !

*Pist.* I do relent : what wouldst thou more of man ?

*Enter Robin.*

*Rob.* Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

*Fal.* Let her approach.

### S C E N E VIII.

*Enter Mrs. Quickly.*

*Quic.* Give your worship good-morrow.

*Fal.* Good morrow, good wife.

*Quic.* Not so, and't please your worship.

*Fal.* Good maid, then.

*Quic.* I'll be sworn, as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

<sup>9</sup> *a short knife and a throng,*] So Lear. *When Cutpurses come not to throngs.* WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> A noted place for thieves and pickpockets. THEOBALD.

<sup>2</sup> *Red lettuce phrases.*] Your ale-house conversation.

<sup>3</sup> *your bold BEATING oaths ;*]

We should read *bold-BEARING oaths*, i. e. out-facing.

WARBURTON.

A *beating oath* is, I think, right ; so we now say, in low language, a *thwacking* or *sawing* thing.

*Fal.*

*Fal.* I do believe the swearer; what with me?

*Quic.* Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

*Fal.* Two thousand, fair woman, and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

*Quic.* There is one mistress *Ford*, Sir—I pray, come a little nearer this ways—I myself dwell with Mr. Doctor *Caius*.

*Fal.* Well, on: mistress *Ford*, you say—

*Quic.* Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

*Fal.* I warrant thee, nobody hears—mine own people, mine own people.

*Quic.* Are they so? heav'n bless them, and make them his servants!

*Fal.* Well: mistress *Ford*,—what of her?

*Quic.* Why, Sir, she's a good creature. Lord, lord, your worship's a wanton: well, heav'n forgive you, and all of us, I pray—

*Fal.* Mistress *Ford*,—come, mistress *Ford*,—

*Quic.* Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries<sup>4</sup>, as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at *Windsor*, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, smelling so sweetly; all musk; and so rustling, I warrant you, in silk and gold, and in such alligant terms, and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart: and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels in any such sort as they say, but in the

<sup>4</sup> *Canary*] This is the name in low language for any hurry or of a brisk light dance, and is perturbation. therefore properly enough used

way of honesty.—And I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all. And yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

*Fal.* But what says she to me? be brief, my good She *Mercury*.

*Quic.* Marry, she hath receiv'd your letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

*Fal.* Ten and eleven.

*Quic.* Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of—master *Ford*, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him, he's a very jealousy man; she leads a very 'frampold life with him, good heart.

*Fal.* Ten and eleven: woman, commend me to her, I will not fail her.

*Quic.* Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship; mistress *Page* has her hearty commendations to you too; and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in *Windsor*, whoe'er be the other; and she bad me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home, but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so doat upon a man; surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

*Fal.* Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

*Quic.* Blessing on your heart for't!

*Fal.* But I pray thee, tell me this; has *Ford's* wife,

[*s Frampold.*] This word I *Williams*, where a *frampul* man have never seen elsewhere except signifies a peevish troublesome fellow, in Dr. *Hacket's* life of Archbishop

and



and *Page's* wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

*Quic.* That were a jest, indeed; they have not so little grace, I hope; that were a trick, indeed! but mistress *Page* would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, master *Page* is an honest man. Never a wife in *Windsor* leads a better life, than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and truly she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in *Windsor*, truly, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

*Fal.* Why, I will.

*Quic.* Nay, but do so then; and look you, he may come and go between you both, and in any case have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind: and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good, that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

*Fal.* Fare thee well; commend me to them both: there's my purse, I am yet thy debtor—Boy, go along with this woman.—This news distracts me!

[*Exeunt Quickly and Robin.*]

*Pist.* \* This pink is one of *Cupid's* carriers:

Clap

\* In former editions,  
*This PUNK is one of Cupid's*  
carriers,

*Clap on more sails; pursue;*  
up with your sights,

*Give fire; she is my prize.]*

*This punk is one of Cupid's car-*  
*riers,* is a plausible reading, yet  
absurd on examination. For are  
not all punks *Cupid's carriers*?

*Shakespeare* certainly wrote,

*This PINK is one of Cupid's*  
*carriers,*

and then the sense is proper, and  
the metaphor, which is all the  
way taken from the marine, en-  
tire. A *Pink* is a vessel of the  
small craft, employed as a *car-*  
*rier* (and so called) for mer-  
chants. *Fletcher* uses the word,  
in his *Tamer Tamed*.

1 i 4

*This*

Clap on more fails; pursue; up with your fights;  
Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!

[Exit Pistol.

*Fal.* Say'st thou so, old *Jack*? go thy ways—I'll make more of thy old body, than I have done—will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expence of so much mony, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee; let them say, 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

SCENE IX.

Enter Bardolph.

*Bard.* Sir *John*, there's one master *Brook* below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

*Fal.* *Brook*, is his name?

*Bard.* Ay, Sir.

*Fal.* Call him in; [Exit Bardolph.] such *Brooks* are welcome to me, that o'erflow with such liquor. Ah! ah! mistress *Ford* and mistress *Page*, have I encompass'd you? go to, *via*!

*This PINK, this painted foist,*  
*this cockle boat,*

*To hang her fights out, and de-*  
*fy me, Friends!*

*A well-known man of war—*  
As to the word *fights*, both in the text and in the quotation, it was then, and, for aught I know, may be now, a common seaterm. Sir *Richard Hawkins* in his voyages, p. 66. says, ———  
*For once we cleared her deck, and had not been able to have spared but a dozen men, doubtless we had done with her what we would; for she had no close FIGHTS, i. e. if I understand it right, no small arms.* So that by *fights* is meant any manner of defence, either in all arms or cannon. So *Dryden*, in his tragedy of *Albano's*,

*Up with your FIGHTS,*

*And your nettings prepare, &c.*

But, not considering this, I led the *Oxford Editor* into a silly conjecture, which he has done me the honour of putting into his text, which is indeed a proper place for it.

*Up with YOND' FRIGAT.*

WARBURTON.

The quotation from *Dryden* might at least have raised a suspicion that *fights* were neither *small arms*, nor *cannon*. *Fights* and *nettings* are properly joined. *Fights*, I find, are *cloaths* hung round the ship to conceal the men from the enemy, and *close-fights* are *bulkheads*, or any other shelter [that the fabrick of a ship affords.

Re-

*Re-enter Bardolph, with Ford disguis'd.*

*Ford.* Bless you, Sir,

*Fal.* And you, Sir; would you speak with me?

*Ford.* I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

*Fal.* You're welcome; what's your will? give us leave, drawer. [*Exit Bardolph.*]

*Ford.* Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is *Brook*.

*Fal.* Good master *Brook*, I desire more acquaintance of you.

*Ford.* Good Sir *John*, I sue for yours; not to \* charge you, for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are, the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseason'd intrusion; for they say, if mony go before, all ways do lye open.

*Fal.* Mony is a good soldier, Sir, and will on.

*Ford.* Troth, and I have a bag of mony, here, troubles me; if you will help me to bear it, Sir *John*, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

*Fal.* Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

*Ford.* I will tell you, Sir, if you will give me the hearing.

*Fal.* Speak, good master *Brook*, I shall be glad to be your servant.

*Ford.* Sir, I hear, you are a scholar (I will be brief with you); and you have been a man long known to me, tho' I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you: I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfections; but good Sir *John*, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own,

\* — not to charge you,] That ting you to expence, or being is, not with a purpose of putting *burthen* some.

that



that I may pass with a reproof the easier; sith you yourself know, how easy it is to be such an offender.

*Fal.* Very well: Sir, proceed.

*Ford.* There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is *Ford*.

*Fal.* Well, Sir.

*Ford.* I have long lov'd her; and, I protest to you, bestow'd much on her; follow'd her with a doating observance; engross'd opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursu'd me, which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means; meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel; That I have purchas'd at an infinite rate, and That hath taught me to say this;

*" Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;*

*" Pursuing That that flies, and flying what pursues.*

*Fal.* Have you receiv'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

*Ford.* Never.

*Fal.* Have you importun'd her to such a purpose?

*Ford.* Never.

*Fal.* Of what quality was your love then?

*Ford.* Like a fair house built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I have erected it.

*Fal.* To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

*Ford.* When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that tho' she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir *John*, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of

of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentick in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

*Fal.* O Sir!

*Ford.* Believe it, for you know it: there is mony; spend it, spend it; spend more, spend all I have, only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this *Ford's* wife; use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

*Fal.* Would it apply well to the vehemence of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

*Ford.* O, understand my drift; she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had 'instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too strongly embattel'd against me. What say you to't, Sir *John*?

*Fal.* Master *Brook*, I will first make bold with your mony; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy *Ford's* wife.

*Ford.* O good Sir!

*Fal.* Master *Brook*, I say you shall.

*Ford.* Want no mony, Sir *John*, you shall want none.

*Fal.* Want no mistress *Ford*, master *Brook*, you shall want none. I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment. Even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me; I

<sup>1</sup> Instance and argument.] Instance is example.

say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night, you shall know how I speed.

*Ford.* I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know *Ford*, Sir?

*Fal.* Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave, I know him not: yet I wrong him, to call him poor; they say, the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of mony, for the which his wife seems to be well-favour'd. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly-rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

*Ford.* I would you knew *Ford*, Sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

*Fal.* Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue: I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it shall hang like a meteor o'er the Cuckold's horns. Master *Brook*, thou shalt know, I will predominate over the peasant; and thou shalt lye with his wife.—Come to me soon at night. *Ford's* a knave, and I will aggravate his stile: thou, master *Brook*, shalt know him for knave and cuckold.—Come to me soon at night. [Exit.

## S C E N E X.

*Ford.* What a damn'd *Epicurean* rascal is this! my heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says, this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixt, the match is made; would any man have thought this? see the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abus'd, my coffers ranfack'd, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me the wrong. Terms, names; *Amaimon* sounds well; *Lucifer*, well; *Barbajon*, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names



names of fiends: but cuckold, wittol, cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. *Page* is an ass, a secure ass, he will trust his wife; he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a *Fleming* with my butter, parson *Hugh* the *Welchman* with my cheese, an *Irishman* with my *Aquavita* bottle, or a thief to walk my ambuling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises: and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heav'n be prais'd for my jealousy!—<sup>s</sup> Eleven o'clock the hour—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on *Falstaff*, and laugh at *Page*. I will about it—better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie; cuckold, cuckold, cuckold! [Exit.

## SCENE XI.

*Changes to Windfor Park.*

*Enter Caius and Rugby.*

*Caius.* JACK Rugby?

*Rug.* Sir.

*Caius.* Vat is de clock, Jack?

*Rug.* 'Tis past the hour, Sir, that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

*Caius.* By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Bible well, dat he is no come: by gar, *Jack Rugby*, he is dead already, if he be come.

*Rug.* He is wise, Sir: he knew, your worship would kill him, if he came.

*Caius.* By gar, de herring is not so dead as me vill

<sup>s</sup> *Eleven o'clock.*] *Ford* should and his impatient suspicion was rather have said *ten o'clock*: the not likely to stay beyond the time was between ten and eleven; time.

make him. Take your rapier, *Jack*; I will tell you how I will kill him.

*Rug.* Alas, Sir, I cannot fence.

*Caius.* Villan-a, take your rapier.

*Rug.* Forbear; here's company.

*Enter Host, Shallow, Slender and Page.*

*Host.* 'Bless thee, bully Doctor.

*Shal.* 'Save you, Mr. Doctor *Caius*.

*Page.* Now, good Mr. Doctor.

*Slen.* Give you good-morrow, Sir.

*Caius.* Vat be all you, one; two, tree, four, come for?

*Host.* To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there, to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my *Ethiopian*? Is he dead, my *Francisco*? ha, bully? what says my *Æsculapius*? my *Galen*? my heart of elder? ha? is he dead, bully-stale? is he dead?

*Caius.* By gar, he is de coward *Jack Priest* of de world; he is not show his face.

*Host.* Thou art a 'Castalian-king-Urinal: *Hector* of *Greece*, my boy.

*Caius.* I pray you bear witness, that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

*Shal.* He is the wiser man, Mr. Doctor; he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies: if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions: Is it not true, master *Page*?

*Page.* Master *Shallow*, you have yourself been a great fighter, tho' now a man of peace.

*Shal.* Body-kins, Mr. *Page*, tho' I now be old, and of peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to

<sup>1</sup> Sir T. Hanmer reads *Cardalian*, as used corruptedly for *Cœur de lion*.

make one; tho' we are justices, and doctors, and church-men, Mr. *Page*, we have some falt of our youth in us; we are the fons of women, Mr. *Page*.

*Page*. 'Tis true, Mr. *Shallow*.

*Shal*. It will be found so, Mr. *Page*. Mr. Doctor *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace; you have shew'd yourself a wise physician, and Sir *Hugh* hath shown himself a wise and patient church-man. You must go with me, Mr. Doctor.

*Host*. Pardon, guest-justice.—A word, Monsieur mock-water?

*Caius*. Mock-vater? vat is dat?

*Host*. Mock-water, in our *English* tongue, is valour, bully.

*Caius*. By gar, then I have as much mock-vater as de *Englishman*, scurvy-jack-dog-priest; by gar, me vill cut his ears.

*Host*. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

*Caius*. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

*Host*. That is, he will make thee amends.

*Caius*. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me; for by gar, me vill have it.

*Host*. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

*Caius*. Me tank you for dat.

*Host*. And moreover bully.—But first, Mr. Guest, and Mr. *Page*, and eek *Cavaliero Slender*, go you through the town to *Frogmore*.

*Page*. Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?

*Host*. He is there; see what Humour he is in; and I will bring the Doctor about the Fields: will it do well?

*Shal*. We will do it.

*All*. Adieu, good Mr. Doctor.

[*Exeunt Page, Shallow and Slender.*

° The host means, I believe, to reflect on the inspection of urine, which made a considerable part of practical physick in that time; yet I do not well see the meaning of *mock-water*.

*Caius*.



*Caius.* By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to *Anne Page*.

*Host.* Let him die; but, first, sheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler; go about the fields with me through *Frogmore*; I will bring thee where mistress *Anne Page* is, at a farm-house a feasting; and thou shalt woo her, <sup>2</sup> Cry aim; said I well?

*Caius.* By gar, me tank you vor dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure 'a you de good guest;

<sup>2</sup> In old editions,

*I will bring thee where Anne Page is, at a farm-house a feasting; and thou shalt woo her, CRY'D GAME; said I well?* Mr. Theobald alters this nonsense to *try'd game*; that is, to nonsense of a worse complexion. *Shakespeare* wrote and pointed thus, CRY AIM, *said I well?* *i. e.* consent to it, approve of it. Have not I made a good proposal? for to *cry aim* signifies to consent to, or approve of any thing. So again in this play, p. 503. *And to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall CRY AIM, i. e.* approve them. And again in *King John*, Act 2. Scene 2.

*It ill becomes this presence to CRY AIM*

*To these ill-tun'd repetitions.*

*i. e.* to approve of, or encourage them. The phrase was taken, originally, from archery. When any one had challenged another to shoot at the butts (the perpetual diversion, as well' as exercise, of that time) the standers-by used to say one to the other, *Cry aim, i. e.* accept the chal-

lenge. Thus *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, in the *Fair maid of the inn*, Act 5. make the Duke say, ——— must I cry AIME

*To this unheard of insolence — i. e.* encourage it, and agree to the request of the duel, which one of his subjects had insolently demanded against the other.— But here it is remarkable, that the senseless editors not knowing what to make of the phrase *Cry aim*, read it thus,

———— must I cry AI-ME: As if it was a note of interjection. So again *Massinger* in his *Guardian*,

*I will CRY AIM, and in another room*

*Determine of my vengeance—*

And again, in his *Renegado*,

———— to play the Pandor

*To the Viceroy's loose embraces, and CRY AIM,*

*While he by force or flattery—*

But the *Oxford Editor* transforms it to *Cock o' th' Game*; and his improvements of *Shakespeare's* language abound with these modern elegancies of speech, such as *Mynbeers*, *Bull-baitings*, &c.

WARBURTON.

de

de Earl, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

*Hof.* For the which I will be thy adverfary toward  
*Anne Page*: faid I well?

*Caius*. By gar, 'tis good; vell faid.

*Hof.* Let us wag then.

*Caius*. Come at my heels, *Jack Rugby*. [Exeunt.]

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

Frogmore near Windfor.

*Enter Evans and Simple.*

E V A N S.

**I** Pray you now, good master *Slender's* fervingman, and friend *Simple* by your name, which way have you look'd for master *Caius*, that calls himself *Doctor of Phyfick*?

*Simp.* Marry, Sir, the *Pitty-wary*, the *Park-ward*, every way, old *Windfor* way, and every way but the town way.

*Eva.* I moft feheemently defire you, you will alfo look that way.

*Simp.* I will, Sir.

*Eva.* 'Plefs my foul, how full of cholars I am, and tremping of mind! I fhall be glad, if he have deceiv'd me; how melanchollies I am! I will knog his urinals about his knave's coftard, when I have good opportunities for the orke: 'Plefs my foul!

[Sings, being afraid.]

*By shallow rivers, to whose falls*

*Melodious birds fing madrigalls;*

*There will we make our beds of roses ;  
And a thousand vagrant posies*<sup>3</sup>.

*By shallow* ——— 'Mercy on me! I have a great disposition to cry. *Melodious birds sing madrigalls* ———  
*When as I sat in Pabilon ; — and a thousand vagrant posies. — By shallow, &c.*

*Simp.* Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

*Eva.* He's welcome. *By shallow rivers, to whose falls* ———

Heav'n prosper the right! what weapons is he?

*Simp.*

<sup>3</sup> *By shallow rivers, &c.*] poem, and the answer to it, This is part of a beautiful little the reader will not be displeas'd poem of the author's, which to find here.

*The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.*

Come live with me, and be my Love,  
And we will all the Pleasure prove,  
That Hills and Vallies, Dale and Field,  
And all the craggy Mountains yield.  
There will we sit upon the Rocks,  
And see the Shepherds feed their Flocks,  
By shallow Rivers, by whose Falls  
Melodious Birds sing Madrigals :  
There will I make thee Beds of Roses,  
And then a thousand fragrant Posies ;  
A Cap of Flowers, and a Kirtle  
Imbroider'd all with leaves of Myrtle ;  
A Gown made of the finest Wool,  
Which from our pretty Lambs we pull ;  
Fair lined Slippers for the Cold,  
With Buckles of the purest Gold ;  
A Belt of Straw, and Ivie Buds,  
With Coral Claps, and Amber Studs.  
And if these Pleasures may thee move,  
Come live with me, and be my Love.  
Thy silver Dishes for thy Meat,  
As precious as the Gods do eat,  
Shall on an ivory Table be  
Prepar'd each Day for thee and me.  
The Shepherds Swains shall dance and sing,  
For thy Delight each *May* Morning.  
If these Delights thy Mind may move,  
Then live with me, and be my Love.

*The*



*Simp.* No weapons, Sir; there comes my master Mr. *Shallow*, and another gentleman from *Frogmore*, over the stile, this way.

*Eva.* Pray you, give me my gown, or else keep it in your arms.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter* Page, *Shallow* and *Slender*.

*Shal.* How now, master Parson? good morrow, good Sir *Hugh*. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

*The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd.*

If all the World and Love were young,  
 And Truth in every Shepherd's Tongue;  
 These pretty Pleasures might me move,  
 To live with thee, and be thy Love.  
 But Time drives Flocks from Field to Fold,  
 When Rivers rage, and Rocks grow cold;  
 And *Philomel* becometh dumb,  
 And all complain of Cares to come:  
 The Flowers do fade, and wanton Fields  
 To wayward Winter reckoning yields.  
 A honey Tongue, a Heart of Gall,  
 Is Fancy's Spring, but Sorrow's Fall.  
 Thy Gowns, thy Shoes, thy Bed of Roses,  
 Thy Cap, thy Kirtle, and thy Posies:  
 Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,  
 In Folly ripe, in Reason rotten.  
 Thy Belt of Straw and Ivy-Buds,  
 Thy Coral Clasps, and Amber Studs,  
 All these in me no means can move,  
 To come to thee, and be thy Love.  
 What should we talk of Dainties then,  
 Of better Meat than's fit for Men?  
 These are but vain: that's only good  
 Which God hath blest, and sent for Food.  
 But could Youth last, and Love still breed,  
 Had Joys no date, and Age no need;  
 Then these Delights my Mind might move,  
 To live with thee, and be thy Love.

These two Poems, which Dr. *Johnson* ascribes to *Raleigh*. These Poems *Warburton* gives to *Shakespeare*, are read in different Copies with great Variations. are, by writers nearer that time, disposed of, one to *Marlowe*, the

*Slen.* Ah, sweet *Anne Page*?

*Page.* Save you, good Sir *Hugh*.

*Eva.* 'Plefs you from his mercy-fake, all of you.

*Shal.* What? the sword and the word? do you study them both, Mr. Parfon?

*Page.* And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw-rheumatick day?

*Eva.* There is reasons and causes for it.

*Page.* We are come to you, to do a good office, Mr. Parfon.

*Eva.* Ferry well: what is it?

*Page.* Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who belike, having receiv'd wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

*Shal.* I have liv'd fourscore years, and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity and learning, so wide of his own respect.

*Eva.* What is he?

*Page.* I think you know him; Mr. Doctor *Caius*, the renowned *French* physician.

*Eva.* Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you should tell me of a mess of porridge.

*Page.* Why?

*Eva.* He has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*; and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave as you would desire to be acquainted withal.

*Page.* I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

*Slen.* O, sweet *Anne Page*!

### S C E N E III.

*Enter Host, Caius, and Rugby,*

*Shal.* It appears so, by his weapons.—Keep them a-funder—here comes Doctor *Caius*.

*Page.* Nay, good Mr. Parfon, keep in your weapon.

*Shal.*

*Shal.* So do you, good Mr. Doctor.

*Host.* Difarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our *English*.

*Caius.* I pray you, let-a me speak a word with your ear: wherefore vil you not meet-a me?

*Eva.* Pray you, use your patience. In good time.

*Caius.* By gar, you are de coward, de *Jack* dog, *John* ape.

*Eva.* Pray you, let us not be laughing-stocks to other mens humours. I desire you in friendship, and will one way or other make you amends; I will knog your urinal about your knave's cogs-comb, for missing your meetings and appointments.

*Caius.* *Diable!* *Jack Rugby*, mine *Host de Jarterre*, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

*Eva.* As I am a christian's soul, now look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine *Host* of the *Garter*.

*Host.* Peace, I say, *Gallia* and *Gaul*, *French* and *Welch*, soul-curer and body-curer.

*Caius.* Ay, dat is very good, excellent.

*Host.* Peace, I say; hear mine *Host* of the *Garter*. Am I politick? am I subtle? am I a *Machiavel*? shall I lose my Doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my Parson? my Priest? my Sir *Hugh*? no, he gives me the proverbs and the no verbs.—Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so.—Give me thy hand, celestial; so. Boys of art, I have deceiv'd you both: I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burn'd sack be the issue. Come, lay their swords to pawn. Follow me, lad of peace. Follow, follow, follow.

*Shal.* Trust me, a mad *Host*.—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

*Slen.* O, sweet *Anne Page!*

[*Exeunt* *Shal.* *Slen.* *Page* and *Host.*

K k 3

*Caius.*



*Caius.* Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make a de-fot of us, ha, ha?

*Eva.* This is well, he has made us his vlouthing-flog. I desire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this fame<sup>3</sup> scald scurvey cogging companion, the Host of the Garter.

*Caius.* By gar, with all my heart; he promise to bring me where is *Anne Page*; by gar, he deceive me too.

*Eva.* Well, I will smite his noddles.—Pray you follow. [Exeunt.]

#### SCENE IV.

*The Street, in Windfor.*

*Enter Mistress Page, and Robin.*

*Mrs. Page.* **N**AY, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

*Rob.* I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

*Mrs. Page.* O, you are a flattering boy; now, I see, you'll be a Courtier.

*Enter Ford.*

*Ford.* Well met, mistress *Page*; whither go you?

*Mrs. Page.* Truly, Sir, to see your wife; is she at home?

*Ford.* Ay; and as idle as she may hang together,

<sup>3</sup> *Scall scurvey.*] *Scall* was an old word of reproach, as *Scab* was afterwards.

*Scrivener,*

*Under thy longe lockes mayest thou have the Scalle.*

*Chaucer* imprecates on his

for want of company; I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

*Mrs. Page.* Be sure of that, two other husbands.

*Ford.* Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

*Mrs. Page.* I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of: what do you call your Knight's name, sirrah?

*Rob.* Sir *John Falstaff*.

*Ford.* Sir *John Falstaff*?

*Mrs. Page.* He, he; I can never hit on's name; there is such a league between my good man and he.—Is your wife at home, indeed?

*Ford.* Indeed, she is.

*Mrs. Page.* By your leave, Sir.—I am sick, 'till I see her. [Exeunt *Mrs. Page* and *Robin*.

## S C E N E V.

*Ford.* Has *Page* any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as easy as a cannon will shoot point blank twelve-score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage; and now she's going to my wife, and *Falstaff's* boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind—and *Falstaff's* boy with her!—good plots—they are laid, and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife; pluck the borrow'd veil of modesty from the so seeming mistress *Page*, divulge *Page* himself for a secure and wilful *Acteon*, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find *Falstaff*. I shall be rather praised for this, than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that *Falstaff* is there: I will go.

## SCENE VI.

To him, Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Evans, and Caius.

*Shal. Page, &c.* Well met, Mr. *Ford*.

*Ford.* Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home, and, I pray you, all go with me.

*Shal.* I must excuse myself, Mr. *Ford*.

*Slen.* And so must I, Sir; we have appointed to dine with Mrs. *Anne*, and I would not break with her for more mony than I'll speak of.

*Shal.* + We have linger'd about a match between *Anne Page* and my cousin *Slender*, and this day we shall have our answer.

*Slen.* I hope, I have your good will, father *Page*.

*Page.* You have, Mr. *Slender*; I stand wholly for you; but my wife, master Doctor, is for you altogether.

*Caius.* Ay, by gar, and de maid is love-a-me; my nursh-a-*Quickly* tell me so mush.

*Host.* What say you to young Mr. *Fenton*? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holy-day<sup>5</sup>; he smells *April* and *May*; he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry't.

*Page.* Not by my consent, I promise you. The Gentleman is of no having<sup>6</sup>; he kept company with the

<sup>4</sup> *We have linger'd—*] They have not lingered very long. The match was propos'd by Sir *Hugh* but the day before.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *he writes verses, he speaks holy-day,*] *i. e.* in a high-flown, fustian stile. It was called a *holy-day stile*, from the old custom of acting their Farces of the *mysteries* and *moralities*, which

were turgid and bombast, on holy-days. So in *Much ado about nothing*, — *I cannot woo in festival terms.* And again in the *Merchant of Venice*, — *thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.* — **WARBURTON.**

<sup>6</sup> ——— *of no Having,*] *Having* is the same as *estate* or *fortune*.



wild Prince and *Poins*. He is of too high a region, he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance. If he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

*Ford*. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner; besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will shew you a monster. *Mr. Doctor*, you shall go; so shall you, *Mr. Page*; and you, *Sir Hugh*.

*Shal*. Well, fare you well, we shall have the freer wooing at *Mr. Page's*.

*Caius*. Go home, *John Rugby*, I come anon.

*Host*. Farewel, my hearts; I will to my honest Knight *Falstaff*, and drink *Canary* with him.

*Ford*. [*Aside*.] I think, I shall drink in Pipe-wine first with him: I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

*All*. Have with you, to see this monster. [*Exeunt*.]

## S C E N E VII.

*Changes to Ford's House.*

*Enter Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Page, and Servants with a basket.*

*Mrs. Ford*. **W**HAT, *John*! what, *Robert*!

*Mrs. Page*. Quickly, quickly: is the buck-basket——

*Mrs. Ford*. I warrant.——What, *Robin*, I say.

*Mrs. Page*. Come, come, come.

*Mrs. Ford*. Here, set it down.

*Mrs. Page*. Give your men the charge, we must be brief.

*Mrs. Ford*. Marry, as I told you before, *John* and *Robert*, be ready here hard by in the brew-house, and when I suddenly call on you, come forth, and without

any pause or staggering take this basket on your shoulders; that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whistlers in *Datchet-Mead*, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the *Thames* side.

Mrs. *Page*. You will do it?

Mrs. *Ford*. I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

Mrs. *Page*. Here comes little *Robin*.

*Enter Robin.*

Mrs. *Ford*. How now, my *Eyas-musket*<sup>1</sup>, what news with you?

*Rob*. My master *Sir John* is come in at your back-door, mistress *Ford*, and requests your company.

Mrs. *Page*. You little *Jack-a-lent*, have you been true to us?

*Rob*. Ay, I'll be sworn: my master knows not of your being here, and hath threaten'd to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he swears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. *Page*. Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me.

Mrs. *Ford*. Do so; go tell thy master, I am alone; mistress *Page*, remember you your cue. [*Exit Robin.*]

Mrs. *Page*. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit Mrs. Page.*]

<sup>1</sup> How now, my *Eyas-musket*,] *Eyas* is a young unfledg'd hawk. I suppose from the Italian *Niaso*, which originally signified any young bird taken from the nest unfledg'd, afterwards, a young hawk. The *French*, from hence, took their *niais*, and used it in both those significations; to which they added a third, metaphorically a *filly fellow*; *un garçon fort*

*niais*, *un niais*.—*Musket* signifies a *sparrow hawk*, or the smallest species of hawks. This too is from the Italian *Muschetto*, a small hawk, as appears from the original signification of the word, namely, a *troublesome stinging fly*. So that the humour of calling the little page an *Eyas-musket* is very intelligible.

WARBURTON.

Mrs.

Mrs. Ford. Go to, then; we'll use this unwholsome humidity, this gross watry pumpkin — we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

## SCENE VIII.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heav'nly jewel? why, now let me die! for I have liv'd long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog; I cannot prate, mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish; I would, thy husband were dead; I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John? alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the Court of France shew me such another; I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant<sup>s</sup>, or any Venetian attire.

Mrs.

<sup>s</sup> — that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-VALIANT, or any Venetian attire.] The old Quarto reads, *Tire-wellet*, and the old Folio reads, *Or any tire of Venetian admittance*. So that the true reading of the whole is this, *That becomes the ship-tire, the tire-VALIANT, or any tire of Venetian admittance*. The speaker tells his mistress, she had a face that would become all the head-dresses in fashion. The *ship-tire* was an open head-dress, with a kind of scarf depending from behind. Its name of *ship-tire* was, I presume, from its giving the wearer some resemblance of a *ship* (as Shakespeare says) in all

her trim: with all her pennants out, and flags and streamers flying. Thus Milton, in *Samson Agonistes*, paints *D. Lila*.

*But who is this, what thing of sea or land?*

*Female of sex it seems,*

*That so bedeckt, ornate and gay,*

*Comes this way sailing*

*Like a stately ship*

*Of Tarsus, bound for th' Isles*

*Of Javan or Gadier,*

*With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,*

*Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,*

*Courted by all the winds that hold them play.*

This



Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir *John*; my brows become nothing else, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to say so; thou would'st make an absolute Courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gate, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert; if fortune thy foe were not, nature is thy friend: come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like a many of those lipping haw-thorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like *Bucklers-Bury*

This was an image familiar with the poets of that time. Thus *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, in their play of *Wit without money*,—*She spreads fattens as the King's ships do canvas every where, she may spare her misen*; &c. This will direct us to reform the following word of *tire-valiant*, which I suspect to be corrupt, *valiant* being a very incongruous epithet for a woman's head-dress. I suppose *Shakespeare* wrote *tire-vailant*. As the *ship-tire* was an open head-dress, so the *tire-vailant* was a close one; in which the head and breast were covered as with a *veil*. And these were, in fact, the two different head-dresses then in fashion, as we may see by the pictures of that time. One of which was so open, that the whole neck, breasts and shoulders, were open'd to view: the other, so securely inclosed in kerchiefs, &c. that nothing could be seen above the eyes or below the chin.

— or any Venetian attire.]

This is a wrong reading, as ap-

pears from the impropriety of the word *attire* here used for a woman's head-dress: whereas it signifies the dress of any part. We should read therefore, *Or any 'tire of Venetian admittance*. For the word *attire*, reduced by the *Aphæresis*, to *'tire*, takes a new signification, and means only the head-dress. Hence *Tire-woman*, for a dresser of the head. As to the meaning of the latter part of the sentence, this may be seen by a paraphrase of the whole speech.

— Your face is so good, says the speaker, that it would become any head dress worn at court, either the open or the close, or indeed any rich and fashionable one worth adorning with *Venetian point*, or which will admit to be adorned. [Of *Venetian admittance*.] The fashionable lace, at that time, was *Venetian point*. WARBURTON

This note is plausible, except in the explanation of *Venetian admittance*: but I am afraid this whole system of dress is unsupported by evidence.

in

in simpling time; I cannot: but I love thee, none but thee; and thou deservest it.

*Mrs. Ford.* Do not betray me, Sir; I fear, you love mistress *Page*.

*Fal.* Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the *Counter-gate*, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln,

*Mrs. Ford.* Well, heav'n knows how I love you, and you shall one day find it.

*Fal.* Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

*Rob.* [*within.*] Mistress *Ford*, mistress *Ford*, here's mistress *Page* at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

*Fal.* She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras.

*Mrs. Ford.* Pray you, do so; she's a very tattling woman.  
[*Falstaff hides himself.*]

## S C E N E IX.

*Enter mistress Page.*

What's the matter? how now?

*Mrs. Page.* O mistress *Ford*, what have you done?, you're sham'd, y'are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

*Mrs. Ford.* What's the matter, good mistress *Page*?

*Mrs. Page.* O well-a-day, mistress *Ford*, having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

*Mrs. Ford.* What cause of suspicion?

*Mrs. Page.* What cause of suspicion?—out upon you!—how am I mistook in you?

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, alas! what's the matter?

*Mrs. Page.* Your husband's coming hither, woman,  
with

with all the officers in *Windsor*, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

Mrs. *Ford*. Speak louder—*Aside*.] 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. *Page*. Pray heav'n it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain, your husband's coming with half *Windsor* at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you: if you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your Senses to you, defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. *Ford*. What shall I do? there is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril. I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

Mrs. *Page*. For shame, never stand you *had rather*, and you *had rather*; your husband's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance, in the house you cannot hide him. Oh, how have you deceiv'd me? look, here is a basket, if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here, and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or it is whiting time, send him by your two men to *Datchet*-mead.

Mrs. *Ford*. He's too big to go in there: what shall I do?

*Re-enter Falstaff.*

*Fal*. Let me see't, let me see't, O let me see't. I'll in, I'll in.—Follow your friend's counsel.—I'll in.

Mrs. *Page*. What! Sir *John Falstaff*? are these your letters, Knight?

*Fal*. I love thee—Help me away; let me creep in here; I'll never—

[*He goes into the basket, they cover him with foul linen.*

Mrs.



Mrs. *Page*. Help to cover your master, boy;—call your men, mistress *Ford*.—You dissembling Knight!

Mrs. *Ford*. What, *John*, *Robert*, *John*, go take up these clothes here, quickly. Where's the cowl-staff? Look, how you drumble: carry them to the landress in *Datchet*-mead; quickly, come.

## S C E N E X.

*Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Evans.*

*Ford*. Pray you, come near; if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest, I deserve it. How now? whither bear you this?

*Serv.* To the landress, forsooth.

Mrs. *Ford*. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

*Ford*. Buck? I would, I could, wash myself of the buck. Buck, buck, buck? ay, buck: I warrant you, buck, and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dream'd to-night, I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys; ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out, I'll warrant, we'll unkennel the fox. Let me stop this way first. So, now uncape?

*Page*. Good master *Ford*, be contented; you wrong yourself too much.

*Ford*. True, master *Page*. Up, gentlemen, you shall see sport anon; follow me, gentlemen.

*Eva*. This is ferry fantastical humours and jealousies.

*Caius*. By gar, 'tis no the fashion of *France*; it is not jealous in *France*.—

<sup>o</sup> — *So now uncape.*] So the Folio of 1623 reads, and rightly. It is a term in Fox hunting, which signifies to dig out the Fox when earth'd. And here is as much as to say, take out the foul linnen under which the adulterer lies hid. The *Oxford Editor* reads *uncouple*, out of pure love to an emendation. WARBURT.

*Page.*

*Page.* Nay, follow him, gentlemen, see the issue of his search,  
 [Exeunt,

## S C E N E XI.

*Manent Mistress Page and Mistress Ford.*

*Mrs. Page.* Is there not a double excellency in this?

*Mrs. Ford.* I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceiv'd, or Sir *John*.

*Mrs. Page.* What a taking was he in, when your husband asked who was in the basket!

*Mrs. Ford.* I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

*Mrs. Page.* Hang him, dishonest rascal; I would, all of the same strain were in the same distress.

*Mrs. Ford.* I think, my husband hath some special suspicion of *Falstaff's* being here. I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

*Mrs. Page.* I will lay a plot to try that, and we will yet have more tricks with *Falstaff*; his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

*Mrs. Ford.* Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress *Quickly*, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

*Mrs. Page.* We'll do it; let him be sent for to-morrow by eight o'clock, to have amends.

*Re-enter Ford, Page, and the rest at a distance.*

*Ford.* I cannot find him; may be, the knave brag'd of that he could not compass.

*Mrs. Page.* Heard you that?

*Mrs. Ford.* I, I; peace: — You use me well, master *Ford*, do you?

*Ford.* Ay, ay, I do so.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Ford*. Heav'n make you better than your thoughts!

*Ford*. Amen.

Mrs. *Page*. You do yourself mighty wrong, Mr. *Ford*.

*Ford*. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

*Eva*. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the pressies, heav'n forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

*Caius*. By gar, nor I too; there is no bodies.

*Page*. Fie, fie, Mr. *Ford*, are you not asham'd? what spirit, what devil, suggests this imagination? I would not ha' your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of *Windsor Castle*.

*Ford*. 'Tis my fault, Mr. *Page*: I suffer for it.

*Eva*. You suffer for a pad conscience; your wife is as honest a o'mans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

*Caius*. By gar, I see, 'tis an honest woman.

*Ford*. Well—I promis'd you a dinner—Come, come, walk in the park. I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this. Come, wife; come, mistress *Page*; I pray you pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

*Page*. Let's go in, gentlemen; but trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

*Ford*. Any thing.

*Eva*. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

*Caius*. If there be one or two, I shall make-a de turd.

*Eva*. In your teeth—for shame.

*Ford*. Pray you go, Mr. *Page*.

*Eva*. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine Host.

*Caius*. Dat is good, by gar, with all my heart.



*Eva.* A lousy knave, to have his gibes, and his mockeries.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XII.

*Changes to Page's House.*

*Enter Fenton and Mistress Anne Page.*

*Fent.* I SEE, I cannot get thy father's love;  
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet *Nan.*

*Anne.* Alas! how then?

*Fent.* Why, thou must be thyself.

He doth object, I am too great of birth;  
And that my state being gall'd with my expence,  
I seek to heal it only by his wealth.  
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,  
My riots past, my wild societies:  
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible  
I should love thee, but as a property.

*Anne.* May be, he tells you true.

*Fent.* No, heav'n so speed me in my time to come!  
Albeit, I will confess, thy \* father's wealth  
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee *Anne*:  
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more value  
Than stamps in gold, or fums in sealing bags;  
And 'tis the very riches of thyself  
That now I aim at.

*Anne.* Gentle Mr. *Fenton*,

Yet seek my father's love: still seek it, Sir;  
If opportunity and humblest suit<sup>1</sup>

Can-

\* — *father's wealth*] Some light may be given to those who shall endeavour to calculate the encrease of *English* wealth, by observing, that *Latymer* in the time of *Edward VI.* mentions it as a proof of his father's prosperity, *That though but a yeoman, he gave his daughters five pounds each for her portion.* At the latter end of *Elizabeth*, seven hun-

dred pounds were such a temptation to courtship, as made all other motives suspected. *Congreve* makes twelve thousand pounds more than a counterbalance to the affectation of *Belinda*. No poet would now fly his favourite character at less than fifty thousand.

<sup>1</sup> *If opportunity and humblest suit*] *Dr. Thirlby* imagines, that

Cannot attain it, why then——hark you hither.

[*Fenton and Mistress Anne go apart.*]

## S C E N E XIII.

*Enter Shallow, Slender, and Mistress Quickly.*

*Shal.* Break their talk, mistress *Quickly*; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

*Slen.* I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't: 'd'slid, 'tis but venturing.

*Shal.* Be not dismay'd.

*Slen.* No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that, but that I am affeard.

*Quic.* Hark ye, Mr. *Slender* would speak a word with you.

*Anne.* I come to him.—This is my father's choice. O, what a world of vile ill favour'd faults Look handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

*Quic.* And how does good master *Fenton*? pray you, a word with you.

*Shal.* She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

*Slen.* I had a father, Mrs. *Anne*; my uncle can tell you good jests of him.—Pray you, uncle, tell Mrs. *Anne* the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

*Shal.* Mistress *Anne*, my cousin loves you.

*Slen.* Ay, that I do, as well as I love any woman in *Gloucestershire*.

*Shal.* He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

*Slen.* Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a Squire.

*Shal.* He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

that our Author with more Propriety wrote:

*If Importunity and humblest Suit.*  
I have not ventur'd to disturb the Text, because it may mean,

“ the frequent Opportunities you  
“ find of solliciting my Father,  
“ and your Obsequiousness to  
“ him, cannot get him over to  
“ your Party, &c.” THEOBALD.

*Anne.* Good master *Shallow*, let him woo for himself.

*Shal.* Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that. Good comfort; she calls you, coz. I'll leave you.

*Anne.* Now, master *Slender*.

*Slen.* Now, good mistress *Anne*.

*Anne.* What is your will?

*Slen.* My Will? od's heart-lings, that's a pretty jest, indeed; I ne'er made my Will yet, I thank heav'n; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heav'n praise.

*Anne.* I mean, Mr. *Slender*, what would you with me?

*Slen.* Truly, for my own part, I would little or nothing with you; your father and my uncle have made motions; if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! they can tell how things go, better than I can; you may ask your father; here he comes.

S C E N E XIV.

*Enter Page, and Mistress Page.*

*Page.* Now, master *Slender*: love him, daughter *Anne*.

— Why how now? what does master *Fenton* here? You wrong me, Sir, thus still to haunt my house: I told you, Sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

*Fent.* Nay, master *Page*, be not impatient.

*Mrs. Page.* Good Master *Fenton*, come not to my child.

*Page.* She is no match for you.

*Fent.* Sir, will you hear me?

*Page.* No, good master *Fenton*.

Come, master *Shallow*; come, son *Slender*, in.

Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master *Fenton*.

[*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.*]

*Quic.* Speak to mistress *Page*.

*Fent.* Good mistress *Page*, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do,  
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes and manners,  
I must advance the colours of my love,

And



And not retire. Let me have your good will.

*Anne.* Good mother, do not marry me to yon fool.

*Mrs. Page.* I mean it not, I seek you a better husband.

*Quic.* That's my master, master Doctor.

*Anne.* Alas, I had rather be set quick i'th' earth,  
And bowl'd to death with turnips<sup>2</sup>.

*Mrs. Page.* Come, trouble not yourself; good master *Fenton*,

I will not be your friend nor enemy:

My daughter will I question how she loves you,

And as I find her, so am I affected.

'Till then, farewell, Sir—she must needs go in,

Her Father will be angry. [*Exe. Mrs. Page and Anne.*]

*Fent.* Farewel, gentle mistress; farewell, *Nan*.

*Quic.* This is my doing now. Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool, and a \* physician? look on master *Fenton*—This is my doing.

*Fent.* I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night Give my sweet *Nan* this ring. There's for thy pains.

[*Exit.*]

*Quic.* Now heav'n send thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath, a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my master had mistress *Anne*, or I would Mr. *Slender* had her; or, in sooth, I would Mr. *Fenton* had her. I will do what I can for them all three, for so I have promis'd; and I'll be as good as my word, but speciously for Mr. *Fenton*. Well, I must of another errand to Sir *John Falstaff* from my two mistresses; what a beast am I to slack it?

[*Exit.*]

<sup>2</sup> *Anne.* Alas, I had rather be set quick i'th' earth,

And bowl'd to death with turnips.] Can we think the

speaker would thus ridicule her own imprecation? We may be sure the last line should be given

to the procurefs, *Quickly*, who would mock the young woman's aversion for her master the Doctor.

WARBURTON.

\* — fool and a physician? I should read fool or a physician, meaning *Slender* and *Caius*.

## SCENE XV.

*Changes to the Garter-Inn.*

*Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.*

*Fal.* **B**ARDOLPH, I say.

*Bard.* Here, Sir.

*Fal.* Go fetch me a quart of sack, put a toast in't. [*Ex. Bard.*] Have I liv'd to be carry'd in a basket, like a barrow of butchers' offal, and to be thrown into the *Thames*? well, if I be serv'd such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues flighted me into the river with as little remorse<sup>3</sup> as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i'th' litter; and you may know, by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking: if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man: and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swell'd? I should have been a mountain of mummy.

*Enter Bardolph.*

Now, is the Sack brew'd?

*Bard.* Here's Mrs. *Quickly*, Sir, to speak with you.

*Fal.* Come, let me pour in some sack to the *Thames*-

<sup>3</sup> In former copies,

— as they would have drown'd a blind Bitch's puppies,] I have ventur'd to transpose the Adjective here, against the Authority of the printed Copies. I know, in horses, a Colt from a blind

Stallion loses much of the Value it might otherwise have; but are puppies ever drown'd the sooner, for coming from a blind Bitch? The Author certainly wrote, as they would have drown'd a Bitch's blind puppies. THEOB.

water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallow'd snow-balls, for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

*Bard.* Come in, woman.

## S C E N E XVI.

*Enter Mrs. Quickly.*

*Quic.* By your leave—I cry you mercy. Give your worship good morrow.

*Fal.* Take away these challices: go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

*Bard.* With eggs, Sir?

*Fal.* Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage—How now?

*Quic.* Marry, Sir, I come to your worship from mistress *Ford*.

*Fal.* Mistress *Ford*? I have had *Ford* enough; I was thrown into the *Ford*; I have my belly full of *Ford*.

*Quic.* Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

*Fal.* So did I mine, to build on a foolish woman's promise.

*Quic.* Well, she laments, Sir, for it, that it would yern your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly; she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

*Fal.* Well, I will visit her; tell her so, and bid her think, what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

*Quic.* I will tell her.

*Fal.* Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

*Quic.* Eight and nine, Sir.

*Fal.* Well, be gone; I will not miss her.

*Quic.* Peace be with you, Sir.

[*Exit.*

*Fal.*



*Fal.* I marvel, I hear not of master *Brook*; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. Oh, here he comes.

## S C E N E XVII.

*Enter Ford.*

*Ford.* Bless you, Sir.

*Fal.* Now, master *Brook*, you come to know what hath pass'd between me and *Ford's* wife.

*Ford.* That, indeed, Sir *John*, is my business.

*Fal.* Master *Brook*, I will not lie to you; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

*Ford.* And you sped, Sir?

*Fal.* Very ill-favour'dly, master *Brook*.

*Ford.* How, Sir, did she change her determination?

*Fal.* No, master *Brook*; but the peaking cornuto her husband, master *Brook*, dwelling in a continual labour of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter; after we had embrac'd, kiss'd, protested, and as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provok'd and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

*Ford.* What, while you was there?

*Fal.* While I was there.

*Ford.* And did he search for you, and could not find you?

*Fal.* You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress *Page*, gives intelligence of *Ford's* approach, and by her invention, and *Ford's* wife's distraction, they convey'd me into a buck-basket.

*Ford.* A buck-basket?

*Fal.* Yea, a buck-basket; ramm'd me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, master *Brook*, there was the rankest

compound of villainous smell, that ever offended nostril.

*Ford.* And how long lay you there?

*Fal.* Nay, you shall hear, master *Brook*, what I have suffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the basket, a couple of *Ford's* knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul cloaths to *Datchet-lane*; they took me on their shoulders, met the jealous knave their master in the door, who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their basket; I quak'd for fear, lest the lunatick knave would have search'd it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well, on went he for a search, and away went I for foul cloaths; but mark the sequel, master *Brook*; I suffer'd the pangs of three egregious deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected by a jealous rotten bell weather; next to be compass'd like a good bilbo<sup>†</sup>, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then to be stopt in, like a strong distillation, with stinking cloaths that fretted in their own grease: think of that, a man of my \* kidney; think of that, that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stew'd in grease, like a *Dutch* dish, to be thrown into the *Thames*, and cool'd glowing hot, in that ferge, like a horse-shoe; think of that; hissing hot; think of that, master *Brook*.

*Ford.* In good sadness, Sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffer'd all this. My suit is then desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

*Fal.* Master *Brook*, I will be thrown into *Etna*, as I have been into *Thames*, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding; I have re-

<sup>†</sup> A *bilbo* is a *Spanish* blade, phrase now signifies *kind* or *qualities*, but *Falstaff* means a man whose *kidnies* are as *fat* as mine.

\* ——— *kidney*;] *Kidney* in this

ceiv'd from her another embafiy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, mafter *Brook*.

*Ford*. 'Tis paft eight already, Sir.

*Fal*. Is it? I will then addrefs me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leifure, and you fhall know how I fpeed; and the conclufion fhall be crown'd with your enjoying her; adieu, you fhall have her, mafter *Brook*; mafter *Brook*, you fhall cuckold *Ford*. [Exit.

*Ford*. Hum! ha! is this a vifion? is this a dream? do I fleep? mafter *Ford*, awake; awake, mafter *Ford*; there's a hole made in your beft coat, mafter *Ford*; this 'tis to be married; this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets!--Well, I will proclaim myfelf what I am; I will now take the leacher; he is at my houfe; he cannot 'fcape me; 'tis impoffible, he fhould; he cannot creep into a half-penny purfe, nor into a pepper-box; but, left the devil that guides him fhould aid him, I will fearch impoffible places. Tho' what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, fhall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, <sup>5</sup> I'll be horn-mad. [Exit.

<sup>5</sup> There is no image which our author appears fo fond of as that of a cuckold's horns. Scarcely a light character is introduced that does not endeavour to produce merriment by fome allufion to horned husbands. As he wrote

his plays for the ftage rather than the prefs, he perhaps reviewed them feldom, and did not obferve this repetition, or finding the jeft, however frequent, ftill fuccefsful, did not think correction neceffary.



ACT IV. SCENE I.<sup>6</sup>

Page's House.

*Enter Mrs. Page, Mrs. Quickly, and William.*

Mrs. PAGE.

IS he at Mr. *Ford's* already, think'st thou?

*Quic.* Sure, he is by this, or will be presently; but truly he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Mrs. *Ford* desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. *Page.* I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

*Enter Evans.*

How now, Sir *Hugh*, no school to-day?

*Eva.* No; master *Slender* let the boys leave to play.

*Quic.* Blessing on his heart!

Mrs. *Page.* Sir *Hugh*, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, ask him some questions in his *Accidence*.

*Eva.* Com hither, *William*—hold up your head,—come.

Mrs. *Page.* Come on, Sirrah, hold up your head.—Answer your master, be not afraid.

*Eva.* *William*, how many numbers is in nouns?

*Will.* Two.

<sup>6</sup> This is a very trifling scene, to the audience; but *Shakespeare* of no use to the plot, and I best knew what would please.

*Quic.*

*Quic.* Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, od's nouns.

*Eva.* Peace your tatlings. What is *Fair, William?*

*Will.* *Pulcher.*

*Quic.* Poulcats? there are fairer things than poulcats, sure.

*Eva.* You are a very simplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is *Lapis, William?*

*Will.* A stone.

*Eva.* And what is a stone, *William?*

*Will.* A pebble.

*Eva.* No, it is *Lapis*: I pray you, remember in your prain.

*Will.* *Lapis.*

*Eva.* That is a good *William*: what is he, *William*, that does lend articles?

*Will.* Articles are borrow'd of the pronoun, and be thus declin'd, *singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

*Eva.* *Nominativo, hic, hag, hog*; pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus*: well, what is your *accusative case?*

*Will.* *Accusative, hinc.*

*Eva.* I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *accusative, hung, hang, hog.*

*Quic.* Hang hog, is *Latin* for bacon, I warrant you.

*Eva.* Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the *focative case, William?*

*Will.* O, *vocativo, O.*

*Eva.* Remember, *William*, *focative* is *caret.*

*Quic.* And that's a good root.

*Eva.* 'Oman, forbear.

*Mrs. Page.* Peace.

*Eva.* What is your *genitive case plural, William?*

*Will.* *Genitive case?*

*Eva.* Ay.

*Will.* *Genitive, horum, harum, horum.*

*Quic.* 'Vengeance of *Giney's* case; fie on her! never name her, child, if she be a whore.

*Eva.* For shame, 'oman.

*Quic.*

*Quic.* You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call horum; fie upon you!

*Eva.* 'O man, art thou lunacies? hast thou no understanding for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? thou art as foolish christian creatures, as I would desire.

*Mrs. Page.* Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.

*Eva.* Shew me now, *William*, some declensions of your pronouns.

*Will.* Forsooth, I have forgot.

*Eva.* It is, *ki, cæ, cod*; if you forget your *kies* your *kæs*, and your *cods*, you must be preeches: go your ways and play, go.

*Mrs. Page.* He is a better scholar, than I thought he was.

*Eva.* He is a good sprag memory. Farewel, *Mrs. Page*.

*Mrs. Page.* Adieu, good Sir *Hugh*. Get you home, boy. Come, we stay too long. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.

*Changes to Ford's House.*

*Enter Falstaff and Mrs. Ford.*

*Fal.* **M**istress *Ford*, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. I see, you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, mistress *Ford*, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoustrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

*Mrs. Ford.* He's a birding, sweet Sir *John*.

*Mrs. Page.* (*within.*) What ho, gossip *Ford*! what ho!

*Mrs.*



Mrs. *Ford*. Step into the chamber, Sir *John*.

[*Exit Falstaff*.

*Enter Mrs. Page*.

Mrs. *Page*. How now, sweet heart, who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. *Ford*. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. *Page*. Indeed?

Mrs. *Ford*. No, certainly — Speak louder. [*Aside*.

Mrs. *Page*. Truly, I am so glad you have no body here.

Mrs. *Ford*. Why?

Mrs. *Page*. Why, woman, your husband is in his old luns again; he so takes on \* yonder with my husband, so rails against all married mankind, so curses all *Eve's* daughters, of what complexion soever, and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, *peer-out* †, *peer-out!* that any madness I ever yet beheld seem'd but tameness, civility, and patience, to this distemper he is in now. I am glad, the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. *Ford*. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. *Page*. Of none but him; and swears, he was carry'd out, the last time he search'd for him, in a basket; protests to my husband, he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion; but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. *Ford*. How near is he, mistress *Page*?

Mrs. *Page*. Hard by, at street's end, he will be here anon.

Mrs. *Ford*. I am undone, the knight is here.

Mrs. *Page*. Why, then thou art utterly sham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you? — Away with him, away with him; better shame than murder.

\* *To take on*, which is now passion.  
 † *Peer-out*,] That is, *appear*  
 used for *to grieve*, seems to be horns. *Shakespeare* is at his old  
 used by our author for *to rage*. lanes.  
 Perhaps it was applied to any

Mrs.

Mrs. *Ford*. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? shall I put him into the basket again?

## SCENE III.

*Enter Falstaff!*

*Fal*. No, I'll come no more i'th' basket: may I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs. *Page*. Alas! alas! three of master *Ford's* brothers watch the door with pistols, that none should issue out, otherwise you might slip away ere he came.—But what make you here?

*Fal*. What shall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. *Ford*. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces; creep into the kill-hole.

*Fal*. Where is it?

Mrs. *Ford*. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note; there is no hiding you in the house.

*Fal*. I'll go out then.

Mrs. *Ford*. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir *John*, unless you go out disguis'd. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. *Page*. Alas-the-day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

*Fal*. Good heart, devise something; any extremity, rather than mischief.

Mrs. *Ford*. My maid's aunt the fat woman of *Brainford*, has a gown above.

Mrs. *Page*. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is, and there's her thrum hat, and her muffler too. Run up, Sir *John*.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Ford*. Go, go, sweet Sir *John*; mistress *Page* and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. *Page*. Quick, quick, we'll come dress you straight; put on the gown the while. [*Exit Falstaff.*]

Mrs. *Ford*. I would, my husband would meet him in this shape; he cannot abide the old woman of *Brainford*; he swears, she's a witch, forbade her my house, and hath threatned to beat her.

Mrs. *Page*. Heav'n guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. *Ford*. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. *Page*. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, however he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. *Ford*. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. *Page*. Nay, but he'll be here presently; let's go dress him like the witch of *Brainford*.

Mrs. *Ford*. I'll first direct my men, what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him straight.

Mrs. *Page*. Hang him, dishonest varlet, we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,

Wives may be merry, and yet honest too.

We do not act, that often jest and laugh:

'Tis old but true, *Still swine eat all the draugh.*

Mrs. *Ford*. Go, Sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, dispatch.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford.*]

*Enter Servants with the basket.*

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take up.

2 *Serv.* Pray heav'n, it be not full of the knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not. I had as lief bear so much lead.

S C E N E



## SCENE IV.

*Enter Ford, Shallow, Page, Caius and Evans.*

*Ford.* Ay, but if it prove true, master *Page*, have you any way then to unfeol me again?—Set down the basket, villain;—somebody call my wife—youth—In a basket! oh, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a gang, a pack, a conspiracy, against me: now shall the devil be sham'd. What! wife, I say; come, come forth, behold what honest cloaths you send forth to bleaching.

*Page.* Why, this passés, master *Ford*——you are not to go loofe any longer, you must be pinnion'd.

*Eva.* Why, this is lunaticks; this is mad as a mad dog.

*Enter Mrs. Ford.*

*Shal.* Indeed, master *Ford*, this is not well, indeed.

*Ford.* So say I too, Sir. Come hither, mistress *Ford*;—mistress *Ford*, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

*Mrs. Ford.* Heav'n be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

*Ford.* Well said, brazen face; hold it out.—Come forth, Sirrah. [*Pulls the cloaths out of the basket.*]

*Page.* This passés——

*Mrs. Ford.* Are you not ashamed? let the cloaths alone.

*Ford.* I shall find you anon.

*Eva.* 'Tis unreasonable; will you take up your wife's cloaths? come away.

*Ford.* Empty the basket, I say.

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, man, why——

VOL. II.

M m

*Ford.*

*Ford.* Master *Page*, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket; why may not he be there again? in my house I am sure he is; my intelligence is true, my jealousy is reasonable; pluck me out all the linen.

*Mrs. Ford.* If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

*Page.* Here's no man.

*Shal.* By my fidelity, this is not well, master *Ford*; this wrongs you?

*Eva.* Master *Ford*, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart; this is jealousies.

*Ford.* Well, he's not here I seek for.

*Page.* No, nor no where else but in your brain.

*Ford.* Help to search my house this one time; if I find not what I seek, shew no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, As jealous as *Ford*, that search'd a hollow wall-nut for his wife's leman. Satisfy me once more, once more search with me.

*Mrs. Ford.* What hoa, mistress *Page*, come you, and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

*Ford.* Old woman; what old woman's that?

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, it is my maid's aunt of *Brainford*.

*Ford.* A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean; have I not forbid her my house? she comes of errands, does she? we are simple men, we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by th' figure; and such dawbry as this is beyond our element; we know

[*This wrongs you.*] This is below your character, unworthy of your understanding, injurious to your honour. So in the *Taming of the Shrew*, *Bianca* being

ill treated by her rugged sister, says,

*You wrong me much, indeed you wrong yourself.*

nothing.

nothing. Come down, you witch; you hag you, come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good sweet husband; good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

## S C E N E V.

*Enter Falstaff in woman's cloaths, and Mrs. Page.*

Mrs. Page. Come, mother *Prat*, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll *Prat* her. Out of my door, you witch! [*Beats him.*] you hag; you baggage, you poulcot, you runnion! <sup>8</sup> out, out, out. I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit Fal.*]

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think, you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it.—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch.

Eva. By yea and no; I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler <sup>9</sup>.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy; if I cry out thus upon no trail <sup>1</sup>, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: come, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>8</sup> *Runnion*, applied to a woman, means, as far as can be traced, much the same with *scall* and *scab* spoken of a man.

<sup>9</sup> [*I spy a great peard under her muffler.*] As the second stratagem, by which *Falstaff* escapes, is much the grosser of the two, I wish it had been practised first. It is very unlikely that *Ford* hav-

ing been so deceived before, and knowing that he had been deceived, would suffer him to escape in so slight a disguise.

<sup>1</sup> [*Cry out upon no trail.*] The expression is taken from the hunters. *Trail* is the scent left by the passage of the game. *To cry out*, is to open or bark.



Mrs. *Page*. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. *Ford*. Nay, by th' mass, that he did not; he beat him must unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. *Page*. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. *Ford*. What think you? may we, with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. *Page*. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scar'd out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. *Ford*. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. *Page*. Yea, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brain. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. *Ford*. I'll warrant, they'll have him publicly sham'd; and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly asham'd.

Mrs. *Page*. Come to the forge with it, then shape it: I would not have things cool. [Exeunt.]

## S C E N E VI.

*Changes to the Garter Inn.*

*Enter Host and Bardolph.*

*Bard.* SIR, the German desires to have three of your horses; the Duke himself will be tomorrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

*Host.* What Duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court: let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak *English*?

*Bard.*

*Bard.* Sir, I'll call them to you.

*Hof.* They shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay, I'll sawce them. They have had my house a week at command; I have turn'd away my other guests<sup>2</sup>; they must come off; I'll sawce them, come.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VII.

*Changes to Ford's House.*

*Enter Page, Ford, Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Evans.*

*Eva.* 'TIS one of the best discretions of 'oman, as ever I did look upon.

*Page.* And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

*Mrs. Page.* Within a quarter of an hour.

*Ford.* Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;

I rather will suspect the sun with cold,  
Than thee with wantonness; thy honour stands,  
In him that was of late an heretick,  
As firm as faith.

*Page.* 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.

Be not as extrem in submission, as in offence,  
But let our plot go forward; let our wives  
Yet once again, to make us public sport,  
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,  
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

<sup>2</sup> *They must come off;*] This never can be our Poet's or his Hof's meaning. *To come off* being in other terms *to go scot-free*. We must read, *COMPT off*, i. e. clear their reckoning.

WARBURTON.

*To come off*, signifies in our author, sometimes *to be uttered*

*with spirit and volubility*. In this place it seems to mean what is in our time expressed by *to come down*, to pay liberally and readily. These accidental and colloquial senses are the disgrace of language, and the plague of commentators.

*Ford.* There is no better way than that they spoke of.

*Page.* How? to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight? fie, fie, he'll never come.

*Eva.* You say, he hath been thrown into the river; and has been grievously peaten, as an old woman; methinks, there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks, his flesh is punish'd, he shall have no desires.

*Page.* So think I too.

*Mrs. Ford.* Devise but how you'll use him, when he comes;  
And let us two devise to bring him thither.

*Mrs. Page.* There is an old tale goes, that *Herne* the hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in *Windfor* forest,  
Doth all the winter-time at still of midnight  
Walk round about an oak, with ragged horns;  
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle<sup>3</sup>;  
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain  
In a most hideous and dreadful manner.

You've heard of such a spirit; and well you know,  
The superstitious idle-headed *Eld*

Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,  
This tale of *Herne* the hunter for a truth.

*Page.* Why, yet there want not many, that do fear  
In deep of night to walk by this *Herne's* oak;  
But what of this?

*Mrs. Ford.* Marry, this is our device<sup>4</sup>,

That

<sup>3</sup> *And takes the cattle.*] To take, in *Shakespeare*, signifies to seize or strike with a disease, to blast. So in *Hamlet*,

No planet takes.

So in *Lear*,

Strike her young limbs,

To taking airs, with lameness.

<sup>4</sup> *Mrs. Ford.* Marry, this is our Device,

That Falstaff at that Oak shall meet with us.

*Page.* Well; let it not be doubted, but he'll come.

And in this Shape when you have brought him thither,]

Thus this Passage has been transmitted down to us, from the Time of the first Edition by the Players: But what was this Shape,



That *Falstaff* at that oak shall meet with us.  
We'll send him word to meet us in the field,  
Disguis'd like *Herne*, with huge horns on his head.

*Page*. Well, let it not be doubted, but he'll come.  
And in this shape when you have brought him thither,  
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

*Mrs. Page*. That likewise we have thought upon,  
and thus:

*Nan Page* (my daughter), and my little son,  
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress  
Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,  
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,  
And rattles in their hands; upon a sudden,  
As *Falstaff*, she, and I, are newly met,  
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once  
With some diffused song: upon their sight,  
We two, in great amazedness, will fly;  
Then let them all encircle him about,  
And fairy-like to pinch the unclean knight;  
And ask him, why, that hour of fairy Revel,  
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread  
In shape prophane?

*Mrs. Ford*. And 'till he tell the truth,  
Let the supposed fairies pinch him round,  
And burn him with their tapers.

*Mrs. Page*. The truth being known,  
We'll all present ourselves; dif-horn the spirit,

Shape, in which *Falstaff* was to be appointed to meet? For the women have not said one word to ascertain it. This makes it more than suspicious; the Defect in this Point must be owing to some wise Retrenchment. The two intermediate Lines, which I have restored from the old *Quarto*, are absolutely necessary, and clear up the matter. THEOBALD.

<sup>5</sup> *With some diffused song:*] A

*diffused song* signifies a song that strikes out into wild sentiments beyond the bounds of nature, such as those whose subject is fairy-land. WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> *And fairy like to pinch the unclean Knight;*] The Grammar requires us to read,

*And fairy like TOO, pinch the unclean Knight.*

WARBURTON,

And mock him home to *Windsor*.

*Ford*. The children must  
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

*Eva*. I will teach the children their behaviours; and  
I will be like a jack-an-apes also to burn the knight  
with my taper.

*Ford*. This will be excellent. I'll go buy them vi-  
zards.

*Mrs. Page*. My *Nan* shall be the Queen of all the  
fairies; finely attired in a robe of white.

*Page*. That silk will I go buy. And in that time<sup>7</sup>  
Shall Mr. *Slender* steal my *Nan* away, [Aside.  
And marry her at *Eaton*.—Go, send to *Falstaff*  
straight.

*Ford*. Nay, I'll to him again in the name of *Brook*;  
he'll tell me all his purpose. Sure, he'll come.

*Mrs. Page*. Fear not you that; go get us properties  
and tricking for our fairies.

*Eva*. Let us about it, it is admirable pleasures, and  
ferry honest knaveries. [Ex. *Page*, *Ford* and *Evans*.

*Mrs. Page*. Go, Mrs. *Ford*,  
Send *Quickly* to Sir *John* to know his mind.

[Exit *Mrs. Ford*.

I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,  
And none but he, to marry with *Nan Page*.  
That *Slender*, tho' well landed, is an Ideot;  
And he my husband best of all affects:  
The doctor is well mony'd, and his friends  
Potent at court; he, none but he, shall have her;  
Tho' twenty thousand worthier came to crave her.

[Exit.

<sup>7</sup> That silk will I go by, and  
in that time—] Mr. *Theo-*  
*bald* referring that time to the  
time of buying the silk, alters  
it to *time*. But there is no need  
of any change: That time evi-

dently relating to the time of the  
mask with which *Falstaff* was to  
be entertained, and which makes  
the whole subject of this dialogue.  
Therefore the common reading is  
right. WARBURTON.

## SCENE VIII.

*Changes to the Garter-Inn.**Enter Host and Simple.*

*Host.* **W**HAT would'st thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

*Simp.* Marry, Sir, I come to speak with Sir *John Falstaff*, from Mr. *Slender*.

*Host.* There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed and truckle-bed<sup>8</sup>; 'tis painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new; go, knock and call; he'll speak like an anthropophaginian unto thee: knock, I say.

*Simp.* There's an old woman, a fat woman gone up into his chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, Sir, 'till she come down: I come to speak with her, indeed.

*Host.* Ha! a fat woman? the Knight may be robb'd; I'll call. Bully-Knight! Bully-Sir *John*! speak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine Host, thine *Ephesian*, calls.

*Falstaff, above.*

*Fal.* How now, mine Host?

*Host.* Here's a<sup>9</sup> *Bohemian-Tartar* carries the coming

<sup>8</sup> *Standing-bed and truckle bed.*] The usual furniture of chambers in that time, was a standing-bed, under which was a *truckle*, *truckle* or *running bed*: In the standing-bed lay the master, and in the truckle-bed the servant. So in *Hall's* account of a servile tutor:

*He lieth in the truckle-bed,*

*While his young master lieth o'er his head.*

<sup>9</sup> *Bohemian-Tartar.*] The French call a *Bohemian* what we call a *Gypsy*; but I believe the Host means nothing more than, by a wild appellation, to insinuate that *Simple* makes a strange appearance.

down



down of thy fat woman: let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable. Fie, privacy? fie!

*Enter Falstaff.*

*Fal.* There was, mine Host, an old fat woman even now with me, but she's gone.

*Simp.* Pray you, Sir, was't not the wife woman of *Brainford*?

*Fal.* Ay, marry was it, mussel-shell<sup>1</sup>, what would you with her?

*Simp.* My master, Sir, my master *Slender*, sent to her, seeing her go thro' the street, to know, Sir, whether one *Nym*, Sir, that beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

*Fal.* I spake with the old woman about it.

*Simp.* And what says she, I pray, Sir?

*Fal.* Marry, she says, that the very same man, that beguil'd master *Slender* of his chain, cozen'd him of it.

*Simp.* I would, I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

*Fal.* What are they? let us know.

*Host.* Ay, come; quick.

*Simp.* I may not conceal them, Sir.

*Fal.* Conceal them, or thou dy'st.

*Simp.* Why, Sir, they were nothing but about mistress *Anne Page*; to know, if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.

*Fal.* 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

*Simp.* What, Sir?

*Fal.* To have her, or no: go; say, the woman told me so.

*Simp.* May I be so bold to say so, Sir?

*Fal.* Ay, Sir; like who more bold.

<sup>1</sup> *Mussel-shell.*] He calls poor *Simple* mussel-shell, because he stands with his mouth open.

*Simp.*

*Simp.* Thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [Exit Simple.

*Host.* Thou art clarkly; thou art clarkly, Sir *John*: was there a wise woman with thee?

*Fal.* Ay; that there was, mine *Host*; one, that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

## S C E N E IX.

*Enter Bardolph.*

*Bard.* Out, alas, Sir; cozenage! meer cozenage!

*Host.* Where be my horses, speak well of them, varletto.

*Bard.* Run away with the cozeners; for so soon as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off from behind one of them in a slough of mire, and set spurs, and away, like three *German* devils, three *Doctor Faustus's*.

*Host.* They are gone but to meet the Duke, villain; do not say, they are fled; *Germans* are honest men.

*Enter Evans.*

*Eva.* Where is mine *Host*?

*Host.* What is the matter, Sir?

*Eva.* Have a care of your entertainments; there is a friend o' mine come to town, tells me, there is three cozen-jermans that has cozen'd all the *Hosts* of *Reading*, of *Maidenhead*, of *Colebrook*, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you; you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stocks, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozen'd; fare you well. [Exit.

*Enter Caius.*

*Caius.* Ver' is mine *Host de Jarterre*?

*Host.*

*Hof.* Here, master Doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

*Caius.* I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a-me, dat you make a grand preparation for a Duke *de Jamany*; by my trot, der is no Duke, dat the Court is know, to come. I tell you for good will; adieu.

[*Exit.*

*Hof.* Hue and cry, villain, go! assist me, Knight, I am undone; fly, run, hue and cry! Villain, I am undone!

[*Exit.*

*Fal.* I would, all the world might be cozen'd, for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the Court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been wash'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boats with me. I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, 'till I were as crest-fall'n as a dry'd pear. I never prosper'd since I forswore myself at *Primero*<sup>2</sup>. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent. —

## S C E N E X.

*Enter Mistress Quickly,*

Now, whence come you?

*Quic.* From the two parties, forsooth.

*Fal.* The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestow'd. I have suffer'd more for their fakes, more than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

*Quic.* And have not they suffer'd? yes, I warrant, speciously one of them; mistress *Ford*, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

<sup>2</sup> *Primero.*] A game at cards.

*Fal.*



*Fal.* What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of *Brainford*; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, counterfeiting the<sup>3</sup> action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i'th' stocks, i'th' common stocks, for a witch.

*Quic.* Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber; you shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, \* what ado is here to bring you together? sure, one of you does not serve heav'n well, that you are so cross'd.

*Fal.* Come up into my chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E XI.

*Enter Fenton and Host.*

*Host.* Master *Fenton*, [talk not to me; my mind is heavy,

I will give over all.

*Fent.* Yet hear me speak; assist me in my purpose, And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred pounds in gold more than your loss.

<sup>3</sup> *Action of an old Woman.*] What! was it any Dexterity of Wit in Sir *John Falstaff*, to counterfeit the Action of an old Woman, in order to escape being apprehended for a *Witch*? Surely, one would imagine, This was the readiest Means to bring him into such a Scrape: for none but Old Women have ever been suspected of being *Witches*. The Text must certainly be restor'd, a wood Woman; a crazy, frantick Woman; one too wild, and silly, and unmeaning, to have

either the Malice or mischievous Subtlety of a Witch in her.

THEOBALD.

This emendation is received by Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, but rejected by Dr. *Warburton*. To me it appears reasonable enough.

<sup>4</sup> The great fault of this play is the frequency of expressions so profane, that no necessity of preserving character can justify them. There are laws of higher authority than those of criticism.

*Host.* I will hear you, master *Fenton*; and I will, at the least, keep your counfel.

*Fen.* From time to time I have acquainted you  
With the dear love I bear to fair *Anne Page*;  
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection  
(So far forth as herself might be her chuser)  
Ev'n to my wish. I have a letter from her  
Of such contents, as you will wonder at;  
The mirth whereof's so larded with my matter,  
That neither singly can be manifested,  
Without the shew of both. Fat Sir *John Falstaff*  
Hath a great Scene; the image of the jest.

[*Showing a letter.*]

I'll shew you here at large. Hark, good mine *Host*;  
To night at *Herne's Oak*, just 'twixt twelve and one,  
Must my sweet *Nan* present the Fairy Queen;  
The purpose why, is here; in which disguise,  
While other jests are something rank on foot,  
Her father hath commanded her to slip  
Away with *Slender*, and with him at *Eaton*  
Immediately to marry; she hath consented——Now,  
Sir,

Her mother, ever strong against that match,  
And firm for Doctor *Caius*, hath appointed  
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,  
While other sports are tasking of their minds;  
And at the Deanry, where a priest attends,  
Straight marry her; To this her mother's Plot  
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath  
Made promise to the Doctor.——Now, thus it rests;  
Her father means she shall be all in white,  
And in that dress when *Slender* sees his time  
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,  
She shall go with him.—Her mother hath intended,  
The better to devote her to the Doctor,  
(For they must all be mask'd and vizarded)  
That, quaint in green, she shall be loose enrob'd,  
With ribbands-pendant, flaring 'bout her head;

And

And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,  
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,  
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

*Host.* Which means she to deceive? father or mother?

*Fent.* Both, my good Host, to go along with me;  
And here it rests, that you'll procure the Vicar  
To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,  
And in the lawful name of marrying,  
To give our hearts united ceremony.

*Host.* Well, husband your device; I'll to the Vicar.  
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

*Fent.* So shall I evermore be bound to thee;  
Besides, I'll make a present recompence. [Exit.

## S C E N E XII.

*Re-enter Falstaff and Mistress Quickly.*

*Fal.* Pr'ythee, no more prating. Go. I'll hold.  
This is the third time; I hope, good luck lyes in odd  
numbers. Away, go; they say, there is divinity in  
odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.—  
Away.

*Quic.* I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what I  
can to get you a pair of horns. [Exit Mrs. Quickly.

*Fal.* Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head  
and mince.

*Enter Ford.*

How now, master *Brook*? master *Brook*, the matter  
will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the  
Park about midnight, at *Herne's Oak*, and you shall  
see wonders.

*Ford.* Went you not to her yesterday, Sir, as you  
told me you had appointed?

*Fal.*



*Fal.* I went to her, master *Brook*, as you see, like a poor old man; but I came from her, master *Brook*, like a poor old woman. That same knave, *Ford* her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master *Brook*, that ever govern'd frenzy. I will tell you; he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of a man, master *Brook*, I fear not *Goliath* with a weaver's beam; because I know also, life is a shuttle; I am in haste; go along with me; I'll tell you all, master *Brook*. Since I pluckt geese, play'd truant, and whipt top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, 'till lately. Follow me, I'll tell you strange things of this knave *Ford*, on whom to night I will be reveng'd, and I will deliver his wife into your hand—Follow; strange things in hand, master *Brook*! follow.—

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V. SCENE I.

Windfor *Park*.

*Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender:*

PAGE.

COME, come; we'll couch i'th' castle-ditch, 'till we see the light of our fairies. Remember, son *Slender*, my daughter.

*Slen.* Ay, forsooth, I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, *mum*; she cries, *budget*; and by that we know one another.

*Sbal.* That's good too; but what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget*? the white will decipher her well enough. It hath struck ten o'clock.

*Page.*

*Page.* The night is dark, light and spirits will become it well; heav'n prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil<sup>5</sup>; and we shall know him by his horns, Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Ford and Caius.*

*Mrs. Page.* Mr. Doctor, my daughter is in green; when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanery, and dispatch it quickly; go before into the Park; we two must go together.

*Caius.* I know vat I have to do; adieu. [*Exit.*]

*Mrs. Page.* Fare you well, Sir. My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of *Falstaff*, as he will chafe at the Doctor's marrying my daughter; but 'tis no matter; better, a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

*Mrs. Ford.* Where is *Nan* now, and her troop of fairies, and the *Welch* devil *Evans*<sup>6</sup>?

*Mrs. Page.* They are all couch'd in a pit hard by *Herne's* Oak, with obscur'd lights; which, at the very instant of *Falstaff's* and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

*Mrs. Ford.* That cannot chuse but amaze him.

*Mrs. Page.* If he be not amaz'd, he will be mock'd; if he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd.

*Mrs. Ford.* We'll betray him finely.

<sup>5</sup> No MAN means evil but the devil.] This is a double blunder; for some, of whom this was spoke, were women. We should read then, no ONE means.

WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> The former impression:] And the Welch Devil Herne?] But *Falstaff* was to represent

*Herne*, and he was no *Welchman*. Where was the Attention, or Sagacity, of our Editors, not to observe that *Mrs. Ford* is inquiring for *Evans* by the Name of the *Welch* Devil? Dr. *Thirby* likewise discover'd the Blunder of this Passage. THEOBALD.

Mrs. *Page*. Against such lewdsters, and their lechery,  
Those, that betray them, do no treachery.

Mrs. *Ford*. The hour draws on; to the Oak, to  
the Oak. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Evans and Fairies.*

*Eva*. Trib, trib, fairies; come, and remember  
your parts; be pold, I pray you; follow me into the  
pit; and when I give the watch-ords, do as I pid you;  
come, come; trib, trib. [Exeunt.]

### S C E N E III.

*Enter Falstaff, with a Buck's head on.*

*Fal*. The *Windfor* bell hath struck twelve, the mi-  
nute draws on; now, the hot-blooded Gods assist me!  
Remember, *Jove*, thou wast a bull for thy *Europa*;  
love set on thy horns. Oh powerful love! that, in  
some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other,  
a man a beast: You were also, *Jupiter*, a swan, for  
the Love of *Leda*: Oh, omnipotent love! how near  
the God drew to the complexion of a goose? A fault  
done first in the form of a beast!——O *Jove*, a  
beastly fault in the semblance of a fowl:——think  
on't, *Jove*, a foul fault. When Gods have hot backs,  
what shall poor men do? for me, I am here a *Windfor*  
stag, and the fattest, I think, i'th' forest. Send me  
a cool rut-time, *Jove*, or who can blame me to piss  
my tallow? who comes here? my Doe?

*Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.*

Mrs. *Ford*. Sir *John*? art thou there, my deer? my  
male-deer?

*Fal*. My doe with the black scut? let the sky rain  
potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green-Sleeves*;  
hail



hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs. *Ford*. Mistress *Page* is come with me, sweet heart.

*Fal*. <sup>7</sup> Divide me like a bride-buck, each a haunch; I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk <sup>8</sup>, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like *Herne* the hunter? why, now is *Cupid* a child of conscience, he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome!

[*Noise within*.

Mrs. *Page*. Alas! what noise?

Mrs. *Ford*. Heav'n forgive our sins!

*Fal*. What should this be?

Mrs. *Ford*. }  
Mrs. *Page*. } Away, away.

[*The women run out*.

*Fal*. I think the devil will not have me damn'd, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he never would else cross me thus.

#### SCENE IV.

*Enter Sir Hugh like a Satyr; Quickly, and others, dressed like Fairies, with Tapers.*

*Quic*. Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,  
You moon-shine revellers, and shades of night,  
You Ouphen heirs of fixed destiny,<sup>9</sup>  
Attend your office, and your quality,  
Crier hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

*Eva*.

<sup>7</sup> *Divide me like a brib'd-Buck,*] Thus all the old Copies, mistakingly: It must be *bribe-buck*; i. e. a Buck sent for a Bribe.

THEOBALD.

<sup>8</sup> *Fellow of this walk,*] Who the fellow is, or why he keeps

his shoulders for him, I do not understand.

<sup>9</sup> *You ORPHAN-heirs of fixed destiny.*] But why *Orphan-heirs*? Destiny, whom they succeeded, was yet in being. Doubtless the Poet wrote,

N n 2

You

*Eva.* Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys  
Cricket, to *Windfor* chimneys shalt thou leap:  
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,  
There pinch the maids as blue as bilbery.  
Our radiant Queen hates fluts and fluttery.

*Fal.* They're fairies; he, that speaks to them, shall die.

I'll wink and couch; no man their works must eye.

[*Lyes down upon his face.*]

*Eva.* Where's *Pede*? go you, and where you find  
a maid,

That, ere she sleep, hath thrice her prayers said,  
Rein up the organs of her fantasy;  
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;

But

*You OUPHEN heirs of fixed destiny.*

*i. e.* you *Elves*, who minister, and succeed in some of the works of destiny. They are called, in this Play, both before and afterwards, *Ouphes*; here *Ouphen*; *en* being the plural termination of *Saxon* nouns. For the word is from the *Saxon*, *Alpenne*, *lamicæ*, *dæmones*. Or it may be understood to be an adjective, as *wooden*, *woollen*, *golden*, &c.

WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> RAISE up the organs of her *fantasie*;] The sense of this speech is — that she, who had performed her religious duties, should be secure against the illusion of fancy; and have her sleep, like that of infancy, undisturbed by disordered dreams. This was then the popular opinion, that evil spirits had a power over the fancy; and, by that means, could inspire wicked dreams into those who, on their going to sleep, had not re-

commended themselves to the protection of heaven. So *Shakespeare* makes one, on his lying down, say,

*From fairies, and the tempters of the night,*

*Protect us, heav'n!*

As this is the sense, let us see how the common reading expresses it;

Raise up the organs of her *fantasie*,

*i. e.* inflame her imagination with sensual ideas; which is just the contrary to what the Poet would have the speaker say. We cannot therefore but conclude he wrote,

REIN up the organs of her *fantasie*,

*i. e.* curb them, that she be no more disturbed by irregular imaginations, than children in their sleep. For, he adds immediately,

*Sleep she as sound as careless infancy.*

So in the *Tempest*,

Give

But those, that sleep, and think not on their sins,  
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides and  
shins.

*Quic.* About, about;  
Search *Windsor* castle, elves, within and out.  
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room,  
That it may stand 'till the perpetual Doom,  
In state as wholsom, as in state 'tis fit<sup>2</sup>;  
Worthy the owner, as the owner it<sup>3</sup>.  
The severall chairs of Order look your scour,  
With juice of balm and ev'ry precious flow'r:  
Each fair Instalment Coat and sev'ral Crest,  
With loyal blazon evermore be blest!  
And nightly-meadow-fairies, look, you sing,  
Like to the *Garter*-compass, in a ring:  
Th' expresseure that it bears, green let it be,  
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;  
And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal y Pense* write,  
In emrold-tuffs, flow'rs purple, blue and white<sup>4</sup>,

Like

*Give not dalliance too much the*  
REIN.

And in *Measure for Measure*,  
*I give my sensual race the*  
REIN.

*To give the rein*, being just the  
contrary to *rein up*. The same  
thought he has again in *Mack-*  
*beth*,

— *Merciful powers!*  
*Restrain in me the cursed thoughts*  
*that nature*  
*Gives away to in repose.*

WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> *In state as wholsome.*] The  
*Oxford Editor*, not knowing the  
meaning of *wholsome*, has alter'd  
it to,

*In site as wholsom*,  
and so has made the wish a most  
absurd one. For the site or si-  
tuation must needs be what it is,

till the general destruction. But  
*wholsom* here signifies *integer*.  
He wishes the cattle may stand  
in its present state of perfection,  
which the following words plain-  
ly shew,

———— as in *state 'tis fit*.

WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> *Worthy the owner*, AND *the*  
*owner it.*] And cannot be the  
true reading. The context will  
not allow it; and his court to  
*Queen Elizabeth* directs us to  
another,

— AS *the owner it*.

for, sure, he had more address  
than to content himself with wish-  
ing a thing *to be*, which his com-  
plaisance must suppose actually  
*was*, namely, the worth of the  
owner.

WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> *In emrold-tuffs, flow'rs PUR-*



Like saphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,  
 Buckled below fair Knight-hood's bending knee;  
 Fairies use flow'rs for their character<sup>4</sup>.  
 Away, disperse; but, 'till 'tis one o'clock,  
 Our dance of custom round about the Oak  
 Of *Herne*, the hunter, let us not forget.

*Eva.* Pray you, lock hand in hand, yourselves in  
 order set:

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanthorns be,  
 To guide our measure round about the tree.  
 But stay, I smell a man of middle earth<sup>5</sup>.

*Fal.* Heav'ns defend me from that *Welch* fairy, lest he  
 transform me to a piece of cheese!

*Eva.* Wild worm, thou wast o'er-look'd ev'n in thy  
 birth.

PLE, *blue and white*,  
 Like *saphire, pearl*, AND *rich*  
*embroidery*,] These lines  
 are most miserably corrupted.  
 In the words,—*Flowers purple,*  
*blue and white*,—the *purple* is  
 left uncompar'd. To remedy  
 this, the Editors, who seem to  
 have been sensible of the imper-  
 fection of the comparison, read,  
 AND *rich embroidery*; that is,  
 according to them, as the blue  
 and white flowers are compar'd  
 to saphire and pearl, the *purple*  
 is compar'd to *rich embroidery*.  
 Thus instead of mending one  
 false step they have made two,  
 by bringing *saphire, pearl* and  
*rich embroidery* under one predi-  
 cament. The lines were wrote  
 thus by the Poet,

In *erold-tuffi*, *flow'rs* PUR-  
 FLED, *blue and white*,

Like *saphire, pearl*, IN *rich em-*  
*broidery*,

*i. e.* let there be blue and white  
*flow'rs* worked on the green-  
 sword, like saphire and pearl in

rich embroidery. To *purfle* is to  
 over-lay with tinsel, gold thread,  
 &c. so our ancestors called a cer-  
 tain lace of this kind of work a  
*purfling-lace*. 'Tis from the  
*French, pourfiler*. So *Spencer*,

— *she was yclad*

*All in a silken Camus, lilly-white,*  
 PURFLED upon, with many a  
*folded plight*.

The change of *and* into *in*, in  
 the second verse, is necessary.  
 For *flow'rs* worked, or *purfled*  
 in the grass, were not like sa-  
 phire and pearl simply, but sa-  
 phire and pearl in embroidery.  
 How the corrupt reading *and*  
 was introduced into the text, we  
 have shewn above. WARBURT.

<sup>4</sup> — *character*.] For the  
 matter with which they make  
 letters.

<sup>5</sup> — *of middle earth*.] Spi-  
 rits are supposed to inhabit the  
 ethereal regions, and fairies to  
 dwell under ground, men there-  
 fore are in a middle station.

*Quic.* With trial-fire touch me his finger-end;  
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,  
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,  
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

*Eva.* A trial, come.—

[*They burn him with their tapers, and pinch him.*  
Come, will this wood take fire?

*Fal.* Oh, oh, oh!

*Quic.* Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire;  
About him, fairies, sing a scornful rhyme:  
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

*Eva.* ° It is right, indeed; he is full of lecheries  
and iniquity.

## The S O N G.

*Fie on sinful phantasy,  
Fie on lust and luxury!  
Lust is but a bloodish fire,  
Kindled with unchaste desire,  
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire,  
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.  
Pinch him fairies, mutually;  
Pinch him for his villainy:  
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,  
Till candles, and star-light, and moon-shine be out.*

<sup>s</sup> *During this Song, they pinch him. Doctor Caius comes one way, and steals away a boy in green; Slender another way, and he takes away a boy in white;*

<sup>6</sup> *Eva. It is right, indeed,—*  
This short Speech, which, is very  
much in Character for Sir Hugh,  
I have inserted from the old  
*Quarto's.*

<sup>7</sup> *Lust is but a bloody fire,]* So  
the old copies. I once thought  
it should be read,

*Lust is but a cloudy fire,*  
but Sir T. Hanmer reads with less  
violence,

*Lust is but i'th' blood a fire.*  
<sup>8</sup> *During this Song,]* This Di-  
rection I thought proper to insert  
from the old *Quarto's.*

THEOBALD.

and Fenton comes, and steals away Mrs. Ann Page. A noise of hunting is made within. All the Fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his Buck's head, and rises.

## S C E N E V.

Enter Page, Ford, &c. They lay hold on him.

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think, we've watcht you now;

Will none but *Herne* the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the jest no higher.

Now, good Sir *John*, how like you *Windfor* wives?

See you these, husbands? do not these fair *Yoaks*?

Become the *Forest* better than the *Town*?

Ford. Now, Sir, who's a cuckold now? master *Brook*, *Falstaff's* a knave, a cuckoldly knave, here are his horns, master *Brook*; and, master *Brook*, he hath enjoy'd nothing of *Ford's* but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of mony, which must be paid to master *Brook*; his horses are arrested for it, master *Brook*.

Mrs. Ford. Sir *John*, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive, that I am made an afs.

<sup>9</sup> See you these husbands? Do not these fair Oaks

Become the *Forest* better than the *Town*?] What Oaks, in the Name of Nonsense, do our sagacious Editors make Mrs. Page talk of? The Oaks in the Park? But there was no Intention of transplanting them into the *Town*.

— *Talis inscitia me quidem pudet, pigetque.* The first *Folio* reads, as the Poet intended, *Yoaks*: and

Mrs. Page's Meaning is this. She speaks it to her own, and Mrs. Ford's Husband, and asks them, if they see the *Horns* in *Falstaff's* Hand; and then, alluding to them as the Types of *Cuckoldom*, puts the Question, whether those *Yoaks* are not more proper in the *Forests* than in the *Town*, i. e. than in their Families, as a Reproach to them. THEOBALD.

Ford,



*Ford.* Ay, and an ox too: both the proofs are extant.

*Fal.* And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies; and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprize of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a receiv'd belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

*Eva.* Sir *John Falstaff*, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

*Ford.* Well said, fairy *Hugh*.

*Eva.* And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

*Ford.* I will never mistrust my wife again, 'till thou art able to woo her in good *English*.

*Fal.* Have I laid my brain in the sun and dry'd it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? am I ridden with a *Welch* goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'tis time, I were choak'd with a piece of roasted cheese.

*Eva.* Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter,

*Fal.* Seese and putter? have I liv'd to stand in the taunt of one, that makes fritters of *English*? this is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking, through the Realm.

*Mrs. Page.* Why, Sir *John*, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

*Ford.* What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

*Mrs. Page.* A puffed man?

*Page.* Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails?

*Ford.* And one that is as slanderous as *Satan*?

*Page.* And as poor as *Job*?

*Ford.*

*Ford.* And as wicked as his wife?

*Eva.* And given to fornications, and to taverns, and facks, and wines, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearing, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

*Fal.* Well, I am your theme; you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the *Welch* flannel; <sup>1</sup> ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me; use me as you will.

*Ford.* Marry, Sir, we'll bring you to *Windfor* to one Mr. *Brook*, that you have cozen'd of mony, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffer'd, I think, to repay that mony will be a biting affliction.

<sup>2</sup> *Mrs. Ford.* Nay, husband, let That go to make amends:

Forgive that Sum, and so we'll all be Friends.

*Ford.* Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last.

*Page.* Yet be cheerful, Knight; thou shalt eat a posset to night at my house, where I will desire thee to <sup>3</sup> laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her, Mr. *Slender* hath marry'd her daughter.

*Mrs. Page.* Doctors doubt that; if *Anne Page* be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor *Caius'* wife. [*Aside.*

<sup>1</sup> — *ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me;*] Though this be perhaps not intelligible, yet it is an odd way of confessing his dejection. I should wish to read,

— *ignorance itself has a plume o' me.*

That is, I am so depressed that ignorance itself plucks me, and decks itself with the spoils of my weakness.

<sup>2</sup> *Mrs. Ford.* Nay, Husband,] This and the following little Speech I have inserted from the old *Quarto's*. The Retrench-

ment, I presume, was by the Players. Sir *John Falstaff* is sufficiently punish'd, in being disappointed and exposed. The Expectation of his being prosecuted for the twenty Pounds, gives the Conclusion too tragical a Turn. Besides, it is *poetical Justice* that *Ford* should sustain this Loss, as a Fine for his unreasonable Jealousy. THEOBALD.

<sup>3</sup> The two plots are excellently connected, and the transition very artfully made in this speech.

SCENE

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter Slender.*

*Slen.* What hoe! hoe! father *Page*:

*Page.* Son, how now? how now, son, have you dispatch'd?

*Slen.* Dispatch'd? I'll make the best in *Gloucestershire* know on't; would I were hang'd la, else.

*Page.* Of what, son?

*Slen.* I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry mistress *Anne Page*, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i'th' church, I would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd me. If I did not think it had been *Anne Page*, would I might never stir, and 'tis a post-master's boy.

*Page.* Upon my life, then you took the wrong.

*Slen.* What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: if I had been marry'd to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

*Page.* Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

*Slen.* I went to her in white and cry'd *mum*, and she cry'd *budget*, as *Anne* and I had appointed; and yet it was not *Anne*, but a post-master's boy.

*Eva.* Jeshu! Master *Slender*, cannot you see but marry boys?

*Page.* O, I am vext at heart. What shall I do?

*Mrs. Page.* Good *George*, be not angry; I knew of your purpose, turn'd my daughter into green, and, indeed, she is now with the Doctor at the Deanry, and there married.

SCENE



## S C E N E VII.

*Enter Caius.*

*Caius.* Ver is mistress *Page*? by gar, I am cozen'd; I ha' marry'd one garfoon, a boy; one peasant, by gar; a boy; it is not *Anne Page*; by gar, I am cozen'd.

*Mrs. Page.* Why? did you not take her in green?

*Caius.* Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy; be gar, I'll raise all *Windsor*.

*Ford.* This is strange! who hath got the right *Anne*?

*Page.* My heart misgives me; here comes Mr. *Fenton*,

*Enter Fenton, and Anne Page.*

How now, Mr. *Fenton*?

*Anne.* Pardon, good father; good my mother, pardon.

*Page.* Now, mistress, how chance you went not with Mr. *Slender*?

*Mrs. Page.* Why went you not with Mr. Doctor, maid?

*Fent.* You do amaze her: Hear the truth of it. You would have marry'd her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in love: The truth is, she and I, long since contracted, Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve us, Th' offence is holy, that she hath committed; And this deceit loses the name of craft, Of disobedience, or unduteous title; Since therein she doth evitate and shun A thousand irreligious cursed hours, Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

*Ford.* Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedy In love, the heav'ns themselves do guide the state; Mony buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

*Fal.*

*Fal.* I am glad, tho' you have ta'en a special Stand  
to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.

\* *Page.* Well, what remedy? *Fenton*, heav'n give  
thee joy!

What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

*Eva.* I will also dance and eat plums at your Wed-  
ding.

*Fal.* When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are  
chac'd.

*Mrs. Page.* Well, I will muse no further. *Mr.*  
*Fenton,*

Heav'n give you many, many merry days!  
Good husband, let us every one go home,  
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire,  
Sir *John* and all.

*Ford.* Let it be so:—Sir *John*,  
To master *Brook* you yet shall hold your word;  
For he, to-night, shall lye with mistress *Ford*.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

\* In the first sketch of this ment of which I regret the omis-  
sion occurs at this critical time,  
play, which, as Mr. *Pope* ob- when *Fenton* brings in his wife,  
serves, is much inferiour to the there is this dialogue.

*Mrs. Ford.* Come, Mistress *Page*, I must be bold with you,  
*'Tis pity to part love that is so true.*

*Mrs. Page.* [aside.] Although that I have missed in my intent,  
Yet I am glad my husband's match is crossed.

— Here, *Fenton*, take her. —

*Eva.* Come, Master *Page*, you must needs agree.

*Ford.* P' faith, Sir, come, you see your wife is pleas'd.

*Page.* I cannot tell, and yet my heart is eas'd;  
And yet it doth me good the doct'or missed.  
Come hither, *Fenton*, and come hither, Daughter.

The END of the SECOND VOLUME.





