

Accessions

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Thomas Pennant Barton.

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The
W O R K S
of
SHAKESPEARE,

Volume the first :

containing,

*The Tempest ;
The two Gentlemen of Verona
The merry Wives of Windsor.*

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the Strand.

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V. 1

pt. 2

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May. 1873

The

T E M P E S T.

Persons represented.

Alonso, *King of Naples :*

Sebastian, *his Brother.*

Prospero, *rightful Duke of Milan :*

Antonio, *his Brother, Usurper of his Dominions.*

Ferdinand, *Son to the King of Naples :*

Gonzalo,

Adrian, } *Lords attending the King.*

Francisco, }

Caliban, *a savage and deform'd Slave.*

Trinculo, *a Jester.*

Stephano, *a drunken Butler.*

Master of the King's Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.

Miranda, *Daughter to Prospero.*

Ariel, *an airy Spirit. Other aerial Spirits ; presenting, in the Masque, Iris, Ceres, and Juno.*

Attendants upon the King. Spirits attending Prospero.

*Scene, at Sea ; and in different Parts
of an uninhabited Island.*

The T E M P E S T.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Ship at Sea.*

A great Storm, with Thunder and Lightning.

*Enter, upon Deck, a Ship-master,
and a Boatswain.*

Mas. Boatswain,—

Boa. Here, master: What cheer?

Mas. Good: Speak to th' mariners: fall to't, yarely,
or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boa. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my
hearts; yare, yare: Take in the top-fail; Tend to th'
master's whistle: — Blow, 'till thou burst thy wind, if
room enough. [*Exeunt Mariners, aloft.*

Enter ALONSO, Sebastian, Ferdinand,

ANTONIO, GONZALO, and Others.

ALO. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the
master? Play the men.

Boa. I pray now, keep below.

ANT. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boa. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour;

Keep your cabins ; You do assist the storm.

GON. Nay, good, be patient.

Boa. When the sea is. Hence. What care these roarers for the name of king ? To cabin : silence : trouble us not.

GON. Good ; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

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

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

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boa. Down with the top-mast ; yare, lower, lower ; bring her to try with main-course. [*Cry within.*] A plague upon this howling ! they are louder than the weather, or our office.—

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and
GONZALO.

Yet again ? — What do you here ? Shall we give o'er, and drown ? Have you a mind to sink ?

SEB. A pox o' your throat ! you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog !

Boa. Work you then.

ANT. Hang, cur, hang! you whorson insolent noise-maker! we are less afraid to be drown'd, than thou art.

GON. I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

Boa. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; fet her two courses off to sea again, lay her off. [Cry again.

Enter Mariners, wet.

Mar. All lost; to prayers, to prayers; all lost!

[*Exeunt Mariners.*

Boa. What, must our mouths be cold? [them;

GON. The king and prince at prayers! let's assist For our case is as theirs.

SEB. I'm out of patience. [ards.—

ANT. We are meerly cheated of our lives by drunk- This wide-chopt rascal; 'Would, thou might'st lye The washing of ten tides! [drowning,

GON. He'll be hang'd yet; Though every drop of water swear against it, And gape at wid'st to glut him.—Mercy on us!

[*A confus'd Noise within.—We split, we split!*

—Farewel my wife and children!—Farewel, brother!—We split, we split, we split!

ANT. Let's all sink wi' the king. [*Exit.*

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

GON. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any thing: The wills above be done, but I would fain dye a dry death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Island. Before Prospero's Cell.*

Enter PROSPERO, and MIRANDA.

MIR. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
 Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them :
 The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
 But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
 Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
 With those that I saw suffer ! A brave vessel,
 Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
 Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
 Against my very heart ! Poor souls ! they perish'd.
 Had I been any god of power, I would
 Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
 It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
 The fraighting souls within her.

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

MIR. O, woe the day !

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

MIR. More to know
 Did never meddle with my thoughts.

PRO. 'Tis time
 I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
 And pluck my magick garment from me. — So ; [fort.
 Lye † there, my art. — Wipe thou thine eyes ; have com-
 The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
 The very virtue of compassion in thee,

I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no loss,
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel, [down,
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit
For thou must now know farther.

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

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

MIR. Certainly, sir, I can.

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

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

PRO. Thou hadst, and more, *Miranda*: But how is it,
That this lives in thy mind? What see'st thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st ought, ere thou cam'st here;
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

MIR. But that I do not.

PRO. Twelve year since, *Miranda*, twelve year since,
Thy father was the duke of *Milan*, and

A prince of power.

MIR. Sir, are not you my father ?

PRO. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said — thou wast my daughter ; and thy father
Was duke of *Milan* ; and his only heir
A princess : no worse issu'd.

MIR. O the heavens !

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

PRO. Both, both, my girl :
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence ;
But blessedly help hither.

MIR. O, my heart bleeds
To think o'the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance ! Please you, farther.

PRO. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd *Antonio*, —
I pray thee, mark me, — (That a brother should
Be so perfidious !) he whom, next thy self,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state ; (as, at that time,
'Through all the signiories it was the first,
And *Prospero* the prime duke ; being so reputed
In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel ; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies) Thy false uncle —
Dost thou attend me ? —

MIR. Sir, most heedfully.

PRO. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them ; who to advance, and who
To trash for over-topping ; new created

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

MIR. O, yes, good sir, I do.

PRO. I pray thee, mark me.

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

MIR. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

PRO. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute *Milan* : Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough ! of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable : confederates

(So dry he was for sway) wi' the king of *Naples* ;
 To give him annual tribute, do him homage ;
 Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
 The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor *Milan* !)
 To most ignoble stooping.

MIR. O the heavens ! [me,

PRO. Mark his condition, and the event ; then tell
 If this might be a brother.

MIR. I should sin,
 To think but nobly of my grand-mother :
 Good wombs have born bad sons.

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

MIR. Alack, for pity !
 I, not remembering how I cry'd on't then,
 Will cry it o'er again ; it is a hint,
 That wrings mine eyes to't.

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

MIR. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us ?

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

MIR. Alack ! what trouble
Was I then to you !

PRO. O, a cherubin
Thou wast, that did preserve me ! Thou did'st smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burthen groan'd ; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

MIR. How came we ashore ?

PRO. By providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble *Neapolitan*, *Gonzalo*,
Out of his charity, (he being then appointed
Master of this design) did give us ; with
Rich garments, linnens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steeded much : so, of his gentleness,

Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From mine own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

MIR. 'Would I might
But ever see that man!

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

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

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

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

Enter ARIEL.

ARI. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding task

Ariel and all his quality.

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

ARI. To every article.

I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waste, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards, and bore-sprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join: *Jove's* lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-clap, more momentary
And fight-out-running were not: The fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty *Neptune*
Seem to besiege; and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

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

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

PRO. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

ARI. Close by, my master.

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

ARI. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,

But fresher than before ; and, as thou bad'it me,
 In troops I have disper'd them 'bout the isle :
 The king's son have I landed by himself ;
 Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
 In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
 His arms in this † sad knot.

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

ARI. Safely in harbour
 Is the king's ship ; in the deep nook, where once
 Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
 From the still-vev't *Bermootbes*, there she's hid :
 The mariners all under hatches stow'd ;
 Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
 I have left asleep : and for the rest o' the fleet,
 Which I disper'd, they all have met again ;
 And are upon the *Mediterranean* flote,
 Bound sadly home for *Naples* ;
 Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
 And his great person perish.

PRO. *Ariel*, thy charge
 Exactly is perform'd ; but there's more work :
 What is the time o' the day ?

ARI. Past the mid season. [now

PRO. At least two glasses : The time 'twixt six and
 Must by us both be spent most preciously.

ARI. Is there more toil ? Since thou dost give me pains,
 Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
 Which is not yet perform'd me.

PRO. How now ? moody ?
 What is't thou canst demand ?

ARI. My liberty.

PRO. Before the time be out? no more.

ARI. I pray thee:

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

PRO. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

ARI. No. [ooze

PRO. Thou dost: and think'st it much, to tread the
Of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins o'the earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.

ARI. I do not, sir.

PRO. Thou ly'st, malignant thing: Hast thou forgot
The foul witch *Sycorax*, who, with age, and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

ARI. No, sir.

PRO. Thou hast; Where was she born? speak, tell me.

ARI. Sir, in *Argier*.

PRO. O, was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch, *Sycorax*,
For mischiefs manifold, and forceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from *Argier*,
Thou know'st, was banish'd; for one thing she did,
They would not take her life: Is not this true?

ARI. Ay, sir. [child,

PRO. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with
And here was left by the sailors: Thou, my slave,

As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant :
 And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
 To act her earthy and abhor'd commands,
 Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
 By help of her more potent ministers,
 And in her most unmitigable rage,
 Into a cloven pine ; within which rift
 Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
 A dozen years ; within which space she dy'd,
 And left thee there ; where thou didst vent thy groans
 As fast as mill-wheels strike : Then was this island
 (Save for the son that she did litter here,
 A freckl'd whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
 A human shape.

ARI. Yes ; *Caliban* her son.

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

ARI. I thank thee, master.

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

ARI. Pardon, master :

I will be correspondent to command,
 And do my spiriting gently.

PRO. Do so : and after two days

I will discharge thee.

ARI. That's my noble master!

What shall I do? say, what? what shall I do?

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

[Exit *ARIEL.*

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

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

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

MIR. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

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

CAL. [within] There's wood enough within. [thee:

PRO. Come forth, I say; there's other business for
Come, thou tortoise! when!

Re-enter ARIEL, like a Water-nymph.

“Fine apparition! My quaint *Ariel*,”

“Hark in thine ear.”

ARI. “My lord, it shall be done.” [Exit *ARIEL.*

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

Enter CALIBAN.

5 but thine, and mine:

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

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

CAL. I must eat my dinner.
 This island's mine, by *Sycorax* my mother,
 Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first,
 Thou stroak'dst me, and mad'st much of me; would'st
 Water with berries in't; and teach me how [give me
 To name the bigger light, and how the less,
 That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
 And shew'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
 'The fresh-springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fertil;—
 Curf'd be I, that I did so!—All the charms
 Of *Sycorax*, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
 For I am all the subjects that you have,
 Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
 In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
 The rest o'the island.

PRO. Thou most lying slave,
 Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I have us'd thee,
 Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee
 In mine own cell, 'till thou did'st seek to violate
 The honour of my child.

CAL. Oh ho, oh ho!—'would't had been done!
 Thou did'st prevent me; I had peopl'd else

This isle with *Calibans*.

PRO. Abhorred slave ;
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill ! I pity'd thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other : when thou could'st not, savage,
Show thine own meaning, but would'st gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known : But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good na-
Could not abide to be with ; therefore wast thou [tures
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who had'st deserv'd more than a prison.

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

PRO. Hag-feed, hence !
Fetch us in fuel ; and be quick, thou'ert best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice ?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps ;
Fill all thy bones with aches ; make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

CAL. No, pray thee ! —
“ I must obey ; his art is of such power,”
“ It would controul my dam's god *Setebos*,”
“ And make a vassal of him.”

PRO. So, slave ; hence ! *[Exit CALIBAN.*

Musick. Re-enter *ARIEL*, invisible ;

FERDINAND following.

ARI. Come unto these yellow sands, *SONG.*
and then take hands :

² *Mir.* Abhorred ⁶ thou didst not ⁷ Know thine

*curt'sy'd when you have, and kist,
 (the wild waves whist)
 foot it featly here and there;
 and, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.*

Hark, hark!

bur. Bowgh, wowgh. [dispersedly.

the watch-dogs bark:

bur. Bowgh, wowgh. [dispersedly.

Hark, hark! I hear

*the strain of strutting chanticlere
 cry, Cock-a-doodle-do.*

[earth?

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

ARI. Full fathom five thy father lies: SONG.

of his bones are coral made;

those are pearls, that were his eyes:

nothing of him, that doth fade,

but doth suffer a sea-change,

into something rich and strange:

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

hark, now I hear them, — Ding-dong, bell.

[Burthen, Ding-dong.

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

PRO. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say, what thou see'st yond'.

MIR. What is't? a spirit?

Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form: — But 'tis a spirit. [senses

PRO. No, wench; it eats, and sleeps, and hath such
As we have, such: This gallant, which thou see'st,
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.

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

PRO. "It goes, I see," [thee"
"As my soul prompts it: — Spirit, fine spirit, I'll free
"Within two days for this."

FER. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend: — Vouchsafe my prayer
May know, if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here: My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, o you wonder,
If you be maid, or no?

MIR. No wonder, sir;
But, certainly, a maid.

FER. My language! heavens! —
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

PRO. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?

FER. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders

To hear thee speak of *Naples* : He does hear me ;
 And, that he does, I weep : myself am *Naples* ;
 Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
 The king my father wreckt.

MIR. Alack, for mercy !

FER. Yes, faith, and all his lords ; the duke of *Milan*,
 And his brave son, being twain.

PRO. The duke of *Milan*,
 And his more braver daughter, could controul thee,
 If now 'twere fit to do't. — “ At the first fight ”
 “ They have chang'd eyes : — Delicate *Ariel*, ”
 “ I'll fet thee free for this. ” — A word, good fir ;
 I fear, you have done yourself some wrong ; a word.

MIR. “ Why speaks my father so ungently ? This ”
 “ Is the third man, that e'er I saw ; the first, ”
 “ That e'er I sigh'd for : pity move my father ”
 “ To be inclin'd my way ! ”

FER. O, if a virgin,
 And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
 The queen of *Naples*.

PRO. Soft, fir ; one word more. [sinefs”
 “ They are both in either's powers : but this swift bu-
 “ I must uneasy make, lest too light winning [thee
 “ Make the prize light. ” Sir, one word more ; I charge
 That thou attend me : thou dost here usurp
 The name thou ow'st not ; and hast put thyself
 Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
 From me, the lord on't.

FER. No, as I am a man.

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

PRO. Follow me. —

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

FER. No ;

I will resist such entertainment, 'till
Mine enemy has more power.

[draws.

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

PRO. What, I say,
My foot my tutor! — Put thy sword up, traitor ;
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt : come from thy ward ;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

MIR. Beseech you, father !

PRO. Hence ; hang not on my garments.

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

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

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

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

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

PRO. "It works."—Come on.—
"Thou hast done well, fine *Ariel*."—Follow me.—
"Hark what thou else shalt do me."

MIR. Be of comfort ;
My father's of a better nature, fir,
Than he appears by speech ; this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

PRO. "Thou shalt be as free"
"As mountain winds : but then exactly do"
"All points of my command."

ARI. "To the syllable."

PRO. Come, follow :—Speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Another Part of the Island.*

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and Others.*

GON. Beseech you, fir, be merry : you have cause

7 friends, nor this

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

ALO. Pr'ythee, peace.

SEB. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

ANT. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

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

GON. Sir, —

SEB. One : — Tell.

GON. When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer —

SEB. A dollar.

GON. Dolour comes to him, indeed ; you have spoken
truer than you purpos'd.

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

GON. Therefore, my lord, —

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

ALO. I pr'ythee, spare.

GON. Well, I have done : But yet —

SEB. He will be talking.

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

SEB. The old cock.

ANT. The cockrel.

SEB. Done : The wager ?

ANT. A laughter.

SEB. A match.

ADR. Though this island seem to be desert, —

SEB. Ha, ha, ha!

ANT. So, you've pay'd.

ADR. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible, —

SEB. Yet,

ADR. Yet—

ANT. He could not mis's't.

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

ANT. *Temperance* was a delicate wench.

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

ADR. The air breaths upon us here most sweetly.

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

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

GON. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

ANT. True; save means to live.

SEB. Of that there's none, or little.

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

ANT. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

SEB. With an eye of green in't.

ANT. He misses not much.

SEB. No, he doth but mistake the truth totally.

GON. But the rarity of it is, (which is, indeed, almost beyond credit) —

SEB. As many voucht rarities are.

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

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

SEB. Ay, or very falsly pocket up his report.

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

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

ADR. *Tunis* was never grac'd before with such a paragon to their queen.

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

ANT. Widow? a pox o'that! How came that widow in? widow *Dido*!

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

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

GON. This *Tunis*, sir, was *Carthage*.

ADR. *Carthage*?

GON. I assure you, *Carthage*.

ANT. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

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

ANT. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

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

ANT. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

GON. Ay?

ANT. Why, in good time.

GON. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh, as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage.

of your daughter, who is now queen.

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

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

ANT. O, widow *Dido*; ay, widow *Dido*.

GON. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it, (I mean, in a sort)

ANT. That sort was well fish'd for.

GON. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

ALO. You cram these words into mine ears, against The stomach of my sense: 'Would, I had never Marry'd my daughter there! for, coming thence, My son is lost: and, in my rate, she too; Who is so far from *Italy* remov'd, I ne'er again shall see her: O thou mine heir Of *Naples* and of *Milan*, what strange fish Hath made his meal on thee!

FRA. Sir, he may live:

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

ALO. No, no, he's gone.

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

ALO. Pr'ythee, peace.

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

ALO. So is the dear'st o' the los.

GON. My lord *Sebastian*,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in : you rub the fore,
When you should bring the plaister.

SEB. Very well.

ANT. And most chirurgically.

GON. It is foul weather in us all, good fir,
When you are cloudy.

SEB. Foul weather ?

ANT. Very foul.

GON. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord, —

ANT. He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

SEB. Or docks, or mallows.

GON. And were the king of it, What would I do ?

SEB. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

GON. I'the common-wealth I would by contraries
Execute all things : For no kind of traffick
Would I admit ; no name of magistrate ;
Letters should not be known ; poverty, riches,
And use of service, none ; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, olive, none ;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oyl :
No occupation ; all men idle, all,

And women too, but innocent, and pure :
No sovereignty :

SEB. Yet he would be king on't.

ANT. The latter end of his common-wealth forgets
the beginning.

GON. All things in common nature should produce,
Without sweat or endeavour : treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have ; but nature should bring forth,
Of it's own kind, all foizon, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

SEB. No marrying 'mong his subjects ?

ANT. None, man : all idle ; whores, and knaves.

GON. I would with such perfection govern, fir,
To excel the golden age.

SEB. 'Save his majesty !

ANT. Long live *Gonzalo* !

GON. And, do you mark me, fir ? —

ALO. Pr'ythee, no more ;

Thou dost talk nothing to me.

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

ANT. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

GON. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am no-
thing to you : so you may continue, and laugh at nothing
still.

ANT. What a blow was there given ?

SEB. An it had not fallen flat-long.

GON. You are gentlemen of brave mettle ; you
would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would

continue in it five weeks without changing.

[*solemn Musick.*

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

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

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

ANT. Go sleep, and hear us.

[GON. ADR. FRA. and Train, sleep.

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

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

ANT. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

ALO. Thank you: Wondrous heavy.

[ALONSO sleeps.

SEB. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

ANT. It is the quality o' the climate.

SEB. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

ANT. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropt, as by a thunder-stroke. What might
Worthy *Sebastian*? o, what might? — No more: —
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou should't be: the occasion speaks thee; and

My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

SEB. What, art thou waking?

ANT. Do you not hear me speak?

SEB. I do: and, surely,
It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep: What is it thou did'st say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.

ANT. Noble *Sebastian*,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep; dye rather: wink'st,
Whiles thou art waking.

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

ANT. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.

SEB. Well; I am standing water.

ANT. I'll teach you how to flow.

SEB. Do so: to ebb,
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

ANT. O,
If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run,
By their own fear, or sloth.

SEB. Pr'ythee, say on:
The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

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

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

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

SEB. He's gone.

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

SEB. *Claribel*.

ANT. She that is queen of *Tunis* ; she that dwells
 Ten leagues beyond man's life ; she that from *Naples*
 Can have no note, unless the sun were post,
 (The man i' the moon's too slow) 'till new-born chins
 Be rough and razorable ; she from whom
 We were sea-swallow'd, — though some cast again ;
 And (by that destiny) to perform an act,
 Whereof, what's past is prologue ; what to come,
 In yours, and my discharge.

SEB. What stuff is this ? — How say you ?
 'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of *Tunis* ;
 So is she heir of *Naples* ; 'twixt which regions

15 doubt 25 She that from 26 We all were

There is some space.

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

SEB. Methinks, I do.

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

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

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

SEB. But, for your conscience —

ANT. Ay, sir; but where lyes that? if 'twere a kybe,
'Twould put me to my slipper: But I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and *Milan*, candy'd be they,
Would melt, ere they molest. Here lyes your brother,
No better than the earth he lyes upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you, doing † thus,

To the perpetual wink for aye might put
 This ancient morsel, this fir *Prudence*, who
 Should not upbraid our course: For all the rest,
 They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;
 They'll tell the clock to any business that
 We say befits the hour.

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

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

SEB. O, but one word. [they talk apart.
Enter ARIEL, invisible.

ARI. "My master through his art foresees the danger"
 "That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth"
 "(For else his project dies) to keep them living."
[sings in Gonzalo's Ear.

*While you here do snoring lye,
 open-ey'd conspiracy
 his time doth take:
 If of life you keep a care,
 shake off slumber, and beware:
 awake! awake!*

ANT. Then let us both be sudden.

GON. Now, good angels preserve the king!

[starting up. All wake.

ALO. Why, how now, ho! awake? — Why are you
 Wherefore this gaffly looking? [drawn?

GON. What's the matter?

SEE. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; Did't not wake you?
It strook mine ear most terribly.

ALO. I heard nothing.

ANT. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earth-quake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

ALO. Heard you this, *Gonzalo*?

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

ALO. Lead off this ground; and let's make further
For my poor son. [search

GON. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.

ALO. Lead away.

ARI. "*Prospero* my lord shall know what I have done."
"So, king, go safely on to seek thy son." [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Island.*

Enter CALIBAN, with a Burthen of Wood:

A Noise of Thunder heard.

CAL. All the infections that the sun sucks up
[throwing down his Burthen.

From bogs, fens, flats, on *Prosper* fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll not pinch,
Fright me with urchin shews, pitch me i' th' mire,

Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
 Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
 For every trifle are they set upon me:
 Sometime like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
 And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
 Lye tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
 Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I
 All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
 Do hiss me into madness;—Lo, now, lo!

Enter TRINCULO.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,
 For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;

[casts himself on the Ground.

Perchance, he will not mind me.

TRI. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all; and another storm brewing, I hear it sing i' th' wind: yond' same black cloud, yond' huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor: if it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall by pail-fulls.—What have we here? *[seeing Caliban.]* a man, or a fish? Dead, or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, poor-*John*. A strange fish! Were I in *England* now, (as once I was) and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man; when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead *Indian*. Leg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o'my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this

is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffer'd by a thunder-bolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows: I will here shrowd 'till the dregs of the storm be past. [*creeping under Caliban.*

Enter STEPHANO, singing; a Bottle in his Hand.

STE. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
here shall I dye a-shore;—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral:
Well, here's my comfort. [*drinks.*

*The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
the gunner, and his mate,*

lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margery,
but none of us car'd for Kate:

for she had a tongue with a tang,
would cry to a sailor, Go, hang;

she lov'd not the favour of tar nor of pitch,
yet a tailor might scratch her where-e'er she did itch:
then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too: But here's my comfort. [*drinks.*

CAL. Do not torment me: O!

STE. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon's, with savages, and men of *Inde*? Ha! I have not 'scap'd drowning, to be afraid now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so again, while *Stephano* breaths at nostrils.

CAL. The spirit torments me; O!

STE. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs; who hath got, as I take it, an ague: Where, the devil,

should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

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

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

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

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

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

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

TRI. *Stephano,* —

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

TRI. *Stephano*,—if thou be'st *Stephano*, touch me, and speak to me; for I am *Trinculo*,—be not afeard,—thy good friend *Trinculo*.

STE. If thou be'st *Trinculo*, come forth; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs; if any be *Trinculo's* legs, these are they: [*hauling him: he and Cal. rise.*] Thou art very *Trinculo* indeed: How cam'st thou to be the sieg of this moon-calf? can he vent *Trinculo's*?

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

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

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

STE. How did'st thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escap'd upon a but of sack, which the sailors heaved o'er-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

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

STE. Here; swear then how thou escap'dst.

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

STE. Here, † kifs the book: Though thou can'st swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

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

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

CAL. Hast thou not dropt from heaven?

STE. Out o' th' moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i' th' moon, when time was.

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

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

TRI. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster: — I afraid of him? — a very weak monster: — The man i' th' moon? — a most poor credulous monster: — Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

CAL. I'll shew thee every fertile inch o' the isle; And I will kiss thy foot: I pry thee, be my god.

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

CAL. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

STE. Come on then; down, and swear.

TRI. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: A most scurvy monster: I could find in my heart to beat him, —

STE. Come, kiss.

TRI. but that the poor monster's in drink: An abominable monster. [berries;

CAL. I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

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

Thou wondrous man.

TRI. A most ridiculous monster; to make a wonder

of a poor drunkard!

CAL. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
'To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee
'To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scamels from the rock: Wilt thou go with me?

STE. I pr'ythee now, lead the way without any more
talking.—*Trinculo*, the king, and all our company else,
being drown'd, we will inherit here.—Here, [*to Cal.*]
bear my bottle:—Fellow *Trinculo*, we'll fill him by and
by again.

CAL. Farewel, master; farewel, farewel.

[*singing drunkenly.*]

TRI. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

CAL. No more dams I'll make for fish;

nor fetch in firing

at requiring,

nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dishes:

'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban

has a new master, —Get a new man.

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

STE. O brave monster! lead the way. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Before Prospero's Cell.

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a Log.

FER. There be some sports are painful; and their la-
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness

Are nobly undergone ; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends : This my mean task would be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious ; but
The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures : O, she is
Ten times more gentle, than her father's crabbed ;
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a fore injunction : my sweet mistress
Weeps, when she sees me work ; and says, such baseness
Had ne'er like executor. I forget :
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours ;
Most busy-less, when I do it.

*Enter MIRANDA ; and PROSPERO,
at a Distance, unseen.*

MIR. Alas, now ! pray you,
Work not so hard : I would, the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you're enjoin'd to pile !
Pray, set it down, and rest you : when this burns,
'Twill weep for having weary'd you : My father
Is hard at study ; pray now, rest yourself ;
He's safe for these three hours.

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

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

FER. No, precious creature ;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

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

PRO. “ Poor worm, thou art infected ; ”
“ This visitation shews it.”

MIR. You look wearily.

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

MIR. Miranda : — O my father,
I have broke your heart to say so.

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

MIR. I do not know
One of my sex ; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, my own ; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father : how features are abroad,
I am skill-less of ; but, by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower) I would not wish

Any companion in the world but you ;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of : But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

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

MIR. Do you love me ?

FER. O heaven, o earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true ; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me, to mischief ! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

MIR. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.

PRO. " Fair encounter "

" Of two most rare affections ! Heavens rain grace "
" On that which breeds between them ! "

FER. Wherefore weep you ?

MIR. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give ; and much less take
What I shall dye to want : But this is trifling ;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shews. Hence, bashful cunning ;

And prompt me, plain and holy innocence !
 I am your wife, if you will marry me ;
 If not, I'll dye your maid : to be your fellow
 You may deny me ; but I'll be your servant,
 Whether you will or no.

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

MIR. My husband then ?

FER. Ay, with a heart as willing
 As bondage e'er of freedom : here's my hand. [wel,

MIR. And mine, with my heart in't: And now, fare-
 'Till half an hour hence.

FER. A thousand thousand !

[*Excunt FER. and MIR. severally.*

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

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. Another Part of the Island.

Enter STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, reeling ;

CALIBAN following, with the Bottle.

STE. Tell not me ; when the but is out, we will
 drink water ; not a drop, before : therefore bear up, and
 board 'em : — Servant monster, drink to me.

TRI. Servant monster ? the folly of this island ! They
 fay, there's but five upon this isle : we are three of them ;
 if the other two be brain'd like us, the state totters.

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

TRI. Where should they be set else ? he were a brave

monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

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

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

STE. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

TRI. Nor go neither : but you'll lye, like dogs ; and yet say nothing neither.

STE. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou be'st a good moon-calf.

CAL. How does thy honour ? Let me lick thy shoe : I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

TRI. Thou ly'st, most ignorant monster ; I am in case to juggle a constable : Why, thou debosh'd fish thou, was there ever man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day ? Wilt thou tell me a monstrous lye, being but half a fish, and half a monster ?

CAL. Lo, how he mocks me ; Wilt thou let him, my lord ?

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

CAL. Lo, lo, again : bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

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

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

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

Enter ARIEL, invisible.

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

ARI. Thou ly'st.

CAL. Thou ly'st, thou jesting monkey thou; I would, my valiant master would destroy thee: I do not lye.

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

TRI. Why, I said nothing.

STE. Mum, then, and no more: — Proceed.

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

STE. That's most certain.

CAL. thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

STE. How now shall this be compass'd? Can'st thou bring me to the party?

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

ARI. Thou ly'st, thou can'st not.

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

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

TRI. Why, what did I? I did nothing: I'll go no farther off.

STE. Did'st thou not say, he ly'd?

ARI. Thou ly'st.

STE. Do I so? take thou that: [*striking him.*] As you like this, give me the lye another time.

TRI. I did not give the lye: Out o' your wits, and hearing too?—A pox o' your bottle! this can sack, and drinking, do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

CAL. Ha, ha, ha.

STE. Now forward with your tale.—Pr'ythee, stand further off.

CAL. Beat him enough: after a little time, I'll beat him too.

STE. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

CAL. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him, Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his wezand with thy knife: Remember, First to possess his books: for without them He's but a sot, as I am; nor hath not One spirit to command; they all do hate him As rootedly as I: burn but his books. He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them) Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal. And that most deeply to consider, is The beauty of his daughter; he himself Calls her, a non-parcil: I never saw a woman, But only *Sycorax* my dam, and she; But she as far surpasseth *Sycorax*, As great'st does least.

STE. Is it so brave a lass?

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

STE. Monster, I will kill this man : his daughter and
I will be king and queen ; (save our graces !) and *Trin-
culo* and thyself shall be viceroys : — Dost thou like the
plot, *Trinculo* ?

TRI. Excellent.

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

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

STE. Ay, on mine honour.

ARI. “ This will I tell my master. ”

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

STE. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any
reason : — Come on, *Trinculo* ; let us sing.

*Flout 'em, and scout 'em ; and scout 'em, and flout 'em ;
Thought is free —*

CAL. That's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the Tune on a Tabor and Pipe.*

STE. What is this fame ?

TRI. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the
picture of no-body.

STE. If thou be'st a man, shew thyself in thy like-
ness : if thou be'st a devil, take't as thou list.

TRI. O, forgive me my sins !

STE. He that dies, pays all debts : I defy thee : —
Mercy upon us !

CAL. Art thou afeard ?

STE. No, monster, not I.

CAL. Be not afear'd ; the ifle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears ; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long fleep,
Will make me fleep again : and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and fhew riches
Ready to drop upon me ; that, when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again.

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

CAL. When *Proffero* is destroy'd.

STE. That fhall be by and by : I remember the
ftory.

TRI. The found is going away : let's follow it,
And after do our work.

STE. Lead, monfter ; we'll follow. — I would, I could
fee this taborer ; he lays it on.

TRI. Wilt come ?

STE. I'll follow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another Part of the Ifland.*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and *Others.*

GON. By'r-lakin, I can go no further, fir ;
My old bones ake : Here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights, and meanders ! by your patience,
I needs muft reft me.

ALO. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myfelf attach'd with wearinefs,
To the dulling of my fpirits : fit down, and reft.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it,

No longer for my flatterer : he is drown'd,
Whom thus we flay to find ; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land : Well, let him go.

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

SEB. " The next advantage"
" Will we take throughly."

ANT. " Let it be to-night ;"
" For, now they are oppress'd with travail, they"
" Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance"
" As when they are fresh,"

SEB. " I say, to-night : no more."

*Solemn and strange Musick : and Prospero,
on the Top, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes,
bringing in a Banquet ; and dance about it, with
gentle Actions of Salutation ; and, inviting the
King, &c. to eat, they depart.*

ALO. What harmony is this ? my good friends, hark.

GON. Marvelous sweet musick ! [these ?

ALO. Give us kind keepers, heavens ! What were

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

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

GON. If in *Naples*
I should report this now, would they believe me ?
If I should say, I saw such islanders,

(For, certes, these are people of the island)
 Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
 Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
 Our human generation you shall find
 Many, nay, almost any.

PRO. "Honest lord,"

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

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

PRO. "Praise in departing."

FRA. They vanish'd strangely.

SEB. No matter, since [machs. —
 They have left their viands behind; for we have sto-
 Wilt please you taste of what is here?

ALO. Not I.

[boys,

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

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

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter ARIEL,
 like a Harpy: claps his Wings upon the Table; and, with
 a quaint Device, the Banquet vanishes.*

ARI. You are three men of sin, whom destiny
 (That hath to instrument this lower world,
 And what is in't) the never-surfeited sea
 Hath caused to belch up; and on this island,
 Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men
 Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;

[*Seeing them draw.*]

And even with such like valour men hang and drown
 Their proper selves: You fools! I and my fellows
 Are ministers of fate; the elements
 Of whom your swords are temper'd may as well
 Wound the loud winds, or with bemockt-at stabs
 Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
 One down that's in my plume; my fellow ministers
 Are like invulnerable: if you could hurt,
 Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
 And will not be uplifted: But remember
 (For that's my business to you) that you three
 From *Milan* did supplant good *Prospero*;
 Expos'd unto the sea (which hath requit it)
 Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed,
 The powers (delaying, not forgetting) have
 Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
 Against your peace: thee of thy son, *Alonso*,
 They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
 Ling'ring perdition (worse than any death
 Can be at once) shall step by step attend
 You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from
 (Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
 Upon your heads) is nothing, but heart's sorrow,
 And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in Thunder: Then, to soft Musick,

‡ up you; †‡ dowle that's in my plumbe

Enter the Shapes again, and dance, with Mocks
and Moes, and carry out the Table.

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

GON. I' the name of something holy, fir, why stand
In this strange stare? [you

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

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

ANT. I'll be thy second. [Exit.

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

ADR. Follow, I pray you.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE, Before Prospero's Cell.

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.

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

FER. I do believe it
Against an oracle,

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

FER. As I hope

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

PRO. Fairly spoke :

Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own. —

“What, *Ariel*; my industrious servant, *Ariel*!”

Enter ARIEL.

ARI. “What would my potent master ? here I am :”

PRO. “Thou, and thy meaner fellows, your last ser-
 “Did worthily perform; and I must use you” [vice”

“In such another trick: go, bring the rabble,”

“O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place :”

“Incite them to quick motion; for I must”

“Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple”

“Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise,”

“And they expect it from me.”

ARI. “Presently ?”

PRO. “Ay, with a twinck.”

ARI. “Before you can say, *Come*, and *go* ;”

“And breath twice; and cry, *So, so* ;”

“Each one, tripping on his toe,”

“Will be here with mop and moe :”

“Do you love me, master ? no.”

PRO. “Dearly, my delicate *Ariel*: Do not approach,”
 “Till thou dost hear me call.”

ARI. “Well, I conceive.” [Exit *ARIEL.*

PRO. Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance

Too much the rein ; the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood : be more abstemious,
Or else good-night your vow.

FER. I warrant you, fir ;

The white, cold, virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardor of my liver.

PRO. Well. —

“ Now come, my *Ariel* ; bring a corollary, ”

“ Rather than want a spirit ; appear, and pertly. ” —

No tongue ; all eyes ; be silent. [*soft Musick.*]

A Masque. Enter IRIS.

* *IRI.* *Ceres*, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
* Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease ;
* Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
* And flat meads thatch'd with flower, them to keep ;
* Thy banks with pioned and tilled brims,
* Which spongy *April* at thy heft betrim, [groves,
* To make cold nymphs chaste crowns ; and thy broom
* Whose shadow the dismissed batchelor loves,
* Being lass-lorn ; thy pole-clipt vineyard ;
* And thy sea-marge, sterile, and rocky-hard,
* Where thou thyself dost air ; The queen o'the sky,
* Whose watry arch, and messenger, am I,
* Bids thee leave these ; and with her sovereign grace,
* Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
* To come and sport : her peacocks fly amain ;
* Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

* *CER.* Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
* Dost disobey the wife of *Jupiter* ;
* Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
* Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers ;

* And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
 * My bosky acres, and my unshrub'd down,
 * Rich scarf to my proud earth; Why hath thy queen
 * Summon'd me hither to this short-grass'd green?

* *IRI.* A contract of true love to celebrate;
 * And some donation freely to estate
 * On the blest lovers.

* *CER.* Tell me, heavenly bow,
 * If *Venus*, or her son, as thou dost know,
 * Do now attend the queen? since they did plot
 * The means that dusky *Dis* my daughter got,
 * Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
 * I have fore-sworn.

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

* *CER.* High'st queen of state,
 * Great *Juno*, comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO.

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

S O N G.

* *JUN.* Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,

* long continuance, and encreasing,
 * hourly joys be still upon you !
 * Juno sings her blessings on you.
 * Cer. Earth's encrease, and foizon plenty ;
 * barns, and garner, never empty ;
 * vines, with clust'ring bunches growing ;
 * plants, with goodly burthen bowing ;
 * spring come to you, at the farthest,
 * in the very end of harvest !
 * scarcity, and want, shall shun you ;
 * Ceres' blessing so is on you.

FER. This is a most majestic vision, and
 Harmonious-charming lay : May I be bold
 To think these spirits ?

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

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

Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on Employment.

PRO. Now, silence, sweet !

Juno, and Ceres, whisper seriously ;
 There's something else to do : hush, and be mute,
 Or else our spell is mar'd. [brooks,

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

Enter certain Nymphs.

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

*Enter certain Reapers, properly habited :
 they join with the Nymphs in a graceful Dance ; towards
 the End whereof, Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks ;
 after which, to a strange, hollow, and confus'd Noise,
 they heavily vanish.*

- PRO. " I had forgot that foul conspiracy "
 " Of the beast *Caliban*, and his confederates, "
 " Against my life ; the minute of their plot "
 " Is almost come : " — Well done ; avoid ; no more. [sion,
 FER. This is most strange : your father's in some pas-
 That works him strongly.

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

PRO. You do look, my son, in a mov'd fort,
 As if you were dismay'd : be cheerful, sir.
 Our revels now are ended : these our actors,
 As I fore-told you, were all spirits ; and
 Are melted into air, into thin air :
 And, like the baseless fabrick of this vision,
 The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all, which it inherit, shall dissolve ;
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind : We are such stuff
 As dreams are made on ; and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vext ;
 Bear with my weakness ; my old brain is troubl'd :

Be not disturb'd with my infirmity :
 If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
 And there repose ; a turn or two I'll walk,
 To still my beating mind.

FER. MIR. We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*

PRO. Come with a thought, — I thank ye — *Ariel*, come.

Enter ARIEL.

ARI. Thy thoughts I cleave to : What's thy pleasure ?

PRO. Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with *Caliban*.

ARI. Ay, my commander : when I presented *Ceres*,
 I thought to have told thee of it ; but I fear'd
 Left I might anger thee. [*varlets ?*

PRO. Well ; say again, where didst thou leave these

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

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

ARI. I go, I go.

[Exit.

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

Re-enter ARIEL, loaden with glist'ring Apparel, &c.
Even to roaring: — Come, hang them on this line.

Prospero, and Ariel, invisible. Enter CALIBAN,
STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet. [not

CAL. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

STE. Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a harm-
less fairy, has done little better than play'd the *Jack*
with us.

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

STE. So is mine. Do you hear, monster; If I should
take a displeasure against you, look you; —

TRI. thou wert but a lost monster.

CAL. Good good my lord, give me thy favour still:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to ly; —
Shall hood-wink this mischance: therefore, speak soft-
All's hush't as midnight yet.

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

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

TRI. That's more to me than my wetting: Yet this
is your harmless fairy, monster.

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

CAL. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet: See'st thou here,

^s on them

This is the mouth o' the cell ; no noise, and enter :
Do that good mischief, which may make this island
Thine own for ever ; and I, thy *Caliban*,
For aye thy foot-licker.

STE. Give me thy hand : I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

TRI. O king *Stephano* ! O peer ! O worthy *Stephano* !
look, what a wardrobe here is for thee !

CAL. Let it alone, thou fool ; it is but trash.

TRI. Oh ho, monster ; we know what belongs to a
frippery : — O king *Stephano* !

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

TRI. Thy grace shall have it.

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

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

TRI. Do, do ; We steal by line and level, an't like
your grace.

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

TRI. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fin-
gers, and away with the rest.

CAL. I will have none on't : we shall lose our time,

And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes,
With foreheads villainous low

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

TRI. And this.

STE. Ay, and this. [*heaping Garments on him.*
A Noise of Hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits,
in Shape of Dogs, and Hounds, and hunt them about;
Prospero, and Ariel, setting them on.

PRO. Hey, Mountain, hey!

ARI. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

PRO. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!

[CAL. STE. and TRI. are driven out roaring.]

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

ARI. Hark, they roar.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE, the same.

Enter PROSPERO, and ARIEL.

PRO. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time

Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day ?

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

PRO. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king, and his followers ?

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

PRO. Dost thou think so, spirit ?

ARI. Mine would, sir, were I human.

PRO. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions ? and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art ?
Though with their high wrongs I am strook to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part : the rarer action is
In virtue, than in vengeance : they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose, ~~wrath~~ doth end ;
Not a frown further : Go, release them, *Ariel* ;

¹⁰ *Line-grove* ¹⁶ winters ³¹ doth extend

My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

ARI. I'll fetch them, fir. [Exit.

PRO. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and
And ye, that on the sands with printless foot [groves;
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets, that
By moon-shine do the green sours ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfeu; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be) I have bedim'd
The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and risted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine, and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have wak'd their sleepers; op'd, and let them forth,
By my so potent art: But this rough magick
I here abjure: and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly musick, (which even now I do)
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book. [solemn Musick.

Re-enter ARIEL: after him,

ALONSO, with a frantick Gesture, attended by GONZALO;
SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO, in like Manner, attended by
Adrian, and Francisco: They all enter the Circle which

Prospero *had made, and there stand charm'd; which*
 Prospero *observing, speaks.*

A solemn air, the best comforter
 To an unsettl'd fancy, cure thy brains,
 Now useles, boil'd within thy skull! there stand,
 For you are spell-stopt. —
 Holy *Gonzalo*, honourable man,
 Mine eyes, even sociable to the shew of thine,
 Fall fellow drops. — The charm dissolves apace;
 And as the morning steals upon the night,
 Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
 Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
 Their clearer reason. — O good *Gonzalo*,
 My true preserver, and a loyal sir
 To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
 Home, both in word and deed. — Most cruelly
 Didst thou, *Alonso*, use me and my daughter:
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the act; —
 Thou art pinch'd for't now, *Sebastian*. — Flesh and blood,
 You, brother mine; that entertain'd ambition,
 Expell'd remorse, and nature; who, with *Sebastian*,
 (Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
 Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
 Unnatural though thou art. — Their understanding
 Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
 Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
 That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them,
 That yet looks on me, or would know me: — *Ariel*,
 Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell; —

[*Exit* ARIEL.]

I will discase me, and myself present
 As I was sometime *Milan*: — quickly, spirit;

Thou shalt ere long be free.

Re-enter ARIEL.

ARI. *Where the bee sucks, there suck I;* SONG.

*in a cowslip's bell I lye,
there I couch: when owls do cry,
on the bat's back I do fly
after summer, merrily:*

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

[helps to attire Prospero.

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

ARI. I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat. [Exit ARIEL.

GON. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here; Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

PRO. Behold, fir king,
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee, and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

ALO. Whe'r thou be'st he, or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,

The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
 I fear, a madness held me : this must crave
 (An if this be at all) a most strange story.
 Thy dukedom I resign ; and do entreat,
 Thou pardon me my wrongs:—But how should *Prospero*
 Be living, and be here ?

PRO. First, noble friend,
 Let me embrace thine age ; whose honour cannot
 Be measur'd, or confin'd.

GON. Whether this be,
 Or be not, I'll not swear.

PRO. You do yet taste
 Some subtleties o' the isle, that will not let you
 Believe things certain :—Welcome, my friends all :—
 “ But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded, ”
 “ I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you, ”
 “ And justify you traitors ; at this time ”
 “ I'll tell no tales. ”

SEB. “ The devil speaks in him. ” [to Ant.

PRO. “ No. ”—

For you, most wicked fir, whom to call brother
 Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
 Thy rankest fault ; all of them ; and require
 My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
 Thou must restore.

ALO. If thou be'st *Prospero*,
 Give us particulars of thy preservation :
 How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
 Were wreck'd upon this shore ; where I have lost
 (How sharp the point of this remembrance is !)
 My dear son *Ferdinand*.

PRO. I am woe for't, fir.

ALO. Irreparable is the loss ; and patience
Says, it is past her cure.

PRO. I rather think,
You have not sought her help ; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

ALO. You the like loss ?

PRO. As great to me, as late, sir : and supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you ; for I
Have lost my daughter.

ALO. Daughter ?
O heavens ! that they were living both in *Naples*,
The king and queen there ! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter ?

PRO. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason ; and scarce think,
Their eyes do offices of truth, these words
Are natural breath : but, howsoe'er you have
Been justl'd from your senses, know for certain
That I am *Prospero*, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of *Milan* ; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreckt, was landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this ;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting : Welcome, sir ;
This cell's my court : here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad : pray you, look in :
My dukedom since you have given me again,

I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder, to content you
As much, as me my dukedom.

*Cell opens; and discovers FERDINAND, and
MIRANDA, playing at Chess.*

MIR. Sweet lord, you play me false.

FER. No, my dear'st love,
I would not for the world. [gle,

MIR. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wran-
And I would call it fair play.

ALO. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

SEB. A most high miracle!

FER. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;
I have curf'd them without cause.

[running to Alonso, and kneeling.

ALO. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

MIR. O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

PRO. 'Tis new to thee. [play?

ALO. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours;
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

FER. Sir, she is mortal;
But, by immortal providence, she's mine:
I chose her, when I could not ask my father

For his advice ; nor thought I had one : she
Is daughter to this famous duke of *Milan*,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before ; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.

ALO. I am her's :

But, o, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness ?

PRO. There, fir, stop ;

Let us not burthen our remembrance with
A heaviness that's gone.

GON. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this : Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown ;
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither !

ALO. I say, amen, *Gonzalo.*

GON. Was *Milan* thrust from *Milan*, that his issue
Should become kings of *Naples* ? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy ; and set it down
With gold, on lasting pillars : In one voyage
Did *Claribel* her husband find at *Tunis* ;
And *Ferdinand*, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himself was lost ; *Prospero* his dukedom,
In a poor isle ; and all of us ourselves,
When no man was his own.

ALO. Give me your hands : [to *Fer.* and *Mir.*
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy !

GON. Be it so ! amen !

Re-enter ARIEL ; with the Master, and Boatswain,

amazedly following.

O look, fir, look, fir, here is more of us :
I prophesy'd, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown : — Now, blasphemy,
That swear'ft grace o'er-board, not an oath on shore ?
Hast thou no mouth by land ? What is the news ?

Boa. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king, and company : the next, our ship, —
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split, —
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rig'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

ARI. “ Sir, all this service ”

“ Have I done since I went. ”

PRO. “ My tricksey spirit ! ”

ALO. These are not natural events ; they strengthen,
From strange to stranger : — Say, how came you hither ?

Boa. If I did think, fir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead asleep,
And (how, we know not) all clapt under hatches :
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises,
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd ; straightway, at liberty :
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship ; our master
Cap'ring to eye her : On a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

ARI. “ Was't well done ? ”

PRO. “ Bravely, my diligence : thou shalt be free. ”

ALO. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod ;
And there is in this business more than nature

Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

PRO. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pickt leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you
(Which to you shall seem probable) of every
'These happen'd accidents: 'till when, be chearful;
And think of each thing well. — "Come hither, spirit;"
"Set *Caliban*, and his companions, free;" [fir?
"Unty the spell." [Exit ARI.] How fares my gracious
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO,
and TRINCULO, in their stoln Apparel.

STE. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man
take care for himself; for all is but fortune: — *Coragio*,
bully monster, *Coragio*!

TRI. If these be true spies which I wear in my head,
here's a goodly sight.

CAL. O *Setebos*, these be brave spirits, indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid,
He will chastise me.

SEB. Ha, ha; What things are these, my lord *Antonio*?
Will money buy them?

ANT. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

PRO. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say, if they be true: — This mis-shapen knave, —
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could controul the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power:

These three have rob'd me; and this demi-devil
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know, and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

CAL. I shall be pinch'd to death.

ALO. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken butler?

SEB. He is drunk now; Where had he wine?

ALO. And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe; Where should they
Find this grand 'lixir that hath gilded them? —
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

TRI. I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last,
that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not
fear fly-blowing.

SEB. Why, how now, *Stephano*?

STE. O, touch me not; I am not *Stephano*, but a cramp.

PRO. You'd be king o'the isle, firrah?

STE. I should have been a fore one then.

ALO. This is as strange a thing as e'er I look'd on.

PRO. He is as disproportion'd in his manners,
As in his shape: — Go, firrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

CAL. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace: What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this † drunkard for a god;
And worship this † dull fool?

PRO. Go to, away. [found it.]

ALO. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you

SEB. Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt CAL. STE. and TRI.*]

PRO. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,

To my poor cell : where you shall take your rest
For this one night ; which (part of it) I'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away : the story of my life ;
And the particular accidents, gone by
Since I came to this isle : And, in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ship ; and so to *Naples* ;
Where I have hope to see the nuptials
Of these our dear-beloved solemniz'd :
And thence retire me to my *Milan* ; where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

ALO. I long

To hear the story of your life ; which must
Take the ear strangely.

PRO. I'll deliver all ;

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off : — “ My *Ariel* ; chick,”
“ That is thy charge : Then, to the elements ;”
“ Be free ; and fare thou well.” — Please you, draw near.

advancing,

*Now my charms are all o'er-thrown,
And what strength I have 's mine own ;
Which is most faint : now, 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples : Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island, by your spell ;
But release me from my bands*

*With the help of your good hands :
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please : Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,
And my ending is despair ;
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer ;
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.*

[Exeunt.]

The two

G E N T L E M E N

of

V E R O N A.

Persons represented.

Duke, *Vice-roy of Milan* :
Thurio, } *Gentlemen of his Court.*
Eglamour, }
Valentine, } *Gentlemen of Verona.*
Protheus, }
Antonio, *Protheus' Father* :
Panthino, *his Domestick.*
Speed, *Page to Valentine.*
Launce, *Servant to Protheus.*
Servant, attending the Duke.
Host, a Milanese.
three Out-laws.

Silvia, *Daughter to the Duke.*
Julia, *a Lady of Verona* :
Lucetta, *her Woman.*

Other Attendants, Out-laws, and Musicians.

*Scene, dispers'd; in Verona, Milan,
and the Frontiers of Mantua.*

The
two GENTLEMEN of
VERONA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Verona. A Street.

Enter VALENTINE, and PROTHEUS.

VAL. Cease to persuade, my loving *Protheus*;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:
Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully fluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth in shapeless idleness.
But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein;
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

PRO. Wilt thou be gone? sweet *Valentine*, adieu!
Think on thy *Protheus*, when thou, haply, see'st
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and, in thy danger,
(If ever danger do environ thee)

Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beads-man, *Valentine*.

VAL. And on a love-book pray for my success.

PRO. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

VAL. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young *Leander* cross'd the *Hellefont*.

PRO. That's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.

VAL. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swom the *Hellefont*.

PRO. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.

VAL. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.

PRO. What?

[groans;

VAL. To be in love, — where scorn is bought with
Coy looks, with heart-fore sighs; one fading moment's
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights: [mirth
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

PRO. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

VAL. So, by your circumstance, I fear, you'll prove.

PRO. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not love.

VAL. Love is your master; for he masters you:
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks, should not be chronick'd for wise.

PRO. Yet writers say, As in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells; so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

VAL. And writers say, As the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow;
Even so by love the young and tender wit

Is turn'd to folly ; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time, to counsel thee
That art a votary to fond desire ?

Once more, adieu : my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me ship'd.

PRO. And thither will I bring thee, *Valentine*.

VAL. Sweet *Protheus*, no ; now let us take our leave :
At *Milan* let me hear from thee by letters,
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend ;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

PRO. All happiness bechance to thee in *Milan* !

VAL. As much to you at home ! and so, farewell.

[Exit VALENTINE.]

PRO. He after honour hunts, I after love :
He leaves his friends, to dignify them more ;
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, *Julia*, thou hast metamorphos'd me ;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought ;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter SPEED, bluntly.

SPE. Sir *Protheus* ! 'save you, sir : Saw you my master ?

PRO. But now he parted hence, to embark for *Milan*.

SPE. Twenty to one then, he is ship'd already ;
And I have play'd the sheep, in losing him,

PRO. Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,
An' if the shepherd be a while away.

SPE. You conclude, that my master is a shepherd
then, and I a sheep ?

PRO. I do.

SPE. Why then my horns are his horns, wheher I wake, or sleep.

PRO. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

SPE. This proves me still a sheep.

PRO. True; and thy master a shepherd.

SPE. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

PRO. It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

SPE. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore I am no sheep.

PRO. The sheep for fodder follows the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages follow'st thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a sheep.

SPE. Such another proof will make me cry, ba.

PRO. But dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter to *Julia*?

SPE. Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a lac'd mutton; and she, a lac'd mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

PRO. Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

SPE. If the ground be overcharg'd, you were best stick her.

PRO. Nay, in that you are a-stray; 'twere best pound you.

SPE. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

PRO. You mistake; I mean the pound, a pinfeld.

SPE. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over, 'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

PRO. But what said she? [Speed nods.] Did she nod?

SPE. I.

PRO. Nod? I? why, that's noddy,

SPE. You mistook, fir; I said, she did nod: and you ask me, if she did nod; and I said, I.

PRO. And that, set together, is — noddy.

SPE. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

PRO. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

SPE. Well, I perceive, I must be fain to bear with you.

PRO. Why, fir, how do you bear with me?

SPE. Marry, fir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word, noddy, for my pains.

PRO. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

SPE. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

PRO. Come, come, open the matter in brief; What said she?

SPE. Open your purse; that the money, and the matter, may be both at once deliver'd.

PRO. Well, fir, here † is for your pains: What said she?

SPE. Truly, fir, I think you'll hardly win her.

PRO. Why, could'st thou perceive so much from her?

SPE. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: And, being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. Give her no token but stones, for she's as hard as steel.

PRO. What, said she nothing?

SPE. No, not so much as — *take this for thy pains.* To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have tester'd me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters

yourself : and so, fir, I'll commend you to my master.

[*Exit.*]

PRO. Go, go, begone, to save your ship from wreck ;
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore : —
I must go send some better messenger ;
I fear, my *Julia* would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Garden of Julia's House.*

Enter JULIA, and LUCETTA.

JUL. But say, *Lucetta*, (now we are alone)
Would'st thou then counsel me to fall in love ?

LUC. Ay, madam ; so you stumble not unheedfully.

JUL. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love ?

[*mind,*]

LUC. 'Please you repeat their names, I'll shew my
According to my shallow simple skill.

JUL. What think'st thou of the fair sir *Eglamour* ?

LUC. As of a knight well-spoken, neat, and fine ;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

JUL. What think'st thou of the rich *Mercatio* ?

LUC. Well, of his wealth ; but, of himself, so, so.

JUL. What think'st thou of the gentle *Protheus* ?

LUC. Lord, lord ! to see what folly reigns in us !

JUL. How now ? what means this passion at his name ?

LUC. Pardon, dear madam ; 'tis a passing shame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

JUL. Why not on *Protheus*, as of all the rest ?

LUC. Then thus — of many good I think him best.

JUL. Your reason?

LUC. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.

JUL. And would'st thou have me cast my love on him?

LUC. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

JUL. Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.

LUC. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves you.

JUL. His little speaking shews his love but small.

LUC. Fire, that is closest kept, burns most of all.

JUL. They do not love, that do not shew their love.

LUC. O, they love least, that let men know their love.

JUL. I would, I knew his mind.

LUC. Peruse this † paper, madam.

JUL. To *Julia*, — Say, from whom?

LUC. That the contents will shew.

JUL. Say, say; who gave it thee? [Protheus:]

LUC. Sir *Valentine's* page; and sent, I think, from
He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.

JUL. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

To whisper and conspire against my youth?

Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth;

And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the † paper, see it be return'd;

Or else return no more into my sight.

LUC. To plead for love deserves more see than hate.

JUL. Will you be gone?

LUC. "that you may ruminatè." [Exit.]

JUL. And yet I would I had o'er-look'd the letter.
It were a shame, to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.

What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
 And would not force the letter to my view?
 Since maids, in modesty, say, no, to that
 Which they would have the profferer construe, ay.
 Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love;
 That, like a teaty babe, will scratch the nurse,
 And presently, all humbl'd, kifs the rod!
 How churlishly I chid *Lucetta* hence,
 When willingly I would have had her here!
 How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
 When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!
 My penance is, to call *Lucetta* back,
 And ask remission for my folly past: —
 What ho! *Lucetta*!

Re-enter LUCETTA.

LUC. What would your ladyship?

JUL. Is it near dinner-time?

LUC. I would, it were;

That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
 And not upon your maid.

JUL. What is't, that you
 Took up so gingerly?

LUC. Nothing.

JUL. Why didst thou sloop then?

LUC. To take a paper up, that I let fall.

JUL. And is that paper nothing?

LUC. Nothing concerning me.

JUL. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

LUC. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
 Unless it have a false interpreter.

JUL. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rime.

LUC. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune:

Give me a note ; your ladyship can fet.

JUL. As little by such toys as may be possible :
Best sing it to the tune of, *Light o' love.*

LUC. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

JUL. Heavy ? belike, it hath some burden then.

LUC. Ay ; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

JUL. And why not you ?

LUC. I cannot reach so high.

JUL. Let's see your † song : *Why*, how now, minion ?

LUC. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out :
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

JUL. You do not ?

LUC. No, madam, it is too sharp.

JUL. You, minion, are too saucy.

LUC. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant :
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

JUL. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

LUC. Indeed, I bid the base for *Protheus.*

JUL. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.—
Here is a coil with protestation !—

[*looking over the Letter ; tears, and throws it away.*]

Go, get you gone ; and let the papers lye :

You would be sing'ring them, to anger me. [pleas'd,

LUC. She makes it strange ; but she would be best
To be so anger'd with another letter. [Exit.

JUL. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same !
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words !
Injurious wasps ; to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings !
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.

[*picking up the Pieces.*]

Look, here is writ — *kind* Julia, — Unkind *Julia* !
 As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
 I throw † thy name against the bruising stones,
 Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
 And here is writ — *love-wounded* Protheus : —
 Poor wounded name ! my bosom, as a bed,
 Shall lodge thee, 'till thy wound be throughly heal'd ;
 And thus † I search it with a sovereign kiss.
 But twice, or thrice, was *Protheus* written down :
 Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
 'Till I have found each letter in the letter,
 Except mine own name ; that some whirlwind bear
 Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
 And throw it thence into the raging sea.
 Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ, —
Poor forlorn Protheus, *passionate* Protheus,
To the sweet Julia ; — that I'll tear away ;
 And yet I will not, sith so prettily
 He couples it to his complaining names :
 Thus † will I fold them one upon another ;
 Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam,

Dinner is ready, and your father stays.

JUL. Well, let us go.

Luc. What, shall these papers lye like tell-tales here ?

JUL. If you respect them, best to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down :
 Yet here they shall not lye, for catching cold.

JUL. I see, you have a month's mind to them.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see ;
 I see things too, although you judge I wink.

JUL. Come, come, will't please you go? [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in Antonio's House.*

Enter ANTONIO, and PANTHINO.

ANT. Tell me, *Panthino*, what sad talk was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

PAN. 'Twas of his nephew *Protheus*, your son.

ANT. Why, what of him?

PAN. He wonder'd, that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some to discover islands far away;
Some to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that *Protheus*, your son, was meet;
And did request me, to impórtune you
To let him spend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

ANT. Nor need'st thou much impórtune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry atchiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

PAN. I think, your lordship is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful *Valentine*,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

ANT. I know it well.

[thither :

PAN. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth and nobleness of blood.

ANT. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd:
And, that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known;
Even with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.

PAN. To-morrow, may it please you, don *Alphonso*,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.

ANT. Good company; with them shall *Protheus* go:
And, in good time, now will we break with him.

Enter PROTHEUS, at a Distance, reading.

PRO. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life! sweet *Julia*!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn:
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly *Julia*!

ANT. How now? what letter are you reading there?

PRO. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from *Valentine*;
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

ANT. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

PRO. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the emperor;

Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

ANT. And how stand you affected to his wish?

PRO. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

ANT. My will is something sorted with his wish:
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time
With *Valentino* in the emperor's court;
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

PRO. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

ANT. Look, what thou want'st, shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go. —
Come on, *Panthino*; you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition.

[*Exit* ANTONIO, and PANTHINO.]

PRO. Thus have I shun'd the fire, for fear of burning,
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to shew my father *Julia's* letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.

O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an *April* day;
Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter PANTHINO.

PAN. Sir *Protheus*, your father calls for you;

He is in haste, therefore, I pray you, go.

PRO. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thousand times it answers, no. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Milan. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, SPEED following.

SPE. Sir, your † glove.

VAL. Not mine; my gloves are on.

SPE. Why, then this may be yours; for this is but one.

VAL. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine: —

Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine!

Ah *Silvia!* *Silvia!*

SPE. Madam *Silvia!* madam *Silvia!*

VAL. How now, firrah?

SPE. She is not within hearing, fir.

VAL. Why, fir, who bad you call her?

SPE. Your worship, fir; or else I mistook.

VAL. Well, you'll still be too forward.

SPE. And yet I was last chidden for being too flow.

VAL. Go to, fir: tell me, do you know madam *Silvia*?

SPE. She that your worship loves?

VAL. Why, how know you that I am in love?

SPE. Marry, by these special marks; First, you have learn'd, like fir *Protheus*, to wreath your arms like a male-content; to relish a love-song, like a robin-red-breast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his *A B C*; to weep, like a young wench that had bury'd her grandame; to fast, like one that takes

diet ; to watch, like one that fears robbing ; to speak puling, like a beggar at hollowmas : You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock ; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions ; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner ; when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money : and now you are metamorphos'd with a mistress ; that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

VAL. Are all these things perceiv'd in me ?

SPE. They are all perceiv'd without you.

VAL. Without me ? they cannot.

SPE. Without you ? nay, that's certain ; for, without you were so simple, none else would : but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal ; that not an eye, that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady.

VAL. But, tell me, dost thou know my lady *Silvia* ?

SPE. She that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper ?

VAL. Hast thou observ'd that ? even she I mean.

SPE. Why, sir, I know her not.

VAL. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not ?

SPE. Is she not hard-favour'd, sir ?

VAL. Not so fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

SPE. Sir, I know that well enough.

VAL. What dost thou know ?

SPE. That she is not so fair, as (of you) well favour'd.

VAL. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

SPE. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

VAL. How painted? and how out of count?

SPE. Marry, fir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

VAL. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

SPE. You never saw her since she was deform'd.

VAL. How long hath she been deform'd?

SPE. Ever since you lov'd her.

VAL. I have lov'd her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

SPE. If you love her, you cannot see her.

VAL. Why?

SPE. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at fir *Protheus* for going ungarter'd!

VAL. What should I see then?

SPE. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

VAL. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

SPE. True, fir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swing'd me for my love; which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

VAL. In conclusion, I stand affected to her. [cease.]

SPE. I would you were set, so your affection would

VAL. Last night she enjoin'd me to write some lines to one she loves.

SPE. And have you?

VAL. I have,

SPE. Are they not lamely writ?

VAL. No, boy; but as well as I can do them: —

Peace, here she comes.

Enter SILVIA.

SPE. "O excellent motion! o exceeding puppet!"
"now will he interpret to her."

VAL. Madam and mistress; a thousand good morrows.

SPE. "O, gi' ye good even! here's a million of man-
ners."

SIL. Sir *Valentine* and servant, to you two thousand.

SPE. "He should give her interest; and she gives it
him."

VAL. As you enjoind me, I have writ your letter
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship. [*gives the Letter.*]

SIL. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly done.

VAL. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

SIL. Perchance, you think too much of so much pains.

VAL. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much.
And yet, —

SIL. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name 't: — and yet I care not: —
And yet take this † again: — and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

SPE. "And yet you will; and yet another yet."

VAL. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

SIL. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ:
But, since unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take † them.

VAL. Madam, they are for you.

SIL. Ay, ay; you writ them, fir, at my request;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

VAL. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

SIL. And, when it's writ, for my sake read it over:
And, if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

VAL. If it please me, madam? what then?

SIL. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour;
And so, good morrow, servant. [*Exit SILVIA.*]

SPE. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weather-cock on a steeple!
My master sues to her; and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.

O excellent devise! was there ever heard a better?
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write
the letter? [*yourself?*]

VAL. How now, fir? what are you reasoning with

SPE. Nay, I was riming; 'tis you that have the reason.

VAL. To do what?

SPE. To be a spokesman from madam *Silvia*.

VAL. To whom?

SPE. To yourself: why, she woos you by a figure.

VAL. What figure?

SPE. By a letter, I should say.

VAL. Why, she hath not writ to me.

SPE. What need she, when she hath made you write
to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

VAL. No, believe me.

SPE. No believing you indeed, fir: But did you per-
ceive her earnest?

VAL. She gave me none, except an angry word.

SPE. Why, she hath given you a letter.

VAL. That's the letter I writ to her friend. [end.

SPE. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an

VAL. I would, it were no worse.

SPE. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:

For often have you writ to her; and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger that might her mind
discover,

Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her
lover.—

All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.—

Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time.

VAL. I have din'd.

SPE. Ay, but hearken, sir; though the cameleon love
can feed on the air, I am one that am nourish'd by my
victuals, and would fain have meat: O, be not like
your mistress; be moved, be moved. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Verona. Room in Julia's House.

Enter PROTHEUS, and JULIA.

PRO. Have patience, gentle Julia.

JUL. I must, where is no remedy.

PRO. When possibly I can, I will return.

JUL. If you turn not, you will return the sooner.

Keep this † remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

[giving a Ring.

PRO. Why, then we'll make exchange; here, take you

JUL. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss. [† this.

PRO. Here is † my hand for my true constancy:

And when that hour o'er-slips me in the day,

Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,

The next ensuing hour some foul mischance

Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
 My father stays my coming; answer not;
 The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;
 That tide will stay me longer than I should.
Julia, farewell. — What, gone without a word?

[*Exit* JULIA.]

Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
 For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

PAN. Sir *Protheus*, you are stay'd for.

PRO. Go, I come: —

Alas, this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Street.*

Enter LAUNCE, with a Dog in a String.

LAU. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the *Launces* have this very fault: I have receiv'd my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with sir *Protheus* to the imperial's court. I think, *Crab* my dog be the fourest-natur'd dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pibble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog; a *Jew* would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandame, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it: This shoe is my father; — no, this left shoe is my father; — no, no, this left shoe is my mother; — nay, that cannot be so neither; — yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole: This shoe, with the

" I come, I come :

hole in it, is my mother; and this, my father; A vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lilly, and as small as a wand: this hat is *Nan* our maid: I am the dog;—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—o, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so: Now come I to my father, *Father, your blessing*; now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on: now come I to my mother;—O, that she could speak now, like a wode woman!—well, I kiss her;—why, there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down: now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes: now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

PAN. *Launce!* away, away, aboard; thy master is ship'd, and thou art to post after with oars: What's the matter? why weep'st thou, man? Away, afs; you'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

LAU. It is no matter, if the ty'd were lost; for it is the unkindest ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

PAN. What's the unkindest tide?

LAU. Why, he that's ty'd here; *Crab*, my dog.

PAN. Tut, man! I mean, thou'lt lose the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

LAU. For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

PAN. Where should I lose my tongue?

LAU. In thy tale.

20 a would-woman

PAN. In thy tail?

LAU. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service?—Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

PAN. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

LAU. Sir, call me what thou dar'st.

PAN. Wilt thou go?

LAU. Well, I will go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Milan. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter SILVIA, VALENTINE, THURIO, and SPEED.

SIL. Servant,—

VAL. Mistress?

[*they converse apart.*]

SPE. Master, fir *Thurio* frowns on you.

VAL. Ay, boy, it's for love.

SPE. Not of you.

VAL. Of my mistress then.

SPE. 'Twere good, you knock'd him.

SIL. Servant, you are sad.

VAL. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

THU. Seem you that you are not?

VAL. Haply, I do.

THU. So do counterfeit.

VAL. So do you.

THU. What seem I, that I am not?

VAL. Wise.

THU. What instance of the contrary?

VAL. Your folly.

THU. And how quote you my folly?

VAL. I quote it in your jerkin.

THU. My jerkin is a doublet.

VAL. Well then, I'll double your folly.

THU. How ?

SIL. What, angry, fir *Thurio*? do you change colour?

VAL. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of cameleon.

THU. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

VAL. You have said, fir.

THU. Ay, fir, and done too, for this time. [gin.

VAL. I know it well, fir; you always end ere you be-

SIL. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

VAL. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

SIL. Who is that, servant ?

VAL. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire: fir *Thurio* borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

THU. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

VAL. I know it well, fir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

SIL. No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

Enter Duke, attended.

Duk. Now, daughter *Silvia*? you are hard beset.—
Sir *Valentine*, your father's in good health:
What say you to a letter from your friends,
Of much good news?

VAL. My lord, I will be thankful

To any happy messenger from thence.

Duk. Know you don *Antonio*, your countryman?

VAL. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.

Duk. Hath he not a son ?

VAL. Ay, my good lord ; a son, that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.

Duk. You know him well ?

VAL. I knew him as myself ; for from our infancy
We have convers'd, and spent our hours together :
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time
To cloath mine age with angel-like perfection,
Yet hath fir *Protheus* (for that's his name)
Made use and fair advantage of his days ;
His years but young, but his experience old ;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe ;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow)
He is compleat in feature, and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duk. Beshrew me, fir, but, if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, fir ; this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates,
And here he means to spend his time a while :
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

VAL. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duk. Welcome him then according to his worth ;
Silvia, I speak to you, — and you, fir *Thurio* ; —
For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it :
I'll send him hither to you presently. [Exit.

VAL. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship,
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

SIL. Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

VAL. Nay, sure, I think, she holds them prisoners still:

SIL. Nay, then he should be blind; And, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?

VAL. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

THU. They say, that love hath not an eye at all.

VAL. To see such lovers, *Thurio*, as yourself;
Upon a homely object love can wink. [man.

SIL. Have done, have done; here comes the gentle-
Enter PROTHEUS. [you,

VAL. Welcome, dear *Protheus*!— Mistress, I beseech
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

SIL. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither;
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

VAL. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

SIL. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

PRO. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

VAL. Leave off discourse of disability:—
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

PRO. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

SIL. And duty never yet did want his meed:
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

PRO. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

SIL. That you are welcome, sir?

PRO. That you are worthless.

Enter an Attendant.

[you.

Att. Madam, my lord your father would speak with*SIL.* I wait upon his pleasure. — Come, sir *Thurio*,Go you with me : — Once more, new servant, welcome :
I'll leave you to confer of home affairs ;

When you have done, we look to hear from you.

PRO. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.[*Exeunt SILVIA, THURIO, SPEED, and Att.**VAL.* Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came ?*PRO.* Your friends are well, and have them much*VAL.* And how do yours ? [commended.*PRO.* I left them all in health.*VAL.* How does your lady ? and how thrives your love ?*PRO.* My tales of love were wont to weary you ;

I know, you joy not in a love-discourse.

VAL. Ay, *Protheus*, but that life is alter'd now :

I have done penance for contemning love ;

Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me

With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,

With nightly tears, and daily heart-fore sighs ;

For, in revenge of my contempt of love,

Love hath chac'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,

And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.

O gentle *Protheus*, love's a mighty lord ;

And hath so humbl'd me, as, I confess,

There is no woe to his correction ;

Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth !

Now, no discourse, except it be of love ;

Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,

Upon the very naked name of love.

PRO. Enough ; I read your fortune in your eye :

Was this the idol that you worship so ?

VAL. Even she ; And is she not a heavenly saint ?

PRO. No ; but she is an earthly paragon.

VAL. Call her divine.

PRO. I will not flatter her.

VAL. O, flatter me ; for love delights in praise.

PRO. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills ;
And I must minister the like to you.

VAL. Then speak the truth by her ; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

PRO. Except my mistress.

VAL. Sweet, except not any ;
Except thou wilt except against my love.

PRO. Have I not reason to prefer mine own ?

VAL. And I will help thee to prefer her too :
She shall be dignify'd with this high honour, —
To bear my lady's train ; lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.

PRO. Why, *Valentine*, what bragadism is this ?

VAL. Pardon me, *Protheus* : all I can is nothing
To her whose worth makes other worthies nothing ;
She is alone —

PRO. Why, then let her alone.

VAL. Not for the world : why, man, she is mine own ;
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou see'st me doat upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,

Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along ; and I must after ;
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

PRO. But she loves you ?

VAL. Ay, and we are betroth'd ;
Nay, more, my *Protheus*, our marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of : how I must climb her window ;
The ladder made of cords ; and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on, for my happiness.
Good *Protheus*, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

PRO. Go on before ; I shall enquire you forth :
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use,
And then I'll presently attend on you.

VAL. Will you make haste ?

PRO. I will. —

[*Exit VALENTINE.*]

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine own, or *Valentino's* praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus ?
She's fair ; and so is *Julia* that I love ; —
That I did love ; for now my love is thaw'd,
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to *Valentine* is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont :
O, but I love his lady too too much ;

And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I doat on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzl'd my reason's light ;
But when I look on her perfections,
'There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will ;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.

[Exit.

SCENE V. The same. A Street.

Enter SPEED, and LAUNCE, meeting.

SPE. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.

LAU. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth ; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—That a man is never undone, 'till he be hang'd ; nor never welcome to a place, 'till some certain shot be pay'd, and the hostess say, welcome.

SPE. Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the ale-house with you presently ; where, for one shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, firrah, how did thy master part with madam *Julia*?

LAU. Marry, after they clos'd in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

SPE. But shall she marry him?

LAU. No.

SPE. How then? shall he marry her?

LAU. No, neither.

SPE. What, are they broken?

LAU. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

SPE. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

LAU. Marry, thus ; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

SPE. What an afs art thou? I understand thee not.

LAU. What a block art thou, that thou can't not? my staff understands me.

SPE. What thou say'st?

LAU. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

SPE. It stands under thee, indeed.

LAU. Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.

SPE. But, tell me true, will't be a match?

LAU. Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

SPE. The conclusion is then, that it will.

LAU. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

SPE. 'Tis well, that I get it so. But *Launce*, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

LAU. I never knew him otherwise.

SPE. Than how?

LAU. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

SPE. Why, thou whorson afs, thou mistak'st me.

LAU. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

SPE. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

LAU. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so; if not, thou art an *Hebrew*, a *Jew*, and not worth the name of a christian.

SPE. Why?

LAU. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale with a christian: Wilt thou go?

SPE. At thy service.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PROTHERUS.

PRO. To leave my *Julia*, shall I be forsworn ;
To love fair *Silvia*, shall I be forsworn ;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn ;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury :
Love bad me swear, and love bids me forswear :
O sweet suggesting love, if thou hast sin'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it !
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial fun :
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken ;
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better :—
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue ! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast prefer'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do ;
But there I leave to love, where I should love.
Julia I lose, and *Valentine* I lose :
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself ;
If I lose them, This find I by their loss,—
For *Valentine*, myself ; for *Julia*, *Silvia*.
I to myself am dearer than a friend ;
For love is still most precious in itself :
And *Silvia* (witness heaven, that made her fair)
Shews *Julia* but a swarthy *Ethiope*.
I will forget that *Julia* is alive,
Remembring that my love to her is dead ;
And *Valentine* I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at *Silvia* as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself,

²² thus

Without some treachery us'd to *Valentine* :—
 This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
 To climb celestial *Silvia's* chamber-window ;
 Myself in counsel, his competitor :
 Now presently I'll give her father notice
 Of their disguising, and pretended flight ;
 Who, all enrag'd, will banish *Valentine* ;
 For *Thurio*, he intends, shall wed his daughter :
 But, *Valentine* being gone, I'll quickly cross,
 By some sly trick, blunt *Thurio's* dull proceeding.
 Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
 As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift ! [Exit.]

SCENE VII. Verona. *A Room in Julia's House.*

Enter JULIA, and LUCETTA.

JUL. Counsel, *Lucetta* ; gentle girl, assist me !
 And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee, —
 Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
 Are visibly charácterd and engrav'd, —
 To lesson me ; and tell me some good mean,
 How, with my honour, I may undertake
 A journey to my loving *Protheus*.

LUC. Alas, the way is wearisome and long.

JUL. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
 To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps ;
 Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly ;
 And when the flight is made to one so dear,
 Of such divine perfection, as fir *Protheus*.

LUC. Better forbear, 'till *Protheus* make return.

JUL. O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food ?
 Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
 By longing for that food so long a time.

Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire;
But qualify the fire's extream rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou dam'st it up, the more it burns:
The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stop'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet musick with th' enamel'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
'Till the last step have brought me to my love,
And there I'll rest; as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in *Elysium*.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with such weeds
As may beseeem some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why, then your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastick, may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall shew to be. [ches?

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your bree-

JUL. That fits as well, as, Tell me, good my lord,
What compass will you wear your farthingale?—

Why, e'en what fashion thou best lik'st, *Lucetta*. [dam.

LUC. You must needs have them with a cod-piece, ma-

JUL. Out, out, *Lucetta*! that will be ill-favour'd.

LUC. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

JUL. *Lucetta*, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,
For undertaking so unstay'd a journey?

I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

LUC. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

JUL. Nay, that I will not.

LUC. Then never dream on infamy, but go :
If *Protheus* like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone ;
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

JUL. That is the least, *Lucetta*, of my fear :
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances of infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my *Protheus*.

LUC. All these are servants to deceitful men.

JUL. Base men, that use them to so base effect !
But truer stars did govern *Protheus*' birth :
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles ;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate ;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart ;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

LUC. Pray heaven, he prove so, when you come to him !

JUL. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth :

Only deserve my love, by loving him ;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey :
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation ;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence :
Come, answer not, but to it presently ;
I am impatient of my tarriance.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Milan. *Anti-room of the Palace.*

Enter Duke, PROTHEUS, and Thurio.

Duk. Sir *Thurio*, give us leave, I pray, a while ;
We have some secrets to confer about. —

[*Exit Thurio,*

Now, tell me, *Protheus*, what's your will with me ?

PRO. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal :
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, sir *Valentine* my friend
This night intends to steal away your daughter ;
Myself am one made privy to the plot :
I know, you have determin'd to bestow her
On *Thurio*, whom your gentle daughter hates ;
And, should she thus be stoln away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age :

Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
 To cross my friend in his intended drift ;
 Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
 A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
 Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duk. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care ;
 Which to requite, command me while I live.
 This love of theirs myself have often seen,
 Haply when they have judg'd me fast asleep ;
 And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
 Sir *Valentine* her company, and my court :
 But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
 And so unworthily disgrace the man,
 (A rashness that I ever yet have shun'd)
 I gave him gentle looks ; thereby to find
 That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.
 And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
 Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
 I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
 The key whereof myself have ever kept ;
 And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
 How he her chamber-window will ascend,
 And with a corded ladder fetch her down :
 For which the youthful lover now is gone,
 And this way comes he with it presently ;
 Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
 But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
 That my discovery be not aimed at ;
 For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
 Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duk. Upon mine honour, he shall never know

That I had any light from thee of this.

PRO. Adieu, my lord; fir *Valentine* is coming.

[*Exit PROTHEUS.*]

Enter VALENTINE.

Duk. Sir *Valentine*, whither away so fast?

VAL. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duk. Be they of much import?

VAL. The tenour of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duk. Nay, then no matter, stay with me a while;
I am to break with thee of some affairs
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend fir *Thurio* to my daughter.

VAL. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

Duk. No, trust me; she is peevish, fullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;

For me, and my possessions, she esteems not.

VAL. What would your grace have me to do in this?

Duk. There is a lady, sir, in *Milan* here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
(For long ago I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd)
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

VAL. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.

Duk. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

VAL. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents
Send her another; never give her o'er; [her:
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you;
But, rather, to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone:
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For, *Get you gone*, she doth not mean, away.
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say, they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duk. But she I mean, is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

VAL. Why, then I would resort to her by night.

Duk. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

VAL. What lets, but one may enter at her window?

Duk. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground;
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

VAL. Why, then a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another *Hero's* tower,
So bold *Leander* would adventure it.

Duk. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

VAL. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

Duk. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

VAL. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duk. But hark thee; I will go to her alone,
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

VAL. It will be light, my lord; that you may bear it
Under a cloak, that is of any length.

Duk. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

VAL. Ay, my good lord.

Duk. Then let me see thy cloak;
I'll get me one of such another length.

VAL. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duk. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak? —
I pray thee, let me feel thy † cloak upon me. —
What letter is this same? What's here? *To Silvia?*
And here an engine fit for my proceeding!

I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [reads.]

*My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:*

O, could their master come and go as lightly,
 Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying.
 My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;
 While I, their king, that thither them impórtune,
 Do curse the grace that with such grace hath blest them,
 Because myself do want my servants' fortune:
 I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
 That they should harbour where their lord would be.

What's here?

Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee.

'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose. —

Why, *Phaeton*, (for thou art *Merops*' son)

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,

And with thy daring folly burn the world?

Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?

Go, base intruder! over-weening slave!

Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;

And think, my patience, more than thy desert,

Is priviledge for thy departure hence:

Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,

Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.

But if thou linger in my territories

Longer than swiftest expedition

Will give thee time to leave our royal court,

By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love

I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.

Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuse;

But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.

[*Exit Duke.*]

VAL. And why not death, rather than living torment?

To die, is to be banish'd from myself;

And *Silvia* is myself: banish'd from her,

Is self from self; A deadly banishment!
What light is light, if *Silvia* be not seen?
What joy is joy, if *Silvia* be not by?
Unless it be, to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by *Silvia* in the night,
There is no musick in the nightingale;
Unless I look on *Silvia* in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTHEUS, and LAUNCE.

PRO. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

LAU. So-ho! so-ho!

PRO. What see'st thou?

LAU. Him we go to find; there's not a hair on's head,
but 'tis a *Valentine*.

PRO. *Valentine*?

VAL. No.

PRO. Who then? his spirit?

VAL. Neither.

PRO. What then?

VAL. Nothing.

LAU. Can nothing speak? — Master, shall I strike?

PRO. Whom would'st thou strike?

LAU. Nothing.

PRO. Villain, forbear.

LAU. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you.

PRO. Sirra, I say, forbear. — Friend *Valentine*, a word.

VAL. My ears are stopt, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possess't them.

PRO. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine ;
For they are harsh, untunable, and bad.

VAL. Is *Silvia* dead ?

PRO. No, *Valentine*.

VAL. No *Valentine*, indeed, for sacred *Silvia* : —
Hath she forsworn me ?

PRO. No, *Valentine*.

VAL. No *Valentine*, if *Silvia* have forsworn me. —
What is your news ?

LAU. Sir, there is a proclamation, that you are vanish'd.

PRO. That thou art banish'd, o, that is the news,
From hence, from *Silvia*, and from me thy friend.

VAL. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth *Silvia* know that I am banished ?

PRO. Ay, ay ; and she hath offer'd to the doom,
(Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears :
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd ;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self ;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe :
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate fire ;
But *Valentine*, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,

With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

VAL. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breath it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

PRO. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life:
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts:
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:
As thou lov'st *Silvia*, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

VAL. I pray thee, *Launce*, an if thou see'st my boy,
Bid him make haste and meet me at the north-gate.

PRO. Go, sirra, find him out:—Come, *Valentine*.

VAL. O my dear *Silvia*! hapless *Valentine*!

[*Exeunt VALENTINE, and PROTHEUS.*

LAV. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have
the wit to think, my master is a kind of a knave: but
that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not
now, that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love;
but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me: nor
who 'tis I love; and yet 'tis a woman: but what

woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milk-maid: yet 'tis not a maid; for she hath had gossips: yet 'tis a maid; for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel, — which is much in a bare christian: here is [*pulling out a Paper.*] the cat-log of her conditions. Imprimis, *She can fetch and carry*: Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore, is she better than a jade. Item, *She can milk*, look you; A sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED.

SPE. How now, signior *Launce*? what news with your mastership?

LAU. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

SPE. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word: What news then in your paper?

LAU. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

SPE. Why, man, how black?

LAU. Why, as black as ink.

SPE. Let me read them.

LAU. Fie on thee, jolt-head; thou canst not read.

SPE. Thou ly'st, I can.

LAU. I will try thee: Tell me this, Who begot thee?

SPE. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

LAU. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother: this proves, that thou canst not read.

SPE. Come, fool, come; try me in thy paper.

LAU. There †; And faint *Nicholas* be thy speed!

SPE. Imprimis, *She can milk.*

[*reads.*]

LAU. Ay, that she can.

SPE. Item, *She brews good ale.*

LAU. And thereof comes the proverb, — Blessing o' your heart, you brew good ale.

SPE. Item, *She can scow.*

LAU. That's as much as to say, Can she so?

SPE. Item, *She can knit.*

LAU. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

SPE. Item, *She can wash and scour.*

LAU. A special virtue; for then she need not to be wash'd and scour'd.

SPE. Item, *She can spin.*

LAU. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

SPE. Item, *She hath many nameless virtues.*

LAU. That's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

SPE. *Here follow her vices.*

LAU. Close at the heels of her virtues.

SPE. Item, *She is not to be kiss'd fasting, in respect of her breath.*

LAU. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

SPE. Item, *She hath a sweet mouth.*

LAU. That makes amends for her sour breath.

SPE. Item, *She doth talk in her sleep.* [talk.

LAU. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her

SPE. Item, *She is slow in words.*

LAU. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words, is a woman's only virtue: — I pray thee, out with't; and place it for her chief virtue.

SPE. Item, *She is proud.*

LAU. Out with that too; it was *Eve's* legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

SPE. Item, *She hath no teeth.*

LAU. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

SPE. Item, *She is curst.*

LAU. Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

SPE. Item, *She will often praise her liquor.*

LAU. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be prais'd.

SPE. Item, *She is too liberal.*

LAU. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ down she is flow of: of her purse she shall not; for that I'll keep shut: now, of another thing she may; and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

SPE. Item, *She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*

LAU. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article: Rehearse that once more.

SPE. Item, *She hath more hair than wit,—*

LAU. More hair than wit,—it may be; I'll prove it: The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt: the hair, that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides the less. What's next?

SPE. — *and more faults than hairs,—*

LAU. That's monstrous; O, that that were out!

SPE. — *and more wealth than faults.*

LAU. Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I'll have her: And if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

SPE. What then?

LAV. Why, then will I tell thee, — that thy master stays for thee at the north gate.

SPE. For me ?

LAV. For thee ! ay ; who art thou ? he hath stay'd for a better man than thee.

SPE. And must I go to him ?

LAV. Thou must run to him ; for thou hast stay'd so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

SPE. Why didst not tell me sooner ? 'pox of your love-letters ! [Exit.

LAV. Now will he be swing'd for reading my letter ; An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets ! I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in the same.*

Enter Duke, and THURIO ; PROTHEUS behind.

Duk. Sir *Thurio*, fear not, but that she will love you, Now *Valentine* is banish'd from her sight.

THU. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most, Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duk. This weak impress of love is as a figure Trenched in ice ; which, with an hour's heat, Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form : A little time will melt her frozen thoughts, And worthless *Valentine* shall be forgot. — How now, sir *Protheus* ? is your countryman, According to our proclamation, gone ?

PRO. Gone, my good lord.

Duk. My daughter takes his going grievously.

PRO. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duk. So I believe ; but *Thurio* thinks not so.
Protheus, the good conceit I hold of thee
 (For thou hast shown some sign of good desert)
 Makes me the better to confer with thee.

PRO. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
 Let me not live to look upon your grace.

Duk. Thou know'st, how willingly I would effect
 The match between fir *Thurio* and my daughter :

PRO. I do, my lord.

Duk. And also, I do think, thou art not ignorant
 How she opposes her against my will.

PRO. She did, my lord, when *Valentine* was here.

Duk. Ay, and perversly she perseveres so.
 What might we do to make the girl forget
 The love of *Valentine*, and love fir *Thurio*?

PRO. The best way is, to slander *Valentine*
 With falshood, cowardice, and poor descent ;
 Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duk. Ay, but she'll think, that it is spoke in hate.

PRO. Ay, if his enemy deliver it :
 Therefore it must, with circumstance, be spoken
 By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duk. Then you must undertake to slander him.

PRO. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do :
 'Tis an ill office for a gentleman ;
 Especially, against his very friend.

Duk. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
 Your slander never can endamage him ;
 Therefore the office is indifferent,
 Being intreated to it by your friend.

PRO. You have prevail'd, my lord : if I can do it,
 By ought that I can speak in his dispraise,

She shall not long continue love to him.
But say, this weed her love from *Valentine*,
It follows not, that she will love sir *Thurio*.

THU. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me :
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise sir *Valentine*.

Duk. And, *Protheus*, we dare trust you in this kind ;
Because we know, on *Valentine's* report,
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant, shall you have access,
Where you with *Silvia* may confer at large ;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you :
Where you may temper her by your persuasion,
To hate young *Valentine*, and love my friend.

PRO. As much as I can do, I will effect : —
But you, sir *Thurio*, are not sharp enough ;
You must lay lime, to tangle her desires,
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rimes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duk. Ay, Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

PRO. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart :
Write 'till your ink be dry, and with your tears
Moist it again ; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity :
For *Orpheus'* lute was strung with poets' sinews ;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans

Forfake unfounded deeps to dance on sands.
 After your dire-lamenting elegies,
 Visit by night your lady's chamber window
 With some sweet concert: to their instruments
 Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead silence
 Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.
 This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duk. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

THU. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice:
 Therefore, sweet *Protheus*, my direction-giver,
 Let us into the city presently,
 To fort some gentlemen well skill'd in musick:
 I have a sonnet, that will serve the turn,
 To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duk. About it, gentlemen.

PRO. We'll wait upon your grace, 'till after supper;
 And afterward determine our proceedings.

Duk. Even now about it; I will pardon you. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Frontiers of Mantua. A Forest.*

Enter certain Out-laws.

1. O. Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.

2. O. If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter VALENTINE, and SPEED.

3. O. Stand, fir, and throw us that you have about you;
 If not, we'll make you fit, and rattle you.

SPE. D, fir, we are undone! these are the villains
 That all the travellers do fear so much.

VAL. My friends, —

1. O. That's not so, fir; we are your enemies.

2. O. Peace, peace; we'll hear him.

3. O. Ay, by my beard, will we;

For he's a proper man.

VAL. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose;

A man I am, cross'd with adversity:

My riches are these poor habiliments;

Of which if you should here diffurnish me,

You take the sum and substance that I have.

2. O. Whither travel you?

VAL. To *Verona*.

1. O. And whence came you?

VAL. From *Milan*.

3. O. Have you long sojourned there? [stay'd,

VAL. Some sixteen months; and longer might have
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1. O. What, were you banish'd thence?

VAL. I was.

2. O. For what offence?

VAL. For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;

But yet I slew him manfully in fight,

Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1. O. Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so:
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

VAL. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

2. O. Have you the tongues?

VAL. My youthful travel therein made me happy;
Or else I often had been miserable.

3. O. By the bare scalp of *Robin Hood's* fat friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1. O. We'll have him: Sirs, a word. [talk apart.

SPE. Master, be one of them ;
It is an honourable kind of thievery.

VAL. Peace, villain.

2. O. Tell us this, Have you any thing to take to ?

VAL. Nothing, but my fortune.

3. O. Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men :
Myself was from *Verona* banished,
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near ally'd unto the duke.

2. O. And I from *Mantua*, for a gentleman
Who, in my mood, I stab'd unto the heart.

1. O. And I, for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose, — (for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives)
And, partly, seeing you are beautify'd
With goodly shape ; and, by your own report,
A linguist ; and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality much want ; —

2. O. Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parly to you :
Are you content to be our general ;
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness ?

3. O. What say'st thou ? wilt thou be of our confort ?
Say, ay, and be the captain of us all :
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander, and our king.

1. O. But, if thou scorn our courtesy, thou dy'st.

2. O. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

VAL. I take your offer, and will live with you ;

Provided, that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.

3. O. No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And show thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Milan. Court of the Palace.

Enter PROTHEUS.

PRO. Already I've been false to *Valentine*,
And now I must be as unjust to *Thurio*.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer;
But *Silvia* is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts:
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falshood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think, how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with *Julia* whom I lov'd:
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
(The least whereof would quell a lover's hope)
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes *Thurio*: now must we to her window,
And give some evening musick to her ear.

Enter THURIO, and Musicians.

THU. How now, sir *Protheus*? are you crept before us?

PRO. Ay, gentle *Thurio*; for, you know, that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

THU. Ay, but, I hope, sir, that you love not here.

PRO. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

THU. Who? *Silvia*?

PRO. Ay, *Silvia*, — for your sake.

THU. I thank you, for your own. — Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily a while.

*Enter Host, at a Distance; with JULIA,
apparel'd like a Boy.*

Host. Now, my young guest! methinks, you're all-
sholly; I pray you, why is it?

JUL. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you
where you shall hear musick, and see the gentleman
that you ask'd for.

JUL. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

JUL. That will be musick.

Host. Hark, hark!

[*Musick plays.*

JUL. Is he among these?

Host. Ay: but peace, let's hear 'em.

S O N G.

*Who is Silvia? what is she,
that all our swains commend her?
holy, fair, and wise is she;
the heaven such grace did lend her,
that she might admired be.*

2.

*Is she kind, as she is fair?
for beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
to help him of his blindness;
and, being help'd, inhabits there.*

3.

Then to Silvia let us sing,

that Silvia is excelling ;
she excels each mortal thing,
upon the dull earth dwelling :
to her let us garlands bring.

Hofl. How now ? are you sadder than you were before ?
How do you, man ? the musick likes you not.

JUL. You mistake ; the musician likes me not.

Hofl. Why, my pretty youth ?

JUL. He plays false, father.

Hofl. How ? out of tune on the strings ?

JUL. Not so ; but yet so false, that he grieves my
very heart-strings.

Hofl. You have a quick ear.

JUL. Ay, I would I were deaf ; it makes me have a
slow heart.

Hofl. I perceive, you delight not in musick.

JUL. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Hofl. Hark, what fine change is in the musick !

JUL. Ay ; that change is the spight.

Hofl. You would have them always play but one thing.

JUL. I would always have one play but one thing.
But, host, doth this sir *Protheus*, that we talk on, often
resort unto this gentlewoman ?

Hofl. I tell you what *Launce* his man told me, he lov'd
her out of all nick.

JUL. Where is *Launce* ?

Hofl. Gone to seek his dog ; which, to-morrow, by
his master's command, he must carry for a present to
his lady. [Musick ceases.

JUL. Peace ! stand aside, the company parts.

PRO. Sir *Thurio*, fear not you ; I will so plead,

That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

THU. Where meet we ?

PRO. At faint *Gregory's* well.

THU. Farewel. [*Exeunt THURIO, and Musick.*

SILVIA appears above, at her Window.

PRO. Madam, good even to your ladyship !

SIL. I thank you for your musick, gentlemen :

Who is that, that spake ?

PRO. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

SIL. Sir *Protheus*, as I take it.

PRO. Sir *Protheus*, gentle lady, and your servant.

SIL. What is your will ?

PRO. That I may compass yours.

SIL. You have your wish ; my will is even this, —

That presently you hie you home to bed.

Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man !

Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,

To be seduced by thy flattery,

That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows ?

Return, return, and make thy love amends :

For me, (by this pale queen of night I swear)

I am so far from granting thy request,

That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit ;

And by and by intend to chide myself,

Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

PRO. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady ;
But she is dead.

JUL. “ ’Twere false, if I should speak it ; ”

“ For, I am sure, she is not buried. ”

SIL. Say, that she be : yet *Valentine*, thy friend,
Survives ; to whom, thyself art witness,

I am betroth'd ; And art thou not asham'd
To wrong him with thy importúnacy ?

PRO. I likewise hear, that *Valentine* is dead

SIL. And so, suppose, am I ; for in his grave,
Assure thyself, my love is buried.

PRO. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

SIL. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's thence ;
Or, at the least, in her's sepúlcher thine.

JUL. " He heard not that."

PRO. Madam, if that your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber ;
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh, and weep :
For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow ;
And to your shadow will I make true love. [it,"

JUL. " If 'twere a substance, you would sure deceive
" And make it but a shadow, as I am."

SIL. I am very loth to be your idol, sir :
But, since your falshood shall become you well
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it :
And so, good rest.

PRO. As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt* *PROTHEUS* ; and *SILVIA*, from above.

JUL. Host, will you go ?

Host. By my halydom, I was fast asleep.

JUL. Pray you, where lies sir *Protheus* ?

Host. Marry, at my house : Trust me, I think 'tis
almost day.

JUL. Not so : but it hath been the longest night

That e'er I watch'd, and the most heavieft. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

EGL. This is the hour that madam *Silvia*
Entreated me to call, and know her mind ;
There's some great matter she'd employ me in. —
Madam !

Enter SILVIA, above.

SIL. Who calls ?

EGL. Your servant, and your friend ;
One that attends your ladyship's commands.

SIL. Sir *Eglamour* ! a thousand times good morrow.

EGL. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.
According to your ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come ; to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

SIL. O *Eglamour*, thou art a gentleman
(Think not, I flatter ; for, I swear, I do not)
Valiant, and wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd.
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd *Valentine* ;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain *Thurio*, whom my very soul abhors :
Thyself hast lov'd ; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true-love dy'd,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity :
Sir *Eglamour*, I would to *Valentine*,
To *Mantua*, where, I hear, he makes abode ;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,

Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, *Eglamour*,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven, and fortune, still rewards with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

EGL. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you;
Wreaking as little what betideth me,
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

SIL. This evening coming on.

EGL. Where shall I meet you?

SIL. At friar *Patrick's* cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

EGL. I will not fail your ladyship.
Good morrow, gentle lady.

SIL. Good morrow, kind sir *Eglamour*. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *The same.* *Silvia's Anti-chamber.*

Enter LAUNCE, with his Dog.

LAU. When a man's servant shall play the cur
with him, look you, it goes hard; one that I brought
up of a puppy; one that I sav'd from drowning, when
three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went
to it: I have taught him — even as one would say

precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him, as a present to mistress *Silvia*, from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hang'd for't; sure as I live, he had suffer'd for't: you shall judge: He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs, under the duke's table; he had not been there (bless the mark!) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him: *Out with the dog*, says one; *What cur is that?* says another; *Whip him out*, says the third; *Hang him up*, says the duke: I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was *Crab*; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs, *Friend*, quoth I, *you mean to whip the dog?* *Ay, marry, do I*, quoth he; *You do him the more wrong*, quoth I; *'twas I did the thing you wot of*: he makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber: How many masters would do this for his servant? nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stoln, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for't: — thou think'st not of this now: Nay, I remember the trick you serv'd me, when I took my leave of madam *Julia*; Did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? when didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make

water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter PROTHEUS, and JULIA.

PRO. *Sebastian* is thy name? I like thee well, And will employ thee in some service presently.

JUL. In what you please; I'll do, sir, what I can.

PRO. I hope, thou wilt. — How now, you whorson peasant?

Where have you been these two days loitering?

LAU. Marry, sir, I carry'd mistress *Silvia* the dog you bad me.

PRO. And what says she to my little jewel?

LAU. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

PRO. But she receiv'd my dog?

LAU. No, indeed, did she not; here † have I brought him back again.

PRO. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

LAU. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stoln from me by the hangman's boy in the market-place: and then I offer'd her mine own; who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

PRO. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again, Or ne'er return again into my sight.

Away, I say; Stay'st thou to vex me here? —

[Exit LAUNCE.

A slave, that, still an end, turns me to shame. —

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to yon' foolish lowt;
But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour,

Which (if my augury deceive me not)
 Witnesses good bringing up, fortune, and truth :
 Therefore, know thou, for this I entertain thee.
 Go presently, and take this † ring with thee,
 Deliver it to madam *Silvia* ;
 She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.

JUL. It seems, you lov'd not her, to leave her token :
 She is dead, belike ?

PRO. Not so ; I think, she lives.

JUL. Alas !

PRO. Why dost thou cry, alas ?

JUL. I cannot choose
 But pity her.

PRO. Wherefore should'st thou pity her ?

JUL. Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well
 As you do love your lady *Silvia* :

She dreams on him, that has forgot her love ;
 You doat on her, that cares not for your love :
 'Tis pity, love should be so contrary ;

And thinking on it makes me cry, alas. [withal

PRO. Well, Give her that ring, and give her there-
 This † letter ; that's her chamber : Tell my lady,
 I claim the promise for her heavenly picture :
 Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
 Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

[Exit *PROTHEUS.*

JUL. How many women would do such a message ?

Alas, poor *Protheus* ! thou hast entertain'd

A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lambs :

Alas, poor fool ! why do I pity him

That with his very heart despiseth me ?

Because he loves her, he despiseth me ;

Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will :
And now am I (unhappy messenger)
To plead for that, which I would not obtain ;
To carry that, which I would have refus'd ;
To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.
I am my master's true confirmed love ;
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself :
Yet will I woo for him ; but yet so coldly,
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter SILVIA.

Gentlewoman, good day ! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with madam *Silvia*.

SIL. What would you with her, if that I be she ?

JUL. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

SIL. From whom ?

JUL. My master ; from sir *Protheus*, madam.

SIL. O, he sends you for a picture ; does he not ?

JUL. Ay, madam.

SIL. *Ursula*, bring my picture there.— [*Picture brought.*

Go, give your master this † : tell him from me,
One *Julia*, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

JUL. Madam, will please you to peruse this letter ? —
Pardon me, madam ; I have, unadvis'd,
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not ;
This † is the letter to your ladyship.

SIL. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

JUL. It may not be ; good madam, pardon me.

²⁰ From my Master, Sir

SIL. There, hold. [giving back the first Letter.
I will not look upon your master's lines :
I know, they are stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths ; which he will break,
As easily as I do tear † his paper.

JUL. Madam, he sends your ladyship this † ring.

SIL. The more shame for him, that he sends it me ;
For I have heard him say a thousand times,
His *Julia* gave it him at his departure :
Though his false finger have prophan'd the ring,
Mine shall not do his *Julia* so much wrong.

JUL. She thanks you.

SIL. What say'st thou ?

JUL. I thank you, madam, that you tender her :
Poor gentlewoman ! my master wrongs her much.

SIL. Dost thou know her ?

JUL. Almost as well as I do know myself :
To think upon her woes, I do protest,
That I have wept a hundred several times.

SIL. Belike, she thinks that *Protheus* hath forfook her.

JUL. I think, she doth ; and that's her cause of sorrow.

SIL. Is she not passing fair ?

JUL. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is :
When she did think my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you ;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling masque away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lilly tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

SIL. How tall was she ?

JUL. About my stature : for, at pentecost,

When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trim'd in madam *Julia's* gown ;
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgment,
As if the garment had been made for me :
Therefore, I know she is about my height.
And, at that time, I made her weep a-good ;
For I did play a lamentable part :
Madam, 'twas *Ariadne*, passioning
For *Theseus'* perjury, and unjust flight :
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly ; and, 'would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.

SIL. She is beholding to thee, gentle youth : —
Alas, poor lady ! desolate and left ! —

I weep myself, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is † my purse ; I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewel.

[*Exit SILVIA.*

JUL. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful : [her.—
I hope, my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself !
Here is her picture : Let me see ; I think,
If I had such a tyre, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers :
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow ;
If that be all the difference in his love,

I'll get me such a colour'd periwig :
 Her eyes are grey as glafs ; and so are mine :
 Ay, but her forehead's low ; and mine's as high :
 What should it be, that he respects in her,
 But I can make respectful in myself,
 If this fond love were not a blinded god ?
 Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
 For 'tis thy rival : O thou senseless form,
 Thou shalt be worship'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd ;
 And, were there sense in his idolatry,
 My substance should be statue in thy stead.
 I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
 That us'd me so ; or else, by *Jove* I vow,
 I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
 To make my master out of love with thee. [Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same. An Abbey.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

EGL. The sun begins to gild the western sky ;
 And now it is about the very hour,
 That *Silvia*, at friar *Patrick's* cell, should meet me :
 She will not fail ; for lovers break not hours,
 Unless it be to come before their time ;
 So much they spur their expedition.

Enter SILVIA.

See, where she comes : — Lady, a happy evening !

SIL. Amen, amen ! go on, good *Eglamour*,
 Out at the postern by the abbey wall ;
 I fear, I am attended by some spies.

EGL. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
if we recover that, we're sure enough. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter THURIO, PROTHEUS, and JULIA.

THU. Sir *Protheus*, what says *Silvia* to my suit?

PRO. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
But yet she takes exceptions at your person.

THU. What, that my leg's too long?

PRO. No; that it is too little.

THU. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.

PRO. But love will not be spur'd to what it loaths.

THU. What says she to my face?

PRO. She says, it is a fair one.

THU. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.

PRO. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

JUL. "'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
"For I had rather wink, than look on them."

THU. How likes she my discourse?

PRO. Ill, when you talk of war.

THU. But well, when I discourse of love, and peace?"

JUL. "But better, indeed, when you do hold your

THU. What says she to my valour? [peace."

PRO. O, sir, she makes
No doubt of that.

JUL. "She needs not, when she knows it cowardice."

THU. What says she to my birth?

PRO. That you are well deriv'd.

JUL. "True; from a gentleman, to a fool."

THU. Considers she my possessions?

PRO. O, ay; and pities them.

THU. Wherefore ?

JUL. "That such an afs should owe them."

PRO. That they are out by lease.

JUL. Here comes the duke.

Enter Duke.

Duk. How now, fir *Protheus* ? how now, *Thurio* ?
Which of you saw fir *Eglamour* of late ?

THU. Not I.

PRO. Nor I.

Duk. Saw you my daughter ?

PRO. Neither.

Duk. Why, then she's fled unto the peasant *Valentine* ;
And *Eglamour* is in her company.

'Tis true ; for friar *Laurence* met them both,

As he in penance wander'd through the forest :

Him he knew well ; and guess'd, that it was she ;

But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it :

Besides, she did intend confession

At *Patrick's* cell this even ; and there she was not :

These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.

Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,

But mount you presently ; and meet with me

Upon the rising of the mountain foot

That leads toward *Mantua*, whither they are fled :

Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*]

THU. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,

That flies her fortune when it follows her :

I'll after ; more to be reveng'd on *Eglamour*,

Than for the love of reckless *Silvia*. [*Exit.*]

PRO. And I will follow, more for *Silvia's* love,

Than hate of *Eglamour* that goes with her. [*Exit.*]

JUL. And I will follow, more to cross that love,

Than hate for *Silvia* that is gone for love. [Exit.]

SCENE III. *Frontiers of Mantua. The Forest.*

Shouts. Enter Out-laws, with SILVIA.

1. O. Come, come;

Be patient, we must bring you to our captain.

SIL. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2. O. Come, Bring her away.

1. O. Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3. O. Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us;

But *Moses*, and *Valerius*, follow him.

Go thou with her to the west end of the wood,
There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled;
The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape. [Exeunt.]

1. O. Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave:
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

SIL. O *Valentine*, this I endure for thee! [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *The same. Another Part of it.*

Enter VALENTINE.

VAL. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopl'd towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!

Repair me with thy presence, *Silvia* ;
 Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain !
 What hallowing, and what stir, is this to-day ?
 These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
 Have some unhappy passenger in chace :
 They love me well ; yet I have much to do,
 To keep them from uncivil outrages.
 Withdraw thee, *Valentine* ; who's this comes here ?

Enter PROTHEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA.

PRO. Madam, this service I have done for you,
 (Though you respect not ought your servant doth)
 To hazard life, and rescue you from him,
 That would have forc'd your honour, and your love :
 Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look ;
 A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
 And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

VAL. "How like a dream is this, I see, and hear !"
 "Love, lend me patience to forbear a while"

SIL. O miserable, unhappy, that I am !

PRO. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came ;
 But, by my coming, I have made you happy.

SIL. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

JUL. "And me, when he approacheth to your pre-

SIL. Had I been seized by a hungry lion, [sence."
 I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
 Rather than have false *Protheus* rescue me.
 O, heaven be judge, how I love *Valentine*,
 Whose life's as tender to me as my soul ;
 And full as much (for more there cannot be)
 I do detest false perjur'd *Protheus* :
 Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

PRO. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,

Would I not undergo for one calm look ?
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love where they're belov'd !

SIL. When *Protheus* cannot love where he's belov'd:
Read over *Julia's* heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths ; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou'dst two,
And that's far worse than none ; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one :
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend !

PRO. In love,
Who respects friend ?

SIL. All men but *Protheus*.

PRO. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arm's end ;
And love you 'gainst the nature of love, force you.

SIL. O heaven !

PRO. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

VAL. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch ;
Thou friend of an ill fashion.

PRO. *Valentine* !

[love ;

VAL. Thou common friend, that's without faith, or
(For such is a friend now) treacherous man,
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes ; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me : Now I dare not say,
I have one friend alive ; thou would'st disprove me :
Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand
Is perjurd to the bosom ? *Protheus*,
I am sorry, I must never trust thee more,

But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest: O time accurst!
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst!

PRO. My shame, and guilt, confounds me. —
Forgive me, *Valentine*: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender't here; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.

VAL. Then I am pay'd;
And once again I do receive thee honest: —
Who by repentance is not satisfy'd,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd;
By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeas'd: —
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All, that was mine in *Silvia*, I give thee.

JUL. O me unhappy! [faints.]

PRO. Look to the boy. [matter?]

VAL. Why, boy! why, wag! how now? what is the
Look up; speak.

JUL. O good sir, my master charg'd me
To deliver a ring to madam *Silvia*;
Which, out of my neglect, was never done.

PRO. Where is that ring, boy?

JUL. Here 'tis; this † is it.

PRO. How! let me see:

Why, this is the ring I gave to *Julia*.

JUL. O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook;
This † is the ring you sent to *Silvia*. [part,

PRO. But, how cam'st thou by this ring? at my de-
I gave this unto *Julia*.

JUL. And *Julia* herself did give it me;
And *Julia* herself hath brought it hither.

PRO. How! *Julia*?

JUL. Behold † her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root?
O *Protheus*, let this habit make thee blush;
Be thou ashamed, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest rayment; if shame live
In a disguise of love:

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

PRO. Than men their minds! 'tis true: O heaven!
were man

But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all sins:
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins:

What is in *Silvia's* face, but I may spy
More fresh in *Julia's*, with a constant eye?

VAL. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close;
'Twere pity, two such friends should be long foes.

JUL. Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish for ever.

PRO. And I mine. [embracing.

Shouts; and Enter Outlaws, with Duke,
and THURIO.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!

VAL. Forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke:—
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
The banish'd *Valentine*.

Duk. Sir *Valentine*!

THU. Yonder is *Silvia*; and *Silvia's* mine.

VAL. *Thurio*, give back, or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath:

Do not name *Silvia* thine; if once again,
Milan shall not behold thee: Here she stands,
 Take but possession of her with a touch;
 I dare thee but to breath upon my love.

THU. Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I:
 I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
 His body for a girl that loves him not:
 I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duk. The more degenerate and base art thou,
 To make such means for her as thou hast done,
 And leave her on such slight conditions. —
 Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
 I do applaud thy spirit, *Valentine*,
 And think thee worthy of an empress' love:
 Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
 Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again;
 Plead a new state in thy unrival'd merit,
 To which I thus subscribe, — Sir *Valentine*,
 Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
 Take thou thy † *Silvia*, for thou hast deserv'd her.

VAL. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me
 I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake, [happy.
 To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duk. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

VAL. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,
 Are men endu'd with worthy qualities;
 Forgive them what they have committed here,
 And let them be recall'd from their exile:
 They are reformed, civil, full of good,
 And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duk. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them, and thee:
 Dispose of them, as thou know'it their deserts.

Come, let us go; we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

VAL. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile:
What think you of this page, my lord?

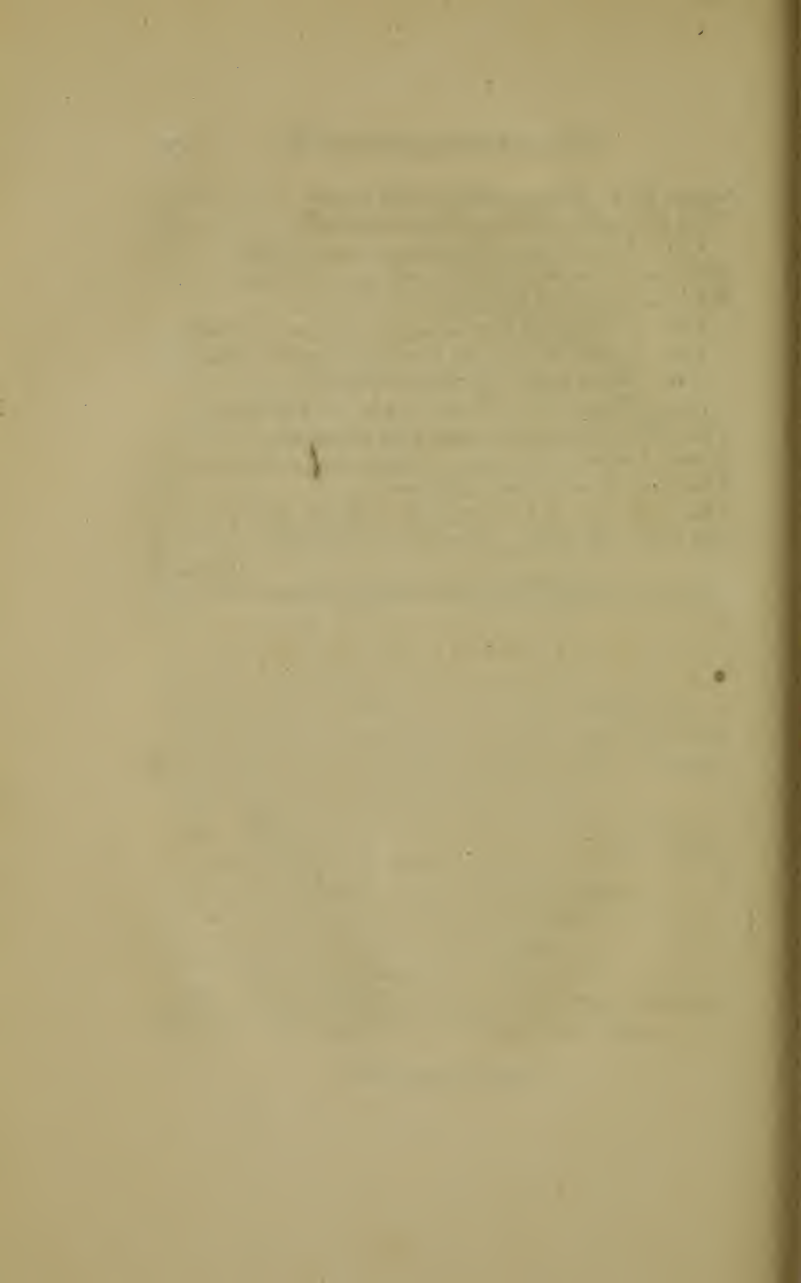
Duk. I think, the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.

VAL. I warrant you, my lord; more grace than boy.

Duk. What mean you by that saying?

VAL. 'Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder, what hath fortun'd. —
Come, *Proteus*; 'tis your penance, but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt.*]



The
MERRY WIVES
of
WINDSOR.

Persons represented.

Sir John Falstaff :

Nym, }
Pistol, } *his Followers :*
Bardolph, }

Robin, *his Page :*

Host of the garter Inn.

Ford, }
Page, } *Gentlemen of Windsor :*

William, *Son to Page :*

Sir Hugh Evans, a Welch Parson.

Shallow, a country Justice :

Slender, *his Cousin, a foolish 'Squire,* } *Suitors*
Fenton, *a young Gentleman,* } *to Page's*
Doctor Caius, a French Physician, } *Daughter.*

Rugby, *Servant to D. Caius :*

Simple, *Servant to Slender :*

John, }
Robert, } *Servants in Ford's Family.*

Mistress Ford.

Mistress Page :

Mistress Anne, her Daughter, in Love with Fenton.

Mistress Quickly, House-keeper to D. Caius.

Scene, Windsor ; and Parts adjacent.

The
MERRY WIVES of WINDSOR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Before Page's House.*
Enter Justice SHALLOW, SLENDER,
and Sir Hugh EVANS.

SHAL. Sir *Hugh*, persuade me not; I will make a star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty sir *John Falstaff*, he shall not abuse *Robert Shallow*, esquire,—

SLEN. In the county of *Gloster*, justice of peace and *coram*.

SHAL. Ay, cousin *Slender*, and *custalorum*.

SLEN. Ay, and *ratolorum* 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 lues in their coat.

SHAL. It is an old coat.

Sir H. The dozen white louses do become an old coat

¹² hath don't

well; it agrees well passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies — love.

SHAL. The luce [to *Slen.* showing him his Seal-ring.] is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

SLEN. I may quarter, coz'.

SHAL. You may, by marrying.

Sir H. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

SHAL. Not a whit.

Sir H. Yes, py'r-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 unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you

SHAL. The council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Sir H. It is not meet the council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your visaments in that.

SHAL. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Sir H. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot discretions with it: There is *Anne Page*, which is daughter to master *Thomas Page*, which is pretty virginity.

SLEN. Mistrefs *Anne Page*? she has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Sir H. It is that fery person for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire, upon his death's bed, (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!)

give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old : It were a goot motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between master *Abraham*, and mistress *Anne Page*.

SHAL. Did her grandfire leave her seven hundred pound ?

Sir H. Ay, and his father is make her a petter penny.

SHAL. I know the young gentlewoman ; she has good gifts.

Sir H. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.

SHAL. Well, let us see honest master *Page* : Is *Falstaff* there ?

Sir H. Shall I tell you a lye ? 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-willers : I will peat the door for master *Page*.—What, hoa ! Got pless your house here !

Enter PAGE.

PAGE. Who's there ?

Sir H. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and justice *Shallow* : and here is 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 killed : — 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, fir? I heard say, he was out-run on *Cotfall*.

PAGE. It could not be judg'd, fir.

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, fir.

SHAL. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; Can there be more said? he is good, and fair. Is fir *John Falstaff* here?

PAGE. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Sir H. It is spoke as a christians ought to speak.

SHAL. He hath wrong'd me, master *Page*.

PAGE. Sir, he doth in some fort confes it.

SHAL. If it be confessed, it is not redressed; Is not that so, master *Page*? He hath wrong'd me; indeed, he hath; at a word, he hath; believe me; *Robert Shallow* esquire saith, he is wronged.

PAGE. Here comes fir *John*.

*Enter Sir John FALSTAFF, NYM, PISTOL,
and BARDOLPH.*

FALS. Now, master *Shallow*; you'll complain of me to the king?

SHAL. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge.

FALS. But not kiff'd your keeper's daughter?

SHAL. Tut a pin! this shall be answer'd.

FALS. I will answer it straight; — I have done all this: — That is now answer'd.

SHAL. The council shall know this.

FALS. 'Twere better for you if it were known in council? you'll be laugh'd at.

Sir H. *Pauca verba*, fir *John*; good worts.

FALS. Good worts! good cabbage: — *Slender*, I broke your head; What matter have you against me?

SLEN. Marry, fir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your coney-catching rascals, *Bardolph*, *Nym*, and *Pistol*.

BARD. You *Banbury* cheese!

SLEN. Ay, it is no matter.

PIST. How now, *Mephostophilus*?

SLEN. Ay, it is no matter.

NYM. Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca*; slice! that's my humour.

SLEN. Where's *Simple* my man? — can you tell, cousin?

Sir H. 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.

Sir H. Fery 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.

FALS. *Pistol*, —

PIST. He hears with ears.

Sir H. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this,

He hears with ear? Why, it is affectations.

FALS. 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 *Edward* shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two-pence a-piece of *Yead Miller*, by these gloves.

FALS. Is this true, *Pistol*?

Sir H. No, it is false, if it is a pickpurse.

PIST. Ha, thou mountain foreigner! —

Sir *John* and master mine,

I combat challenge of this latten bilboe:—

Word of denial in thy labras here;

Word of denial; froth and scum, thou ly'ft.

SLEN. By these gloves, then 'twas † he.

NYM. Be avis'd, sir, and pass good humours: I will say, marry trap, with you, if you run the nuthook's humour on me; that is the very note of it.

SLEN. By this hat, then † he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

FALS. What say you, *Scarlet* and *John*?

BARD. Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences;

Sir H. 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 careers.

SLEN. Ay, you spake in *Latin* then too; but 'tis no matter: I'll ne'er 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.

Sir H. So Got'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

FALS. You hear all these matters deny'd, gentlemen ; you hear it.

Enter Mistress Anne Page, with Wine ; Mist. Ford, and Mist. Page, following her.

PAGE. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in ; we'll drink within.

SLEN. O heaven ! this is mistress Anne Page.

PAGE. How now, mistress Ford ?

FALS. 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.

[Exeunt All, but SHAL. SLEN. and Sir H. EVANS.]

SLEN. I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of songs and sonnets here :—

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, Simple ; where have you been ? I must wait on 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 Short-cake, upon Alhallowmas 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.

Sir H. Give ear to his motions, master *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 though I stand here.

Sir H. But that is not the question ; the question is concerning your marriage.

SHAL. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Sir H. Marry, is it ; the very point of it ; to mistress *Anne Page*.

SLEN. Why, if it be so, I will marry her, upon any reasonable demands.

Sir H. But can you affection the 'oman ? let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips ; — for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mouth ; — 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.

Sir H. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

SHAL. That you must ; Will you, upon good dowry, marry her ?

SLEN. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

SHAL. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz ; what I do is to pleasure you, coz : Can you love the maid ?

SLEN. I will marry her, sir, at your request ; but if

there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are marry'd, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more content: but if you say, *marry her*, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolv'd, and dissolutely.

Sir H. It is a fery discretion answer; save the fault is in the 'ort, dissolutely: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely; — his meaning is good.

SHAL. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

SLEN. Ay, or else I would I might be hang'd, la.

Re-enter Anne PAGE.

SHAL. Here comes fair mistress *Anne*: — 'Would I were young, for your sake, mistress *Anne*!

ANNE. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.

SHAL. I will wait on him, fair mistress *Anne*.

Sir H. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace. [*Exeunt SHALLOW, and Sir Hugh 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, firrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin *Shallow*; [*Exit SIMPLE.*] a justice of peace sometime may be beholding 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.

SLLEN. I'faith, I'll eat nothing : I thank you as much as though I did.

ANNE. I pray you, fir, walk in.

SLLEN. 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, fir ; I heard them talk'd of.

SLLEN. I love the sport well ; but I shall as soon quarrel at it, as any man in *England* : — You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not ?

ANNE. Ay, indeed, fir.

SLLEN. 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'd : — but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em ; they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

PAGE. Come, gentle master *Slender*, come ; we stay for you.

SLLEN. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, fir.

PAGE. By cock and pye, you shall not choose, fir : come, come.

SLLEN. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

PAGE. Come on, fir.

SLLEN. Mistress *Anne*, yourself shall go first.

ANNE. Not I, fir ; pray you, keep on.

SLLEN. Truly, I will not go first ; truly, la : I will not do you that wrong.

ANNE. I pray you, fir.

SLÉN. I'll rather be unmannerly, than troublesome:
You do yourself wrong, indeed, la. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter Sir Hugh EVANS, and SIMPLE.

Sir H. 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 nurse, or
his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

SIMP. Well, fir.

Sir H. 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 re-
quire her to solicit your master's desires to mistress Anne
Page: I pray you, be gone; I will make an end of my
dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come.

[Exeunt, severally.]

SCENE III. *A Room in the garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF, Host, BARDOLPH, PISTOL,
NYM, and Robin.

FALS. Mine host of the garter, —

Host. What says my bully rook? speak schollarly,
and wisely.

FALS. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of
my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag;
trot, trot.

FALS. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Cesar, Keisar, and Pheasar.
I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap:

Said I well, bully *Heſtor*?

FALS. Do ſo, good mine hoſt.

Hoſt. I have ſpoke; let him follow: — Let me ſee thee froth and lime: I am at a word; follow.

[*Exit Hoſt.*

FALS. *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 BARDOLPH.*

PIST. O baſe *Gongarian* wight! wilt thou the ſpigot wield?

NYM. He was gotten in drink: Is not the humour conceited?

FALS. I am glad, I am ſo acquit of this tinder-box; his thefts were too open: his filching was like an unſkilful finger, he kept not time.

NYM. The good humour is, to ſteal at a minute's reſt.

PIST. Convey, the wiſe it call: Steal! foh; a fico for the phrase!

FALS. Well, fir, I am almoſt out at heels.

PIST. Why then, let kybes enſue.

FALS. There is no remedy; I muſt coney-catch, I muſt ſhift.

PIST. Young ravens muſt have food.

FALS. Which of you know *Ford* of this town?

PIST. I ken the wight; he is of ſubſtance good.

FALS. My honeſt lads, I will tell you what I am about.

PIST. Two yards, and more.

FALS. 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 discourses, 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 rightly, is, *I am sir John Falstaff's*.

PIST. He hath study'd her will, and translated her will ; out of honesty into *English*.

NYM. The anchor is deep : Will that humour pass ?

FALS. Now, the report goes, she hath all the rule of her husband's purse ; she hath legions of angels.

PIST. As many devils entertain ; and, *To her, boy, say I.*

NYM. The humour rises ; it is good : humour me the angels.

FALS. 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 *ocillades* : sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

PIST. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

NYM. I thank thee for that humour.

FALS. 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 is a region in *Guiana*, all gold and bounty. I will be 'cheator 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 mistress *Page* ; and thou † this to mistress *Ford* : we will

thrive, lads, we will thrive.

PIST. Shall I fir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become,
And by my fide wear steel? then, *Lucifer* take all!

NYM. I will run no bafe humour: here, take the
humour letter; I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

FALS. Hold, firrah, [*to Rob.*] bear you † these let-
ters tightly;

Sail, like my pinnace, to the golden shores.—

Rogues, hence, avaunt, vanish like hailstones, go;

'Trudge, plod, away, o'the hoof, seek shelter, pack!

Falstaff will learn the humour of this age,

French thrift, you rogues, myself and skirted page.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF, and Robin.*]

PIST. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and
Fullam holds;

And high and low beguiles the rich and poor:

Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,

Bafe *Pbrygian 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 discufs the humour of this love to *Ford*.

PIST. And I to *Page* shall eke unfold,

How *Falstaff*, varlet vile,

His dove will prove, his gold will hold,

And his soft couch defile.

NYM. My humour shall not cool: I will incense *Ford*
to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness,
for the revolt of mien is dangerous: that is my true

humour.

P1ST. Thou art the Mars of male-contents : I second thee ; troop on. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. A Room in Doctor Caius' House.

Enter Mistress QUICKLY, SIMPLE, and John RUGBY.

QUIC. What ; John Rugby ! — I pray thee, go to the casement ; and see if you can see my master, master doctor Caius, coming : if he do, i'faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience, and the king's *English*.

RUGB. I'll go watch. [Exit RUGBY.

QUIC. Go ; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, i'faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. — An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal ; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate : his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer ; he is something peevish that way : but no body but has his fault ; — but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say, your name is ?

SIMP. Ay, for fault of a better.

QUIC. And master *Slender's* your master ?

SIMP. Ay, forsooth.

QUIC. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife ?

SIMP. No, forsooth : he hath but a little whey-face, with a little yellow beard ; a cane-colour'd beard.

QUIC. A softly-sp'rited man, is he not ?

SIMP. 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 gait?

SIMP. Yes, indeed, does he.

QUIC. Well, heaven send *Anne Page* no worse fortune! Tell master parson *Evans*, I will do what I can for your master: *Anne* is a good girl; and I wish —

Re-enter RUGBY, hastily.

RUGB. Out, alas! here comes my master.

QUIC. We shall all be shent: — Run in here, good young man; go into this closet; [*Shuts him in.*] 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, adown-a, &c. [*singing.*

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

D. CAI. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese 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.

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."

D. CAI. *Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vai a la cour, — la grande affaire.*

QUIC. Is it this, sir?

D. CAI. *Oui; mette le au mon pocket; depeche, quickly:* — Vere is dat knave *Rugby*?

QUIC. What, *John Rugby*; *John!*

RUGB. Here, sir.

D. CAI. You are *John Rugby*, and you are *Jack Rugby*: Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

RUGB. 'Tis ready, fir, here in the porch.

D. CAI. By my trot, I tarry too long : — Od's me ! *qu'ay je oublie ?* dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vil not for de varld I shall leave behind.

QUIC. Ah me ! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

D. CAI. O *diable, diable !* vat is in my closet ? — Villany, larron ! — [*pulling Simple out.*] Rugby, my rapier.

QUIC. Good master, be content.

D. CAI. Verefore shall I be content-a ?

QUIC. The young man is an honest man.

D. CAI. Vat 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 flegmatic ; hear the truth of it. He came of an errand to me from parson Hugh :

D. CAI. Vell.

SIMP. Ay, forfooth ; to desire her to —

QUIC. Peace, I pray you.

D. CAI. Peace-a your tongue ; — Speak-a your tale.

SIMP. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistress Anne Page for my master in the way of marriage.

QUIC. This is all, indeed-la ; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

D. CAI. Sir Hugh send a you ? — Rugby, baillez me some paper : — Tarry you a little-a while.

[*sitting down to write.*]

QUIC. I am glad, he is so quiet ; if he had been througely moved, you should have heard him so loud and so melancholy ; — But notwithstanding, man, I'll do 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.

SIMP. 'Tis a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

QUIC. Are you avis'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.

D. CAI. You, jack'nape; give-a dis † letter to sir *Hugh*; by gar, it is a shallenge: I will cut his troat in de park; and I will teach a scurvy jackanape 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.

D. CAI. It is no matter-a for dat: — do not you 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 *jarteer* 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 good year!

D. CAI. *Rugby*, come to de court vit me: — By gar, if I have not *Anne Page*, I shall turn your head out of door: — Follow my heels, *Rugby*.

[*Excunt CAIUS, and RUGBY.*]

QUIC. You shall have *An* fool's head of your own :— No, I know *Anne's* mind for that : never a woman in *Windsor* knows more of *Anne's* mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

FENT. [*within.*] Who's within there, ho ?

QUIC. Who's there, I trow ? come near the house, I pray you.

Enter 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 heaven 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 ; 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 \neq money for thee ; let me have thy voice in my behalf : if thou see'st her before me, commend me—

QUIC. Will I ? i'faith, that we will : and I will tell

your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

FENT. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now. [*Exit.*]

QUIC. Farewell to your worship. — Truly, an honest gentleman; but *Anne* loves him not; for 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 Mistress PAGE, with a Letter.

M. PA. What, have I 'scap'd love-letters in the holiday time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see: [*reads.*]

Ask me no reason why I love you; for though love use reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counsellor: You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; Ha! ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; Would you desire better sympathy? let it suffice thee, mistress Page, (at the least, if the love of 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 one unweigh'd behaviour hath this *Flemish* drunkard pick'd (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company! — What should I say to him? — I was then frugal of my mirth: Heaven forgive me! Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down 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.

Enter Mistress FORD.

M. Fo. Mistress *Page*! trust me, I was going to your house.

M. PA. And, trust me, I was going to you. You look very ill.

M. Fo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to shew to the contrary.

M. PA. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

M. Fo. Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could shew you to the contrary: O, mistress *Page*, give me some counsel!

M. PA. What's the matter, woman?

M. Fo. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

M. PA. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour: What is it? — dispendence with trifles; — what is it?

M. Fo. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.

M. PA. What, — thou ly'st? — sir *Alice Ford*! These knights will hack; and so thou should'st not alter the article of thy gentry.

² What an un-

M. Fo. We burn daylight: here, † read, read; perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: And yet he would not swear; prais'd women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere, and keep place together, than the hundredth psalm to the tune of *Green sleeves*. What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns 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 greafe.—Did you ever hear the like?

M. PA. 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, (sure, 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 giants, and lye under mount *Pelion*. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, e'er one chaste man.

M. Fo. Why, this is the very same, the very hand, the very words; What doth he think of us?

M. PA. 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 know some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

M. Fo. Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

M. PA. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be reveng'd on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort 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.

M. Fo. Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

M. PA. 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.

M. Fo. You are the happier woman.

M. PA. Let's consult together against this greasy knight: Come hither. [they converse apart.]

Enter FORD, PISTOL, PAGE, and NYM.

FORD. Well, I hope it be not so.

PIST. Hope is a curtal dog in some affairs: Sir *John* affects thy wife.

FORD. Why, sir, my wife is not young. [poor,

PIST. He woos both high and low, both rich and 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 *Aleon*, he, with *Ringwood* at thy heels:

O, odious is the name !

FORD. What name, sir ?

PIST. The horn, I say : Farewel.

Take heed ; have open eye ; for thieves do foot by night :
Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo birds do sing.—
Away, sir corporal *Nym*.—

Believe it, *Page* ; he speaks sense.

FORD. “ I will be patient ; I will find out this.”

NYM. And this is true ; [*to Page.*] I like not the
humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some hu-
mours : 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 ; and there's
the humour of it. Adieu. [*Exeunt PISTOL, and NYM.*]

PAGE. *The humour of it*, quoth 'a ! here's a fellow
frights humour out of his 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 *Cataian*, though the
priest o'the town commended him for a true man.

FORD. “ 'Twas a good sensible fellow :—Well.”

PAGE. How now, *Meg* ?

M. PA. Whither go you, *George* ? Hark you.

M. FO. How now, sweet *Frank* ? why art thou me-
lancholy ?

FORD. I melancholy ! I am not melancholy. Get you
home, go.

M. FO. 'Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head.—

Now, will you go, mistress Page?

M. PA. Have with you. — You'll come to dinner, George? — “Look who comes yonder: she shall be our”
“messenger to this paltry knight.”

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

M. FO. “Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.”

M. PA. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

QUIC. Ay, forsooth; And, I pray, how does good
mistress Anne?

M. PA. Go in with us, and see; we have an hour's
talk with you. [*Exeunt Women.*]

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 yolk of his discarded men;
very rogues, now they be out of service.

FORD. Were they his men?

PAGE. Marry, were they.

FORD. I like it never the better for that — Does he
lye at the garter?

PAGE. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this
voyage toward my wife, I would turn her loose to him;
and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it
lye on my head.

FORD. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be
loth to turn them together: A man may be too confi-
dent: I would have nothing lye on my head: I cannot
be thus satiffy'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?

Enter Host, and SHALLOW.

Host. How now, bully rook? 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 rook.

SHAL. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between sir *Hugh* the *Welch* priest and *Caius* the *French* doctor.

FORD. Good mine host o' the garter, a word with you. *[drawing him aside.*

Host. What say'st thou, my bully rook?

SHAL. Will you *[to Page.]* go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places: for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

[they converse apart.

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. My hand, bully; thou shalt have egress and regrefs, (said I well?) and thy name shall be *Brook*: It is a merry knight.—Will you go, mynheers?

SHAL. Have with you, mine host.

PAGE. I have heard, the *Frenchman* hath good skill in his rapier.

SHAL. Tut, fir, I could have told you more: In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stocca- does, and I know not what; 'tis the heart, master *Page*, 'tis † here, 'tis here: I have seen the time, with my long sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Hofst. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

PAGE. Have with you:— I had rather hear them scold, than fight. [Exeunt Hofst, PAGE, and SHAL.]

FORD. Though *Page* be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: She was in his company at *Page's* house; and, what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't; and I have a disguise to sound *Falstaff*: If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed.

[Exit.]

SCENE II. A Room in the garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF, and PISTOL.

FALS. I will not lend thee a penny.

PIST. Why, then the world's mine oyster, which I with sword will open.

FALS. Not a penny. I have been content, fir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow *Nym*; or else you had looked through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd in hell, for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows: and when mistress

Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour, thou hadst it not.

PIST. Didst not thou share ? hadst thou not fifteen pence ?

FALS. 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 short knife and a throng ; to your manor of *Pickt-hatch*, go. You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue ! you stand upon your honour ! Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do, to keep the terms 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-o'-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour ! you will not do it, you !

PIST. I do relent ; What would'st thou more of man ?

Enter ROBIN.

ROB. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

FALS. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

QUIC. Give your worship good morrow.

FALS. Good morrow, good wife.

QUIC. Not so, an't please your worship.

FALS. Good maid, then.

QUIC. I'll be sworn ; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

FALS. I do believe the swearer : What with me ?

QUIC. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two ?

FALS. Two thousand, fair woman ; and I'll vouch-

safe thee the hearing.

QUIC. There is one mistress *Ford*, sir;—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with master doctor *Caius*.

FALS. Well, on: Mistress *Ford*, you say;—

QUIC. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

FALS. I warrant thee, no body hears; mine own people, mine own people.

QUIC. Are they so? Heaven blefs them, and make them his servants!

FALS. Well, mistress *Ford*; What of her?

QUIC. Why, sir, she's a good creature;—Lord, Lord! your worship's a wanton:—Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

FALS. Mistress *Ford*; come, mistress *Ford*;—

QUIC. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries, as 'tis wonderful: the best courtier of them all, when the court lay at *Windsor*, could never have brought her to such a canary: Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, (all musk) and so rushling, 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 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.

FALS. 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.

FALS. 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.

FALS. 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* hath her hearty commendations to you too ; — and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in *Windsor*, who'er be the other : — and she bad me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home ; but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so doat upon a man ; surely, I think you have charms, la ; yes, in truth.

FALS. 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 !

FALS. But, I pray thee, tell me this ; Has *Ford's*

wife, and *Page's* wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

QUIC. That were a jest, indeed! — they have not so little grace, I hope: — that were a trick, indeed! But mistress *Page* would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves; her husband has a marvelous 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*, she is one: You must send her your page; no remedy.

FALS. 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 nayword, 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.

FALS. 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 punk is one of *Cupid's* carriers: —
Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights;
Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!

[*Exit PISTOL.*]

FALS. 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 money, be now a gainer? good body, I thank thee: Let them say, 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH.

BARD. Sir *John*, there's one master *Brook* below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

FALS. *Brook* is his name?

BARD. Ay, sir.

FALS. Call him in; [*Exit BARDOLPH.*] Such *Brooks* are welcome to me, that o'er-flow such liquor. Ah, ha, mistress *Ford*, and mistress *Page*, have I encompass'd you? go to; *via!*

Re-enter Bardolph, with FORD disguis'd.

FORD. Bless you, sir.

FALS. And you, sir: Would you speak with me?

FORD. I make bold, to press with so little preparation upon you.

FALS. 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*.

FALS. 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 money go before, all ways do lye open.

FALS. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

FORD. Troth, and I have a bag of money † here

troubles me : if you will help to bear it, fir *John*, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

FALS. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

FORD. I will tell you, fir, if you will give me the hearing.

FALS. Speak, good master *Brook*; I shall be glad to be your servant.

FORD. Sir, I hear you are schollar,—I will be brief with you;—and you have been a man long known to me, though 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 imperfection: but, good fir *John*, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know, how easy it is to be such an offender.

FALS. Very well, fir; proceed.

FORD. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is *Ford*.

FALS. Well, fir.

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 pursu'd 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 re-

ceived none; unless experience be a jewel; that I have purchased 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.*

FALS. Have you receiv'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

FORD. Never.

FALS. Have you importun'd her to such a purpose?

FORD. Never.

FALS. Of what quality was your love then?

FORD. Like a fair house, built on another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

FALS. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

FORD. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that, though she appear honest to me, yet, in other places, she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, sir *John*, here is the heart of my purpose; You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many warlike, courtlike, and learned preparations.

FALS. O, sir!

FORD. Believe it, for you know it:— There † is money; 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.

FALS. Would it apply well to the vehemency 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 too strongly embattl'd against me: What say you to't, sir *John*?

FALS. Master *Brook*, I will first make bold with your money; [*pocketing it.*] 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!

FALS. I say, you shall,

FORD. Want no money, sir *John*, you shall want none.

FALS. Want no mistress *Ford*, master *Brook*, you shall want none; I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth: Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

FORD. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know *Ford*, sir?

FALS. 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 money; for the which, his wife seems to me well-favour'd: I

will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer, and there's my harvest-home.

FORD. I would you knew *Ford*, fir; that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

FALS. 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 file; thou, master *Brook*, shalt know him for knave and cuckold:—come to me soon at night. [Exit.

FORD. What a damn'd *Epicurean* rascal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who says, this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fix'd, the match is made; Would any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abus'd, my coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villanous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!—*Amaimon* sounds well; *Lucifer*, well; *Barbason*, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but, cuckold! wittol! cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. *Page* is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a *Fleming* with my butter, parson *Hugh* the *Welchman* with my cheese, an *Irishman* with my *aqua-vitæ* bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling 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. Heaven be prais'd for my jealousy! Eleven o'clock the hour;—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on *Falstaff*, and laugh at *Page*: I will about it; better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [Exit.]

SCENE III. The Park.

Enter Doctor CAIUS, and RUGBY.

D. CAI. *Jack Rugby*,—

RUGB. Sir.

D. CAI. Vat is de clock, *Jack*?

RUGB. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

D. CAI. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his pible vell, dat he is no come: by gar, *Jack Rugby*, he is dead already, if he be come.

RUGB. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

D. CAI. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I will kill him: Take your rapier, *Jack*; I will tell you how I will kill him.

RUGB. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

D. CAI. Villany, take your rapier.

RUGB. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, SHALLOW, PAGE, and SLENDER.

Host. Bless thee, bully doctor.

SHAL. Save you, master doctor *Caius*.

PAGE. Now, good master doctor!

SLEN. Give you good-morrow, sir. [for ?]

D. CAI. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come

Hoff. To see thee fight, to see thee foign, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy puncto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant: Is he dead, my *Ethiopian*? is he dead, my *Francisco*? ha, bully? What says my *Esculapius*? my *Galen*? my heart of elder? ha? is he dead, bully stale? is he dead?

D. CAI. By gar, he is de coward jack priest of de varld; he is not show his face.

Hoff. Thou art a *Castillian*, king urinal; *Hector* of *Greece*, my boy.

D. CAI. I pray you, bear vitnes dat me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

SHAL. He is the wiser man, master doctör: 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, though now a man of peace.

SHAL. Bodykins, master *Page*, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one: though we are justices, and doctörs, and churchmen, master *Page*, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, master *Page*.

PAGE. 'Tis true, master *Shallow*.

SHAL. It will be found so, master *Page*. — Master doctör *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home; I am sworn of the peace: you have show'd yourself a wise physician, and sir *Hugh* hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman: you must go with me, master doctör.

Hoff. Pardon, guest justice: — A word, mounseur mock-water.

D. CAI. Mock-water! vat is dat?

Hof. Mock-water, in our *Englisch* tongue, is valour, bully.

D. CAI. By gar, den I have as much mock-water as de *Englischman*:—Scurvy, jack-dog, priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Hof. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

D. CAI. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Hof. That is, he will make thee amends.

D. CAI. By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Hof. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

D. CAI. Me tank you for dat.

Hof. And moreover, bully,—“but first, master”
“guest, and master *Page*, and eke cavalero *Slender*, go”
“you through the town to *Frogmore*.”

PAGE. “Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?”

Hof. “He is there: see what humour he is in;”
“and I will bring the doctor about by the fields:”
“Will it do well?” [doctor.]

SHAL. “We will do it.”—Adieu, good master

PAGE. SLEN. Adieu, good master doctor.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.]

D. CAI. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jackanape to *Anne Page*.

Hof. Let him dye: 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, try'd game, Said I well?

D. CAI. By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl,

de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Hof. For the which, I will be thy adversary toward *Anne Page*; Said I well?

D. Cai. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Hof. Let us wag then.

D. Cai. Come at my heels, *Jack Rugby*. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Fields near Frogmore.*

Enter *Sir Hugh EVANS*, and *SIMPLE*.

Sir H. I pray you now, good master *Slender's* serving-man, and friend *Simple* by your name, which way have you looked for master *Caius*, that calls himself doctor of physic?

SIMP. Marry, fir, the city-ward, the park-ward, every way; old *Windsor* way, and every way but the town way.

Sir H. I most feheemently desire you, you will also look that way.

SIMP. I will, fir.

Sir H. Pless my soul! how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind!—I shall be glad if he have deceiv'd me:—how melancholies I am?—I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good oportunities for the 'ork:—Pless my soul!

To shallow rivers, to whose falls [singing.
melodious birds sing madrigals;
there will we make our beds of roses,
and a thousand fragrant posies.

To shallow—

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

*melodious birds sing madrigals;—
When as I sat in Pabylon,—
and a thousand vagram posies.*

To shallow—

SIMP. Yonder he is coming, this way, fir *Hugh*.

Sir H. He's welcome:—

To shallow rivers, to whose falls—

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?

SIMP. No weapons, fir: There comes my master, master *Shallow*, and another gentleman, from *Frogmore*, over the stile, this way.

Sir H. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

SHAL. How now, master parson! Good morrow, good fir *Hugh*: Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

SLEN. Ah, sweet *Anne Page*!

PAGE. Save you, good fir *Hugh*!

Sir H. Ples you from his mercy' sake, all of you!

SHAL. What, the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?

PAGE. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rhéumatic day!

Sir H. There is reasons and causes for it.

PAGE. We are come to you, to do a good office, master parson,

Sir H. Fery well; What is it?

PAGE. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, be-like, having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity, and patience, that ever you saw.

SHAL. I have lived fourscore years, and upward; I

never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Sir H. What is he?

PAGE. I think, you know him; master doctor *Caius*, the renowned *French* physician.

Sir H. Got's will, and his passion o'my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

PAGE. Why?

Sir H. He has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates*, and *Galen*,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

PAGE. I warrant you, [*to Shal.*] he's the man should fight with him.

SLEN. O sweet *Anne Page*!

Enter Host, CAIUS, and Rugby.

SHAL. It appears so by his weapons:—Keep them a funder; here comes doctor *Caius*. [pon.

PAGE. Nay, good master parson, keep in your wea-

SHAL. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Difarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our *English*.

D. CAI. I pray you, let-a me speak a vord vit your ear; Verefore vill you not meet-a me?

Sir H. Pray you, use your patience in good time.

D. CAI. By gar, you are de coward, de *Jack* dog, *John* ape.

Sir H. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends:—I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogs-combs, for missing your meetings and appointments.

D. CAI. *Diable!*—*Jack Rugby*,—mine host *de jarteer*,

—have I not stay for him to kill him, have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Sir H. As I am a christians' 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.

D. CAI. Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine host of the garter. Am I politic? 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 fir *Hugh*? no; he gives me the pro-verbs, 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 Host, PAGE, &c.*]

D. CAI. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us? ha, ha!

Sir H. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog:—I desire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this same scal', scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the garter.

D. CAI. By gar, vit all my heart: he promise to bring me vere is *Anne Page*; by gar, he deceive me too.

Sir H. Well, I will smite his noddles: Pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Street.**Enter Mistress PAGE, and ROBIN.*

M. PA. Nay, 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.

M. PA. O, you are a flattering boy; now, I see, you'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

FORD. Well met, mistress *Page*: Whither go you?

M. PA. Truly, sir, to see your wife; Is she at home?

FORD. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company: I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

M. PA. Beshure of that,—two other husbands.

FORD. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

M. PA. 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*!

M. PA. 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.

M. PA. By your leave, sir; I am sick 'till I see her.

[*Exeunt Mistress PAGE, and ROBIN.*]

FORD. Has *Page* any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? sure, they sleep; he hath no

use of them : why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelvescore. 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 lay'd ; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well ; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrow'd vail 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. [*Clock heard.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search ; there I shall find *Falstaff* : I shall be rather prais'd for this, than mock'd ; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that *Falstaff* is there : I will go.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, Sir Hugh,
CAIUS, Host, and Rugby.

SHAL. PAGE, &c. Well met, master *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, master *Ford*.

SLEN. And so must I, sir ; we have appointed to dine with mistress *Anne*, and I would not break with her for more money 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, master *Slender* ; I stand wholly for you :—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

D. CAI. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me; my nursh-a, *Quickly*, tell me so mush.

Hof. What say you to young master *Fenton*? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells *April* and *May*: he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

PAGE. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild prince, and *Pointz*; 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.—Master doctor, you shall go;—so shall you, master *Page*;—and you, fir *Hugh*.

SHAL. Well, fare you well:—we shall have the freer wooing at master *Page*'s.

[*Exeunt* *SHALLOW*, and *SLENDER*.]

D. CAI. Go home, *John Rugby*; I come anon.

[*Exit* *Rugby*.]

Hof. Farewel, my hearts: I will to my honest knight, *Falstaff*; and drink canary with him.

[*Exit* *Hof*.]

FORD. “I think, I shall drink in pipe wine first”
“with him; I'll make him dance.” Will you go, gentles?

all. Have with you, to see this monster. [*Exeunt*.]

SCENE III. A Room in Ford's House.

Enter *Mistress FORD*, and *Mistress PAGE*.

M. Fo. What, *John!* what, *Robert!*

M. Pa. Quickly, quickly;—Is the buck-basket—

M. Fo. I warrant:—What, *Robin*, I say!

Enter *Servants*, with a Basket.

M. Pa. Come, come, come.

M. Fo. Here, set it down.

M. Pa. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

M. Fo. Marry, as I told you before, *John*, and *Robert*, be ready here hard-by in the brew-house; and, when I suddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in *Datchet* mead; and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the *Thames'* side.

M. Pa. You will do it?

M. Fo. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction:—Begone; and come when you are call'd.

M. Pa. Here comes little *Robin*. [*Exeunt Servants.*]

Enter *ROBIN*.

M. Fo. How now, my eas-musket? what news with you?

ROB. My master sir *John* is come in at your back door, mistress *Ford*; and requests your company.

M. Pa. 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.

M. Pa. Thou'rt a good boy: this secrecy of thine shall be a taylor to thee, and shall make thee a new

doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

M. Fo. Do so:—Go, tell thy master, I am alone.
[*Exit ROB.*] *Mistress Page*, remember you your cue.

M. Pa. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me.

[*Exit Mistress PAGE.*]

M. Fo. Go too then;—We'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watry pumpkin; we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter FALSTAFF.

FALS. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why, now let me dye, for I have liv'd long enough; this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

M. Fo. O sweet sir *John*!

FALS. *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.

M. Fo. I your lady, sir *John*! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

FALS. Let the court of *France* shew me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: Thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow; that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of *Venetian* admittance.

M. Fo. A plain kerchief, sir *John*: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

FALS. Thou art a traitor to say so: thou would'st make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circl'd farthingale. I see what thou wert, if fortune thy foe were not; nature is thy friend: Come thou canst not hide it.

M. Fo. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

FALS. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like a many of these lisp'ing hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like *Bucklers-bury* in simple time; I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deserv'st it. [trefs *Page*.

M. Fo. Do not betray me, fir; I fear, you love mis-

FALS. 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.

M. Fo. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

FALS. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

M. Fo. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Re-enter ROBIN.

ROB. Mistress *Ford*, mistress *Ford*! here's mistress *Page* at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

FALS. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras. [stepping behind it.

M. Fo. Pray you, do so; she's a very tatling woman.—

Enter Mistress PAGE.

What's the matter? how now?

M. PA. O mistress *Ford*, what have you done? you're sham'd, you're overthrown, you're undone for ever.

M. Fo. What's the matter, good mistress *Page*?

M. PA. O, wel-a-day, mistress *Ford*! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

M. Fo. What cause of fuspicion?

M. Pa. What cause of fuspicion? Out upon you! how am I mistook in you?

M. Fo. Why, alas, what's the matter?

M. Pa. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in *Windsor*, to searh 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.

M. Fo. 'Tis not so, I hope.

M. Pa. Pray heaven 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 searh 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.

M. Fo. 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.

M. Pa. For shame! never stand *you bad rather*, and *you bad rather*; your husband's here at hand, bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him: — O, how have you deceiv'd me! — Look, here is a basket; if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linnen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or, it is whiting time, send him by your two men to *Datchet* mead.

M. Fo. He's too big to go in there: What shall I do?

FALS. [*Starting from his Concealment.*] 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.

M. PA. What; fir *John Falstaff!*—Are these your letters, knight?

FALS. I love thee; help me away: Let me creep in here: I'll never — [*goes into the Basket, Women cover him.*]

M. PA. Help to cover your master, boy:—Call your men, mistress *Ford*:—You dissembling knight!

M. FO. What, *John, Robert, John!*— [*Re-enter Servants.*] Go, take up these cloaths here, quickly; Where's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble: carry them to the landrefs in *Datchet* mead; quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and
Sir Hugh 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 landrefs, forsooth.

M. FO. 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.—Gentlemen, [*Exeunt Servants, with the Basket.*] 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:— [*locking the Door*] 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. [*Exit FORD.*]

Sir H. This is fery fantastical humours, and jealousies.

D. CAI. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of *France*: it is not jealous in *France*.

PAGE. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search. [*Exeunt Sir Hugh, PAGE and CAIUS.*]

M. PA. Is there not a double excellency in this?

M. FO. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or sir *John*.

M. PA. What a taking was he in, when your husband ask'd who was in the basket?

M. FO. I am half afraid, he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

M. PA. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would, all of the same strain were in the same distress.

M. FO. I think, my husband hath some special suspicion of *Falstaff's* being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy 'till now.

M. PA. 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.

M. FO. 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?

M. PA. We will do it; let him be sent for to-morrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and Sir Hugh.

FORD. I cannot find him: may be, the knave brag'd of that he could not compass.

M. PA. "Heard you that?"

[*to M. Ford.*]

M. Fo. You use me well, master *Ford*? do you?

FORD. Ay, I do so.

M. Fo. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

FORD. Amen.

M PA. You do yourself mighty wrong, master *Ford*.

FORD. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Sir H. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the pressies, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

D. CAI. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

PAGE. Fie, fie, master *Ford*! are you not asham'd? what spirit, what devil, suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of *Windsor* castle.

FORD. 'Tis my fault, master *Page*; I suffer for it.

Sir H. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

D. CAI. By gar, I see 'tis an honest 'oman.

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. [ny.

Sir H. If there is one, I shall make two in the compa-

D. CAI. If dere be one or two, I shall make a de turd.

FORD. Pray you, go, master *Page*.

Sir H. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave mine host.

D. CAT. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Sir H. A lousy knave; to have his gibes, and his mockeries: [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. A Room in 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, Heaven so speed me in the time to come! Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, *Anne*: Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value Than stamps in gold, or fums in sealed bags; And 'tis the very riches of thyself That now I aim at.

ANNE. Gentle master *Fenton*, Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir: If opportunity, and humblest suit, Cannot attain it, why then,—Hark you hither.

[*they converse apart.*]

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, and
Mistress QUICKLY.

SHAL. Break their talk, mistress *Quickly*; my kins-
man shall speak for himself. [venturing.]

SLEN. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't: 's-lid, 'tis but

SHAL. Be not dismay'd.

SLEN. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for
that, — but that I am afraid.

QUIC. Hark ye; master *Slender* would speak a word
with you. [choice:]

ANNE. I come to him. — “ This is my father's
“ 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. [drawing him aside.]

SHAL. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou
hadst a father!

SLEN. I had a father, mistress *Anne*; — my uncle
can tell you good jests of him: — Pray you, uncle, tell
mistress *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 *Glocestershire*.

SHAL. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

SLEN. Ay, that I will, come cut and long tail, un-
der the degree of a 'squire.

SHAL. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds
jointure. [self.]

ANNE. Good master *Shallow*, let him woo for him-

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 heartlings, 'that's a pretty jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

ANNE. I mean, master *Slender*, what would you with me?

SLEN. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: Your father, and my uncle, hath made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole: They can tell you how things go, better than I can: You may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter PAGE, and Mistress PAGE.

PAGE. Now, master *Slender*;—Love him, daughter *Anne*:—

Why, how now! what does master *Fenton* here?
You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:
I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

FENT. Nay, master *Page*, be not impatient.

M. PA. 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 not retire: Let me have your good will.

ANNE. Good mother, do not marry me to yon' fool.

M. PA. 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'the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips.

M. PA. 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.

FENT. Farewel, my gentle mistress; farewell, Nan.

[Exeunt Mistress PAGE, and ANNE.]

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 FENTON.]

QUIC. Now heaven 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 master Slender had her;
or, in sooth, I would master 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 master
Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to sir John Fal-
staff from my two mistresses; What a beast am I to slack
it? [Exit.]

SCENE V. *A Room in the garter Inn.**Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*FALS. *Bardolph, I say,—*

BARD. Here, sir.

FALS. Go, fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. [*Exit BARD.*] Have I liv'd to be carry'd in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to be thrown in the *Thames*? Well; if I be serv'd such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i'the 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 drown. 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.

*Re-enter BARDOLPH, with the Wine.*BARD. Here's mistress *Quickly*, sir, to speak with you.FALS. Come, let me pour in some sack to the *Thames'* 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.

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

QUIC. By your leave;—I cry you mercy:—Give your worship good morrow.

FALS. Take away these challices; Go, brew me a pottle of sack finely.

BARD. With eggs, sir?

FALS. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage.—[Exit BARD.] How now?

QUIC. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from mistress Ford.

FALS. 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.

FALS. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

QUIC. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn 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.

FALS. 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.

FALS. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

QUIC. Eight and nine, sir.

FALS. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

QUIC. Peace be with you, sir! [Exit.]

FALS. I marvel, I hear not of master Brook; he sent me word, to stay within: I like his money well. O, here he comes.

Enter FORD.

FORD. Bless you, sir!

FALS. Now, master Brook? you come to know what hath past between me and Ford's wife?

FORD. That, indeed, sir John, is my business.

FALS. Master *Brook*, I will not lye to you; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

FORD. And sped you, sir?

FALS. Very ill-favour'dly, master *Brook*.

FORD. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

FALS. No, master *Brook*: but the peaking cornuto her husband, master *Brook*, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embrac'd, kiss'd, protested, and (as it were) spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and (forsooth) to search his house for his wife's love.

FORD. What, while you were there?

FALS. While I was there.

FORD. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

FALS. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress *Page*; gives intelligence of *Ford*'s approach; and, in her invention, and *Ford*'s wife's distraction, they convey'd me into a buck-basket.

FORD. A buck-basket!

FALS. Yes, a buck-basket: ram'd me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins; that, master *Brook*, there was the rankest compound of villanous smell, that ever offended nostril.

FORD. And how long lay you there?

FALS. Nay, you shall hear master *Brook*, what I have suffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cram'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 asked them once or twice, what they had in their basket: I quak'd for fear lest the lunatic 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 several deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected by a jealous rotten bell-weather: next, to be compass'd, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stop'd 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 furge, 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 then is desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

FALS. 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 received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master *Brook*.

FORD. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

FALS. Is it? I will then address me to my appoint-

ment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: Adieu. You shall have her, master *Brook*; master *Brook*, you shall cuckold *Ford*. [Exit FALSTAFF.]

FORD. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? master *Ford*, awake; awake, master *Ford*; there's a hole made in your best coat, master *Ford*. This 'tis to be marry'd! this 'tis to have linnen, and buck-baskets! Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the letcher; he is at my house: he cannot 'scape me, 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places: Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn-mad. [Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Street.*

Enter Mistress PAGE, Mistress QUICKLY, and WILLIAM.

M. PA. Is he at mistress *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. Mistress *Ford* desires you to come suddenly.

M. PA. 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 Sir Hugh EVANS.

How now, sir *Hugh*? no school to-day?

Sir H. No; master *Slender* is let the boys leave to play.

QUIC. Blessing of his heart!

M. PA. 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.

Sir H. Come hither, *William*; hold up your head; come.

M. PA. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Sir H. *William*, how many numbers is in nouns?

WILL. Two.

QUIC. Truly, I thought there had been one number more; because they say, od's-nouns.

Sir H. Peace your tattlings.—What is, fair, *William*?

WILL. *Pulcher.*

QUIC. Poulcats! there are fairer things than poulcats, sure.

Sir H. You are a very simplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace.—What is, *lapis*, *William*?

WILL. A stone.

Sir H. And what is a stone, *William*?

WILL. A pebble,

Sir H. No, it is *lapis*; I pray you, remember in your prain.

WILL. *Lapis.*

Sir H. That is a good *William*: What is he, *William*, that does lend articles?

WILL. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined, *Singulariter nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

Sir H. *Nominativo, hig, hag, hog;*—Pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus:* Well, what is your accusative case?

WILL. *Accusativo, hinc.*

Sir H. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *Accusativo, hing, hang, hog.*

QUIC. *Hang-hog* is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Sir H. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. — What is the focative case, *William?*

WILL. *O—vocativo, o.*

Sir H. Remember, *William:* focative is, *caret.*

QUIC. And that's a good root.

Sir H. 'Oman, forbear.

M. P.A. Peace.

Sir H. What is your genitive case plural, *William?*

WILL. Genitive case?

Sir H. Ay.

WILL. Genitive — *horum, harum, horum.*

QUIC. Vengeance of *Jenny's* case! fie on her! — never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Sir H. For shame, 'oman.

QUIC. You do ill to teach the child such words: — he teaches him to hic, and to hac, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call, horum; — Fie upon you!

Sir H. 'Oman, art thou lunaticks? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? thou art as foolish christian creatures, as I would desires.

M. P.A. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.

Sir H. Shew me now, *William,* some declensions of

your pronouns.

WILL. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Sir H. It is, *qui, quæ, quod*: if you forget your *qui's*, your *quæ's*, and your *quod's*, you must be preeches. Go your ways, and play; go.

M. PA. He is a better scholar, than I thought he was.

Sir H. He is a good sprag memory. Farewel, mistresses *Page*.

M. PA. Adieu, good sir *Hugh*.—Get you home, boy.
—Come, we stay too long. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. A Room in Ford's House.

Enter FALSTAFF, and Mistress FORD.

FALS. Mistress *Ford*, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance: I see, you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, mistress *Ford*, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

M. Fo. He's a birding, sweet sir *John*.

M. PA. [within.] What ho, gossip *Ford*! what ho!

M. Fo. Step into the chamber, sir *John*.

[Exit FALSTAFF.]

Enter Mistress PAGE.

M. PA. How now, sweet heart? who's at home besides yourself?

M. Fo. Why, none but mine own people.

M. PA. Indeed?

M. Fo. No, certainly: "Speak louder."

M. PA. Truly, I am so glad you have no body here:

M. Fo. Why?

M. PA. Why, woman, your husband is in his old

Junes again : he so takes on yonder with my husband ; so rails against all marry'd 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 his distemper he is in now : I am glad, the fat knight is not here.

M. Fo. Why, does he talk of him ?

M. PA. 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.

M. Fo. How near is he, mistress *Page* ?

M. PA. Hard by ; at street end ; he will be here anon.

M. Fo. I am undone ! — the knight is here.

M. PA. Why, then you are utterly sham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you ! Away with him, away with him ; Better shame than murther.

M. Fo. Why, which way should he go ? how should I bestow him ? Shall I put him into the basket again ?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

FALS. No, I'll come no more i' th' basket : — May I not go out ere he come ?

M. PA. Alas, three of master *Ford's* brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out ; otherwise, you might slip away ere he came : But what make you here ?

FALS. What shall I do ? — I'll creep up into the chimney.

M. Fo. There they always use to discharge their birding pieces: Creep into the kiln-hole.

FALS. Where is it?

M. Fo. 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.

FALS. I'll go out then.

M. Fo. If you go out in your own semblance, you dye, sir *John*; unless you go out disguis'd.—How might we disguise him?

M. PA. 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.

FALS. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity, rather than a mischief.

M. Fo. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of *Brentford*, has a gown above.

M. PA. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is: and there's her thrumb hat, and her muffler too;—Run up, sir *John*.

M. Fo. Go, go, sweet sir *John*: mistress *Page*, and I, will look some linnen for your head.

M. PA. Quick, quick; we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while. [Exit FALSTAFF.]

M. Fo. I would, my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of *Brentford*; he swears, she's a witch; forbad her my house, and hath threaten'd to beat her.

M. PA. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

M. Fo. But is my husband coming?

M. PA. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

M. Fo. 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.

M. PA. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of *Brentford*.

M. Fo. I'll first direct my men, what they shall do with the basket:—Go up; I'll bring linnen for him straight. [Exit.

M. PA. Hang him dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,

Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:

We do not act, that often jest and laugh;

'Tis old, but true, Still swine eats all the draff. [Exit.

Re-enter Mistress FORD, with her two Men.

M. Fo. 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. [Exit.

1. *Ser.* Come, come, take it up.

2. *Ser.* Pray heaven, it be not full of the knight again!

1. *Ser.* I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW,

and Sir Hugh EVANS.

FORD. Ay, but if it prove true, master *Page*, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villain:—Somebody call my wife:—Youth in a basket!—O, 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 passeth!—Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinion'd.

Sir H. Why, this is lunaticks! this is mad as a mad dog!

SHAL. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Enter Mistress FORD.

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?

M. Fo. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

FORD. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out:—Come forth, firrah. *[pulling out the Cloaths.*

PAGE. This passeth!

M. Fo. Are you not ashamed? let the cloaths alone.

FORD. I shall find you anon.

Sir H. 'Tis unreasonable!—Will you take up your wife's cloaths? come away.

FORD. Empty the basket, I say.

M. Fo. Why, man, why—

FORD. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket; Why may not he be there again? In my house, I am sure, he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable;—Pluck me out all the linnen.

M. Fo. If you find a man there, he shall dye a flea's death.

PAGE. Here's no man.

SHAL. By my fidelity, this is not well, master *Ford's*; this wrongs you.

Sir H. 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 walnut for his wife's leman: Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

M. Fo. What ho, mistress *Page!* come you, and the old woman, down; my husband will come into the chamber.

FORD. Old woman! what old woman's that?

M. Fo. Why, it is my maid's aunt of *Brentford*.

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 the figure, and such dawbery as this is; beyond our element: we know nothing.—Come down, you witch, you hag you; come down, I say.

M. Fo. Nay, good sweet husband;—good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter Mistress PAGE; leading in Falstaff, disguis'd.

M. PA. Come, mother *Prat*, come, give me your hand.

FORD. I'll *Prat* her:—Out of my doors, you witch; [*to Falst.*] you hag, you baggage, you poulcat,

you ronyon! out, out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you.

[beating, and driving him out.

M. PA. Are you not asham'd? I think, you have kill'd the poor woman.

[you

M. FO. Nay, he will do it;—'Tis a goodly credit for

FORD. Hang her witch!

Sir H. By yea and no, I think the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'omans has a great peard; I spy a great peard under his muffler.

FORD. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

PAGE. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come, gentlemen.

[Exeunt PAGE, FORD, SHAL. and Sir Hugh.

M. PA. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

M. FO. Nay, by th' mafs, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

M. PA. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd, and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

M. FO. What think you? may we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

M. PA. 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.

M. FO. Shall we tell our husbands how we have serv'd him?

M. PA. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains: If they can find in their hearts, the poor, unvirtuous, fat knight

shall be any further afflicted, we two will be still the ministers.

M. Fo. I'll warrant, they'll have him publickly sham'd: and, methinks, there would be no fit period to the jest, should he not be publickly sham'd.

M. Pa. Come, to the forge with it then, shape it; I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Room in the garter Inn.*

Enter BARDOLPH.

BARD. Sir, the *Germans* desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Hof. 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. Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.

Hof. They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay, I'll sauce them: they have had my houses a week at command; I have turn'd away my other guests: they must not come off; I'll sauce them:— Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Room in Ford's House.*

Enter Sir HUGH, PAGE, FORD, Mistress PAGE, and Mistress FORD.

Sir H. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a 'omans as ever I did look upon.

PAGE And did he send you both these † letters at an instant?

M. Pa. Within a quarter of an hour. [*wilt;*

FORD. Pardon me, wife: Henceforth do what thou

† *Germans* desires. † call him to

I rather will suspect the sun with cold,
 Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand,
 In him that was of late an heretick,
 As firm as faith.

PAGE. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more:
 Be not as éxtream in submission,
 As in offence;

But let our plot go forward: let our wives
 Yet once again, to make us publick sport,
 Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
 Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it. [of.

FORD. There is no better way than that they spoke

PAGE. How! send him word, they'll meet him in
 At midnight! fie, fie; he will never come. [the park

Sir H. You say, he has been thrown in the rivers;
 and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman: 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. [comes,

M. Fo. Devise but how you'll use him when he
 And let us two devise to bring him thither. [ter,

M. PA. There is an old tale goes, that *Herne* the hun-
 Sometime a keeper here in *Windsor* forest,
 Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
 Walk round about an oak, with great jag'd horns;
 And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle,
 And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
 In a most hideous and dreadful manner:
 You have 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 *Horn* 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 ?

M. FO. Marry, this is our device ; —
That *Falstaff* at that oak shall meet with us,
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 ? [thus :

M. PA. That likewise have we thought upon, and
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 too, 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.

FORD. And, 'till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,
And burn him with their tapers.

M. PA. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves ; dishorn the spirit,
And mock him home to *Windsor*.

FORD. The children must

Be practic'd well to this, or they'll ne'er dot'.

Sir H. I will teach the children their behaviours ;
and I will be like a jackanapes also, to burn the knight
with my taber. [vizards.

FORD. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them

M. PA. 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,"
" Shall master *Slender* steal my *Nan* away,"

" And marry her at *Eaton*." Go, send to *Falstaff*
Straight.

FORD. Nay, I'll to him again in name of *Brook* :
He'll tell me all his purpose : Sure, he'll come.

M. PA. Fear not you that : Go, get us properties,
And tricking for our fairies.

Sir H. Let us about it : It is admirable pleasures, and
fery honest knaveries. [Exeunt *FORD*, *PAGE*, and *Sir H.*

M. PA. Go, mistress *Ford*,
Send quickly to sir *John*, to know his mind.

[Exit Mistress *FORD*.

I'll to the doctor ; he hath my good will,

And none but he, to marry with *Nan Page*.

That *Slender*, though well landed, is an ideot ;

And he my husband best of all affects :

The doctor is well money'd, and his friends

Potent at court ; he, none but he, shall have her,

Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.

SCENE V. A Room in the garter Inn.

Enter *Hoff*, and *SIMPLE*.

Hoff. What would'st thou have, boor ? what, thick-
skin ? speak, breath, discuss ; brief, short, quick, snap.

SIMP. Marry, fir, I come to speak with fir *John Falstaff* from master *Slender*.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his cattle, his standing-bed and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and new: Go, knock and call; he'll speak like an *Anthropophaginian* unto thee: Knock, I say.

SIMP. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, fir, 'till she come down: I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman? the knight may be rob'd: I'll call. — Bully knight! bully fir *John*! speak from thy lungs military; Art thou there? it is thine host, thine *Ephesian*, calls.

FALS. [*above*] How now, mine host?

Host. Here's a *Bohemian-Tartar* carries the coming down of thy fat woman: Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: Fie! privacy? fie!

Enter FALSTAFF.

FALS. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.

SIMP. Pray you, fir, was't not the wise woman of *Brentford*?

FALS. Ay, marry, was it, mussel-shell; What would you with her?

SIMP. My master, fir, my master *Slender*, sent to her, seeing her go thorough the streets, to know, fir, whether one *Nym*, fir, that beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

FALS. I spake with the old woman about it.

SIMP. And what says she, I pray, fir?

FALS. 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.

FALS. What are they? let us know.

Hof. Ay, come; quick.

SIMP. I may not conceal them, fir.

Hof. Conceal them, or thou dy'ft.

SIMP. Why, fir, they were nothing but about mistress *Anne Page*; to know, if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

FALS. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

SIMP. What, fir?

FALS. To have her, or no: Go; say, the woman told me so.

SIMP. May I be bold to say so, fir?

FALS. Ay, fir; like who more bold.

SIMP. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [Exit.

Hof. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, fir *John*: Was there a wise woman with thee?

FALS. Ay, that there was, mine host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life: and I pay'd nothing for it neither, but was pay'd for my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH, hastily.

BARD. Out, alas, fir! cozenage, meer cozenage!

Hof. 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 be-

hind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs, and away, like three *German* divels, three doctor *Faustus's*.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say, they be fled; *Germans* are honest men.

Enter Sir Hugh EVANS.

Sir H. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Sir H. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there is three cousin germans, that has cozen'd all the hosts of *Readings*, of *Maidenhead*, of *Colebrook*, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and v'louting-stogs; and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened: Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

D. CAI. Vere is mine host *de jartere*?

Host. Here, master doctor; in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

D. CAI. I cannot tell vat is dat: But it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke *de Jamany*: by my trot, dere is no duke, dat de court is know, to come: I tell you for good vill: adieu. [*Exit.*

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go:—assist me, knight; I am undone:—fly, run, hue and cry, villain; I am undone! [*Excunt Host, and BARDOLPH.*

FALS. I would, all the world might be cozen'd; for I have been cozen'd, 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 boots 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 *Primer*. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent. — Now!

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

whence come you?

QUIC. From the two parties, forsooth.

FALS. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestowed! I have suffer'd more for their sakes, more, than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

QUIC. And have not they suffer'd? yes, I warrant; 'specially one of them; mistress *Ford*, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

FALS. 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 *Brentford*: but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had fet me i'the 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 here is to bring you together! sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so cross'd.

FALS. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Another Room.*

Enter Host, and FENTON.

Hof. Master *Fenton*, talk not to me ; my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

FENT. Yet hear me speak ; Assist me in my purpose, And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred pound in gold, more than your los.

Hof. I will hear you, master *Fenton* ; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

FENT. From time to time I have acquainted you With the dear love I bear to fair *Anne Page* ; Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection (So far forth as herself might be her chooser) Even 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 in it : the image of the jest I'll show 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 taking off their minds, And at the deanery, 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 habit, 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 denote 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 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. [ther ?

Host. Which means she deceive? father, or mo-

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. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I. A Room in the garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF, and QUICKLY.

FALS. 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.

FALS. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince. [*Exit QUICKLY.*

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?

FALS. 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 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 pluck'd geese, play'd truant, and whip'd 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 revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow: Strange things in hand, master *Brook*! follow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Street.*

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

PAGE. Come, come; we'll couch i'the castle-ditch, 'till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son *Slender*, my daughter.

SLÉN. 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.

SHAL. That's good too; But what needs either your mum, or her budget? the white will decipher her well enough.—It hath strook ten o'clock.

PAGE. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! *None means evil, But the devil;*—and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Another Street, leading to the Park.*

Enter Mistress PAGE, CAIUS, and Mistress FORD.

M. PA. Master 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.

D. CAI. I know vat I have to do; Adieu.

M. PA. Fare you well, fir. [Exit CAIUS.] 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.

M. FO. Where is *Nan* now, and her troop of fairies? and the *Welch* devil, *Hugh*?

M. PA. 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.

M. FO. That cannot choose but amaze him.

M. PA. If he be not amaz'd, he will be mock'd; if

9 No man means

26 *Herne*?

lie be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd.

M. Fo. We'll betray him finely.

M. Pa. Against such lewdsters, and their lechery,
Those that betray them do no treachery.

M. Fo. The hour draws on; To the oak, to the oak!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Park.*

Enter Sir HUGH, Pistol, Quickly, Anne Page, and Others, vizarded, and disguis'd for Fairies.

Sir H. 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.*]

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Park.*

Enter FALSTAFF, disguis'd.

FALS. The *Windsor* bell hath strook twelve; the minute draws on: Now the hot-blooded gods assist me!—Remember, *Jove*, thou wast a bull for thy *Europa*; love set on thy horns:—O 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*:—O omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose?—A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O *Jove*, a beastly fault!—and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl;—think on't, *Jove*; a foul fault.—When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a *Windsor* stag; and the fattest, I think, i'the 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*.

M. Fo. Sir *John*? art thou there, my deer; my male deer?

FALS. My doe, with the black scut?—Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green-sleeves*; hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

[*embracing her.*]

M. Fo. *Mistress Page* is come with me, sweet heart.

FALS. Divide me like a brib'd-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! speak I like *Herne* the hunter?—Why, now is *Cupid* a child of conscience; he makes restitution:—As I am a true spirit, welcome.

M. PA. Alas, what noise? [Noise within.]

M. Fo. Heaven forgive our sins!

FALS. What should this be?

Wom. Away, away. [they run off.]

FALS. I think, the devil will not have me damn'd, lest the oil that's in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter, from the Pit, *Sir HUGH*, and his Troop of Fairies, with Lights, running.

QUIC. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moon-shine revellers, and shades of night,
You orphan heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.—
Cryer Hob-goblin, make the fairy o-yes.

PISIT. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to *Windsor* chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,

There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry;
Our radiant queen hates fluts, and fluttery. [dye :

FALS. They are fairies; he, that speaks to them, shall
I'll wink, and couch; No man their works must eye.

[*lies down, upon his Face.*

Sir H. Where's *Pede*?—go you, and where you find
a maid,

That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Rein up the organs of her fantasy;
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy:
But those, as sleep, and think not on their sins,
Pinch them arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and thins.

QUIC. ——— About, about;

Search *Windfor* castle, elves, within and 'out:
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room;
That it may stand 'till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit,
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm and every precious flower:
Each fair instalment coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest;
And nightly, meadow fairies, look you sing,
Like to the garter's compass, in a ring:
The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, write
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
Like saphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckl'd below fair knighthood's bending knee;
Fairies use flowers for their charactery.
Away; disperse: But 'till 'tis one o'clock,

Our dance of custom, round about the oak
Of *Herne* the hunter, let us not forget.

Sir H. 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.

FALS. Heavens defend me from that *Welch* fairy!
lest he transform me to a piece of cheese.

PIST. Vile worm, thou wast o'er-look'd even in thy
birth.

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.

PIST. A trial, come.

Sir H. Come, will this wood take fire?

[*applying their Tapers.*]

FALS. O, o, o!

QUIC. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!—
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rime;
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

SONG. *Fie on sinful fantasy!*
fie on lust, and luxury!
lust is but a bloody fire,
kind'd with unchaste desire,
fed in heart; whose flames aspire,
as thoughts do blow them, higher and higher:—
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
pinch him for his villany;
pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
'till candles, and star-light, and moon-shine be out.

During this Song, (in which the Fairies pinch Falstaff, burn him with their Tapers, and dance about him) Doctor Caius comes one way, and carries off a Fairy in green; Slender another way, and takes one in white; and Fenton steals away Mistress Anne. Noise heard within: Fairies break off their Dance: Falstaff rises: and Enter FORD, PAGE, Mistress FORD and Mistress PAGE.

PAGE. Nay, do not fly: I think, we have watch'd you now;

Will none but *Herne* the hunter serve your turn?

M. PA. I pray you, come, hold up the jest no higher:—
Now, good fir *John*, how like you *Windsor* wives?—
See you † these, husband? do not these fair oaks
Become the forest better than the town?

FORD. Now, fir, 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 enjoyed nothing of *Ford's*, but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money; which must be pay'd too, master *Brook*; his horses are arrested for it, master *Brook*.

M. FO. 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.

FALS. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

FORD. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

FALS. 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 rime and

reason, that they were fairies : See now, how wit may be made a jack-o'-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

Sir H. Sir *John Falstaff*, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

FORD. Well said, fairy *Hugh*.

Sir H. And leave you your jealousies also, I pray you.

FORD. I will never mistrust my wife again, 'till thou art able to woo her in good *English*

FALS. Have I lay'd my brain in the sun, and dry'd it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a *Welch* goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'tis time I were choak'd with a piece of toasted cheese.

Sir H. Seefe is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

FALS. Seefe and putter! have I liv'd to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of *English*? this is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the realm.

M. PA. Why, fir *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?

M. PA. 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. And as wicked as his wife?

Sir H. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

FALS. Well, I am your theme; you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the *Welch* flannel, ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me: use me as you will.

FORD. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to *Windsor*, to one master *Brook*, that you have cozen'd of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffer'd, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

PAGE. Yet be chearful, knight: thou shalt eat a poffet to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee; tell her, master *Slender* hath marry'd her daughter.

M. PA. Doctors doubt that; if *Anne Page* be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor *Caius'* wife.

Enter SLENDER.

SLEN. Whoo, ho, ho, father *Page!*

PAGE. Son! how now? how now, son? Have you dispatch'd?

SLEN. Dispatch'd!—I'll make the best in *Glo'ster-shire* 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.

SLÉN. 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?

SLÉN. 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.

M. PA. Good *George*, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turn'd my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there marry'd.

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

D. CAI. Vere is mistress *Page*?—By gar, I am cozened; I have marry'd *un garçon*, a boy, *un paisan*, by gar, a boy; it is not *Anne Page*: by gar, I am cozened.

M. PA. Why, did you take her in green?

D. CAI. Ay, by gar, and 'tis a boy: by gar, I'll raise all *Windsor*. [Exit CAIUS.]

FORD. This is strange! Who hath got the right *Anne*?

PAGE. My heart misgives me: Here comes master *Fenton*.

Enter FENTON, and ANNE PAGE.

How now, master *Fenton*?

ANNE. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

PAGE. Now, mistress? how chance you went not with master *Slender*?

M. PA. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

FENT. You do amaze her; Hear the truth of it.

⁸ v. Note. ¹⁷ oon *Garson*, a boy; oon *Pefant*,

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.
 The 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 curst hours,
 Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

FORD. Stand not amaz'd: here is no remedy:—
 In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state;
 Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

FALS. I am glad, though you ta'en a special stand
 to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.

PAGE. Well, what remedy?—*Fenton*, heaven give
 thee joy!

What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

FALS. When night dogs run, all sorts of deer are
 chac'd.

M. PA. Well, I will muse no further:—*Master Fenton*,
 Heaven 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.*]

