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THE

WORKS

OF

MARKET

VOL. I

THE
WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. II.

1871

WORKS

1871

WARRICK'S

VOLUME OF PROSE

CONTAINING

<p>THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST BY JOHN WARRICK</p>	<p>THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES THE SECOND BY JOHN WARRICK</p>
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THE
WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE:

VOLUME the SECOND.

CONTAINING,

The MERCHANT of VENICE.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.
AS YOU LIKE IT.
TAMING the SHREW.

ALL'S WELL that ENDS
WELL.

TWELFTHNIGHT; Or, WHAT
YOU WILL.

LONDON:

Printed for A. BETTESWORTH and C. HITCH,
J. TONSON, F. CLAY, W. FEALES,
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W O R K S

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THE
M E R C H A N T
OF
V E N I C E.

VOL. II.

B

Dramatis Personæ.

DUKE of Venice.

Morochius, *a Moorish Prince,* } *Suiters to Portia.*
Prince of Arragon,

Anthonio, *the Merchant of Venice.*

Bassanio, *his Friend, in love with Portia.*

Salanio,

Solarino, } *Friends to Anthonio and Bassanio.*

Gratiano, }

Lorenzo, *in love with Jessica.*

Shylock, *a Jew.*

Tubal, *a Jew, his Friend.*

Launcelot, *a Clown, Servant to the Jew.*

Gobbo, *an old Man, Father to Launcelot.*

Leonardo, *Servant to Bassanio.*

Balthazar,

Stephano, } *Servants to Portia.*

Portia, *an Heiress of great Quality and Fortune.*

Nerissa, *Confident to Portia.*

Jessica, *Daughter to Shylock.*

*Senators of Venice, Officers, Jailor, Servants and
other Attendants.*

SCENE, *partly at Venice; and partly at Bel-
mont, the Seat of Portia upon the Continent.*



T H E
MERCHANT *of* VENICE.

A C T I.

SCENE, *a Street in Venice.*

Enter Antonio, Solarino, and Salanio.

A N T H O N I O.

IN sooth, I know not why I am so sad:
It wearies me; you say, it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn ———

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know my self.

Sal. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your Argosies with portly Sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the sea,
Do over-peer the petty traffickers,
That curtsie to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Sola. Believe me, Sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would

Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
 Plucking the grass, to know where fits the wind;
 Peering in maps for ports, and peers, and roads;
 And every object, that might make me fear
 Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
 Would make me sad.

Sal. My wind, cooling my broth,
 Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
 What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
 I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
 But I should think of shallows and of flats;
 And see my wealthy *Andrew* dock'd in sand,
 Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,
 To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
 And see the holy edifice of stone,
 And not bethink me strait of dang'rous rocks?
 Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
 Would scatter all the spices on the stream,
 Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
 And in a word, but even now worth this,
 And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought
 To think on this, and shall I lack the thought,
 That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me sad?
 But tell not me; — I know, *Antonio*
 Is sad to think upon his merchandize.

Anth. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
 My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
 Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
 Upon the fortune of this present year:
 Therefore, my merchandize makes me not sad.

Sola. Why then you are in love.

Anth. Fie, fie!

Sola. Not in love neither! then let's say, you're sad,
 Because you are not merry; and 'twere as easy
 For you to laugh and leap, and say, you're merry,
 Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed *Janus*,
 Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
 Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
 And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
 And others of such vinegar aspect,

That

That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though *Nestor* swear, the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo and Gratiano.

Sal. Here comes *Bassanio*, your most noble kinsman;
Gratiano and *Lorenzo*: fare ye well;
We leave ye now with better company.

Sola. I would have staid 'till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Anth. Your worth is very dear in my regard:
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace th' occasion to depart.

Sal. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bass. Good Signiors both, when shall we laugh?
say, when?

You grow exceeding strange; must it be so?

Sal. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

Sola. My lord *Bassanio*, since you've found *Anthonio*,
We two will leave you; but at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

Bass. I will not fail you. [*Exeunt Solar. and Sala.*]

Gra. You look not well, Signior *Anthonio*;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

Anth. I hold the world but as the world, *Gratiano*,
A stage, where every man must play his part,
And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the fool; —
With mirth, and laughter, let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandfire cut in *Alabaster*?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, *Anthonio*,
(I love thee, and it is my love that speaks :)
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stilness entertain,

6 *The Merchant of VENICE,*

With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
 As who should say, I am *Sir Oracle*,
 And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!
 O my *Antonio*, I do know of those,
 That therefore only are reputed wise,
 For saying nothing; who, I'm very sure,
 If they should speak, would almost damn those ears, (1)
 Which hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
 I'll tell thee more of this another time:
 But fish not with this melancholy bait,
 For this fool's gudgeon, this Opinion.
 Come, good *Lorenzo*; fare ye well a while;
 I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then 'till dinner-time.
 I must be one of these same dumb wise men;
 For *Gratiano* never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
 Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Anth. Fare well; I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i'faith; for silence is only commendable
 In a neats tongue dry'd, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt Gra. and Loren.*]

Anth. Is that any thing now?

Bass. *Gratiano* speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more
 than any man in all *Venice*: his reasons are as two
 grains of wheat hid in two Bushels of chaff; you shall

(1) ——— would almost damn those Ears,] Several Old Editions have it, *dam*, *damme*, and *daunt*. Some more correct Copies, *damn*. The Author's Meaning is this; That some People are thought wise, whilst they keep Silence; who, when they open their mouths, are such stupid Praters, that their Hearers cannot help calling them *Fools*, and so incur the Judgment denounc'd in the *Gospel*. The Allusion is to St. *Matthew*, Ch. v. ver. 22. *And whosoever shall say to his Brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the Council: but whosoever shall say, thou Fool, shall be in danger of Hell-fire.* I had regulated and explain'd this Passage in my *SHAKESPEARE restor'd*; as also shewn, how frequent it is with our Author to allude to Texts and History of *Scripture*. Mr. *Pope*, in his last Edition, has vouchsafed to borrow the Correction and Explanation. I ought to take notice, the ingenious Dr. *Thirlby* concurr'd in our Author's Meaning, without knowing what I had done on the Passage.

seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Anth. Well; tell me now what lady is the same,
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to day promis'd to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, *Antonio*,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By shewing something a more swelling port,
Than my faint means would grant continuance;
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged: to you, *Antonio*,
I owe the most in mony, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
T' unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Anth. I pray you, good *Bassanio*, let me know it;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour; be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extreamest means
Lye all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; by ventring both,
I oft found both. I urge this child-hood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wilful youth,
'That which I owe is lost; but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both;
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Anth. You know me well; and herein spend but time,
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,

Than if you had made waste of all I have.
Then do but say to me, what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.

Bass. In *Belmont* is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wond'rous virtues; sometime, from her eyes (2)
I did receive fair speechless messages;
Her name is *Portia*, nothing undervalu'd
To *Cato's* daughter, *Brutus' Portia*:
Nor is the wide world ign'rant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned tutors; and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of *Belmont*, *Colchos' strand*;
And many *Jasons* come in quest of her.
O my *Antonio*, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Anth. Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are at sea,
Nor have I mony, nor commodity,
To raise a present sum; therefore, go forth;
Try what my credit can in *Venice* do;
That shall be rack'd even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to *Belmont*, to fair *Portia*:
Go, presently enquire, and so will I,
Where mony is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*

(2) ——— sometimes from her Eyes.] So all the Editions; but it certainly ought to be, *sometime*, (which differs much more in Signification, than seems at first View:) i. e. *formerly*, *some time ago*, at a *certain time*: and it appears by the subsequent Scene, that *Bassanio* was at *Belmont* with the *Marquis de Mountferrat*, and saw *Portia* in her Father's life-time. And our Author, in several other Places uses the Word, in such Acceptation. King *Richard II.*

Good sometime Queen, prepare thee hence for France.

And again, in the same Play;

*With much ado at length have gotten Leave
To look upon my sometime Master's Face.*

And in *Hamlet*;

Therefore our sometime Sister, now our Queen;

SCENE

SCENE changes to BELMONT.

Three Caskets are set out, one of gold, another of silver,
and another of lead.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. **B**Y my troth, *Nerissa*, my little body is weary
of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries
were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are;
and yet, for ought I see, they are as sick, that surfeit
with too much, as they that starve with nothing;
therefore it is no mean happiness to be seated in the
mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but
competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better, if well follow'd.

Por. If to do, were as easie as to know what were
good to do, chappels had been churches; and poor
mens cottages, Princes palaces. He is a good divine,
that follows his own instructions; I can easier teach
twenty (3) what were good to be done, than to be one
of the twenty to follow my own teaching. The brain
may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps
o'er a cold decree; such a hare is madness the youth,
to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple!
But this reasoning is not in fashion to chuse me a hus-
band: O me, the word, chuse! I may neither chuse
whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the

(3) *I can easier teach twenty]* This Reflection of *Portia* has very much
the Cast of one in *Philemon*, the Greek Comic Poet, and Contemporary
with *Menander*.

Ἄλλω πονεῖν ἐπὶ βλάβειον παραινέσαι

Ἔστιν, ποιῆσαι δ' αὐτὸν ἐχθὲρ βλάβειον.

*It is easy to advise Another under a Difficulty; not so easy to follow what
One is able to advise.* I dare not pretend, therefore, that our Author
imitated this Sentiment; for in moral Axioms, particularly, allowing an
Equality of Genius, Writers of all Times and Countries may happen to
strike out the same Thought,

will

will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father: is it not hard, *Nerissa*, that I cannot chuse one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chuses his meaning, chuses you) will no doubt never be chosen by any rightly, but one whom you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors, that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou nam'st them, I will describe them; and according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the *Neapolitan Prince*.

Por. Ay, that's a Dolt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; (4) and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself: I am much afraid, my lady, his mother, play'd false with a smith.

Ner. Then, there is the Count *Palatine*.

Por. He doth nothing but frown, as who should say, if you will not have me, chuse: he hears merry tales, and smiles not; I fear, he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmanly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

(4) *Ay, that's a Colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse;]* Tho' all the Editions agree in this Reading, I can perceive neither Humour, nor Reasoning, in it: How does talking of Horses, or knowing how to shoe them, make a Man e'er the more a *Colt*? Or, if a *Smith* and a *Lady of Figure* were to have an Affair together, would a *Colt* be the Issue of their Caresses? This seems to me to be *Portia's* Meaning. *What do you tell me of the Neapolitan Prince? he is such a stupid Dunces, that instead of saying fine things to me, he does Nothing but talk of his Horses.* The Word, *Dolt*, which I have substituted, fully answers this Idea; and signifies one of the most *stupid* and *blockish* of the Vulgar: and in this Acceptation it is used by our Author, particularly, in the following Passage of *Othello*.

— Ob, Gull! ob, Dolt!
As ignorant as Dirt!

Ner.

Ner. How say you by the *French* Lord, Monsieur *Le Boun*?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man; in truth, I know, it is a sin to be a mocker; but he! why, he hath a horse better than the *Neapolitan's*; a better bad habit of frowning than the Count *Palatine*; he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls strait a capering; he will fence with his own shadow; if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to *Faulconbridge*, the young Baron of *England*?

Por. You know, I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him; he hath neither *Latin*, *French*, nor *Italian*; and you may come into the court and swear, that I have a poor pennyworth in the *English*. He is a proper man's picture, but alas! who can converse with a dumb show? how odly he is suited! I think, he bought his doublet in *Italy*, his round hose in *France*, his bonnet in *Germany*, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the *Scottish* lord, his neighbour? (5)

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrow'd a box of the ear of the *Englishman*, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able. I think, the *Frenchman* became his surety, and sealed under for another. (6)

Ner.

(5) ——— of the *Scottish Lord*, his Neighbour?] Thus the old 4to's, and thus the Poet certainly wrote. Mr. Pope takes notice of a various Reading; (*viz.* *What think you of the other Lord* — which is in the first *Folio*;) but has not accounted for the Reason of it, which was This. Our Author exhibited this Play in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, when there was no Occasion for any Restraint in satirizing the *Scotch*. But upon the Accession of King *James* the First, the *Union* taking Place, and the Court swarming with People of that Nation, the Players, thro' a Fear of giving Disgust, thought fit to make this Change.

(6) *I think, the Frenchman became his Surety, and seal'd under for another.*] This was a severe Sarcastm on the *French* Nation; and, no Doubt,

Ner. How like you the young *German*, the Duke of *Saxony's* nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon when he is drunk; when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast; and the worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to chuse, and chuse the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of *Rhenish* wine on the contrary casket; for if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know, he will chuse it. I will do any thing, *Nerissa*, ere I will be marry'd to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as *Sibylla*, I will die as chaste as *Diana*, unless I be obtain'd by the manner of my father's will: I am glad, this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I doat on his very absence, and wish them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a *Venetian*, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of *Mountferrat*?

Por. Yes, yes, it was *Bassanio*, as I think, he was so call'd.

Doubt, a very pleasing one to the Audiences, when this Play was first brought on. To make the *Frenchman*, jointly with the *Scot*, take a Box on the Ear at the *Englishman's* hands, is very humourously, and satirically, alluding to the constant Assistance the *French* always used to give the *Scots* in their Quarrels with the *English*, both in and before our Author's Time: and in which Alliance, they generally came by the worst of it.

Mr. Warburton.

Ner.

Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise. How now? what news?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the Prince of *Morocco*, who brings word the Prince, his master, will be here to night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach; if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me, than wive me. Come, *Nerissa*. Sirrah, go before; while we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, a publick Place in VENICE.

Enter Bassanio and Shylock.

Sky. T Hree thousand ducats? well.

Bass. Ay, Sir, for three months.

Sky. For three months? well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, *Antonio* shall be bound.

Sky. *Antonio* shall become bound? well.

Bass. May you stead me? will you pleasure me? shall I know your answer?

Sky. Three thousand ducats for three months, and *Antonio* bound?

Bass. Your answer to that.

Sky. *Antonio* is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Sky. No, no, no, no; my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition: he hath
an

an Argosie bound to *Tripolis*, another to the *Indies*; I understand moreover upon the *Ryalto*, he hath a third at *Mexico*, a fourth for *England*; and other ventures he hath, squander'd abroad. But ships are but boards, failers but men; there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient; three thousand ducats? I think, I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assur'd, you may.

Shy. I will be assur'd, I may; and that I may be assur'd, I will bethink me; may I speak with *Anthonio*?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation, which your prophet the *Nazarite* conjur'd the devil into? I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the *Ryalto*? — who is he, comes here?

Enter Anthonio.

Bass. This is Signior *Anthonio*.

Shy. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning *Publican* he looks! I hate him, for he is a christian: But more, for that in low simplicity He lends out mony *gratis*, and brings down The rate of usance here with us in *Venice*: If I can catch him once upon the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him. He hates our sacred nation; and he rails, Ev'n there where merchants most do congregate, On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift, Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe, If I forgive him!

Bass. *Shylock*, do you hear? —

Shy. I am debating of my present store, And by the near guess of my memory, I cannot instantly raise up the gross Of full three thousand ducats: what of that? *Tuball*, a wealthy *Hebrew* of my tribe,

Will

Will furnish me; but soft, how many months
Do you desire? Rest you fair, good Signior;

[To Anth.

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Anth. *Shylock*, although I neither lend nor borrow
By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom. — Is he yet possess'd,
How much you would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Anth. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot, three months, you told me so;
Well then, your bond; and let me see, — but
hear you,

Methought, you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Anth. I do never use it.

Shy. When *Jacob* graz'd his uncle *Laban's* sheep,
This *Jacob* from our holy *Abraham* was
(As his wife mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

Anth. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take int'rest; not, as you would say,
Directly, int'rest; mark, what *Jacob* did.
When *Laban* and himself were compromis'd,
That all the yeanlings, which were streak'd and pied,
Should fall as *Jacob's* hire; the ewes being rank,
In th' end of autumn turned to the rams;
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands;
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in yeaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were *Jacob's*.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Anth. This was a venture, Sir, that *Jacob* serv'd for;
A thing, not in his pow'r to bring to pass,
But sway'd, and fashion'd, by the hand of heav'n.

Was

Was this inserted to make int'rest good?
Or is your gold, and silver, ewes and rams?

Sby. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast;
But note me, Signior.

Anth. Mark you this, *Bassanio*?

The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.—

An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.

O, what a goodly outside falshood hath!

Sby. Three thousand ducats! 'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Anth. Well, *Shylock*, shall we be beholden to you?

Sby. Signior *Antonio*, many a time and oft
In the *Ryalto* you have rated me,
About my monies and my usances.
Still have I born it with a patient shrug;
(For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.)
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my *Jewish* gaberdine;
And all for use of that, which is my own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help:
Go to then; you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have monies; you say so;
You, that did void your rheume upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: mony is your suit;
What should I say to you? should I not say,
Hath a dog money? is it possible,
A cur can lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath, and whisp'ring humbleness,
Say this, — fair Sir, you spit on me last *Wednesday*,
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these curtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies?

Anth. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this mony, lend it not
As to thy friend, (for when did friendship take

A breed of barren metal of his friend?) (7)
 But lend it rather to thine enemy ;
 Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face
 Exact the penalty.

Sby. Why, how you storm ?
 I would be friends with you, and have your love ;
 Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with ;
 Supply your present wants, and take no doit
 Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me :
 This is kind I offer.

Anth. This were kindness.

Sby. This kindness will I show ;
 Go with me to a Notary, seal me there
 Your single bond ; and, in a merry sport ;
 If you repay me not on such a day,
 In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
 Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
 Be nominated for an equal pound
 Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
 In what part of your body it shall please me.

Anth. Content, in faith ; I'll seal to such a bond ;
 And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me ;
 I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Anth. Why, fear not, man ; I will not forfeit it ;
 Within these two months (that's a month before
 This bond expires) I do expect return
 Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

(7) *A breed of barren Metal*] Meaning, Money at Usury, Money that breeds more, as Mr. Pope explains it. Consonant to this Phrase, the Latines explain'd Interest thus ; *Fœnus, fœtum accepti* : and the Greeks call'd it *τόκος* : both which Expressions take in our Poet's Idèa of a Breed: See *Non. Marcellus* in v. *fœnus, & mutuum* : and *Grœnovius de Sessertiis*. As for the Contradiction betwixt *Breed*, and *barren*, it is a poetical Beauty in which *Claudian*, among the Classics, particularly abounds. Besides, in this Epithet, perhaps, (as Mr. Warburton ingeniously hinted to me,) our Author would shew us the Reason on which the Advocates against *Usury* went ; and which is the only One they use : That *Metal* is a barren thing ; and cannot, like *Corn* and *Cattle*, multiply itself : and therefore it is unjust, that Interest should be taken for it : for the most superstitious in this Regard allow the taking Interest for *Fruits, Corn, Cattle, &c.*

Sky. O father *Abraham*, what these christians are!
Whose own hard dealings teach them to suspect
The thoughts of others! pray you, tell me this,
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?

A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable or profitable,
As flesh of muttens, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship;
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

Anth. Yes, *Skylock*, I will seal unto this bond.

Sky. Then meet me forthwith at the Notary's.
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats strait;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
I'll be with you. [*Exit.*

Anth. Hie thee, gentle Jew.

This *Hebrew* will turn christian; he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

Anth. Come on, in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt.*

A C T II.

S C E N E, B E L M O N T.

*Enter Morochius, a Tawny-Moor, all in white; and
three or four Followers accordingly; with Portia,
Nerissa, and her train. Flo. Cornets.*

M O R O C H I U S.

MISLIKE me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where

Where *Phœbus*' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
 And let us make incision for your love,
 To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
 I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
 Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I swear,
 The best regarded virgins of our clime
 Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
 Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle Queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
 By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
 Besides, the lottery of my destiny
 Bars me the right of voluntary chusing.
 But if my father had not scanted me,
 And hedg'd me by his wit to yield my self
 His wife, who wins me by that means I told you;
 Your self, renowned Prince, then stood as fair,
 As any comer I have look'd on yet,
 For my affection.

Mor. Ev'n for that I thank you;
 Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets
 To try my fortune. By this scimitar,
 That slew the Sophy and a *Persian* Prince,
 That won three fields of Sultan *Solyman*,
 I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look,
 Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
 Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
 Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
 To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
 If *Hercules* and *Lichas* play at dice
 Which is the better man, the greater throw
 May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
 So is *Alcides* beaten by his page; (8)

C 2

And

(8) *So is Alcides beaten by his Rage.*] Tho' the whole Set of Editions concur in this Reading, and it pass'd wholly unsuspected by the late Learned Editor; I am very well assur'd, and, I dare say, the Readers will be so too presently, that it is corrupt at Bottom. Let us look into the Poet's Drift, and the History of the Persons mention'd in the Context. If *Hercules* (says he) and *Lichas* were to play at Dice for the Decision of their Superiority, *Lichas*, the weaker Man, might have the better Cast of the Two. But how then is *Alcides* beaten by his *rage*? To admit
 this

And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Mifs that, which one unworthier may attain;
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to chuse at all,
Or swear, before you chuse, if you chuse wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore, be advis'd.

Mor. Nor will not; therefore, bring me to my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple; after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then! [*Cornets.*
To make me blest, or curs'd'st among men. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E *changes to Venice.*

Enter Launcelot alone.

Laun. **C**ERTAINLY, my conscience will serve me to
run from this Jew my master. The fiend

this, we must suppose a Gap in the Poet; and that some Lines are lost, in which *Hercules*, in his Passion for losing the Hand, had thrown the Box and Dice away, and knock'd his own head against the Wall for meer Madness. Thus, indeed, might he be said, in some Sense, to be beaten by his Rage. But *Shakespeare* had no such stuff in his head. He means no more, than, if *Lichas* had the better Throw, so might *Hercules* himself be beaten by *Lichas*. And who was He, but a poor unfortunate Servant of *Hercules*, that unknowingly brought his Master the envenom'd Shirt, dipt in the Blood of the Centaur *Nessus*, and was thrown headlong into the Sea for his Pains? This one Circumstance of *Lichas's* Quality known sufficiently ascertains the Emendation I have substituted, of *page* instead of *rage*. It is scarce requisite to hint here, it is a Point so well known, that *Page* has been always us'd in *English* to signify any Boy-Servant: as well as what latter Times have appropriated it to, a Lady's *Trainbearer*. And, consonant to our extended Usage of the Word, the *French* call a *Shipboy*, *un Page du Navire*. So much in Explanation of this new adopted Reading. The very excellent Lord *LANSDOWNE*, in his Alteration of this Play, tho' he might not stand to make the Correction upon the Poet, seems at least to have understood the Passage exactly as I do: and tho he changes the Verse, retains the Sense of it in this manner:

So were a Giant worsted by a Dwarf!

'Tho I had made the Emendation, before I thought to look into his *Lordship's* Performance; it is no small satisfaction to me, that I have the Authority of such a *Genius* to back my Conjecture. Mr. *Pope*, in his last Edition, has thought fit to embrace my Reading.

is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, *Gobbo*, *Launcelot Gobbo*, good *Launcelot*, or good *Gobbo*, or good *Launcelot Gobbo*, use your legs, take the start, run away. My conscience says, no; take heed, honest *Launcelot*; take heed, honest *Gobbo*; or, as aforesaid, honest *Launcelot Gobbo*, do not run; scorn running with thy heels. Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; *via!* says the fiend; away! says the fiend; for the heav'ns rouse up a brave mind, says the fiend, and run. Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, my honest friend *Launcelot*, being an honest man's son, or rather an honest woman's son —— (for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to; he had a kind of taste.) —— well, my conscience says, budge not; budge, says the fiend; budge not, says my conscience; conscience, say I, you counsel ill; fiend, say I, you counsel ill. To be rul'd by my conscience, I should stay with the *Jew* my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and to run away from the *Jew*, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly, the *Jew* is the very devil incarnal; and in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the *Jew*. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel; I will run, fiend, my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter old Gobbo, with a basket.

Gob. Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master *Jew's*?

Laun. O heav'ns, this is my true begotten father, who being more than sand-blind, high gravel-blind, knows me not; I will try confusions with him.

Gob. Master young Gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master *Jew's*?

Laun. Turn up, on your right-hand (9) at the next
C 3 turning,

(9) *Turn up, on your right hand* —] This arch and perplex'd Direction, on purpose to puzzle the Enquirer, seems to be copied from *Syrus to Demeg*, in the *Brothers of Terence*: Act. 4. Sc. 2. — ubi

turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the *Jew's* house.

Gob. By God's fonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit; can you tell me whether one *Launcelot*, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Laun. Talk you of young master *Launcelot*? (mark me now, now will I raise the waters;) talk you of young master *Launcelot*?

Gob. No master, Sir, but a poor man's son. His father, though I say't, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young master *Launcelot*.

Gob. Your worship's friend and *Launcelot*, Sir.

Laun. But, I pray you *ergo*, old man; *ergo* I beseech you, talk you of young master *Launcelot*?

Gob. Of *Launcelot*, an't please your mastership.

Laun. *Ergo*, master *Launcelot*; talk not of master *Launcelot*, father, for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning,) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heav'n.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop? do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman; but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, God rest his soul, alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, Sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father, that knows

*ubi eas præterieris,
Ad sinistram hac rectâ plateâ : ubi ad Dianæ veneris,
Ito ad dextram prius, quàm ad portam venias : &c.*

The Reader, upon a Collation of the whole Passage, will find, how infinitely more concise and humourous the Jest is couch'd in our Poet.

his

his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son; give me your blessing, truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, Sir, stand up; I am sure, you are not *Launcelot* my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am *Launcelot*, your boy, that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think, you are my son.

Laun. I know not, what I shall think of that: but I am *Launcelot* the *Jew's* man, and, I am sure, *Margery* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margery*, indeed. I'll be sworn, if thou be *Launcelot*, thou art my own flesh and blood: lord worship'd might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than *Dobbin* my Thill-horse has on his tail (10).

Laun. It should seem then, that *Dobbin's* tail grows backward; I am sure, he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou chang'd! how dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present; how agree you now?

Laun. Well, well, but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest 'till I have run some ground. My master's a very *Jew*: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famish'd in his service. You may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come, give me your present to one master *Bassanio*, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve him not, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man; to him, father, for I am a *Jew*, if I serve the *Jew* any longer.

(10) than *Dobbin my Thill-horse*] Some of the Editions have it *Phill*, others *Fill-horse*; Both, erroneously. It must be *thill-horse*; i. e. the Horse, which draws in the *Shafts*, or *Thill*, of the Carriage.

Enter Bassanio with Leonardo, and a follower or two more.

Bass. You may do so; but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock: see these letters deliver'd; put the liveries to making, and desire *Gratiano* to come anon to my lodging.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy, would'st thou ought with me?

Gob. Here's my son, Sir, a poor boy, —

Laun. Not a poor boy, Sir, but the rich *Jew's* man, that would, Sir, as my father shall specify.

Gob. He hath a great infection, Sir, as one would say, to serve.

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the *Jew*, and have a desire as my father shall specify.

Gob. His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce catercousins.

Laun. To be brief; the very truth is, that the *Jew*, having done me wrong; doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you.

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is —

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and though I say it, though old man, yet poor man my father.

Bass. One speak for both, what would you?

Laun. Serve you, Sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, Sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit; *Shylock*, thy master, spoke with me this day, And hath preferr'd thee; if it be preferment To leave a rich *Jew's* service, to become The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master *Shylock* and you, Sir; you have the grace of God, Sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well; go, father, with thy son:
Take

Take leave of thy old master, and enquire
My lodging out ; give him a livery,
More guarded than his fellows : see it done.

Laun. Father, in ; I cannot get a service, no ? I have
ne'er a tongue in my head ? well, if any man in *Italy*
have (11) a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon
a book, I shall have good fortune ; go to, here's a
simple line of life ; here's a small trifle of wives ; alas,
fifteen wives is nothing, eleven widows and nine
maids is a simple coming in for one man ! and then
to scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my
life with the edge of a feather bed, here are simple
'scapes ! well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good
wench for this geer. Father, come ; I'll take my leave
of the *Jew* in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Ex. Laun. and Gob.*

Bass. I pray thee, good *Leonardo*, think on this.
These things being bought and orderly bestowed,
Return in haste, for I do feast to night
My best esteem'd acquaintance ; hie thee, go,

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where is your master ?

Leon. Yonder, Sir, he walks ;

[*Ex. Leonardo.*

Gra. Signior *Bassanio*, ———

Bass. *Gratiano* !

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me, I must go with you
to *Belmont*.

(11) *Well, if any Man in Italy have &c]* This stubborn Piece of Non-
sense seems to have taken its Rise from this Accident. In transcribing the
Play for the Press, there was certainly a Line lost ; so that the Passage for
the future should be printed thus ;

*Well, if any Man in Italy have a fairer Table, which doth * * **
** * * * offer to swear upon a Book, I shall have good Fortune.* 'Tis
impossible to find out the lost Line, but the lost Sense is easy enough ; as
thus.

Well, if any Man in Italy have a fairer Table, which doth [promise
good Luck, I am mistaken. I durst almost] offer to swear upon a Book, I
shall have good Fortune.

Mr. Warburton.

Bass.

Bass. Why, then you must: but hear thee, *Gratiano*,
 Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
 Parts, that become thee happily enough,
 And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
 But where thou art not known, why, there they shew
 Something too liberal; pray thee, take pain
 T' allay with some cold drops of modesty
 Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour,
 I be misconstru'd in the place I go to,
 And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior *Bassanio*, hear me.
 If I do not put on a sober habit,
 Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
 Wear prayer-books in my pockets, look demurely;
 Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
 Thus with my hat, and sigh and say, Amen;
 Use all th' observance of civility,
 Like one well studied in a sad ostent
 To please his grandam; never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to night, you shall not gage me
 By what we do to night.

Bass. No, that were pity.
 I would entreat you rather to put on
 Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
 That purpose merriment: but fare you well,
 I have some business.

Gra. And I must to *Lorenzo* and the rest:
 But we will visit you at supper-time. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E *changes to Shylock's house.*

Enter Jessica and Launcelot.

Jes. I'M sorry, thou wilt leave my father so;
 Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
 Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness;
 But fare thee well, there is a ducat for thee.
 And *Launcelot*, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest;

Give

Give him this letter, do it secretly,
And so farewell: I would not have my father
See me talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu; tears exhibit my tongue; most beautiful Pagan, most sweet *Jew!* if a christian did not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceiv'd; but adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit: adieu! [Exit.]

Jes. Farewel, good *Launcelot.*
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be ashamed to be my father's child?
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O *Lorenzo,*
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a christian, and thy loving wife. [Exit.]

S C E N E, *the Street.*

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Solarino, and Salanio.

Lor. NAY, we will flink away in supper-time, disguise us at my lodging, and return all in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Sal. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Sola. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly ordered, And better in my mind not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four a-clock, we have two hours To furnish us. Friend *Launcelot,* what's the news?

Enter Launcelot, with a letter.

Laun. An' it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signifie.

Lor. I know the hand; in faith, 'tis a fair hand; And whiter than the paper, it writ on, Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, Sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, Sir, to bid my old master the *Jew* to sup to night with my new master the christian.

Lor.

28 *The Merchant of Venice.*

Lor. Hold, here, take this; tell gentle *Jessica*,
I will not fail her; speak it privately.

Go. — Gentlemen, will you prepare for this masque to
night?

I am provided of a torch-bearer. [*Exit* *Laun.*]

Sal. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it strait.

Sola. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me, and *Gratiano*,
At *Gratiano's* lodging some hour hence.

Sal. 'Tis good, we do so. [*Exit.*]

Gra. Was not that letter from fair *Jessica*?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all; she hath directed,
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.

If e'er the *Jew* her father come to heav'n,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake;

And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless *Jew*.

Come, go with me; peruse this, as thou goest;
Fair *Jessica* shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *Shylock's house.*

Enter Shylock and Launcelot.

Shy. WELL, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy
judge,

The difference of old *Shylock* and *Bassanio*.

What, *Jessica*! — thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with me — what, *Jessica*! —
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out.

Why, *Jessica*! I say.

Laun. Why, *Jessica*!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I did not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me, that I
could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, *Jessica*; There

There are my keys: but wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal christian. *Jessica*, my girl,
Look to my house; I am right loth to go;
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of mony-bags to night.

Laun. I beseech you, Sir, go; my young master doth expect your reproach.

Sky. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together, I will not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on black monday last, at six a-clock i'th' morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

Sky. What! are there masques? hear you me, *Jessica*. Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum, And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife, Clamber not you up to the casements then, Nor thrust your head into the publick street, To gaze on christian fools with varnish'd faces: But stop my house's ears; I mean, my casements; Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter My sober house. By *Jacob's* staff, I swear, I have no mind of feasting forth to night: But I will go; go you before me, sirrah: Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, Sir. Mistress, look out at window, for all this; There will come a christian by, Will be worth a *Jewess's* eye.

[Exit *Laun.*

Sky. What says that fool of *Hagar's* off-spring? ha.

Jes. His words were, farewell, mistress; nothing else.

Sky. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder: Snail-flow in profit, but he sleeps by day More than the wild cat; drones hive not with me, Therefore I part with him; and part with him To one, that I would have him help to waste His borrow'd purse. Well, *Jessica*, go in;

Perhaps,

30 *The Merchant of VENICE.*

Perhaps, I will return immediately ;
Do, as I bid you. ———

Shut the doors after you ; *fast bind, fast find* ;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.

[*Exit.*

Jes. Farewel ; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter lost.

[*Exit.*

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Gratiano and Salanio in masquerade.

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which *Lorenzo*
desired us to make a stand.

Sal. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Sal. O, ten times faster *Venus'* pidgeons fly (12)
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited !

Gra. That ever holds. Who riseth from a feast,
With that keen appetite that he sits down ?
Where is the horse, that doth untread again
His tedious measures with th' unbated fire,
That he did pace them first ? all things that are,

(12) *O, ten times faster Venus' Pidgeons fly*] This is a very odd Image, of *Venus's* Pidgeons flying to seal the Bonds of Love. The sense is obvious, and We know the Dignity due to *Venus's* Pidgeons. There was certainly a Joke intended here, which the Ignorance, or Boldness, of the first Transcribers have murder'd : I doubt not, but *Shakespeare* wrote the Line thus ;

*O, ten times faster Venus' Widgeons fly
To seal &c.*

For *Widgeon* is not only the silly Bird so call'd, but signifies likewise, metaphorically, a *silly Fellow*, as *Goose*, or *Gudgeon*, does now. The Joke consists in the Ambiguity of the Signification ; and to call the Votaries of Love *Venus's Widgeons* has, I think, something very pretty. But the Transcribers finding *Widgeon* in the Text, and knowing Nothing of its figurative Signification, substituted *Pidgeon* as a more usual, (or perhaps, better sounding) Word. *Butler* has made the very same Joke upon the Presbyterians. Canto 1st. pt. 1. v. 231.

Th' Apostles of this fierce Religion,

Like Mahomet's were As, and Widgeon.

The Monks, in their fabulous Account of *Makomet*, said, he taught a *Pidgeon* to pick Peas out of his Ear for the Ends of his Imposture.

Mr. Warburton.

ARC

Are with more spirit chafed than enjoy'd.
How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The skarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Enter Lorenzo.

Sal. Here comes *Lorenzo*: more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs have made you wait;
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then; come, approach;
Here dwells my father *Jew*. Hoa, who's within?

Jessica above, in boy's cloaths.

Jes. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear, that I do know your tongue.

Lor. *Lorenzo*, and thy love.

Jes. *Lorenzo* certain, and my love, indeed;
For who love I so much? and now who knows,
But you, *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heav'n and thy thoughts are witness, that thou
art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket, it is worth the pains.
I'm glad, 'tis night, you do not look on me;
For I am much asham'd of my exchange;
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, *Cupid* himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, goodsooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love,
And I should be obscur'd.

Lor. So are you, sweet,
Ev'n in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once ———

For

For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are staid for at *Bassanio's* feast.

Jess. I will make fast the doors, and gild my self
With some more ducats, and be with you strait.

[*Ex. from above.*]

Gra. Now by my hood, a Gentile, and no *Jew.*

Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd her self;
And therefore like her self, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter Jessica, to them.

What, art thou come? on, gentlemen, away;
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay. [*Exit.*]

Enter Antonio.

Anth. Who's there?

Gra. Signior *Antonio*, —

Anth. Fie, *Gratiano*, where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock, our friends all stay for you;
No masque to night; the wind is come about,
Bassanio presently will go aboard;
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I'm glad on't; I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail, and gone to night. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to Belmont.

Enter Portia with Morochius, and both their trains.

Por. GO, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The sev'ral caskets to this noble Prince.
Now make your choice. [*Three caskets are discovered.*]

Mor. The first of gold, which this inscription bears,
Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
The second silver, which this promise carries,
Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
'This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.

How

How shall I know, if I do chuse the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, Prince;
If you chuse that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some God direct my judgment! let me see,
I will survey th' inscriptions back again;
What says this leaden casket?

Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
Must give; for what? for lead? hazard for lead?

This casket threatens. Men, that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages:

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I'll then not give; nor hazard, ought for lead.

What says the silver, with her virgin hue?

Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.

As much as he deserves? pause there, *Morochius*;
And weigh thy value with an even hand.

If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough

May not extend so far as to the lady;

And yet to be afraid of my deserving,

Were but a weak disabling of my self.

As much as I deserve? — why, that's the lady:

I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces, and in qualities of breeding:

But more than these, in love I do deserve.

What if I stray'd no farther, but chose here?

Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold.

Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire.

Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her:

From the four corners of the earth they come

To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing faint.

Th' *Hyrceanian* deserts, and the vastie wilds

Of wide *Arabia*, are as thorough-fares now,

For Princes to come view fair *Portia*.

The wat'ry kingdom, whose ambitious head

Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar

To stop the foreign spirits; but they come

As o'er a brook, to see fair *Portia*.

One of these three contains her heav'nly picture.

Is't like, that lead contains her? 'twere damnation,

To think so base a thought : it were too gross
 To rib her searcloth in the obscure grave.
 Or shall I think, in silver she's immur'd,
 Being ten times undervalu'd to try'd gold ?
 O sinful thought, never so rich a gem
 Was set in worse than gold ! they have in *England*
 A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
 Stamped in gold, but that's insculpt upon :
 But here an angel in a golden bed
 Lyes all within. Deliver me the key ;
 Here do I chuse, and thrive I as I may !

Por. There take it, Prince, and if my form lye
 there,

Then I am yours. [Unlocking the gold casket.]

Mor. O hell ! what have we here ? a carrion death,
 Within whose empty eye there is a scowl :
 I'll read the writing.

*All that glisters is not gold,
 Often have you heard that told ;
 Many a man his life hath sold,
 But my outside to behold.
 Gilded wood may worms infold :
 Had you been as wise as bold,
 Young in limbs, in judgment old,
 Your answer had not been inscol'd ;
 Fare you well, your suit is cold.*

Mor. Cold, indeed, and labour lost :
 Then farewell, heat ; and welcome, frost :
Portia, adieu ; I have too griev'd a heart
 To take a tedious leave : thus losers part. [Exit.]

Por. A gentle riddance : draw the curtains ; go —
 Let all of his complexion chuse me so. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E *changes to Venice.*

Enter Solarino and Salanio.

Sal. **W**H Y, man, I saw *Bassanio* under sail ;
 With him is *Gratiano* gone along ;

And

And in their ship, I'm sure, *Lorenzo* is not.

Sola. The villain *Jew* with outcries rais'd the Duke,
Who went with him to search *Bassanio's* ship.

Sal. He came too late, the ship was under sail;
But there the Duke was giv'n to understand;
That in a *Gondola* were seen together
Lorenzo and his am'rous *Jessica*:

Besides, *Anthonio* certify'd the Duke,
They were not with *Bassanio* in his ship.

Sola. I never heard a passion so confus'd;
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog *Jew* did utter in the streets;
My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
Fled with a christian? O my christian ducats!
Justice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stoln from me by my daughter!
And jewels, two stones, rich and precious stones,
Stoln by my daughter! justice! find the girl;
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats.

Sal. Why, all the boys in *Venice* follow him,
Crying his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Sola. Let good *Anthonio* look, he keep his day;
Or he shall pay for this.

Sal. Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd with a *Frenchman* yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas, that part
The *French* and *English*, there miscarried
A vessel of our country richly fraught:
I thought upon *Anthonio*, when he told me,
And wish'd in silence, that it were not his.

Sola. You were best to tell *Anthonio* what you hear,
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Sal. A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw *Bassanio* and *Anthonio* part.
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return: he answer'd, do not so,
Slubber not business for my sake; *Bassanio*,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the *Jew's* bond, which he hath of me,

Let it not enter in your mind of love :
 Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
 To courtship, and such fair ostents of love,
 As shall conveniently become you there.
 And even there, his eye being big with tears,
 Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
 And with affection wond'rous sensible
 He wrung *Bassanio's* hand, and so they parted.

Sola. I think, he only loves the world for him.
 I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
 And quicken his embraced heaviness
 With some delight or other.

Sal. Do we so.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to Belmont.*

Enter Nerissa with a Servant.

Ner. **Q**UICK, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain
 strait;
 The Prince of *Arragon* has ta'en his oath,
 And comes to his election presently.

Enter Arragon, his train, Portia. Flor. Cornets.
The Caskets are discover'd.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble Prince;
 If you chuse that, wherein I am contain'd,
 Strait shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd:
 But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
 You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath t'observe three things;
 First, never to unfold to any one
 Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
 Of the right casket, never in my life
 To woo a maid in way of marriage:
 Last, if I fail in fortune of my choice,
 Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear,
 That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I address'd me; fortune now
 To my heart's hope! gold, silver, and base lead.

Wh.

Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
 You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
 What says the golden chest? ha, let me see;
 Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
 What many men desire ——— that may be meant
 Of the fool-multitude, that chuse by show,
 Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
 Which pry not to th' interior, but like the martlet
 Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
 Ev'n in the force and road of casualty.
 I will not chuse what many men desire,
 Because I will not jump with common spirits,
 And rank me with the barb'rous multitudes.
 Why then to thee, thou silver treasure-house:
 Tell me once more, what title thou dost bear.
 Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves;
 And well said too, for who shall go about
 To cozen fortune, and be honourable
 Without the stamp of merit? let none presume
 To wear an undeserved dignity:
 O that estates, degrees, and offices,
 Were not deriv'd corruptly, that clear honour
 Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
 How many then should cover, that stand bare?
 How many be commanded, that command?
 How much low peasantry would then be gleaned
 From the true seed of honour? how much honour (13)
 Pickt

(13) ——— how much honour

Pickt'd from the Chaff and Ruin of the Times,
 To be new varnish'd.] Mr. Warburton very justly observ'd to me
 upon the Confusion and Disagreement of the *Metaphors* here; and is of
 Opinion, that *Shakespeare* might have wrote;

To be new vanned. ———

i. e. winnow'd, purged: from the *French* Word, *vanner*; which is de-
 riv'd from the *Latin*, *Vannus*, *ventilabrum*, the *Fann* used for winnowing
 the Chaff from the Corn. This Alteration, as he observes, restores the
 Metaphor to its Integrity: and our Poet frequently uses the same
 Thought. So, in the 2d Part of *Henry IV*.

We shall be winnow'd with so rough a Wind,
 That ev'n our Corn shall seem as light as Chaff.

And, again, in *K. Henry V*.

Such, and so finely boulded didst thou seem,

Pickt from the chaff and ruin of the times,
 To be new varnish'd? well, but to my choice:
Who chusetb me, shall get as much as he deserves:
 I will assume desert; give me a key for this,
 And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

[Unlocking the silver casket,

Ar. What's here! the portrait of a blinking idiot,
 Presenting me a schedule? I will read it:
 How much unlike art thou to *Portia*?
 How much unlike my hopes and my deservings?
Who chuses me, shall have as much as he deserves.
 Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
 Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
 And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

*The fire sev'n times tried this ;
 Sev'n times tried that judgment is,
 That did never chuse amiss.
 Some there be, that shadows kiss ;
 Such have but a shadow's bliss :
 There be fools alive, I wis,
 Silver'd o'er, and so was this :
 Take what wife you will to bed,
 I will ever be your head :
 So be gone, Sir, you are sped.*

Ar. Still more fool I shall appear,
 By the time I linger here :
 With one fool's head I came to woo,
 But I go away with two.
 Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,
 Patiently to bear my wroth.

[Exit.

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth :
 O these deliberate fools! when they do chuse,
 They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

for vaulted signifies sifted, resin'd. The Correction is truly ingenious, and probable : But as *Shakespeare* is so loose and licentious in the blending of different Metaphors, I have not ventur'd to disturb the Text.

Ner.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy,
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, *Nerissa*.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?

Por. Here, what would my lord?

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young *Venetian*, one that comes before
To signify th' approaching of his lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets;
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value; yet, I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love.
A day in *April* never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee; I am half afraid,
Thou'lt say anon, he is some kin to thee;
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him:
Come, come, *Nerissa*, for I long to see
Quick *Cupid's* post, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. *Bassanio*, lord Love, if thy will it be! (14)

[*Exeunt.*]

(14) *Bassanio Lord, love, if*] Mr. *Pope*, and all the preceding Editors have follow'd this pointing; as imagining, I suppose, that *Bassanio* lord — means, *Lord Bassanio*; but *Lord* must be coupled to *Love*: as if she had said, “ *Imperial Love*, if it be thy Will, let it be *Bassanio* whom this “ *Messenger* fore-runs.



A C T III.

S C E N E, a Street in VENICE.

Enter Salanio and Solarino.

S O L A R I N O.

N O W, what news on the *Ryalto*?

Sal. Why yet it lives there uncheckt, that *Anthonio* hath a ship of rich lading wrackt on the narrow seas; the *Godwins*, I think, they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lye bury'd, as they say, if my gossip *Report* be an honest woman of her word.

Sola. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapt ginger; or made her neighbours believe, she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain high-way of talk, that the good *Anthonio*, the honest *Anthonio* ——— O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!

Sal. Come, the full stop.

Sola. Ha, what say'st thou? why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Sal. I would, it might prove the end of his losses.

Sola. Let me say *Amen* betimes, lest the devil cross thy prayer, (15) for here he comes in the likeness of a *Jew*. How now, *Shylock*, what news among the merchants?

Enter Shylock.

Shy. You knew (none so well, none so well as you) of my daughter's flight.

(15) ——— *lest the Devil cross my Prayer.*] But the Prayer was *Salanio's*. The other only, as Clerk, says *Amen* to it. We must therefore read ——— thy Prayer.

Mr. Warburton.

Sal.

Sal. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the taylor that made the wings she flew withal.

Sola. And *Shylock*, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd, and then it is the complection of them all to leave the dam.

Sby. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Sby. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Sola. Out upon it, old carrion, rebels it at these years?

Sby. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Sal. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rhenish; but tell us, do you hear, whether *Anthony* have had any loss at sea or no?

Sby. There I have another bad match; a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dares scarce shew his head on the *Rialto*; a beggar, that us'd to come so smug upon the mart! let him look to his bond; he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond; he was wont to lend money for a christian courtesie; let him look to his bond.

Sal. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?

Sby. To bait fish withal. If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge; he hath disgrac'd me, and hinder'd me half a million, laugh'd at my losses, mockt at my gains, scorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a *Jew*. Hath not a *Jew* eyes? hath not a *Jew* hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, heal'd by the same means, warm'd and cool'd by the same winter and summer, as a christian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a *Jew* wrong a christian,

christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a christian wrong a *Jew*, what should his sufferance be by christian example? why, Revenge. The villany, you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant from Anthonio.

Ser. Gentlemen, my master *Anthonio* is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Sal. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter Tubal.

Sola. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be match'd, unless the devil himself turn *Jew*.

[*Exeunt Sala. and Solar.*

Sby. How now, *Tubal*, what news from *Genoua*? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Sby. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in *Frankfort*! the curse never fell upon our nation 'till now, I never felt it 'till now; two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels! I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the Jewels in her ear; O, would she were hers'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin. No news of them; why so! and I know not what's spent in the search: why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge, nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs but o' my breathing, no tears but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; *Anthonio*, as I heard in *Genoua* —

Sby. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an *Argosie* cast away, coming from *Tripolis*.

Sby. I thank God, I thank God; is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wrack.

Sby.

Sby. I thank thee, good *Tubal*; good news, good news; ha, ha, where? in *Genoua*?

Tub. Your daughter spent in *Genoua*, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Sby. Thou stick'st a dagger in me; I shall never see my gold again; fourscore ducats at a sitting, fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of *Anthony's* creditors in my company to *Venice*, that swear he cannot chuse but break.

Sby. I am glad of it, I'll plague him, I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them shew'd me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Sby. Out upon her! thou torturest me, *Tubal*; it was my *Turquoise*, I had it of *Leab* when I was a bachelor; I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But *Anthony* is certainly undone.

Sby. Nay, that's true, that's very true; go see me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of *Venice*, I can make what merchandize I will: go: go, *Tubal*, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good *Tubal*; at our synagogue, *Tubal*. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E *changes to Belmont.*

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and attendants.

The Caskets are set out.

Por. I Pray you, tarry, pause a day or two,
I Before you hazard; for in chusing wrong
I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while.
There's something tells me (but it is not love)
I would not lose you; and you know your self,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,
I would detain you here some month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you

How

How to chuse right, but I am then forsworn:
 So will I never be; so may you miss me;
 But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
 That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
 They have o'erlook'd me, and divided me;
 One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
 Mine own, I would say: but if mine, then yours;
 And so all yours. Alas! these naughty times
 Put bars between the owners and their rights:
 And so tho' yours, not yours; prove it so,
 Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
 I speak too long, but 'tis to péece the time,
 To eche it, and to draw it out in length,
 To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me chuse:

For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, *Bassanio*? then confess,
 What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,
 Which makes me fear th' enjoying of my love:
 There may as well be amity and life
 'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but, I fear, you speak upon the rack;
 Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess and live.

Bass. Confess, and love,
 Had been the very sum of my confession.
 O happy torment, when my torturer
 Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
 But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away then! I am lockt in one of them;
 If you do love me, you will find me out.

Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof,
 Let musick sound, while he doth make his choice;
 Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
 Fading in musick. That the comparison
 May stand more just, my eye shall be the stream
 And wat'ry death-bed for him: he may win,
 And what is musick then? then musick is

Even

Even as the flourish, when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young *Alcides*, when he did redeem
The virgin-tribute, paid by howling *Troy*
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;
The rest aloof are the *Dardanian* wives,
With bleared visages come forth to view
The issue of th' exploit. Go, *Hercules!* ———
Live thou, I live; with much, much more dismay
I view the fight, than thou, that mak'st the fray.

[*Musick within.*]

A Song, whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.

*Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?*

Reply, reply.

*It is engender'd in the eye,
With gazing fed, and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lyes:*

Let us all ring fancy's knell.

I'll begin it.

Ding, dong, bell.

All, Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves:

The world is still deceiv'd with Ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? in religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.

How

How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
 As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
 The beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars*;
 Who, inward searcht, have livers white as milk?
 And these assume but valour's excrement,
 To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
 And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight,
 Which therein works a miracle in nature,
 Making them lightest, that wear most of it:
 So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
 Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
 Upon supposed fairness, often known
 To be the dowry of a second head,
 The skull, that bred them, in the sepulcher.
 Thus Ornament is but the guiled shore (16)
 To a most dang'rous sea; the beauteous scarf
 Veiling an *Indian* beauty; in a word,
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on
 T' entrap the wisest. Then thou gaudy gold,
 Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee:
 Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
 'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meager lead,
 Which rather threatnest, than dost promise ought, (17)
 Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence;
 And here chuse I; joy be the consequence!

(16) ————— is but the gilded Shore] I have restor'd, on the Authority of the old 4to's and *Folio* Impressions, *guiled*, i. e. *guily*; furnish'd for Deceit, made to betray. The Poet uses the participle *passive* in an *active* Signification; as, *vice versa*; it will be found, upon Observation, that he employs the *active* participle *passively*. To give a single Instance from *K. Lear*;

*Who, by the Art of known and feeling Sorrows,
 Am pregnant to good Pity.*

For *feeling Sorrows* here means Sorrows that make themselves *felt*.

(17) *Thy Plainness moves me more than Eloquence*;] *Bassanio* is displeas'd at the golden Casket for its *Garwdiness*, and the Silver one for its *Paleness*; but, What! is he charm'd with the Leaden one for having the very same Quality that displeas'd him in the Silver? The Poet never intended such an absurd Reasoning. He certainly wrote,

Thy Plainness moves me more than Eloquence; This characterizes the Lead from the Silver, which *Paleness* does not, they being both *pale*. Besides, there is a Beauty in the *Antithesis* between *Plainness* and *Eloquence*; between *Paleness* and *Eloquence*, none.

Mr. Warburton.

Por.

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,
And shudd'ring fear, and green-ey'd jealousy.
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasie;
In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess,
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
For fear I surfeit. [*Opening the leaden casket.*]

Bass. What find I here?
Fair *Portia's* counterfeit? what Demy-god
Hath come so near creation? move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? here are sever'd lips
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should funder such sweet friends: here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh t' intrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes, ———
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks, it should have pow'r to steal both his,
And leave it self unfinished: yet how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it; so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scrowl,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

*You that chuse not by the view,
Chance as fair, and chuse as true:
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your blifs,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.*

A gentle scrowl; fair lady, by your leave; [*Kissing her.*]
I come by note to give, and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes;
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, gazing still in doubt,
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;

So

So (thrice-fair lady) stand I, even so,
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratify'd by you.

Por. You see me, lord *Bassanio*, where I stand;
Such as I am; tho' for my self alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish my self much better; yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times my self;
A thousand times more fair; ten thousand times
More rich; that, to stand high in your account;
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of something, which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; more happy then in this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits it self to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her King:
My self, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted. But now I was the Lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er my self; and even now; but now,
This house, these servants, and this same my self
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring,
Which, when you part from, lose or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my pow'rs,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved Prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy
Express'd, and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to say, *Bassanio's* dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy, good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra. My lord *Bassanio*, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy, that you can wish;
For, I am sure, you can wish none from me:
And when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Ev'n at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours;
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd; I lov'd: for intermission (18)
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the casket there;
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here until I sweat again,
And swearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love; at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here,

(18) *You lov'd; I lov'd for Intermission.*] Thus this Passage has been nonsensically pointed thro' all the Editions. If *loving for Intermission* can be expounded into any Sense, I confess, I as yet am ignorant, and shall be glad to be instructed in it. But till then I must beg Leave to think, the Sentence ought to be thus regulated;

You lov'd, I lov'd: — For Intermission

No more pertains to me, my Lord, than You.

i. e. standing idle; a Pause, or Discontinuance of Action. And such is the Signification of *Intermissio* and *Intermissus* amongst the *Latines*. — *Neque alia ulla fuit causa intermissionis Epistolarum, nisi quod ubi esses planè nesciebam:* says *Cicero* to *Trebatius*. “Nor was there any other Reason for my discontinuing to write, but that I was absolutely ignorant where you were”. And so *Pliny*, of the Nightingale: *Lusciniis diebus ac noctibus quindecim garrulus sine intermissu Cantus*. “Nightingales hold their Song for fifteen days and nights together, without *Intermission*”. Our Author uses this Word again in his *Lear*:

Deliver'd Letters spight of Intermission,

Which presently they read.

i. e. in spight of any Pause, or Delay. Sometimes, *without Intermission*, is, without Cessation: as in the Greek, ἀδιαλείπτως, ἀπύσως. So in *As you like it*;

And I did laugh, sans Intermission,

An hour by his Dial.

To have her love, provided that your fortune
Atchiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, *Nerissa*?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

Bass. And do you, *Gratiano*, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them, the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No, we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.

But who comes here? *Lorenzo* and his infidel?

What, and my old *Venetian* friend, *Salanio*?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salanio.

Bass. *Lorenzo* and *Salanio*, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,
I bid my very friends and country-men,
(*Sweet Portia*) welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord; they are intirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour; for my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with *Salanio* by the way,
He did intreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Sal. I did, my lord;
And I have reason for't; Signior *Antonio*
Commends him to you. [*Gives Bassanio a Letter.*]

Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

Sal. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind; his letter there
Will shew you his estate. [*Bassanio opens the letter.*]

Gra. *Nerissa*, cheer yond stranger: Bid her welcome. (19)

Your

(19) *Nerissa, cheer yond Stranger.*] The Poet has shewn a singular Art here, in his Conduct with Relation to *Jessica*. As the Audience were already

Your hand, *Salanio*; what's the news from *Venice*?
How doth that royal merchant good *Antonio*?
I know, he will be glad of our success:
We are the *Fasons*, we have won the fleece.

Sal. Would, you had won the fleece, that he hath
lost!

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yond same
paper,

That steal the colour from *Bassanio's* cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!
With leave, *Bassanio*, I am half your self,
And I must have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet *Portia*!

Here are a few of the unpleasant't words,
That ever blotted paper. Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true; and yet, dear lady,
Rating my self at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart: when I told you,
My state was nothing, I should then have told you,
That I was worse than nothing. For, indeed,
I have engag'd my self to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his meer enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady,
The paper, as the body of my friend;
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, *Salanio*?
Have all his ventures fail'd? what, not one hit
From *Tripolis*, from *Mexico*, from *England*,

already appriz'd of her Story, the opening it here to *Portia* would have
been a superfluous Repetition. Nor could it be done properly, while a
Letter of such Haste and Consequence was to be deliver'd: and on which
the main Action of the Play depended. *Jessica* is therefore, artfully,
complimented in *dumb Shew*; and no Speech made to her, because the
Scene is drawn out to a great Length by more important Business.

From *Lisbon, Barbary, and India?*
 And not one vessel 'scap'd the dreadful touch
 Of merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one, my lord.

Besides, it should appear, that if he had
 The present mony to discharge the *Jew*,
 He would not take it. Never did I know
 A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
 So keen and greedy to confound a man.
 He plies the Duke at morning and at night,
 And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
 If they deny him justice. Twenty merchants,
 The Duke himself, and the Magnificoes
 Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
 But none can drive him from the envious plea
 Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him, I have heard him swear,
 To *Tuball* and to *Chus* his country-men,
 That he would rather have *Anthonio's* flesh,
 Than twenty times the value of the sum
 That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
 If law, authority, and pow'r deny not,
 It will go hard with poor *Anthonio*.

Por. Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
 The best condition'd and unweary'd spirit
 In doing courtesies; and one in whom
 The ancient *Roman* honour more appears,
 Than any that draws breath in *Italy*.

Por. What sum owes he the *Jew*?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
 Double six thousand, and then treble that,
 Before a friend of this description
 Shall lose a hair through my *Bassanio's* fault.

First, go with me to church, and call me wife,
 And then away to *Venice* to your friend:

For never shall you lie by *Portia's* side

With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold

To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
 When it is paid, bring your true friend along;
 My maid *Nerissa* and my self, mean time,
 Will live as maids and widows: come, away!
 For you shall hence upon your wedding-day.
 Bid your friends welcome, shew a merry cheer;
 Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
 But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. reads. *S*weet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarry'd,
 my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very
 low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying
 it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared be-
 tween you and me, if I might but see you at my death;
 notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not
 persuade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O love! dispatch all business, and be gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
 I will make haste; but 'till I come again,
 No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay;
 No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to a Street in Venice.

Enter Shylock, Solarino, Antonio, and the Goaler.

Shy. *G*oaler, look to him: tell not me of mercy.
 This is the fool, that lent out money gratis.
Goealer, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good *Shylock.*

Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:
 I've sworn an oath, that I will have my bond.
 Thou call'dst me dog, before thou hadst a cause;
 But since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
 The Duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
 Thou naughty goaler, that thou art so fond
 To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond: I will not hear thee speak:
 I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more;

I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh and yield
To christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.

[*Exit Shylock.*

Sola. It is the most impenetrable cur,
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone,
I'll follow him no more with bootless pray'rs;
He seeks my life; his reason well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many, that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Sola. I am sure, the Duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The Duke cannot deny the course of law; (20)
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in *Venice*, if it be deny'd,
Will much impeach the justice of the state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore go,
These griefs and losses have so bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, goaler, on; pray God, *Bassanio* come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not! [*Exeunt.*

(20) *The Duke cannot deny*] As this Sentence seems a little perplex'd and obscure, it may not be amiss to give it a short Explanation. "The Duke cannot deny the Course of Law, (says *Antonio*;) for if its Course be denied, the Privilege that Strangers have, being violated, will cry out against the Injustice". This is very much to the Purpose; for he does not say, that the Justice of the State could indeed be impeach'd by stopping the Course of Law in his Case: For, indeed, it was the utmost Justice to stop it here: But that Strangers would accuse it of Injustice. This shews the true Temper of the State of *Venice*, and of all other trading States; which will always more fear an Inconvenience than an Injustice. The Jealousy, that foreign Merchants may entertain of Injustice, being always more carefully guarded against, than Injustice itself.

Mr. Warburton.

SCENE

SCENE changes to BELMONT.

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and Balthazar.

Lor. **M** Adam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of God-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you shew this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief to,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband;
I know, you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent of doing good,
And shall not now; for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think, that this *Antonio*,
Being the bosom-lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestowed,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty?
This comes too near the praising of my self; (21)
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things. —

Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return. For mine own part,
I have tow'rd heaven breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,

(21) *This comes too near the praising of my self;
Therefore no more of it: here other things,*

Lorenzo, I commit &c.] Thus has this Passage been writ and pointed, but absurdly, thro' all the Editions. *Portia* finding the Reflections she had made came too near Self-praise, begins to chide herself for it: says, She'll say no more of that Sort; but call a new Subject. The Regulation I have made in the Text was likewise prescrib'd by Dr. Thirlby.

Only attended by *Nerissa* here,
 Untill her husband and my lord's return.
 There is a monastery two miles off,
 And there we will abide. I do desire you,
 Not to deny this imposition:
 The which my love and some necessity
 Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
 I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind;
 And will acknowledge you and *Jessica*
 In place of lord *Bassanio* and my self.
 So fare you well, 'till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
 To wish it back on you: fare you well, *Jessica*.

[*Exeunt Jes. and Lor.*]

Now, *Balthazar*,

As I have ever found thee honest, true,
 So let me find thee still: take this same letter,
 And use thou all th' endeavour of a man,
 In speed to *Padua*; see thou render this (22)
 Into my cousin's hand, Doctor *Bellario*;
 And look what notes and garments he doth give thee,
 Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
 Unto the Traject, to the common ferry
 Which trades to *Venice*: waste no time in words,
 But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

Bal. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [*Exit.*]

Por. Come on, *Nerissa*; I have work in hand,
 That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands
 Before they think of us.

(22) *In speed to Mantua*;) Thus all the old Copies; and thus all the Modern Editors implicitly after them. But 'tis evident to any diligent Reader, that We must restore, as I have done, *In speed to Padua*: For it was there, and not at *Mantua*, *Bellario* liv'd. So afterwards; — *A Messenger, with Letters from the Doctor, New come from Padua* — And again, *Came you from Padua, from Bellario?* — And again, *It comes from Padua, from Bellario.* — Besides, *Padua*, not *Mantua*, is the Place of Education for the Civil Law in *Italy*.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, *Nerissa*; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both apparell'd like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And speak between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and dy'd,
I could not do with all: then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them.
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell;
That men shall swear, I've discontinued school
Above a twelve-month. I have in my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie, what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park-gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Launcelot and Jessica.

Laun. Yes, truly: for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you; and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer; for truly, I think, you are damn'd: there is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the *Jew's* daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed; so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly, then, I fear, you are damn'd both by father and mother; thus when you thun *Scylla*, (23) your father, you fall into *Charybdis*, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he; we were christians enough before, e'en as many as could well live one by another: this making of christians will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for mony.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, *Launcelot*, what you say: here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, *Launcelot*, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, *Lorenzo*; *Launcelot* and I are out; he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heav'n, because I am a *Jew's* daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the common-wealth; for, in converting *Jews* to christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the common-wealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the *Moor* is with child by you, *Launcelot*.

Laun. It is much, that the *Moor* should be more than

(23) Thus when you thun *Scylla*, your Father,] By the Allusion which *Launcelot* makes here, 'tis evident, *Shakespeare* was no Stranger to this *Hexameter*, nor the Application of it;

Incidit in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim.

Erasmus, in his *Adagies*, quotes this Verse as one very much in Vogue with the *Latines*; but says, he does not remember its Author. I presume, it might have been founded upon the *Greek* proverbial Sentence, likewise quoted by him, Τὴν Χάρυβδι ἐκφυγὰν τῇ Σκύλλῃ περιπέσον. This is one of those *Iambics*, he tells us, which were call'd, *Dimetri εἰρέσιλοι*. For my own part, (throwing out this cramp Definition) I think it might have been a plain *Iambic*, as most of the proverbial *Gnomes* were, and only dismounted from its Numbers by the unnecessary Insertion of the Articles. I would read it;

Σκύλλη περιπέσον, Χάρυβδι ἐκφυγών.

reason: but if she be *less* than an honest woman, she is indeed *more* than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none but parrots. Go in, firrah, bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, Sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Good lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, Sir; only cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, Sir?

Laun. Not so, Sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! wilt thou shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows, bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, Sir, it shall be serv'd in; for the meat, Sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, Sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [Exit Laun.]

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!

The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a trickie word
Defie the matter: how far'st thou, *Jessica*?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the lord *Bassanio's* wife?

Jes. Past all expressing: it is very meet,
The lord *Bassanio* live an upright life.
For, having such a Blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth:
And if on earth he do not merit it,
In reason he should never come to heav'n.
Why, if two Gods should play some heav'nly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world

Hath

Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband

Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon: first, let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things,
I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

SCENE, *the Senate-house in VENICE.*

*Enter the Duke, the Senators; Anthonio, Bassanio,
and Gratiano, at the Bar.*

D U K E.

WHAT, is *Anthonio* here?

Ant. Ready, so please your Grace.

Duke. I'm sorry for thee; thou art
come to answer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard,

Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualifye
His rig'rous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd

To

To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the *Jew* into the Court.

Sal. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought,
Thou'lt shew thy mercy and remorse more strange,
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty.

And, where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so hudled on his back,
Enough to press a royal merchant down;
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint;
From stubborn *Turks* and *Tartars*, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesie.

We all expect a gentle answer, *Jew*.

Shy. I have possess'd your Grace of what I purpose.
And by our holy *Sabbath* have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather chuse to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats? I'll not answer that.
But say, it is my humour, is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it bane'd? what, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' th' nose,

Cannot

Cannot contain their urine for affection. (24)
 Masterless passion sways it to the mood
 Of what it likes, or loaths. Now for your answer :
 As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
 Why he cannot abide a gaping pig ;

(24) *Cannot contain their Urine for Affection.*

*Masterless passion sways it to the Mood
 Of what it likes, or loaths.*] *Masterless Passion* was first Mr. Rowe's
 Reading, (on what Authority, I am at a Loss to know ;) which Mr.
 Pope has since copied. And tho' I have not disturb'd the Text, yet, I
 must observe, I don't know what Word there is to which this Relative
 [it, in the 2d Line] is to be refer'd. The ingenious Dr. Thirlby, there-
 fore, would thus adjust the Passage.

Cannot contain their Urine ; for Affection,

* *Master of Passion, sways it &c* * Or, *Mistress.*

And then *it* is govern'd of *Passion* : and the 2 old *Quarto's* and *Folio's*
 read. ——— *Masters of Passion, &c.*

It may be objected, that *Affection* and *Passion* are Synonomous Terms,
 and mean the same Thing. I agree, they do at this time. But I observe,
 the Writers of our Author's Age made a sort of Distinction : considering
 the One as the *Cause*, the Other as the *Effect*. And then, in this place,
Affection will stand for that *Sympathy* or *Antipathy* of Soul, by which
 we are provok'd to shew a *Liking* or *Disgust* in the Working of our
Passions. B. Jonson, in his *Sejanus*, seems to apply the Terms thus :

————— *He hath studied
 Affection's Passions, knows their Springs, their Ends,
 Which way, and whither they will work.*

So much, in support of Dr. Thirlby's Regulation of the Passage. My
 ingenious Friend Mr. Warburton is for pointing, and writing it, as in
 the Old Editions : but for giving it a different Turn in the Poet's Drift
 and Meaning. I come now to his Reading and Opinion.

Cannot contain their Urine for Affection.

Masters of Passion sway it to the Mood

Of what it likes, or loaths.

“ Observe, he is here only speaking of the different Power of Sounds,
 “ and the Influence they have upon the humane Mind : and then con-
 “ cludes, the *Masters of Passion* (for so he finely calls *Musicians*) sway
 “ the Passions, or Affections, as they please : Our Poet then having, no
 “ Doubt, in his Mind the great Effects that *Timotheus*, and other ancient
 “ Musicians, are said to have wrought by the Power of Musick. This
 “ puts me in mind of a Passage of *Collier*, in his Essay on *Musick* ; who
 “ supposes it possible by a right chosen Composition (not, Concord) of
 “ Sounds to inspire Astonishment, Terror, Cowardise, and Consternation ;
 “ in the same Manner that, now, Chearfulness, and Courage, is assisted
 “ by contrary Compositions”.

Thus far Mr. Warburton. I shall submit the Passage, for the present
 to the Opinion and Determination of the Publick ; upon which, I may
 hereafter venture with more safety to ascertain it.

Why

Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen bag-pipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing
I bear *Antonio*, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
T' excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Sby. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the thing they do not love?

Sby. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Ev'ry offence is not a hate at first.

Sby. What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you, think you question with a *Jew*.

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height.
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb.
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heav'n.
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that, (than which what's harder!)
His *Jewish* heart. Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means;
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgment, and the *Jew* his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Sby. If ev'ry ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and ev'ry part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

Sby. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,

You

You use in abject and in slavish part,
 Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,
 Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
 Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
 Be made as soft as yours, and let their palaces
 Be season'd with such viands; you will answer,
 The slaves are ours. So do I answer you:
 The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
 Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.
 If you deny me, fie, upon your law!
 There is no force in the decrees of *Venice*:
 I stand for judgment; answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my pow'r I may dismiss this Court,
 Unless *Bellario*, a learned Doctor,
 Whom I have sent for to determine this,
 Come here to day.

Sal. My lord, here stays, without,
 A messenger with letters from the Doctor,
 New come from *Padua*.

Duke. Bring us the letters, call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, *Antonio*; what, man, courage
 yet:

The *Jew* shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
 Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted weather of the flock,
 Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
 Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me.
 You cannot better be employ'd, *Bassanio*,
 Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter Nerissa, dress'd like a Lawyer's Clerk.

Duke. Came you from *Padua*, from *Bellario*? (25)

Ner. From both, my lord: *Bellario* greets your
 Grace.

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

(25) *From both: my Lord Bellario greets your Grace.*] Thus the two old *Folio*'s, and Mr. *Pope* in his 4to, had inaccurately pointed this Passage, by which a Doctor of Laws was at once rais'd to the Dignity of the Peerage. I set it right in my SHAKESPEARE restor'd, as Mr. *Pope* has since done from thence in his last Edition.

Sby.

Sby. To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Not on thy soale, but on thy soul, harsh

Jew, (26)

Thou mak'st thy knife keen; for no metal can,
No, not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Sby. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexorable dog,

And for thy life let justice be accus'd!

Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,

To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That souls of animals infuse themselves

Into the trunks of men. Thy currish spirit

Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,

Ev'n from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,

And, whil'st thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,

Infus'd it self in thee: for thy desires

Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Sby. 'Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,

Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.

Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall

(26) *Not on thy Soale, but on thy Soul, harsh Jew,*] I was obliged, from the Authority of the old *Folio's*, to restore this Conceit, and Jingle upon two Words alike in sound, but differing in Sense. *Gratiano* thus rates the *Jew*; "Tho' thou thinkest, that thou art whetting thy Knife on the *Soale* of thy Shoe, yet it is upon thy *Soul*, thy immortal Part, that thou do'st it, thou inexorable Man!" There is no Room to doubt, but This was our Author's *Antithesis*; as it is so usual with him to play on Words in this manner: and That from the Mouth of his most serious Characters. So in *Romeo and Juliet*;

————— *You have dancing Shoes,*

With nimble Soales; I have a Soul of Lead,

That stakes me to the Ground; I cannot move.

And again, immediately after,

I am too sore enpierced with his Shaft,

To soare with his light Feathers.

So in *King John*:

————— *O, lawful let it be,*

That I have room with Rome to curse awhile!

And, in *Julius Cæsar*;

Now is it Rome, indeed; and room enough,

When there is in it but one only man.

But this sort of Jingle is too perpetual with our Author to need any farther Instances.

To cureless ruin. I stand here for law. (27)

Duke. This letter from *Bellarrio* doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our Court.
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go, give him courteous conduct to this place :
Mean time, the Court shall hear *Bellarrio's* letter.

YOUR Grace shall understand, that, at the receipt of
your letter, I am very sick: but at the instant that
your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a
young Doctor of Rome, his name is Balthasar: I acquaint-
ed him with the cause in controversy between the Jew
and *Anthonio* the merchant. We turn'd o'er many books
together: he is furnished with my opinion, which, bettered
with his own learning, (the greatness whereof I cannot
enough commend,) comes with him, at my importunity, to
fill up your Grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let
his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reve-
rend estimation: For I never knew so young a body with
so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance,
whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

Enter Portia, dress'd like a Doctor of Laws.

Duke. You hear the learn'd *Bellarrio*, what he writes,
And here, I take it, is the Doctor come :
Give me your hand. Came you from old *Bellarrio*?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You're welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference,
That holds this present question in the Court?

(27) *To careless Ruine.*] This, I am sure, is a signal Instance of Mr. *Poppe's* Carelessness, for Both the Old, 4to's have it *cureless*. The Players in their Edition, for some particular Whim, chang'd the Word to *endless*; which Mr. *Rowe* has copied, because; I presume, he had never seen the old *Quarto's*. Our Author has used this Epithet, *cureless*, again in his Poem, call'd, *Tarquin*. and *Lucrece*. St. 111.

O, hatefull, vaporous and foggy Night!
Since thou art guilty of my cureless Crime.

Por.

Por. I am informed throughly of the case.

Which is the merchant here? and which the Jew?

Duke. *Antonio* and old *Shylock*, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name *Shylock*?

Shy. *Shylock* is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the *Venetian* law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.

You stand within his danger, do you not? [To *Anth*]

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heav'n
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest'd;
It blesteth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his Crown:
His scepter shews the force of temporal pow'r,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of Kings;
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Tho' justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy;
And that same pray'r doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which, if thou follow, this strict Court of *Venice*
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the mony?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the Court,

Yea, twice the sum; if that will not suffice,
 I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
 On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
 If this will not suffice, it must appear
 That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you, (28)
 Wrest once the law to your authority.
 To do a great right, do a little wrong;
 And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be, there is no pow'r in *Venice*
 Can alter a decree established.

'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
 And many an error, by the same example,
 Will rush into the state. It cannot be.

Shy. A *Daniel* come to judgment! yea, a *Daniel*.
 O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most rev'rend Doctor, here it is.

Por. *Shylock*, there's thrice thy mony offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, — I have an oath in heav'n.
 Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
 No, not for *Venice*.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
 And lawfully by this the *Jew* may claim
 A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
 Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful,
 Take thrice thy mony, bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.
 It doth appear, you are a worthy judge;
 You know the law: your exposition
 Hath been most sound. I charge you by the law,
 Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
 Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear,
 There is no power in the tongue of man
 To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

(28) *That Malice bears down truth.*] I propos'd, in my SHAKESPEARE restor'd, to read *ruth* here; i. e. Compassion, Mercy. But, upon more mature Advice, I believe, the Text needs no Alteration. *Truth* may mean here, *Reason*; the reasonable Offers of Accommodation, which we have made.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the Court
To give the judgment.

Por. Why, then thus it is:

You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true. O wise and upright judge,
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast;

So says the bond, doth it not, noble judge?
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there scales, to weigh the flesh?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, *Shylock*, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so express'd; but what of that?

'Twere good, you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to say?

Ant. But little: I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.

Give me your hand, *Bassanio*, fare you well!

Grieve not, that I am fall'n to this for you:

For herein fortune shews her self more kind,

Than is her custom. It is still her use,

To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,

To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,

An age of poverty: From which ling'ring penance

Of such a misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife;

Tell her the process of *Antonio's* end;

Say, how I lov'd you; speak me fair in death:

And when the tale is told, bid her be judge,

Whether *Bassanio* had not once a love.

Repent not you, that you shall lose your friend;

And he repents not, that he pays your debt;

For if the *Jew* do cut but deep enough,

I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. *Antonio*, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life it self;
But life it self, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life.
I would lose all; ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love;
I would, she were in heaven, so she could
Intreat some Pow'r to change this currish *Jew*.

Ner. 'Tis well, you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the christian husbands. I've a daughter;
Would, any of the stock of *Barrabas*
Had been her husband, rather than a christian! [*Aside.*
We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine,
The Court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the Court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge! a sentence: come, prepare.

Por. Tarry a little, there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood,
The words expressly are a pound of flesh.
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of christian blood; thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of *Venice*, confiscate
Unto the state of *Venice*.

Gra. O upright judge! mark, *Jew*, O learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thy self shalt see the Act:
For as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

Gra. O learned judge! mark, *Jew*, a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,
And let the christian go.

Bass.

Bass. Here is the mony.

Por. The *Jew* shall have all justice; soft! no haste;
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O *Jew*! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh;
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more
Or less than a just pound, be't but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
On the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second *Daniel*, a *Daniel*, *Jew*!

Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the *Jew* pause? take the forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open Court;
He shall have meerly justice, and his bond.

Gra. A *Daniel*, still say I; a second *Daniel*!
I thank thee, *Jew*, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not barely have my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, *Jew*.

Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, *Jew*.

The law hath yet another hold on you;
It is enacted in the laws of *Venice*,
If it be prov'd against an alien,
That by direct, or indirect, attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize on half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy Coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice:
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st.
For it appears by manifest proceeding,

That indirectly, and directly too,
 Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
 Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
 The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
 Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang thy
 self;

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
 Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
 Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou may'st see the difference of our
 spirit,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
 For half thy wealth, it is *Antonio's*;
 The other half comes to the general state,
 Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state; not for *Antonio*.

Sby. Nay, take my life and all: pardon not th
 You take my house, when you do take the prop
 That doth sustain my house: you take my life,
 When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, *Antonio*?

Gra. A halter *gratis*; nothing else, for God's sake.

Ant. So please my lord the Duke, (29) and all the
 Court,

(29) *So please my Lord the Duke,*] The Terms, which *Antonio* pre-
 scribes to be comply'd with by the *Jew*, have been reckon'd intricate
 and corrupt; and a different Regulation has been advis'd: But, if I am
 not mistaken, they are to be thus understood. The *Jew* had forfeited his
 whole Substance; one Moiety thereof to go to the State, and the other
 to the Defendant. *Antonio* proposes, that the State should be content
 with fining him only that Moiety, which was confiscated to them; that,
 as to the Other, which *Antonio* equally might claim to himself; he only
 desires to hold the Benefit, paying Interest for it to the *Jew* during his
 Life: and, upon the *Jew's* Demise, to have it immediately vested in
 his Son and Daughter. Nor does *Antonio* propose any Thing mean
 and ungenerous in this; he quits that Right and Property, which the
 Law gave him, in the *Jew's* Substance; and (with Regard to his own
 great Losses,) is content to stand only as a Borrower of it, upon the
 general Foot of paying Interest: Nor are the Son and Daughter robb'd
 in This; since, setting aside *Antonio's* Claim by the *Jew's* Forfeiture,
 their Pretensions could not take place, till the *Jew's* Death: and He
 takes care, their reverfionary Right in it should be secur'd by the
Jew's recording a Deed of Gift to that Purpose.

To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
 I am content; so he will let me have
 The other half in use, to render it
 Upon his death unto the gentleman,
 That lately stole his daughter.
 Two things provided more, that for this favour
 He presently become a christian;
 The other, that he do record a Gift
 Here in the Court, of all he dies possess'd,
 Unto his son *Lorenzo* and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
 The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, *Jew*? what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a Deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
 I am not well; send the Deed after me,
 And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christ'ning thou shalt have two godfathers.
 Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten more, (30)
 To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[Exit Shylock.

Duke.

(30) ———— *thou should'st have had ten more,*] i. e. a Jury of
Twelve Men, to condemn thee to be hang'd. So, in *Measure for Mea-*
sure,

————— *I not deny,*

The Jury passing on the Pris'ner's Life,

May in the sworn twelve have a Thief or two

That Justice seizes on.

The Scenes of these two Plays are respectively laid in *Venice* and *Vien-*
na; and yet 'tis observable, in Both the Poet alludes to the Custom of
 sentencing by *Juries*, as in *England*. This is not to be imputed to him
 as Ignorance: The Licencé of the Stage has allow'd it, not only at
 home; but likewise the Tragic and Comic Poets of Antiquity indulg'd
 themselves in transplanting their own Customs to other Nations. *Æschy-*
lus, for Instance, in his *Choephoraë*, makes *Electra*, who is in *Argos*, talk
 of the Customs us'd in Purifications, and prescrib'd by Law, as the Scho-
 liaft observes, at *Athens*. Τέτο πρὸς τὸ παρ' Ἀθωαίσις ἔθῳ· πρὸς
 ἢ Ἀθήνησι νόμον. *Sophocles*, in his *Laocoon*, the Scenary of which is
 laid in *Troy*, talks of erecting Altars, and burning Incense before their
 Doors, as was practis'd on joyful Occasions at *Athens*: therein trans-
 planting the *Athenian* Manners, as *Harpocratio* has noted, to *Troy*. Μετ-

Duke. Sir, I intreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your Grace of pardon;
I must away this night to *Padua*,
And it is meet, I presently set forth.

Duke. I'm sorry, that your leisure serves you not.

Antonio, gratify this gentleman;

For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exit Duke and his train.*]

Bass. Most worthy gentleman! I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the *Jew*,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid, that is well satisfy'd;
And I, delivering you, am satisfy'd,
And therein do account my self well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again;
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear Sir, of force I must attempt you further.
Take some remembrance of us, for a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake,
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you.
Do not draw back your hand, I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good Sir, alas, it is a trifle;
I will not shame my self to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this,
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

τάχων τὰ Ἀθωναίων ἡδὴ εἰς Τεγίαν. And so *Aristophanes*, in his *Frogs*, when the Scene is in the Infernal Regions, makes *Æacus* talk of an Edict pass'd in Hell for granting Artists a Subsistence out of the Prytaneum. In This, says the Scholiast, a Custom is transferr'd to the Lower Regions, which was establish'd in *Athens*. Ταῦτα μεταφέρει δὲ τὴν ἐν Ἀττικῇ ἐθῶν, εἰς τὰ καθ' ἑδῶν. A Number of Instances more, of this sort, might be amass'd from the antient Stage-writers.

Bass.

Bass. There's more depends on this, than is the value,
The dearest ring in *Venice* will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I see, Sir, you are liberal in offers;
You taught me first to beg, and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good Sir, this ring was giv'n me by my wife.
And, when she put it on, she made me vow,
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts;
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd the ring,
She wou'd not hold out enmity for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[*Exit with Nerissa.*]

Anth. My lord *Bassanio*, let him have the ring.
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valu'd 'gainst your wife's commandement.

Bass. Go, *Gratiano*, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou can'st,
Unto *Antonio's* house: away, make haste. [*Exit Gra.*]
Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward *Belmont*; come, *Antonio*. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. Enquire the *Jew's* house out, give him this Deed,
And let him sign it; we'll away to night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This Deed will be well welcome to *Lorenzo*.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair Sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My lord *Bassanio*, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth intreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be.
This ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so, I pray you, tell him; furthermore,

I pray you, shew my Youth old *Shylock's* house.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.

I'll see if I can get my husband's ring : [To *Por.*
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. Thou may'st, I warrant. We shall have old
swearing,

That they did give the rings away to men ;
But we'll out-face them, and out-swear them too :
Away, make haste, thou know'st where I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good Sir, will you shew me to this
house ? [Exeunt.

A C T V.

SCENE, *BELMONT. A Grove, or Green
place before Portia's House.*

Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.

L O R E N Z O.

THE moon shines bright : In such a night as
this,

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise ; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the *Trojan* wall ;
And sigh'd his soul toward the *Grecian* tents,
Where *Cressid* lay that night.

Jes. In such a night,
Did *Thisbe* fearfully o'er-trip the dew ;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismayed away.

Lor. In such a night,
Stood *Dido* with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and way'd her love
To come again to *Carthage*.

Jes.

Jes. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs,
That did renew old *Æson*.

Lor. In such a night,
Did *Jessica* steal from the wealthy *Jew*,
And with an unthrift love did run from *Venice*,
As far as *Belmont*.

Jes. And in such a night,
Did young *Lorenzo* swear, he lov'd her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. And in such a night,
Did pretty *Jessica* (like a little shrew)
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come:
But hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Stephano.

Lor. Who comes so fast, in silence of the night?

Mes. A friend.

Lor. What friend? your name, I pray you, friend?

Mes. *Stephano* is my name, and I bring word,
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at *Belmont*: she doth stray about
By holy Crosses, where she kneels, and prays,
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Mes. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor have we yet heard from him:
But go we in, I pray thee, *Jessica*,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Sola, sola; wo ha, ho, sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! did you see master *Lorenzo* and mistress
Lorenza? sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hollowing, man: here.

Laun.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news. My master will be here ere morning.

Lor. Sweet love, let's in, and there expect their coming: And yet no matter: why should we go in? My friend *Stephano*, signifie, I pray you, Within the house, your mistress is at hand;

[*Exit Stephano.*

And bring your musick forth into the air.
How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of musick
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, *Jessica*: look, how the floor of heav'n
Is thick inlay'd with patterns of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still-quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims;
Such harmony is in immortal sounds! (31)
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it.
Come, ho, and wake *Diana* with a hymn;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with musick.

(31) *Such Harmony is in immortal Souls;*] But the Harmony here described is That of the Spheres, so much celebrated by the Antients. He says, the *smallest Orb sings like an Angel*; and then subjoins, *Such Harmony is in immortal Souls*: But the Harmony of Angels is not here meant, but of the Orbs. Nor are we to think, that here the Poet alludes to the Notion, that each Orb has its *Intelligence* or *Angel* to direct it; for then with no Propriety could he say, the *Orb sung like an Angel*: he should rather have said, the *Angel in the Orb sung*. We must therefore correct the Line thus;

Such Harmony is in immortal Sounds:

i. e. in the Musick of the Spheres. Mr. Warburton.

Macrobius, I remember, accounts for our not hearing that Musick, which is produc'd by the constant Volubility of the Heavens, from the Organs in the human Ear not being capable, thro' their Straitness, of admitting so vehement a Sound. *Musicam perpetuam cæli volubilitate nascentem idè claro non sentimus auditu, quia major Sonus est quàm ut humanarum aurium recipiatur angustiis.*

Jes.

Jes. I'm never merry, when I hear sweet musick.

[*Musick.*]

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive;
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
(Which is the hot condition of their blood)
If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,
Or any air of musick touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand;
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of musick. Therefore, the Poet
Did feign that *Orpheus* drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,
But musick for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no musick in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as *Erebus*:
Let no such man be trusted ——— Mark the musick.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. That light we see, is burning in my hall:
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the
candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less;
A substitute shines brightly as a King,
Until a King be by; and then his state
Empties it self, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Musick, hark! [*Musick.*]

Ner. It is the musick, madam, of your house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows the virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,

When

When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection?

Peace! how the moon sleeps with *Endimion*,
And would not be awaked! [Musick ceases.]

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of *Portia*.

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckow,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands healths,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signifie their coming.

Por. Go, *Nerissa*,
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;
Nor you, *Lorenzo*; *Jessica*, nor you. [A Tucket sounds.]

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam, fear you not.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the day-light sick;
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the *Antipodes*,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband;
And never be *Bassanio* so from me;
But God fort all: you're welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam: give welcome to my friend;
This is the man, this is *Anthonio*,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him;
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Anth. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house;
It must appear in other ways than words;
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesie.

Gra. By yonder moon, I swear, you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk. [*To Nerissa.*
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring,
That she did give me, whose poesie was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife; *Love me, and leave me not.*

Ner. What talk you of the poesie, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it 'till your hour of death,
And that it should lye with you in your grave:
Tho' not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a Judge's clerk! but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face, that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thy self, the Judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted with faith unto your flesh.

I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands,
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, *Gratiano,*
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear, I lost the ring defending it. [*Aside.*

82 *The Merchant of Venice.*

Gra. My lord *Bassanio* gave his ring away
Unto the Judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, He begg'd mine;
And neither man, nor master, would take ought
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,
'Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet *Portia*,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to retain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?

Nerissa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a Civil Doctor,
Who did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;
Ev'n he, that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?

I was enforc'd to send it after him;
 I was beset with shame and courtesie;
 My honour would not let ingratitude
 So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady,
 And by these blessed candles of the night,
 Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
 The ring of me, to give the worthy Doctor.

Por. Let not that Doctor e'er come near my house,
 Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
 And that which you did swear to keep for me:
 I will become as liberal as you;
 I'll not deny him any thing I have,
 No, not my body, nor my husband's bed;
 Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.
 Lye not a night from home; watch me, like *Argus*;
 If you do not, if I be left alone,
 Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,
 I'll have that Doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,
 How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so; let me not take him then;
 For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am th' unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome, not
 withstanding.

Bass. *Portia*, forgive me this enforced wrong.
 And in the hearing of these many friends,
 I swear to thee, ev'n by thine own fair eyes,
 Wherein I see my self ———

Por. Mark you but that!
 In both mine eyes he doubly sees himself;
 In each eye, one; swear by your double self;
 And there's an oath of credit!

Bass. Nay, but hear me:
 Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
 I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his weal; (32)
 Which

(32 ——— my Body for his Wealth;] I have ventur'd, against the
 Authority of the Copies, to substitute *Weal* here; i. e. for his *Welfare*.

Which but for him, that had your husband's ring,
[To Portia.

Had quite miscarry'd. I dare be bound again,
 My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
 Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety; give him this,
 And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, lord *Bassanio*, swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By heav'n, it is the same I gave the Doctor.

Por. I had it of him: pardon me, *Bassanio*;
 For by this ring the Doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle *Gratiano*,
 For that same scrubbed boy, the Doctor's clerk,
 In lieu of this, last night did lye with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of high-ways
 In summer, where the ways are fair enough:
 What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it?

Por. Speak not so grossly; you are all amaz'd;
 Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
 It comes from *Padua*, from *Bellario*:

There you shall find, that *Portia* was the Doctor;
Nerissa there, her clerk. *Lorenzo*, here,

Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
 And even but now return'd: I have not yet
 Enter'd my house. *Anthonio*, you are welcome;

And I have better news in store for you,
 Than you expect; unseal this letter soon,
 There you shall find, three of your Argosies
 Are richly come to Harbour suddenly.

You shall not know by what strange accident
 I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. Ay, but the clerk, that never means to do it,
 Unless he live until he be a man.

Benefit. *Wealth* has a more confin'd Signification. Tho' I must own,
 that *Weal* and *Wealth* in our Author's Time might be in some measure
 synonymous; they are now in the Words, *Common-weal*, and *Common-*
wealth.

Gra.

Bass. Sweet Doctor, you shall be my bedfellow;
When I am absent, then lye with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have giv'n me life and living;
For here I read for certain, that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, *Lorenzo*?
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.
There do I give to you and *Jessica*,
From the rich *Jew*, a special Deed of Gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop *Manna* in the way
Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet, I'm sure, you are not satisfy'd
Of these events at full. Let us go in,
And charge us there upon interr'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so: the first interr'gatory,
That my *Nerissa* shall be sworn on, is,
Whether 'till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day.
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
'Till I were couching with the Doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe *Nerissa's* ring.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

COMMEDIA

1875

THEATRICAL HISTORY

LOVE'S LABOUR'S lost.

A

COMEDY.

G 4

Dramatis Personæ.

FERDINAND, *King of Navarre.*

Biron,

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

Boyet,

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

Don Adriano de Armado, *a fantastical Spaniard.*

Nathaniel, *a Curate.*

Dull, *a Constable.*

Holofernes, *a Schoolmaster.*

Costard, *a Clown.*

Moth, *Page to Don Adriano de Armado.*

A Forester.

Princess of France.

Rosaline,

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

Catharine,

Jaquenetta, *a Country Wench.*

Officers, and others, Attendants upon the King and Princess.

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



LOVE'S LABOUR'S *Lost*.

A C T I.

S C E N E, *The Palace.*

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville and Dumain.

K I N G.



LET Fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live registred upon our brazen tombs;
And then grace us in the disgrace of death:
When, spight of cormorant devouring
time,

Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour, which shall bate his sythe's keen edge;
And make us heirs of all eternity.

Therefore, brave Conquerors! for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires;
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force.
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our Court shall be a little academy,
Still and contemplative in living arts.

You three, *Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,*
Have sworn for three years term to live with me,
My fellow-scholars; and to keep those statutes,
That are recorded in this schedule here.

Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names:
That his own hand may strike his honour down,
That violates the smallest branch herein:
If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,

Sub-

Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep them too.

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

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

Biron. I can but say their protestation over,
So much (dear liege) I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years:
But there are other strict observances;
As, not to see a woman in that term,
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
And one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beside;
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there.
And then to sleep but three Hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day;
(When I was wont to think no harm all night, (1)
And make a dark night too of half the day;)
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep;
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

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

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

Biron. By yea and nay, Sir, then I swore in jest.
What is the end of study? let me know?

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

(1) *When I was wont to think no harm all night,*] i. e. When I was used to sleep all night long, without once waking. The *Latines* have a proverbial Expression very nigh to the Sense of our Author's Thought here:

Qui benè dormit, nihil mali cogitat.

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

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

Biron. Come on then, I will swear to study so,

To know the thing I am forbid to know;

As thus; to study where I well may dine,

When I to feast expressly am forbid; (2)

Or study where to meet some mistress fine,

When mistresses from common sense are hid:

Or having sworn too hard a keeping oath,

Study to break it, and not break my troth.

If study's gain be this, and this be so,

Study knows that, which yet it doth not know:

Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no.

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

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

To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eye-sight of his look:

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile;
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.

Study me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye;

Who dazling so, that eye shall be his heed,

And give him light, that it was blinded by.

Study is like the Heaven's glorious Sun,

That will not be deep search'd with sawcy looks;

Small have continual plodders ever won,

Save base authority from others books.

(2) *When I to fast expressly am forbid.*] This is the Reading of all the Copies in general; but I would fain ask our accurate Editors, if *Biron* studied where to get a good Dinner, at a time when he was *forbid to fast*, how was This studying to know what he was forbid to know? Common Sense, and the whole Tenour of the Context require us to read, either as I have restor'd; or, to make a Change in the last Word of the Verse, which will bring us to the same Meaning;

When I to fast expressly am fore-bid;

i. e. when I am enjoin'd beforehand to fast.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
 That give a name to every fixed star,
 Have no more profit of their shining nights,
 Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
 Too much to know, is to know nought but fame;
 And every godfather can give a name.

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

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.

Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the
 weeding.

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

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something then in rhyme.

Long. *Biron* is like an envious sneaping frost,
 That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

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

Before the birds have any cause to sing?

Why should I joy in an abortive birth? (3)

At *Christmas* I no more desire a rose,

Than wish a snow in *May's* new-fangled Earth:

(3) *Why should I joy in an abortive Birth?*

At Christmas I no more desire a Rose,

Than wish a Snow in May's newfangled Shows:

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

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

Than wish a Snow in May's newfangled Shows.

Again; *newfangled Shows* seems to have very little Propriety. The Flowers are not *newfangled*; but the Earth is *newfangled* by the Profusion and Variety of the Flowers, that spring on its Bosom in *May*. I have therefore ventur'd to substitute, *Earth*, in the close of the 3d Line, which restores the *alternate* Measure. It was very easy for a negligent Transcriber to be deceiv'd by the Rhyme immediately preceding; so, mistake the concluding Word in the sequent Line, and corrupt it into One that would chime with the Other.

But

But like of each thing, that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house t'unlock the little gate.

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

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

And though I have for barbarism spoke more,
Than for that angel knowledge you can say;
Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore,
And bide the penance of each three years day.

Give me the paper, let me read the same;
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

Biron. *Item*, That no woman shall come within a
mile of my Court, [reading]
Hath this been proclaimed?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty.

On pain of losing her tongue: — [reading]
Who devis'd this penalty?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility! (4)

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

(4) *A dangerous Law against Gentility.*] I have ventur'd to prefix the Name of *Biron* to this Line, it being evident, for two Reasons, that it, by some Accident or other, slipt out of the printed Books. In the first place, *Longaville* confesses, he had devis'd the Penalty: and why he should immediately arraign it as a dangerous Law, seems to be very inconsistent. In the next place, it is much more natural for *Biron* to make this Reflexion, who is caviling at every thing; and then for him to pursue his reading over the remaining Articles. — As to the Word *Gentility*, here, it does not signify that Rank of People call'd, *Gentry*; but what the *French* exprefs by, *gentillesse*, i. e. *elegantia*, *urbanitas*. And then the Meaning is this. Such a Law, for banishing Women from the Court, is dangerous, or injurious, to *Politeness*, *Urbanity*, and the more refin'd Pleasures of Life. For Men without Women would turn brutal, and savage, in their Natures and Behaviour.

This

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

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father :
 Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes th' admired Princess hither.

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

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

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

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn

Three thousand times within this three years space :
 For every man with his affects is born :

Not by might master'd, but by special grace.
 If I break faith, this word shall speak for me :
 I am forsworn on meer necessity. —

So to the laws at large I write my name,

And he, that breaks them in the least degree,
 Stands in attainder of eternal shame.

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

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

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

This child of fancy, that *Armado* hight,
 For interim to our studies, shall relate
 In high-born words the worth of many a Knight
 From tawny *Spain*, lost in the world's debate.
 How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
 But, I protest, I love to hear him lie;
 And I will use him for my minstrelsie.

Biron. *Armado* is a most illustrious wight,
 A man of fire-new words, fashion's own Knight.

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

Enter Dull, and Costard with a letter.

Dull. Which is the King's own person? (5)

Biron. This, fellow; what would'st?

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

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior *Arme*, *Arme* commends you. There's
 villany abroad; this letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent *Armado*.

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

Long. A high hope for a low having; God grant us
 patience! (6)

Biron.

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

(6) *A high hope for a low heaven;*] *A low heaven*, sure, is a very intricate Matter to conceive. But our accurate Editors seem to observe the Rule of *Horace*, whenever a moot Point staggers them, *dignus vindice nodus*; and where they cannot overcome a Difficulty, they bring in *Heaven* to untie the Knot. As *God grant us Patience* immediately preceded, they thought, *Heaven of Consequence* must follow. But, I dare warrant, I have retriev'd the Poet's true Reading; and the Meaning is this. "Tho' you hope for high Words, and should have "them, it will be but a low Acquisition at best." This our Poet calls

Biron. To hear, or forbear hearing?

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

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

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

The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Biron. In what manner?

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

Biron. For the following, Sir?

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

King. Will you hear the letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

calls a *low Having*: and it is a Substantive, which he uses in several other Passages.

Merry Wives of Windsor.

Not by my Consent, I promise You: the Gentleman is of no Having, he kept Company with the wild Prince and Poinz.

K. Henry VIII.

————— Our Content

Is our best Having.

And again afterwards;

*But par'd my present Havings, to bestow
My Bounties upon You.*

Timon of Athens.

*The greatest of your Having lacks a half
To pay your present debt.*

And in many other places. So, amongst the older Romans, they made a Substantive of *Habentia*, in the like Signification. *Nonius Marcellus* furnishes an Authority from *Claudius Quadrigarius* his Annals. *Verebar enim ne Animos eorum inflaret habentia.* For I was afraid lest their Havings (i. e. their Riches, large Circumstances) should elate their Minds. *St. Austin* likewise, in the lower Age of *Latinity*, uses it in the same Manner. And the *Spaniards* have from thence form'd their *bazienda*, which signifies either Wealth, Possessions, Ability, or Business.

Cost.

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

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

Cost. Not a word of *Costard* yet.

King. So it is —

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

King. Peace —

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

King. No words.

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

King. So it is, *Besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black oppressing humour to the most wholesome physick of thy health-giving air; and as I am a gentleman, betook my self to walk: The time, when? about the sixth hour, when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is call'd supper: so much for the time, when. Now for the ground, which: which, I mean, I walkt upon; it is cyleped, thy park. Then for the place, where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-colour'd ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest. But to the place, where; It standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden. There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth, (Cost. Me?) that unletter'd small-knowing soul, (Cost. Me?) that shallow vassal, (Cost. Still me?) which, as I remember, hight *Costard*; (Cost. O me!) sorted and con-sorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edit and continent canon, with, with, — O with, — but with this I passion to say wherewith:*

Cost. With a wench.

King. With a child of our grandmother *Eve*, a female; or for thy more understanding, a woman; him, I (as my ever-esteem'd duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet *Grace's* officer,

Anthony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing and estimation.

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

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

Don Adriano de Armado.

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

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

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

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

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

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

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

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

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

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

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

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, Sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce sentence; you shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And *Don Armado* shall be your keeper. My lord *Biron*, see him deliver'd o'er,

And go we, lords, to put in practice that,

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn. [*Exe.*]

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,

These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.

Sirrah, come on.

Cost.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, Sir: for true it is, I was taken with *Faquenetta*, and *Faquenetta* is a true girl; and therefore welcome the four cup of prosperity: affliction may one day smile again, and until then, sit thee down, sorrow. [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to Armado's House.

Enter Armado, and Moth.

Arm. BOY, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, Sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O lord, Sir, no.

Arm. How can'st thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender *Juvenile*?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough Signior.

Arm. Why, tough Signior? why, tough Signior?

Moth. Why, tender *Juvenile*? why, tender *Juvenile*?

Arm. I spoke it tender *Juvenile*, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I tough Signior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty and apt.

Moth. How mean you, Sir, I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little! pretty, because little; wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious.

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say, thou art quick in answers. Thou heat'st my blood.——

Moth. I am answer'd, Sir.

Arm. I love not to be crost.

Moth. He speaks the clean contrary, crosses love not him.

Arm. I have promis'd to study three years with the King.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, Sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning, it fits the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gamester.

Arm. I confess both; they are both the varnish of a compleat man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar call, three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, Sir, is this such a piece of study? now here's three studied ere you'll thrice wink; and how easie it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing-horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure.

Moth. To prove you a cypher.

Arm. I will hereupon confess, I am in love; and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner; and ransom him to any *French* courtier for a new devis'd curt'sie. I think it scorn to sigh; methinks, I should out-swear *Cupid*. Comfort me, boy, what great men have been in love?

Moth. *Hercules*, master.

Arm. Most sweet *Hercules*! More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth.

Moth. Sampson, master; he was a man of good carriage; great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter, and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Sampson, strong-jointed Sampson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Sampson's love, my dear *Moth*?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Moth. Of the sea-water green, Sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, Sir, and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks, *Sampson* had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, Sir, for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are mask'd under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit and my Mother's tongue assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child, most pretty and pathetic!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,

Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white shown;
Then if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was guilty of such a ballad some three ages since, but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty president. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind *Costard*; she deserves well——

Moth. To be whipp'd, and yet a better love than my master.

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear, 'till this company is past.

Enter Costard, Dull, Jaquenetta a Maid,

Dull. Sir, the King's pleasure is, that you keep *Costard* safe, and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance; but he must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park, she is allow'd for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray my self with blushing: maid,——

Jaq. Man,——

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's here by.

Arm. I know, where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, *Jaquenetta*, away. (7)

[*Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta,*

Arm.

(7) *Maid.* *Fair Weather after you.* *Come, Jaquenetta, away.*] Thus all the printed Copies: but the Editors have been guilty of much Inadvertence. They make *Jaquenetta*, and a *Maid* enter: whereas *Jaquenetta* is the only *Maid* intended by the Poet, and who is committed

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offence, ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, Sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punish'd.

Cost. I am more bound to you, than your followers; for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain, shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave, away.

Cost. Let me not be pent up, Sir; I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, Sir, that were fast and loose; thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see——

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, master *Moth*, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words, and therefore I will say nothing; I thank God, I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet. [Exeunt *Moth* with *Costard*.]

Arm. I do affect the very ground (which is base) where her shoe (which is baser) guided by her foot (which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworn, which is a great argument of falshood, if I love. And how can that be true love, which is falsly attempted? love is a familiar, love is a devil; there is no evil angel but love, yet *Sampson* was so tempted, and he had an excellent strength; yet was *Solomon* so seduced, and he had a very good wit. *Cupid's* but-shaft is too hard for *Hercules's* club, and therefore too much odds for a *Spaniard's* rapier; the first and second cause will not serve my turn; the *Passado* he respects not, the *Duello* he regards not; his disgrace is to be call'd boy; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour; rust, rapier; be still, drum; for your manager is in love;

to the Custody of *Dull*, to be convey'd by him to the Lodge in the Park. This being the Case, it is evident to Demonstration, that—*Fair Weather after you*— must be spoken by *Jaquenetta*; and then that *Dull* says to her, *Come, Jaquenetta, away*, as I have regulated the Text.

yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal God of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonnet. Devise wit, write pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

SCENE, *before the King of Navarre's Palace.*

Enter the Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria, Catharine, Boyet, Lords and other attendants.

B O Y E T.

NOW, madam, summon up your dearest spirits;
 Consider, whom the King your father sends;
 To whom he sends, and what's his embassy.
 Your self, held precious in the world's esteem,
 To parley with the sole inheritor
 Of all perfections that a man may owe,
 Matchless *Navarre*; the plea of no less weight
 Than *Aquitain*, a dowry for a Queen.
 Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
 As nature was in making graces dear,
 When she did starve the general world beside, (8)
 And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good lord *Boyet*, my beauty, though but mean,
 Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;
 Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
 Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.
 I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,

(8) *When she did starve the general World beside,*] *Catullus* has a Compliment, much of this Cast, to his *Lesbia* in his 87th Epigram:

— *quæ cum pulcherrima tota est,*
Tum omnibus una omnes surripuit Veneres.

Than

Than you much willing to be counted wise,
 In spending thus your wit in praise of mine.
 But now to task the tasker; good *Boyet*,
 You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
 Doth noise abroad, *Navarre* hath made a vow,
 'Till painful study shall out-wear three years,
 No woman may approach his silent Court;
 Therefore to us seems it a needful course,
 Before we enter his forbidden gates,
 To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
 Bold of your worthiness, we single you
 As our best moving fair solicitor.

Tell him, the daughter of the King of *France*,
 On serious business, craving quick dispatch,
 Importunes personal conference with his Grace.
 Haste, signifie so much, while we attend,
 Like humble-vifag'd suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of imployment, willingly I go. [*Exit*.

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so;
 Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
 That are vow-fellows with this virtuous King?

Lord. *Longaville* is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Mar. I knew him, madam, at a marriage feast,
 Between lord *Perigort* and the beauteous heir
 Of *Jaques Faulconbridge* solemnized.

In *Normandy* saw I this *Longaville*,
 A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
 Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms,
 Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.

The only foil of his fair virtue's gloss,
 (If virtue's gloss will stain with any foil,)
 Is a sharp wit, match'd with too blunt a will;
 Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
 It should spare none, that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry-mocking lord, belike; is't so?

Mar. They say so most, that most his humours
 know.

Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
 Who are the rest?

Catb.

Cath. The young *Dumain*, a well-accomplish'd youth,
Of all that virtue love, for virtue lov'd.
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace, tho' he had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke *Alanfon's* once,
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report to his great worthiness.

Rosa. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him, as I have heard a truth;
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object, that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales;
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies, are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

Mar. Here comes *Boyet*.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance, Lord?

Boyet. *Navarre* had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came: marry, thus much I've learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his Court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes *Navarre*.

Enter

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

King. Fair Princess, welcome to the Court of Navarre.

Prin. Fair, I give you back again; and welcome I have not yet: the roof of this Court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields, too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, Madam, to my Court.

Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear Lady, I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair Madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, Will shall break its will, and nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my Lord so, his ignorance were wise,

Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.

I hear, your Grace hath sworn out house-keeping:

'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my Lord;

And sin to break it.

But pardon me, I am too sudden bold:

To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my Coming,

And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away;

For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me stay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Rof. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Biron. I know, you did.

Rof. How needless was it then to ask the question?

Biron. You must not be so quick.

Rof. 'Tis long of you, that spur me with such questions.

Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

Rof. Not 'till it leave the rider in the mire.

Biron. What time o' day?

Rofa.

Rosa. The hour, that fools should ask,

Biron. Now fair befall your mask!

Rosa. Fair fall the face it covers!

Biron. And send you many lovers!

Rosa. Amen, so you be none!

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but th' one half of an intire sum,
Disburst by my father in his wars.
But say, that he, or we, as neither have,
Receiv'd that sum; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,
One part of *Aquitain* is bound to us,
Although not valu'd to the mony's worth:
If then the King your father will restore
But that one half which is unfatisfy'd,
We will give up our right in *Aquitain*,
And hold fair friendship with his Majesty:
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
An hundred thousand crowns; and not demands, (9)
On payment of an hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in *Aquitain*;
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the mony by our father lent,
Than *Aquitain* so gelded as it is.

(9) ————— *And not demands*
One payment of an hundred thousand Crowns,
To have his Title live in Aquitaine.]

The old Books concur in this Reading, and Mr. *Pope* has embraced it; tho', as I conceive, it is stark Nonsense, and repugnant to the Circumstance suppos'd by our Poet. I have, by reforming the Pointing, and throwing out a single Letter, restor'd, I believe, the genuine Sense of the Passage. *Aquitain* was pledg'd, it seems, to *Navarre's* Father for 200000 Crowns. The *French* King pretends to have paid one Moiety of this Debt, (which *Navarre* knows nothing of,) but demands this Moiety back again: instead whereof (says *Navarre*) he should rather pay the remaining Moiety, and demand to have *Aquitain* redeliver'd up to him. This is plain and easy Reasoning upon the Fact suppos'd; and *Navarre* declares, he had rather receive the Residue of his Debt, than detain the Province mortgag'd for Security of it.

Dear Princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding 'gainst some reason in my breast;
And go well satisfied to *France* again.

Prin. You do the King my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that, which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest, I never heard of it;
And if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up *Aquitain*.

Prin. We arrest your word:
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For such a sum, from special officers
Of *Charles* his father.

King. Satisfie me so.

Boyet. So please your Grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound:
To morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me; at which interview,
All liberal reason I will yield unto:
Mean time, receive such welcome at my hand,
As honour without breach of honour may
Make tender of, to thy true worthiness.
You may not come, fair Princess, in my gates;
But here, without, you shall be so receiv'd,
As you shall deem your self lodg'd in my heart,
Tho' so deny'd fair harbour in my house:
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell;
To morrow we shall visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your
Grace!

King. Thy own Wish wish I thee, in every place.
[*Exit.*

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own
heart. (10)

Rosa.

(10) I have made it a Rule throughout this Edition, to replace all those Passages, which Mr. *Pope* in his Impressions thought fit to *degrade*. As We have no Authority to call them in Question for not being

Rosa. I pray you, do my commendations;
I would be glad to see it.

Biron. I would, you heard it groan.

Rosa. Is the fool sick?

Biron. Sick at the heart.

Rosa. Alack, let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Rosa. My physick says, ay.

Biron. Will you prick't with your eye?

Rosa. No, *poynt*, with my knife.

Biron. Now God save thy life!

Rosa. And yours from long living!

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [*Exit*.

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word: what lady is that
fame?

Boyet. The heir of *Alanson*, *Rosaline* her name.

Dum. A gallant lady; Monsieur, fare you well. [*Exit*.

Long. I beseech you, a word: what is she in white?

Boyet. A woman sometimes, if you saw her in the
light.

Long. Perchance, light in the light; I desire her
name.

Boyet. She hath but one for her self; to desire That,
were a shame.

Long. Pray you, Sir, whose daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard!

Boyet. Good Sir, be not offended.

She is an heir of *Faulconbridge*.

Long. Nay, my choller is ended:

She is a most sweet lady.

ing genuine; I confess, as an Editor, I thought I had no Authority to displace them. Tho, I must own freely at the same time, there are some Scenes (particularly, in this Play;) so very mean and contemptible, that One would heartily wish for the Liberty of expunging them. Whether they were really written by our Author, whether he penn'd them in his boyish Age, or whether he purposely comply'd with the prevailing Vice of the Times, when *Puns*, *Conundrum*, and *quibbling Conceits* were as much in Vogue, as *Grimace* and *Arlequinades* are at this wise Period, I dare not take upon me to determine.

Boyet.

Boyet. Not unlike, Sir; that may be. [*Exit Long.*]

Biron. What's her name in the cap?

Boyet. *Catharine*, by good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded or no?

Boyet. To her will, Sir, or so.

Biron. You are welcome, Sir: adieu.

Boyet. Farewel to me, Sir, and welcome to you.

[*Exit Biron.*]

Mar. That last is *Biron*, the merry mad-cap lord;
Not a word with him but a jest.

Boyet. And every jest but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his
word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.

Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry.

Boyet. And wherefore not ships?

No sheep, (sweet lamb) unless we feed on your lips.

Mar. You sheep, and I pasture; shall that finish the jest?

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.

Mar. Not so, gentle beast;

My lips are no common, though several they be.

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles,
agree.

This civil war of wits were much better us'd.

On *Navarre* and his book-men; for here 'tis abus'd.

Boyet. If my observation, (which very seldom lies)

By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes,

Deceive me not now, *Navarre* is infected.

Prin. With what?

Boyet. With that which we lovers intitle affected.

Prin. Your reason?

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire

To the Court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:

His heart, like an agat with your print impressed,

Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed:

His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,

Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be:

All senses to that sense did make their repair,

To

To feel only looking on fairest of fair;
 Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
 As jewels in crystal for some Prince to buy;
 Who tending their own worth, from whence they were
 glast,

Did point out to buy them, along as you past.
 His face's own margent did quote such amazes,
 That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes:
 I'll give you *Aquitain*, and all that is his,
 An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prin Come, to our pavilion: *Boyet* is dispos'd.

Boyet. But to speak that in words, which his eye
 hath disclos'd;

I only have made a mouth of his eye,
 By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Rosa. Thou art an old love-monger, and speakest
 skilfully.

Mar. He is *Cupid's* grandfather, and learns news of
 him.

Rosa. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her fa-
 ther is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What then, do you see?

Rosa. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me. (11)

[*Exeunt.*
 SCENE

(11) *Boyet*. *You are too hard for me.*] Here, in all the Books, the 2d Act is made to end: but in my Opinion very mistakenly. I have ventur'd to vary the Regulation of the four last Acts from the printed Copies, for these Reasons. Hitherto, the 2d Act has been of the Extent of 7 Pages; the 3d but of 5; and the 5th of no less than 29. And this Disproportion of Length has croud'd too many Incidents into some Acts, and left the others quite barren. I have now reduced them into a much better Equality; and distributed the Business likewise (such as it is,) into a more uniform Cast. The Plot now lies thus. In the first Act, *Navarre* and his Companions sequester themselves, by Oath, for 3 Years from Conversation, Women, Feasting, &c. resolving a Life of Contemplation, and to relieve their Study, at Intervals, with *Armado* and *Costard*. The Princess of *France's* Arrival is prepared. *Armado's* Ridiculous Passion for a Country Wench, and his, and *Costard's* Characters, are open'd. ——— In the 2d Act, The Princess with her Ladies arrives, and explains the Reason of her Coming.

Navarre

SCENE, the PARK; near the Palace.

Enter Armado and Moth.

Arm. **W**Arble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. Concolinel —

[Singing.]

Navarre behaves so courteously to her, that *Boyet*, one of her Lords, suspects him to be in Love. *Armado's* Amour is continued; who sends a Letter by *Costard* to his Mistress *Jaquenetta*. *Biron* likewise sends a Billet-doux by *Costard* to *Rosaline*, one of the *French* Ladies; and in a Soliloquy confesses his being in Love, tho' against his Oath. — In the third Act, the Princess and her Ladies, preparing to kill a Deer in the Park, *Costard* comes to deliver *Biron's* Letter to *Rosaline*; but by Mistake gives That, which *Armado* had directed to *Jaquenetta*. The two Pedants *Sir Nathaniel*, and *Holofernes* are introduc'd. *Jaquenetta* produces *Biron's* Letter, deliver'd by *Costard's* Mistake to her, requesting them to read it: who, observing the Contents, send it by *Costard* and *Jaquenetta* to the King. *Biron*, standing perdué in the Park, overhears the King, *Longaville*, and *Dumaine* confessing their Passions for their respective Mistresses; and, coming forward, reproaches them with their Perjury. *Jaquenetta* and *Costard* bring the Letter (as they were order'd by the Pedants) to the King, who bids *Biron* read it. He, finding it to be his own Letter, tears it in a Passion for *Costard's* Mistake. The Lords, picking it up, find it to be of *Biron's* handwriting, and an Address to *Rosaline*. *Biron* pleads guilty: and all the Votarists at last consent to continue their Perjury, and address their several Mistresses with some Masque or Device. — In the fourth Act, The Pedants (returning from their Dinner,) enter into a Discourse suitable to their Characters. *Armado* comes to them, tells them, he is injoin'd by the King to frame some Masque for the Entertainment of the Princess, and craves their learned Assistance. They propose to represent the nine Worthies, and go out to prepare themselves. The Princess and her Ladies talk of their several Lovers, and the Presents made to them. *Boyet* brings notice, that the King and his Lords are coming to address them, disguis'd like *Muscovites*. The Ladies propose to be mask'd, and exchange the Favours with one another, which were given them by their Lovers: that so they, being deceived, may every one address the wrong Person. This accordingly hits, and they are rallied from off the Spot by the Ladies: who triumph in this Exploit, and resolve to banter them again, when they return in their own Persons. — In the last Act, The King and his Lords come to the Princess's Tent, and all confess their Loves. *Costard* enters to tell the Approach of the Worthies Masque; which finish'd, News is brought of the Death of the Princess's Father. The King and the Lords renewing their Love-suits, the Ladies agree to marry them at a Twelvemonth's End, under certain Injunctions; and so the Play ends. — Thus the Story (tho' clogg'd with some Absurdities,) has its proper Rests: the Action rises by Gradations, according to Rules: and the Plot is embroil'd and disengaged, as it ought; as far as the Nature of the Fable will admit.

Arm. Sweet Air! go, tenderness of years; take this key, give enlargement to the swain; bring him festinately hither: I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a *French* brawl?

Arm. How mean'st thou, brawling in *French*?

Moth. No, my compleat master (12); but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet (13), humour it with turning up your eyelids; sigh a note and sing a note; sometimes through the throat, as if you swallow'd love with singing love; sometimes through the nose, as if you snuff up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crost on your thin-belly doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: these are complements, these are humours; these betray nice wenches that would be betray'd without these, and make the men of note (14): do you note men, that are most affected to these?

Arm.

(12) *Moth. No, my compleat Master, &c.*] This whole Speech has been so terribly confus'd in the pointing, through all the Editions hitherto, that not the least Glimmering of Sense was to be pick'd out of it. As I have regulated the Passage, I think, *Moth* delivers both good *Sense* and good *Humour*.

(13) *Canary to it with your Feet,*] So *All's Well that &c.* Act. 2. Sc. 2.

————— *I have seen a Médecin,
That's able to breath Life into a Stone,
Quick'n a Rock, and make you dance Canary
With sprightly Fire and Motion; &c.*

From both these Passages the *Canary* seems to have been a Dance of much Spirit and Agility. Some Dictionaries tell us, that this Dance deriv'd its Name, as it's probable it might, from the *Islands* so call'd. But *Richelet* gives us a Description of it the most conformable to our Author; *Dance, où l'on remuë fort vite les piez.* A Dance, in which the Feet are shifted with great Swiftnes.

(14) ——— *these betray nice Wenches, that would be betray'd without these, and make them Men of Note.*] Thus all the Editors, with a Sagacity worthy of Wonder. But who will ever believe, that the odd Attitudes and Affectations of *Lovers*, by which they betray young *Wenches*, should

Arm. How hast thou purchas'd this experience?

Moth. By my pen of observation.

Arm. But O, but O ———

Moth. The hobby-horse is forgot. (15)

Arm. Call'st thou my love hobby-horse?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt;

should have power to make those young Wenches *Men of Note*? This is a Transformation, which, I dare say, the Poet never thought of. His Meaning is, that they not only inveigle the young *Girls*, but make the *Men* taken notice of too, who affect them. I reduc'd the Passage to good Sense, in my SHAKESPEARE *restor'd*, by cashiering only a single Letter: and Mr. *Pope*, in his last Impression, has vouchsaf'd to embrace my Correction.

(15) *Arm.* But O, but O ———

Moth. *The Hobby-horse is forgot.*] The Humour of this Reply of *Moth's* to *Armado*, who is fighting in Love, cannot be taken without a little Explanation: nor why there should be any Room for making such a Reply. A Quotation from *Hamlet* will be necessary on this Occasion;

————— *Or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose Epitaph is, For oh! for oh! the Hobby-horse is forgot.*

And another from *Beaumont and Fletcher* in their *Women pleased*.

Soto. *Shall the Hobby-horse be forgot then?*

The hopeful Hobby-horse? shall he lie founder'd?

In the Rites formerly observ'd for the Celebration of *May-day*, besides those now us'd of hanging a Pole with Garlands, and dancing round it, a Boy was dress'd up representing *Maid Marian*; another, like a *Fryar*; and another rode on a *Hobby-horse*, with Bells jingling, and painted Streamers. After the *Reformation* took place, and *Precisians* multiplied, these latter Rites were look'd upon to favour of *Paganism*; and then *Maid Marian*, the *Fryar*, and the poor *Hobby-horse* were turn'd out of the Games. Some, who were not so wisely precise, but regretted the Disuse of the *Hobby-horse*, no doubt, satiriz'd this Suspicion of Idolatry, and archly wrote the *Epitaph* above alluded to. Now *Moth*, hearing *Armado* groan ridiculously, and cry out, *But oh! but oh!* ——— humourously pieces out his Exclamation with the Sequel of this *Epitaph*: which is putting his Master's *Love-passion*, and the Loss of the *Hobby-horse*, on a Footing: The Zealots' Detestation of this *Hobby-horse*, I think, is excellently sneer'd at by *B. Jonson* in his *Bartholomew-fair*. In this Comedy, *Rabby-Busy*, a Puritan, is brought into the *Fair*; and being ask'd by the Toyman to buy *Rattles, Drums, Babies, Hobby-horses, &c.* He immediately in his Zeal cries out:

Peace, with thy Apocryphal Wares, thou prophane Publican! Thy Bells, thy Dragons, and thy Tobit's Dogs. Thy Hobby-horse is an Idol, a very Idol, a fierce and rank Idol; and Thou the Nebuchadnezzar, the proud Nebuchadnezzar of the Fair, that set'st it up for Children to fall down to and worship.

and your love, perhaps, a hackney : but have you for
got your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student, learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master : all those three I
will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove ?

Moth. A man, if I live. And this *by*, *in*, and *out*
of, upon the instant : *by* heart you love her, because
your heart cannot come by her : *in* heart you love her,
because your heart is in love with her ; and *out of* heart
you love her, being out of heart that you cannot en-
joy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet no-
thing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain, he must carry me a
letter.

Moth. A message well sympathiz'd ; a horse to be
embassador for an ass.

Arm. Ha, ha ; what say'st thou ?

Moth. Marry, Sir, you must send the ass upon th
horse, for he is very slow-gated : but I go.

Arm. The way is but short ; away.

Moth. As swift as lead, Sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious ?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull and slow ?

Moth. *Minimè*, honest master ; or rather, master, no.

Arm. I say, lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, Sir, to say so.
Is that lead slow, Sir, which is fir'd from a gun ?

Arm. Sweet smোক of rhetorick !

He reputes me a cannon ; and the bullet, that's he :
I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump then, and I fly.

[*Exit.*

Arm. A most acute *Juvenile*, voluble and free of grace ;
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face.
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

Re-enter Moth and Costard.

Moth. A wonder, master, here's a *Costard* broken in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle; come, thy *l'envoy* begin.

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*; no falve in the male, Sir. O Sir, plantan, a plain plantan; no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, or falve, Sir, but plantan.

Arm. By vertue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling: O pardon me, my stars! doth the inconsiderate take falve for *l'envoy*, and the word *l'envoy* for a falve?

Moth. Doth the wise think them other? is not *l'envoy* a falve?

Arm. No, page, it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been saine. I will example it. Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral, now the *l'envoy*.

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy*; say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.

A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose; would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain; a goose,
that's flat;

Sir, your penny-worth is good, an your goose be fat.
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose.
Let me see a fat *l'envoy*; I, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither;
How did this argument begin?

Moth. By saying, that a *Costard* was broken in a shin,
Then call'd you for a *l'envoy*.

Cost. True, and I for a plantan;
Thus came the argument in;
Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought,
And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me; how was there a *Costard* broken
in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, *Moth*,
I will speak that *l'envoy*.

I *Costard* running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. 'Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah, *Costard*, I will infranchise thee.

Cost. O, marry me to one *Francis*; I smell some *l'envoy*,
some goose in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty;
enfreesing thy person; thou wert immur'd,
restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true, and now you will be my purgation,
and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance,
and in lieu thereof impose on thee nothing but this;
bear this significant to the country-maid *Jaquenetta*;
there is remuneration; for the best ward of mine honours
is rewarding my dependants. *Moth*, follow. —

[*Exit.*

Moth. Like the sequel, I. Signior *Costard*, adieu.

[*Exit.*

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh, my in-cony
Jew! Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration!
O, that's the *Latin* word for three farthings: three farthings
remuneration: What's the price of this inkle? a penny. No,
I'll give you a remuneration: why, it carries it. Remuneration!
— why, it is a fairer name than a French crown (16). I will never buy
and sell out of this word.

Enter

(16) No. I'll give you a Remuneration: Why? It carries its Remuneration. Why? It is a fairer Name than a French-Crown.] Thus this Passage

Enter Biron.

Biron. O my good knave *Costard*, exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, Sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, Sir, half-penny farthing.

Biron. O, why then three farthings worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship, God be with you.

Biron. O stay, slave, I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, my good knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall intreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, Sir?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, Sir: fare you well.

Biron. O, thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, Sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to morrow morning.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon.

Hark, slave, it is but this:

The Princess comes to hunt here in the park:

And in her train there is a gentle lady;

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,

And *Rosaline* they call her; ask for her,

And to her sweet hand see thou do commend

This seal'd up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.

Cost. Guerdon,—— O sweet guerdon! better than remuneration, eleven pence farthing better: most sweet guerdon! I will do it, Sir, in print. Guerdon, remuneration.——

[Exit.

Biron. O! and I, forsooth, in love!

I, that have been love's whip;

A very beadle to a humorous sigh:

Passage has hitherto been writ, and pointed, without any Regard to Common Sense, or Meaning. The Reform, that I have made, slight as it is, makes it both intelligible and humorous.

A critick; nay, a night-watch constable,
 A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
 Than whom no mortal more magnificent.
 This whimp'd, whining, purblind wayward boy,
 This Signior *Junio's* giant-dwarf, *Dan Cupid*, (17)
 Regent of love-rimes, lord of folded arms,
 Th' anointed Sovereign of sighs and groans:
 Leige of all loyterers and malecontents:
 Dread Prince of plackets, King of codpieces:
 Sole Emperor, and great General
 Of trotting parators. (O my little heart!)
 And I to be a corporal of his File, (18)
 And wear his colours! like a tumbler, stoop!

What?

(17) *This Signior Junio's giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid.*] It was some time ago ingeniously hinted to me, (and I readily came into the Opinion;) that as there was a Contrast of Terms in *giant-dwarf*, so, probably, there should be in the Words immediately preceding them; and therefore that we should restore,

This Senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid.

i. e. this old, young Man. And there is, indeed, afterwards in this Play, a Description of *Cupid*, which suits very aptly with such an E-
 mendation.

*That was the way to make his Godhead wax,
 For he hath been five thousand years a boy.*

The Conjecture is exquisitely well imagin'd, and ought by all Means to be embrac'd, unless there is Reason to think, that, in the former Reading, there is an Allusion to some Tale, or Character in an old Play. I have not, on this Account, ventur'd to disturb the Text, because there seems to me some Reason to suspect, that our Author is here alluding to *Beaumont and Fletcher's Bonduca*. In that Tragedy there is the Character of one *Junius*, a Roman Captain, who falls in Love to Distraction with one of *Bonduca's* Daughters; and becomes an arrant whining Slave to this Passion. He is afterwards cur'd of his Infirmity, and is as absolute a Tyrant against the Sex. Now, with Regard to these two Extremes, *Cupid* might very properly be stiled *Junius's* giant-dwarf: a *Giant* in his Eye, while the Dotage was upon him; but shrunk into a *Dwarf*, so soon as he had got the Better of it. Our Poet writing the Name with the *Italian* Termination, and calling him Signior *Junio*, would, I think, be an Objection of little Weight to urge, that the *Roman* Captain could not therefore be meant.

(18) *And I to be a Corporal of his Field,*

And wear his Colours like a Tumbler's hoop!]

A *Corporal* of a *Field* is quite a new Term: neither did the *Tumblers* ever adorn their *Hoops* with Ribbands, that I can learn: for Those were not carried in Parade about with them, as the Fencer carries his
 Sorwd:

What? I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
 A Woman, that is like a *German* clock,
 Still a repairing; ever out of frame,
 And never going aright, being a watch,
 But being watch'd, that it may still go right!
 Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all:
 And among three, to love the worst of all;
 A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
 With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;
 Ay, and by heav'n, one that will do the deed,
 Tho' *Argus* were her eunuch and her guard;
 And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
 To pray for her! go to: — It is a plague,
 That *Cupid* will impose for my neglect
 Of his almighty, dreadful, little, Might.
 Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue and groan:
 Some men must love my lady, and some *Joan*. [*Exit.*]

A C T III.

SCENE, *a Pavilion in the Park near
 the Palace.*

*Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Catharine, Lords,
 Attendants, and a Forester.*

P R I N C E S S.

WAS that the King, that spur'd his horse so
 hard
 Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Sword: Nor, if they were, is the Similitude at all pertinent to the
 Case in hand. But to *stoop like a Tumbler* agrees not only with that
 Profession, and the servile Condescensions of a Lover, but with what
 follows in the Context. What misled the wise Transcribers at first,
 seems This: When once the *Tumbler* appear'd, they thought, his *Hoop*
 must not be far behind.

Mr. Warburton.

Boyet.

Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

Prin. Who e'er he was, he shew'd a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to day we shall have our dispatch;
On *Saturday* we will return to *France*.

Then Forester, my friend, where is the bush,
That we must stand and play the murderer in?

For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot.

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair, that shoot:
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam: for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what? first praise me, then again
say, no?

O short-liv'd pride! not fair? alack, for wo!

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now;

Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true;
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that, which you inherit.

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit.

O heresie in fair, fit for these days!

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.

But come, the bow; now mercy goes to kill,

And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot,

Not wounding, Pity would not let me do't:

If wounding, then it was to shew my Skill;

That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.

And, out of question, so it is sometimes;

Glory grows guilty of detested crimes;

When for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,

We bend to that the working of the heart.

As I for praise alone now seek to spill

The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-soverainty
Only for praise-sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise; and praise we may afford
To any lady, that subdues her lord.

Enter

Enter Costard.

Boyet. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.

Cost. God dig-you-den all; pray you, which is the head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest and the tallest? it is so, truth is truth.

An your waste, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One o' these maids girdles for your waste should be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

Prin. What's your will, Sir? what's your will?

Cost. I have a letter from Monsieur *Biron*, to one lady *Rosaline*.

Prin. O thy letter, thy letter: he's a good friend of mine.

Stand aside, good bearer. — *Boyet*, you can carve; (19)
Break up this capon.

Boyet, I am bound to serve.

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to *Jaquenetta*.

Prin. We will read it, I swear.

Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

(19) *Boyet*, you can carve;

Break up this Capon.] i. e. open this Letter.

Our Poet uses this Metaphor, as the *French* do their *Poulet*; which signifies both a young Fowl, and a Love-letter. *Poulet*, *amatoriae Litteræ*; says *Richelet*: and quotes from *Voiture*, *Répondre au plus obligeant Poulet du Monde*; To reply to the most obliging Letter in the World. The *Italians* use the same manner of Expression, when they call a Love-Epistle, *una Pollicetta amorosa*. I ow'd the Hint of this equivocal use of the Word to my ingenious Friend *Mr. Bishop*. I observe in *Westwardboe*, a Comedy written by a Contemporary with our Author, that one of these Letters is likewise call'd a *Wild-fowl*, Act. 2. Sc. 2.

At the Skirt of that Sheet in black Work is wrought his Name. Break not up the Wild-fowl till anon, and then feed upon him in Private.

Boyet

Boyet reads.

BY heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth it self, that thou art lovely; more fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth it self; have commiseration on thy heroical vassal. The magnanimous and most illustre King *Cophetua* set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar *Zenelophon*; and he it was that might rightly say, *veni, vidi, vici*; which to anatomize in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar!) *videlicet*, he came, saw, and overcame; he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the King. Why did he come? to see. Why did he see? to overcome. To whom came he? to the beggar. What saw he? the beggar. Who overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory; on whose side? the King's; the captive is enrich'd: on whose side? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial: on whose side? the King's? no, on both in one, or one in both: I am the King, (for so stands the comparison) thou the beggar, for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could. Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles? titles: for thy self? me. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine in the dearest design of industry,

Don Adriano de Armado.

Thus dost thou hear the *Nemean* lion roar
 'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;
 Submissive fall his princely feet before,
 And he from forage will incline to play.
 But if thou strive (poor soul) what art thou then?
 Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he, that indited this letter?

What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?

Boyet.

Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the stile.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it ere while.

Boyet. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keeps here in Court,

A phantasme, a monarcho, and one that makes sport
To the Prince and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word:

Who gave thee this letter?

Cost. I told you; my lord.

Prin. To whom should'st thou give it?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord to which lady?

Cost. From my lord *Berown*, a good master of mine,
To a lady of *France*, that he call'd *Rosaline*.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords,
away.

Here, sweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another day.

[*Exit Princess attended.*]

Boyet. Who is the shooter? who is the shooter?

Rosa. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Rosa. Why, she that bears the bow. Finely put off.

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns: but if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

Finely put on. —

Rosa. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your Deer?

Rosa. If we chuse by horns, your self; come not near.

Finely put on, indeed. —

Mar. You still wrangle with her, *Boyet*, and she
strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she her self is hit lower. Have I hit
her now?

Rosa. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying,
that was a man when King *Pippin* of *France* was a
little boy, as touching the hit it.

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that
was a woman when Queen *Guinover* of *Britain* was a
little wench, as touching the hit it.

Rosa.

Rosa. *Thou can'st not hit it, hit it, hit it.* [Singing.
Thou can'st not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. *An I cannot, cannot, cannot ;
 An I cannot, another can.* [Exit Rosa.

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant; how both did
 fit it.

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot; for they both
 did hit it.

Boyet. A mark? O, mark but that mark! a mark,
 says my lady;

Let the mark have a prick in't, to meet at, if it
 may be.

Mar. Wide o' th' bow-hand; i'faith, your hand is
 out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er
 hit the clout.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then belike your hand
 is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the
 pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily; your lips grow
 foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, Sir, chal-
 lenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing; good night, my
 good owl. [Exeunt all but Costard.

Cost. By my soul, a swain; a most simple clown.

Lord, Lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!
 O' my troth, most sweet jests, most incony vulgar wit,
 When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it
 were, so fit.

Armado o' th' one side, — O, a most dainty man;
 To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan.
 To see him kiss his hand, and how most sweetly he
 will swear:

And his Page o' t'other side, that handfull of Wit;
 Ah, heav'ns! it is a most pathological Nit.

[Exit Costard.

[Shouting

[Shouting within.

Enter Dull, Holofernes, and Sir Nathaniel.

Nath. Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good Conscience.

Hol. The deer was (as you know) *sanguis*, in blood; ripe as a pomwater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *Cælo*, the sky, the welkin, the heav'n; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of *Terra*, the soil, the land; the earth.

Nath. Truly, master *Holofernes*, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: but, Sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, *haud credo*.

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation; yet a kind of insinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication; or rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination; after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or ratherest unconfirmed fashion, to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I said, the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus*; O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look?

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed on the dainties that are bred in a book. He hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink. His intellect is not replenished. He is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts; (20) and such barren plants are set before

(20) ——— And such barren Plants are set before us, that we thankful should be; which we taste, and feeling are for those Parts that do fructify in us more than he.] If this be not a stubborn Piece of Nonsense, I'll never venture to judge of common Sense. That Editors should take such Passages upon Content, is, surely, surprizing. The Words, 'tis plain, have been ridiculously, and stupidly, transpos'd and corrupted. The Emendation I have offer'd, I hope, restores the Author; At least, I am sure, it gives him Sense and Grammar: and answers extremely well to his Metaphors taken from *planting*. ——— *Ingradare*, with the *Italians*, signifies, to rise higher and higher; *and dare di grado in grado*, to make a Progression; and so at length come to fructify, as the Poet expresses it.

Mr. Warburton.

us,

us, that we thankful, should be for those parts, (which we taste and feel, *ingradare*) that do fructify in us, more than He.

For as it would ill become me to be vain; indiscreet,
or a fool;

So were there a patch set on learning, to see him in
a school.

But *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men; can you tell by your
wit,

What was a month old at *Cain's* birth, that's not five
weeks old as yet?

Hol. *Diētynna*, good-man *Dull*; *Diētynna*, good-man
Dull.

Dull. What is *Diētynna*?

Nath. A title to *Phæbe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moon*.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when *Adam* was
no more:

And rought not to five weeks, when he came to five-
score.

Th' allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true, indeed; the collusion holds in the
exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion
holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say, the pollution holds in the exchange;
for the moon is never but a month old; and I say
beside, that 'twas a pricket that the Princess kill'd.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you hear an extemporal e-
pitaph on the death of the deer? and to humour the
ignorant, I have call'd the deer the Princess kill'd, a
pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good master *Holofernes*, *perge*; so it shall
please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter; for it argues
facility.

The praiseful Princess pierc'd and prickt

A pretty pleasing pricket.

Some say, a sore; but not a sore,

'Tis now made sore with shooting.

The

*The dogs did yell; put L to fore;
Then sorel jumpt from thicket;
Or pricket sore, or else sorel;
The people fall a hooting.
If sore be sore, then L to fore
Makes fifty sores; O sorel!
Of one sore I an hundred make;
By adding but one more L.*

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions. These are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourish'd in the womb of *pia mater*, and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occasion; but the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the lord for you, and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you; you are a good member of the common-wealth.

Hol. *Mebercle*, if their sons be ingenuous, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *vir sapit, qui pauca loquitur*; a soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter Jaquenetta, and Costard.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master Parson.

Hol. Master Parson, *quasi* Person. And if one should be pierc'd, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master school-master, he that is likest to a hog'shead.

Hol. Of piercing a hog'shead, a good Lustre of conceit in a turf of earth, fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'Tis pretty; it is well.

Jaq. Good master Parson, be so good as read me this letter; it was given me by *Costard*, and sent me from *Don Armato*. I beseech you, read it.

Hol. *Fauste, precor, gelidâ* (21) *quando pecus omne sub umbrâ*

Ruminat, and so forth. Ah, good old *Mantuan*, I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of *Venice*; *Vinegia, Vinegia! qui non te vedi, ei non te premia* (22). Old *Mantuan*, old *Mantuan!* Who understandeth thee not, lovè's thee not:—*ut re sol la mi fa*. Under pardon, Sir, what are the contents? or rather, as *Horace* says in his: What! my soul! verses? (23)

Nath. Ay, Sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; *Lege, Domine.*

Nath. If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd;
Though to my self forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers
bow'd.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes;
Where all those pleasures live, that art would comprehend:

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend.

(21) *Nath. Fauste, precor, gelidâ*] Tho' all the Editions concur to give this Speech to Sir *Nathaniel*, yet, as Dr. *Thirlby* ingeniously observ'd to me, it is evident, it must belong to *Holofernes*. The Curate is employ'd in reading the Letter to himself; and while he is doing so, that the Stage may not stand still, *Holofernes* either pulls out a Book; or, repeating some Verses by heart from *Mantuanus*, comments upon the Character of that Poet. *Baptista Spagnolus*, (surnamed *Mantuanus*, from the Place of his Birth;) was a voluminous Writer of Poems, who flourish'd towards the latter End of the 15th Century.

(22) *Venechi, venache a, qui non te vede, i non te premia*.] Thus Mr. *Rowe*, and Mr. *Pope*, from the old blundering Editions. But that these Gentlemen, Poets, Scholars, and Linguists, could not afford to restore this little Scrap to true *Italian*, is to me unaccountable. Our Author is applying the Praises of *Mantuanus* to a common proverbial Sentence, said of *Venice*. *Vinegia, Vinegia! qui non te vedi, ei non te premia*. O *Venice, Venice*, he, who has never seen thee, has thee not in Esteem.

(23) *What! my Soul! Verses?*] As our Poet has mention'd *Horace*, I presume he is here alluding to this Passage in his I. *Sermon*. 9. *Quid a, is, dulcissime rerum?*

All ignorant that Soul, that sees thee without wonder :
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts ad-
mire ;

Thy eye *Jove's* lightning bears, thy voice his dread-
ful thunder ;

Which, not to anger bent, is musick, and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, Oh pardon, love, this wrong ;
That sings heav'n's praise with such an earthly tongue.

Hol. You find not the *Apostrophes*, and so miss the ac-
cent. Let me supervise the canzonet (24). Here are
only numbers ratify'd (25) ; but for the elegancy, faci-
lity ;

(24) *Let me supervise the Cangenet.*] If the Editors have met with any
such Word, it is more than I have done, or, I believe, ever shall do.
Our Author wrote *Canzonet*, from the *Italian Word Canzonetto*, a little
Song. We meet with it in *B. Jonson's Cynthia's Revels*.

O! *what a Call is there!* I will have a Canzonet made with nothing
in it but, *Sirrah!* and the Burthen shall be, I come.

(25) *Nath.* Here are only Numbers ratified ;] Tho' this Speech has
been all along plac'd to *Sir Nathaniel*, I have ventur'd to join it to the
preceding Words of *Holofernes*; and not without Reason. The Speaker
here is impeaching the Verses; but *Sir Nathaniel*, as it appears above,
thought them learned ones: besides, as *Dr. Thirlby* observes, almost eve-
ry Word of this Speech fathers itself on the Pedant. So much for the
Regulation of it; now, a little; to the Contents.

*And why indeed Nafø, but for smelling out the odoriferous Flowers of
Fancy? the jerks of Invention imitary is nothing.*

Sagacity with a Vengeance! I should be asham'd to own myself a piece
of a Scholar, to pretend to the Task of an Editor, and to pass such Stuff
as this upon the World for genuine. Who ever heard of *Invention imi-
tary*? Invention and Imitation have ever been accounted two distinct
Things. The Speech is by a Pedant, who frequently throws in a Word
of *Latin* amongst his *English*; and he is here flourishing upon the Merit
of Invention, beyond That of Imitation, or copying after another. My
Correction makes the Whole so plain and intelligible, that, I think, it
carries Conviction along with it. Again;

*So doth the Hound his Master, the Ape his Keeper, the tired Horse his
Rider.*

The Pedant here, to run down Imitation, shews that it is a Quality with-
in the Capacity of Beasts: that the Dog and the Ape are taught to copy
Tricks by their Master and Keeper; and so is the *tir'd* Horse by his
Rider. This last is a wonderful Instance; but it happens not to be true.
Mr. Warburton ingeniously saw, that the Author must have wrote —
the tryed Horse his Rider.

i. e. One, *exercis'd*, and broke to the *Manage*: for he obeys every Sign,
and Motion of the Rein, or of his Rider. This is not the only Passage,

lity, and golden cadence of poesie, *caret*: *Ovidius Naso* was the man. And why, indeed, *Naso*; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the jerks of invention? *imitari*, is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the try'd horse his rider: But *Damosella Virgin*, was this directly to you?

Jaq. Ay, Sir, from one Monsieur *Biron*, to one of the strange Queen's Ladies.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript. *To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous lady Rosaline.* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing, to the person written unto.

Your Ladyship's in all desir'd employment, Biron.

This *Biron* is one of the votaries with the King; and here he hath fram'd a letter to a sequent of the stranger Queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarry'd. Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the hand of the King; it may concern much; stay not thy complement; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

Jaq. Good *Costard*, go with me. Sir, God save your life.

Cost. Have with thee, my girl. [*Exe. Cost. and Jaq.*]

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously: and as a certain father saith——

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours. But, to return to the verses; did they please you, Sir *Nathaniel*?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if (being repast) it shall please you to gratifie the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the aforesaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*; where will I prove

where our Author employs *tryed* in the Sense of, exercis'd, train'd. So in *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

*And how he cannot be a perfect Man,
Not being try'd, and tutour'd in the World.*

those

those verses to be very unlearned, neither favouring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too : for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. Sir, I do invite you too ; [*To Dull.*] you shall not say me, nay : *Pauca verba.* Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Biron, with a paper in his hand, alone.

Biron. The King is hunting the deer, I am coursing my self. They have pitcht a toil, I am toiling in a pitch ; pitch, that defiles ; defile ! a foul word : well, set thee down, sorrow ; for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well prov'd wit. By the Lord, this love is as mad as *Ajax*, it kills sheep, it kills me, I a sheep. Well prov'd again on my side. I will not love ; if I do, hang me ; i'faith, I will not. O, but her eye : by this light, but for her eye, I would not love ; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love ; and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy ; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already ; the clown bore it ; the fool sent it, and the lady hath it : sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady ! by the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper ; God give him grace to groan !

[*he stands aside,*]

Enter the King.

King. Ay me !

Biron. Shot, by heav'n ! proceed, sweet *Cupid* ; thou hast thumpt him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap : in faith, secrets.—

King. [*reads.*] So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew, that on my cheeks down flows ;

Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright,
 Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
 As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
 Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep;
 No drop, but as a coach doth carry thee,
 So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
 Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
 And they thy glory through my grief will shew;
 But do not love thy self, then thou wilt keep
 My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
 O Queen of Queens, how far dost thou excel!
 No thought can think, no tongue of mortal tell. —

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
 Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?

[*the King steps aside.*]

Enter Longaville.

What! *Longaville!* and reading! listen, ear.

Biron. Now in thy likeness one more fool appears.

Long. Ay me! I am forsworn.

Biron. Why, he comes in like a Perjure, wearing
 papers. (26)

King. In love, I hope; sweet fellowship in shame.

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.

Long. Am I the first, that have been perjur'd so?

Biron. I could put thee in comfort: not by two that
 I know;

Thou mak'st the triumvir, the three-corner-cap of
 society,

The shape of love's *Tyburn*, that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to
 move:

O sweet *Maria*, Empress of my love,

(25) *Why, he comes in like a perjur'd, wearing Papers.*] All the Editions, that I have seen, give us a nonsensical Adjective here, except the first old *Folio*, and a *Quarto* Impression of this Play publish'd in 1623: in Both which it is rightly, as I have regulated the Text, a *Perjure*. So, in the *Troublesom Reign* of *K. John*, in two Parts.

But now black-spotted Perjure as he is.

In like manner the *French* make a Substantive of this Word, *Un Parjure*: i. e. a forsworn Wretch.

These

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. O, rhimes are guards on wanton *Cupid's* hose:
Disfigure not his slop. (27)

Long. This same shall go. [he reads the sonnet.

*Did not the heavenly rhetorick of thine eye
('Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument)*

Perswade my heart to this false perjury?

Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punishment :

A woman I forswore; but I will prove,

Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee,

My vow was earthy, thou a heav'nly love :

Thy grace, being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is :

*Then thou fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhal'st this vapour-vow; in thee it is;*

If broken then, it is no fault of mine;

If by me broke, what fool is not so wise

To lose an oath to win a Paradise?

Biron. This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh a
deity;

A green goose a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.

God amend us, God amend, we are much out o' th' way.

(27) *Ob, Rhymes are Guards on wanton Cupid's Hose ;*

Disfigure not his Shop.] All the Editions happen to concur in this Error;

but what Agreement in Sense is there betwixt *Cupid's Hose* and his *Shop*?

Or, what Relation can those two Terms have to one another? Or, what,

indeed, can be understood by *Cupid's Shop*? It must undoubtedly be

corrected, as I have reform'd the Text. *Slops* are large and wide-kneed

Breeches, the Garb in Fashion in our Author's Days, as we may ob-

serve from old Family-Pictures; but they are now worn only by Boors,

and Sea-faring Men: and we have Dealers whose sole Business it is to fur-

nish the Sailors with Shirts, Jackets, &c. who are call'd, *Slop-men*; and

their Shops, *Slop-shops*. — *Shakespeare* knew the Term, and has made

use of it in more than one Place. 2 *Henr. IV.*

What said Mr. Dombledon about the Sattin for my short Cloak and

Slops?

Romeo and Juliet.

Signior Romeo, bon jour; — there's a French Salutation to your

French Slop.

Much Ado about Nothing.

— or in the Shape of two Countries at once, as a German from

the Waste downward, all Slops: &c.

Enter Dumain.

Long. By whom shall I send this? ——— company?
stay. ———

Biron. All hid, all hid, an old infant play;
Like a demy God, here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools secrets headfully o'er-eye:
More facks to the mill! O heav'n, I have my wish;
Dumain transform'd? four woodcocks in a dish?

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Biron. O most prophane coxcomb! [aside.

Dum. By heav'n, the wonder of a mortal eye!

Biron. By earth, she is but corporal; there you lie. (28)

[aside.

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

[aside.

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop, I say;

Her shoulder is with child.

[aside.

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine.

[aside.

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Long. And I had mine!

[aside.

King. And mine too, good Lord!

[aside.

Biron. Amen, so I had mine! Is not that a good
word? [aside.

(28) *By Earth, she is not, corporal, there you lie.*] Dumaine, one of the Lovers in spite of his Vow to the contrary, thinking himself alone here, breaks out into short Soliloquies of Admiration on his Mistress; and Biron, who stands behind as an Evesdropper, takes Pleasure in contradicting his amorous Raptures. But Dumaine was a young Lord: He had no Sort of Post in the Army: What Wit, or Allusion, then, can there be in Biron's calling him *Corporal*? I dare warrant, I have restor'd the Poet's true Meaning, which is this. Dumaine calls his Mistress divine, and the Wonder of a mortal Eye; and Biron in flat Terms denies these hyperbolical Praises. I scarce need hint, that our Poet commonly uses *corporal*, as *corporeal*. A Passage, very similar to this, occurs before, betwixt Proteus and Valentine, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

Val. *Ev'n She; and is She not a heav'nly Creature?*

Pro. *No: but She is an earthly Paragon.*

Dum.

Dum. I would forget her, but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will remembred be.

Biron. A fever in your blood! why then, incision
Would let her out in sawcers, sweet misprision. [*aside.*

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode, that I have writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark, how love can vary wit.
[*aside.*

Dumain reads his sonnet.

*On a day, (alack, the day!)
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spy'd a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, (quoth he) thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alack, my hand is sworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee:
Thou, for whom ev'n Jove would swear,
Juno but an Ethiopie were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.*

This will I send, and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's fasting pain:
O, would the King, *Biron* and *Longaville*,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example Ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjurd note:
For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. Dumain, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desir'st society: [*coming forward.*
You may look pale; but I should blush, I know,
To be o'er-heard, and taken napping so.

King.

King. Come, Sir, you blush ; as his, your case is
such ; [*coming forward.*]

You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You do not love *Maria* ? *Longaville*
Did never sonnet for her sake compile.
Nor never lay'd his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart ?
I have been closely shrowded in this bush,
And markt you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty rhimes, observ'd your fashion ;
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion.
Ay me ! says one ; O *Jove* ! the other cries ;
Her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes.
You would for Paradise break faith and troth ;
And *Jove*, for your love, would infringe an oath.
What will *Biron* say, when that he shall hear
A faith infringed, which such zeal did swear ?
How will he scorn ? how will he spend his wit ?
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it ?
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisie.
Ah, good my Liege, I pray thee, pardon me.

[*Coming forward.*]

Good heart, what grace hast thou thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love ?
Your eyes do make no coaches in your tears,
There is no certain Princess that appears ?
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing ;
Tush ; none but minstrels like of sonnetting.
But are you not asham'd ? nay, are you not
All three of you, to be thus much o'er-shot ?
You found his mote, the King your mote did see :
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a scene of fool'ry have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen ?
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a King transformed to a Knot !
To see great *Hercules* whipping a gigg,
And profound *Solomon* tuning a jigg ?

And

And *Nestor* play at push-pin with the boys,
 And Critick *Timon* laugh at idle toys?
 Where lyes thy grief? O tell me, good *Dumain*;
 And gentle *Longaville*, where lyes thy pain?
 And where my Liege's? all about the breast?
 A candle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.

Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd by you.
 I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
 To break the vow I am engaged in.
 I am betray'd by keeping company
 With men, like men, of strange inconstancy.
 When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
 Or groan for *Joan*? or spend a minute's time
 In pruning me? when shall you hear, that I
 Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
 A gate, a state, a brow, a breast, a waste,
 A leg, a limb?

King. Soft, whither away so fast?

A true man or a thief, that gallops so?

Biron. I post from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

Jaq. God bless the King!

King. What Present hast thou there?

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here?

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, Sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,

The treason and you go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beseech your Grace, let this letter be read,
 Our Parson misdoubts it: it was treason, he said.

King. *Biron*, read it over. [He reads the letter.

Where hadst thou it?

Jaq. Of *Costard*.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of *Dun Adramadio*, *Dun Adramadio*.

King. How now, what is in you? why dost thou
 tear it?

Biron.

Biron. A toy, my Liege, a toy: your Grace needs not fear it.

Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.

Dum. It is *Biron's* writing, and here is his name.

Biron. Ah, you whoreson loggerhead, you were born to do me shame. [To Costard.

Guilty, my lord, guilty: I confess, I confess.

King. What?

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess.

He, he, and you; and you, my Liege, and I
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.

O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True, true; we are four:
Will these turtles be gone?

King. Hence, Sirs, away.

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay. [Exeunt *Cost.* and *Jaquen.*

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us imbrace:
As true we are, as flesh and blood can be.

The sea will ebb and flow, heaven will shew his face:
Young blood doth not obey an old decree.

We cannot cross the cause why we were born:

Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What, did these rent lines shew some love of thine?

Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly
Rosaline,

That (like a rude and savage man of *Inde*,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east)

Bows not his vassal head, and, stricken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?

What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,

That is not blinded by her Majesty?

King. What zeal, what fury, hath inspir'd thee now?
My love (her mistress) is a gracious moon;

She (an attending star) scarce seen a light.

Biron.

Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Biron.*

O, but for my love, day would turn to night.

Of all complexions the cull'd Sovereignty,

Do meet, as at a Fair, in her fair cheek ;

Where several worthies make one dignity ;

Where nothing wants, that want it self doth seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues ;

Fie, painted rhetorick ! O, she needs it not :

To things of sale, a seller's praise belongs :

She passes praise, the praise too short doth blot.

A wither'd hermit, fivescore winters worn,

Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye :

Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,

And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy ;

O, 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine.

King. By heav'n, thy love is black as ebony.

Biron. Is ebony like her ? O wood divine ! (29)

A wife of such wood were felicity.

O, who can give an oath ? where is a book,

That I may swear, Beauty doth beauty lack ;

If that she learn not of her eye to look ?

No face is fair, that is not full so black ?

King. O paradox, black is the badge of hell :

The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night ; (30)

And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of

light :

O, if in black my lady's brow be deckt,

It mourns, that Painting and usurping Hair

Should ravish doters with a false aspect :

And therefore is she born to make black fair,

(29) *Is Ebony like her ? O Word divine !*] This is the Reading of all the Editions, that I have seen : but both Dr. *Thirlby* and Mr. *Warburton* concurr'd in reading, (as I had likewise conjectur'd,) O Wood *divine !*

(30) — *black is the Badge of Hell ;*
The hue of Dungeons, and the School of Night.] *Black*, being the *School of Night*, is a Piece of Mystery above my Comprehension. I had guess'd, it should be, *the Stole of Night* : but I have preferr'd the Conjecture of my Friend Mr. *Warburton*, as it comes nearer in Pronunciation to the corrupted Reading, as well as agrees better with the other Images.

Her

Her Favour turns the fashion of the days,
 For native blood is counted painting now;
 And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
 Paints it self black to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her, are chimney-sweepers black

Long. And since her time, are colliers counted
 bright.

King. And *Ethiops* of their sweet complexion crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
 For fear their colours should be washt away.

King. 'Twere good, yours did: for, Sir, to tell you
 plain,

I'll find a fairer face not washt to day:

Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk 'till dooms-day here.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Long. Look, here's thy love; my foot and her
 face see.

Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
 Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.

Dum. O vile! then as she goes, what upward lies
 The street should see as she walkt over head.

King. But what of this, are we not all in love?

Biron. Nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworn:

King. Then leave this chat; and, good *Biron*, now
 prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Dum. Ay, marry, there;—some flattery for this
 evil.

Long. O, some authority how to proceed;
 Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the devil.

Dum. Some salve for perjury.

Biron. O, 'tis more than need.

Have at you then, Affection's Men at arms; (31)

Corr:

(31) *Have at you then Affections. Men at Arms,*] Thus Mr. Pope has pointed this Passage in Both his Impressions, not much to the Praise of his Sagacity. The third Edition in *Folio* began the Corruption of the Place in this Manner;

Have at you then Affections, Men at Arms;

Consider, what you first did swear unto :
 To fast, to study, and to see no woman ;
 Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
 Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young :
 And abstinence ingenders maladies.
 And where that you have vow'd to study, (Lords)
 In That each of you hath forsworn his book.
 Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?
 For when would you, my Lord, or you, or you,
 Have found the ground of Study's excellence,
 Without the beauty of a woman's face?
 From womens eyes this doctrine I derive ;
 They are the ground, the book, the academies,
 From whence doth spring the true *Promethean* fire :
 Why, universal plodding prisons up
 The nimble spirits in the arteries ;
 As motion and long-during action tires
 The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
 Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
 You have in That forsworn the use of eyes ;
 And Study too, the causer of your vow.
 For where is any author in the world,
 Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
 Learning is but an adjunct to our self,
 And where we are, our Learning likewise is.
 Then, when our selves we see in ladies eyes,
 Do we not likewise see our Learning there?
 O, we have made a vow to study, lords ;
 And in that vow we have forsworn our books :
 For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
 In leaden contemplation have found out
 Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
 Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?

which Mr. *Rowe* inadvertently follow'd. But we must certainly read,
 as I have restor'd to the Text :

Have at you then, Affection's Men at Arms ;

i. e. *Love's Soldiers.* The King says, towards the Conclusion of this
 Scene ;

Saint Cupid, then! and, Soldiers, to the Field!

for by giving *Cupid* as the Word, he would intimate that they fought
 under his Banner.

Other

Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
 And therefore finding barren practisers,
 Scarce shew a harvest of their heavy toil.
 But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
 Lives not alone immured in the brain:
 But with the motion of all elements,
 Courses as swift as thought in every power;
 And gives to every power a double power,
 Above their functions and their offices.
 It adds a precious Seeing to the eye:
 A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind!
 A lover's ear will hear the lowest Sound,
 When the suspicious head of thrift is stopt. (32)
 Love's Feeling is more soft and sensible,
 Than are the tender horns of cockled snails.
 Love's Tongue proves dainty *Bacchus* gross in Taste;
 For Savour, is not Love a *Hercules*?
 Still climbing trees in the *Hesperides*. (33)

Subtle

(32) *A Lover's Ear will hear the lowest Sound,
 When the suspicious Head of Theft is stop'd.*]

I have ventur'd to substitute a Word here, against the Authority of all the printed Copies. There is no Contrast of Terms, betwixt a *Lover* and a *Thief*: but betwixt a *Lover* and a *Man of Thrift* there is a remarkable *Antithesis*. Nor is it true in Fact, I believe, that a *Thief*, harden'd to the Profession, is always suspicious of being apprehended; but He may sleep as sound as an honest Man. But, according to the Ideas we have of a *Miser*, a Man who makes *Lucre* and *Pelf* his sole Object and Pursuit, his Sleeps are broken and disturb'd with perpetual Apprehensions of being robb'd of his darling Treasure: consequently his Ear is upon the *attentive Bent*; even when he sleeps best.

(33) *For Valour is not Love a Hercules,*

Still climbing Trees in the Hesperides?]

I have here again ventur'd to transgress against the printed Books. The Poet is here observing how all the Senses are refin'd by Love. But what has the poor Sense of *Smelling* done, not to keep its Place among its Brethren? Then *Hercules's* Valour was not in *climbing the Trees*, but in attacking the Dragon *gardant*. I rather think, the Poet meant, that *Hercules* was allured by the *Odour* and *Fragrancy* of the golden Apples. So *Virgil* speaks of a particular Fruit, upon which the Commentators are not agreed.

*Et, si non alium latè jactaret odorem,
 Laurus erat: —*

Georg. II.

Besides, setting aside the Allusion of *Hercules* to the Fruit, Lovers think so grateful an Odour transpires from their Mistresses, that from every
 Port

Subtle as *Sphinx*; as sweet and musical
 As bright *Apollo's* lute, strung with his hair:
 And when Love speaks the voice of all the Gods, (34)
 Mark, Heaven drowfie with the harmony!
 Never durst Poet touch a pen to write,
 Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs;
 O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
 And plant in tyrants mild humility. ———
 From womens eyes this doctrine I derive:
 They sparkle still the right *Promethean* fire,
 They are the books, the arts, the academes,
 That shew, contain, and nourish all the world;
 Else none at all in ought proves excellent.
 Then fools you were, these women to forswear:

Pore (as *Nat. Lee* has express'd it) a *Perfume falls*. To these Fragran-
 cies the *Classics* frequently allude.

————— *quid habes Illius, illius,*

Quæ spirabat Amores,

Quæ me surpuerat mihi.

Hor. lib. iv. Od. 13.

Cum tu, Lydia, Telephi

Cervicem roseam, lactea Telephi

Laudas brachia.

Idem. lib. i. Od. 13.

For *Badius Ascenius*, explaining *Cervicem roseam*, says, *i. e. fragran-
 tem, aut formosam.*

So likewise *Virgil*, describing the Fragancy of *Venus*,

————— *avertens roseâ Cervicæ refulsit,*

Ambrosæque Comæ divinum Vertice Odorem

Spiravêre. ———

Æneid. I.

(34) *And when Love speaks, the Voice of all the Gods,
 Make Heaven drowfie with the Harmony.]*

As this is writ and pointed in all the Copies, there is neither *Sense*,
 nor *Concord*; as will be obvious to every understanding Reader. The
 fine and easy Emendation, which I have inserted in the Text, I owe
 to my ingenious Friend Mr. *Warburton*. His Comment on Heaven
 being *drowfie* with the *Harmony* is no less ingenious; and therefore,
 I'll subjoin it in his own Words. "Musick, we must observe, in our
 " Author's time had a very different Use to what it has now. At pre-
 " sent, it is only employ'd to raise and inflame the Passions; then, to
 " calm and allay all kind of Perturbations. And, agreeable to this
 " Observation, throughout all *Shakespeare's* Plays, where Musick is
 " either actually used, or its Power describ'd, 'tis always said to be
 " for these Ends. Particularly, it was most frequently us'd at the
 " Couchée of the Great. Heaven being made *drowfie* with the *Harmony*,
 " therefore I take to mean, *soothing* their Cares, and *lulling* them to
 " Rest. For the *Classical Deities*, like earthly *Grandees*, are subject to
 " the most violent Perturbations of humane Passions".

Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
 For wisdom's sake (a word, that all men love)
 Or for love's sake, (a word, that loves all men;))
 Or for mens sake, (the author of these women;))
 Or womens sake, (by whom we men are men;))
 Let us once lose our oaths, to find our selves;
 Or else we lose our selves, to keep our oaths.
 It is religion to be thus forsworn,
 For charity it self fullfills the law;
 And who can sever love from charity?

King. Saint *Cupid* then! and, soldiers, to the field!

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them,
 Lords;

Pell-mell, down with them; but be first advis'd,
 In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing, lay these glozes by;
 Shall we resolve to woo these girls of *France*?

King. And win them too; therefore let us devise
 Some entertainment for them in their Tents.

Biron. First, from the Park let us conduct them thi-
 ther;

Then homeward every man attach the hand
 Of his fair mistress; in the afternoon
 We will with some strange pastime solace them,
 Such as the shortness of the time can shape:
 For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
 Forerun fair love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted,
 That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. *Allons! allons!* sown Cockle reap'd no corn;(35)
 And justice always whirls in equal measure;
 Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;
 If so, our copper buys no better treasure. [*Exeunt.*

(35] Alone, alone, *sow'd Cockrel,*] The Editors, sure, could have no Idea of this Passage. *Biron* begins with a Repetition in *French* of what the *King* had said in *English*; *Away, away!* and then proceeds with a proverbial Expression, inciting them to what he had before advis'd, from this Inference; *if We only sow Cockle, we shall never reap Corn.* i. e. If we don't take the proper Measures for winning these Ladies, we shall never achieve them.
 Mr. Warburton.

A C T IV.

S C E N E, *the Street.*

Enter Holofernes, Nathaniel and Dull.

H O L O F E R N E S.

S *Atis, quod sufficit.*

Nath. I praise God for you, Sir, your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy: I did converse this *quondam*-day with a companion of the King's, who is entituled, nominated, or called, *Don Adriano de Armado.*

Hol. *Novi hominem, tanquam te.* His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gate majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thraasonical. He is too piqued, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were; too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*draws out his table-book.*]

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such phantastical phantasms, such insociable and *point-devise* companions; such rackers of orthography, as do speak dout fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt; d, e, b, t; not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf: half, hauf: neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abbreviated ne: this is abominable, which we would call abhominable: (36) it insinuateth me of Infamie *Ne intelligis Domine,* to make frantick, lunatick?

L 2

Nath.

(36) *It insinuateth me of infamy: Ne intelligis, Domine, to make frantick, lunatick?*

Nath.

Nath. *Laus deo, bone, intelligo.*

Hol. *Bone?* — *bone*, for *benè*; *Priscian* a little scratch'd; 'twill serve.

Enter Armado, Moth and Costard.

Nath. *Videsne quis venit?*

Hol. *Video, & gaudeo.*

Arm. Chirra.

Hol. *Quare* Chirra, not Sirrah?

Arm. Men of Peace, well encountred.

Hol. Most military Sir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stole the scraps.

Cost. O, they have liv'd long on the Alms-basket of words. I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*: thou art easier swallow'd than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace, the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes, he teaches boys the horn-book: What is A B spelt backward with a horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn. You hear his learning.

Nath. *Laus Deo, bene intelligo.*

Hol. Bome boon for boon *Priscian*; a little Scratch, 'twill serve.] This Play is certainly none of the best in it self, but the Editors have been so very happy in making it worse by their Indolence, that they have left me *Augeas's* Stable to cleanse: and a Man had need have the Strength of a *Hercules* to heave out all their Rubbish. But to Business; Why should *infamy* be explain'd by making *frantick*, *lunatick*? It is plain and obvious that the Poet intended, the Pedant should coin an uncouth affected Word here, *insanie*, from *insania* of the *Latines*. Then, what a Piece of unintelligible Jargon have these learned Criticks given us for *Latine*? I think, I may venture to affirm, I have restor'd the Passage to its true Purity.

Nath. *Laus Deo, bone, intelligo.*

The Curate, addressing with Complaisance his brother Pedant, says, *bone*, to him, as we frequently in *Terence* find *bone Vir*; but the Pedant thinking, he had mistaken the Adverb, thus descants on it.

Bone? — *bone* for *benè*. *Priscian* a little scratch'd: 'twill serve.

Alluding to the common Phrase, *Diminuis Prisciani caput*, apply'd to such as speak false *Latine*.

Hol.

Hol. *Quis, quis, thou consonant?*

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I. (37)

Hol. I will repeat them, a e I ———

Moth. The sheep; the other two concludes it, o, u.

Arm. Now by the salt wave of the *Mediterraneum*, a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit; snip, snap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect; true wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man: which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant; go, whip thy gigg.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy (38) *circum circà*; a gigg of a cuckold's horn.

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy ginger-bread; hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pidgeon-egg of discretion. O, that the heav'ns were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard! what a joyful father wouldst thou make me? go to, thou hast it *ad dunghill*; at the finger's ends, as they say.

Hol. Oh, I smell false latine, *dunghil* for *unguem*.

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula*; we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or, *Mons* the hill.

(37) *The last of the five Vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth if I:*

Hol. I will repeat them, a e I ———

Moth. *The Sheep*: ——— *the other two concludes it out.*] Wonderful Sagacity again! All the Editions agree in this Reading; but is not the *last*, and the *fifth*, the same *Vowel*? Tho' my Correction restores but a poor *Conundrum*, yet if it restores the Poet's Meaning, it is the Duty of an Editor to trace him in his lowest Conceits. By, O, U, *Moth* would mean — Oh, You. — i. e. You are the Sheep still, either way; no Matter, which of Us repeats them.

(38) *I will whip about your Infamy unum cita*;] Here again all the Editions give us Jargon instead of *Latine*. But *Moth* would certainly say, *circum circà*: i. e. about and about.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, *sans question.*

Arm. Sir, it is the King's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the Princess at her Pavilion, in the *posteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The *posterior* of the day, most generous Sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, choice, sweet, and apt, I do assure you, Sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the King is a noble gentleman, and my familiar; I do assure ye, my very good friend; for what is inward between us, let it pass — I do beseech thee, remember thy curtesie — I beseech thee, apparel thy head, — and among other importunate and most serious designs, and of great import indeed too — but let that pass; — for I must tell thee, it will please his Grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger thus dally with my excrement, with my mustachio; but sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable; some certain special honours it pleaseth his Greatness to impart to *Armado*, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world; but let that pass — the very all of all is — but sweet heart, I do implore secrecy — that the King would have me present the Princess (sweet chuck) with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the Curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, (as it were) I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine Worthies. Sir, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the *posterior* of this day, to be rendred by our assistants at the King's command, and this most gallant, illustrate and learned gentleman, before the Princess: I say, none so fit as to present the nine Worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. *Joshua*, your self; this gallant man, *Judas Maccabeus*; this swain (because of his great limb or joint) shall pass *Pompey* the great; and the page, *Hercules*.

Arm. Pardon, Sir, error: he is not quantity enough for that *Worthy's* thumb; he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present *Hercules* in minority: his *Enter* and *Exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device: for if any of the audience hiss, you may cry; "well done, *Hercules*, now thou crushest the snake;" that is the way to make an offence gracious, tho' few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the *Worthies*,

Hol. I will play three my self.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this sadge not, an Antick. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. *Via!* good-man *Dull*, thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, Sir.

Hol. *Allons*; we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so: or I will play on the taber to the *Worthies*, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest, *Dull*, to our Sport away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, before the Princess's Pavilion.

Enter Princess, and Ladies.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
 If Fairings come thus plentifully in.

A lady wall'd about with diamonds! —

Look you, what I have from the loving King.

Rosa. Madam, came nothing else along with That?

Prin. Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhyme, (39)

As would be cram'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all;
That he was fain to seal on *Cupid's* name.

Rosa. That was the way to make his God-head wax,
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Cath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Rosa. You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd
your sifter.

Cath. He made her melancholy, sad and heavy,
And so she died; had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandam ere she dy'd.
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

Rosa. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this
light word?

Cath. A light condition, in a beauty dark.

Rosa. We need more light to find your meaning
out.

Cath. You'll marr the light, by taking it in snuff:
Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.

Rosa. Look, what you do; and do it still i'th' dark.

Cath. So do not you, for you are a light wench.

Rosa. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.

Cath. You weigh me not; O, that's, you care not
for me.

Rosa. Great reason; for past Cure is still past Care. (40)

Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.

But, *Rosaline*, you have a Favour too:

Who sent it? and what is it?

(39) ————— as much Love in Rhyme,
As would be cram'd up in a Sheet of Paper,
Writ on both sides the Leaf, margent and all.]

I dare not affirm This to be an Imitation, but it carries a mighty Resemblance of this Passage in the Beginning of *Juvenal's* first Satire.

————— summi plenâ jam margine libri

Scriptus, & in tergo, nec dum finitus Orestes.

(40) ————— for past Care is still past Cure.] The Transposition which I have made in the two Words, *Care* and *Cure*, is by the Direction of the ingenious Dr. *Thirlby*. The Reason speaks for it self.

Rosa.

Rosa. I would, you knew.

And if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank *Biron*.
The numbers true; and were the numbring too,
I were the fairest Goddess on the ground.
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter.

Prin. Any thing like?

Rosa. Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.

Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

Cath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Rosa. Ware pencils. How? let me not die your
debter,

My red dominical, my golden letter.

O, that your face were not so full of Oes!

Cath. Pox of that jest, and I beshrew all shrews: (41)

Prin. But what was sent to you from fair *Dumaine*?

Cath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain?

Cath. Yes, madam; and moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover.

A huge translation of hypocrisie,
Vildly compil'd, profound simplicity.

Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent *Longaville*;
The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no less; dost thou not wish in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter short?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

Prin. We are wise girls, to mock our lovers for't.

Rosa. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same *Biron* I'll torture, ere I go.

O, that I knew he were but in by th' week,

(41) *Prin.* Pox of that jest, and I beshrew all Shrews.

As the *Princess* has behav'd with great Decency all along hitherto, there is no Reason to be assign'd why she should start all at once into this course Dialect. But I am perswaded, the Editors only have made her go out of Character. In short, *Rosaline* and *Catharine* are rallying one another without Reserve; and to *Catharine* this first Line certainly belong'd, and therefore I have ventur'd once more to put her in Possession of it.

How

How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,
 And wait the season, and observe the times,
 And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhimes,
 And shape his service all to my behests,
 And make him proud to make me proud with jests :
 So Pedant-like would I o'erfway his state, (42)
 That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are
 catch'd,

As wit turn'd fool; folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
 Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school;
 And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Rosa. The blood of youth burns not in such excess,
 As gravities revolt to wantonness.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
 As fool'ry in the wise, when wit doth dote :
 Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
 To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Here comes *Boyet*, and mirth is in his face.

Boyet. O, I am stab'd with laughter; where's her
 Grace?

Prin. Thy news, *Boyet*?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare.

Arm, wenches, arm; Encounters mounted are
 Against your peace; love doth approach disguis'd,
 Armed in arguments; you'll be surpriz'd.
 Muster your wits, stand in your own defence,
 Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint *Dennis*, to faint *Cupid*! what are they,
 That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

(42) *So pertaunt like would I o'erfway his State,*] If the Editors are acquainted with this Word, and can account for the Meaning of it, their Industry has been more successful than mine, for I can no where trace it. *So pedant like*, as I have ventur'd to replace in the Text, makes very good Sense, i. e. in such lordly, controlling, manner would I bear Myself over him, &c. What *Biron* says of a *Pedant*, towards the Conclusion of the 2d Act, countenances this Conjecture.

A domineering Pedant o'er the boy,

Than whom no Mortal more magnificent.

Boyet.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
 I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;
 When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd Rest,
 Toward that shade, I might behold, addrest
 The King and his companions; warily
 I stole into a neighbour thicket by;
 And over-heard, what you shall over-hear:
 That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.
 Their Herald is a pretty knavish Page,
 That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage.
 Action and accent did they teach him there;
 Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear;
 And ever and anon they made a doubt,
 Presence majestical would put him out:
 For, quoth the King, an Angel shalt thou see;
 Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.
 The boy reply'd, an Angel is not evil;
 I should have fear'd her, had she been a Devil. —
 With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shoulder,
 Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.
 One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd, and swore,
 A better speech was never spoke before.
 Another with his finger and his thumb,
 Cry'd, *via!* we will do't, come what will come.
 The third he caper'd and cry'd, all goes well:
 The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
 With that they all did tumble on the ground,
 With such a zealous laughter, so profound, (43)
 That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
 To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

(43) *With such a zealous Laughter, so profound,
 That in this Spleen ridiculous appears,
 To check their Folly, passions, solemn tears.]*

As Mr. Rowe and Mr. Pope have writ and stop'd this Passage, 'tis plain, they gave themselves no Pains to understand the Author's Meaning. Tho' for the Rhyme-fake, we have a *Verb* singular following a *Substantive* plural, yet This is what *Shakespeare* would say; "They cry'd as heartily with laughing, as if the deepest Grief had been the Motive". So before, in *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

*Made mine Eyes water, but more merry tears
 The Passion of loud Laughter never shed.*

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,
Like *Moscovites*, or *Russians*, as I guess.

Their purpose is to parley, court and dance;
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress; which they'll know
By Favours sev'ral, which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be taskt;
For, ladies, we will every one be maskt:
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despight of suite, to see a lady's face.

Hold, *Rosaline*; this Favour thou shalt wear,
And then the King will court thee for his Dear:
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine;
So shall *Biron* take me for *Rosaline*.

And change your Favours too; so shall your Loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Rosa. Come on then, wear the Favours most in sight.

Cath. But in this changing, what is your intent?

Prin. Th' effect of my intent is to cross theirs;
They do it but in mocking merriment,
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several councils they unbosom shall
To loves mistook, and so be mockt withal,
Upon the next occasion that we meet
With visages display'd to talk and greet.

Rosa. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

Prin. No; to the death, we will not move a foot;
Nor to their pen'd speech render we no grace:
But while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the Speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his Part.

Prin. Therefore I do it; and I make no doubt,
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There's no such Sport, as Sport by Sport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own;
So shall we stay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mockt, depart away with shame. [*Sound.*

Boyet. The trumpet sounds; be maskt, the maskers
come.

Enter

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, Dumain, and attendants, disguis'd like Moscovites; Moth with Musick, as for a masquerade.

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!

Boyet. Beauties, no richer than rich taffata. (44)

Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames,

That ever turn'd their backs to mortal views.

[The ladies turn their backs to him.]

Biron. Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

Moth. *That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views.*

Out ———

Biron. True; out, indeed.

Moth. Out of your favours, heav'nly Spirits, vouchsafe
Not to behold.

Biron. Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes —
With your sun-beamed eyes ———

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithete;
You were best call it daughter-beamed eyes.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me
out.

Biron. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue.

Rosa. What would these strangers? know their minds,
Boyet.

If they do speak our language, 'tis our Will
That some plain man recount their purposes.
Know, what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the Princess?

Biron. Nothing, but peace and gentle visitation.

Rosa. What would they, say they?

Boyet. Nothing, but peace and gentle visitation.

Rosa. Why, That they have; and bid them so be
gone.

(44) *Biron.* *Beauties, no richer than rich Taffata.*] All the Editors concur to give this Line to *Biron*; but, surely, very absurdly: for he's One of the zealous Admirers, and hardly would make such an Inference. *Boyet* is sneering at the Parade of their Address, is in the secret of the Ladies Stratagem, and makes himself Sport at the Absurdity of their Proem, in complimenting their Beauty, when they were mask'd. It therefore comes from him with the utmost Propriety.

Boyet.

Boyet. She says, you have it; and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,
To tread a measure with her on the grass.

Boyet. They say, that they have measur'd many a
mile,

To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Rosa. It is not so. Ask them, how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many,
The measure then of one is easily told.

Boyet. If to come hither you have measur'd miles,
And many miles; the Princess bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill up one mile?

Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

Boyet. She hears her self.

Rosa. How many weary steps
Of many weary miles, you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you;
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face,
That we (like savages) may worship it.

Rosa. My face is but a moon and clouded
too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds
do.

Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine
(Those clouds remov'd) upon our watery eyne.

Rosa. O vain petitioner, beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moon-shine in the water.

King. Then in our measure vouchsafe but one
change;

Thou bid'st me beg, this begging is not strange.

Rosa. Play, musick, then; nay, you must do it
soon.

Not yet? no dance? thus change I, like the moon.

King. Will you not dance? how come you thus e-
strang'd?

Rosa. You took the moon at full, but now she's
chang'd.

King.

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man. (45)

The musick plays, vouchsafe some motion to it

Rosa. Our ears vouchsafe it

King. But your legs should do it.

Rosa. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,

We'll not be nice; take hands; — we will not dance.

King. Why take you hands then!

Rosa. Only to part friends;

Curt'sie, sweet hearts, and so the measure ends.

King. More measure of this measure; be not nice.

Rosa. We can afford no more at such a price.

King. Prize your selves then; what buys your company?

Rosa. Your absence only.

King. That can never be.

Rosa. Then cannot we be bought; and so, adieu;

Twice to your visor, and half once to you.

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

Rosa. In private then.

King. I am best pleas'd with That.

Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

Prim. Honey, and milk, and sugar, there is three.

Biron. Nay then, two treys; and if you grow so nice,

Methegline, wort, and malmsey; — well run; dice: There's half a dozen sweets.

Prim. Seventh sweet, adieu;

Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

(45) *King.* Yet still she is the Moon, and I the Man.

Rosa. The Musick plays, vouchsafe some Motion to it; Our Ears vouchsafe it.]

This Verse, about the Man in the Moon, I verily believe to be spurious, and an Interpolation: because, in the first place, the Conceit of it is not pursued; and then it entirely breaks in upon the Chain of the Couplets, and has no Rhyme to it. However, I have not ventur'd to cashier it. The 2d Verse is given to *Rosaline*, but very absurdly. The King is intended to sollicit the Princess to dance; but the Ladies had beforehand declar'd their Resolutions of not complying. It is evident therefore, that it is the King, who should importune *Rosaline*, whom he mistakes for the Princess, to dance with him.

Biron.

Biron. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Biron. Thou griev'st my gall.

Prin. Gall? bitter. ———

Biron. Therefore meet.

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady, ———

Mar. Say you so? fair lord:

Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you;

As much in private; and I'll bid adieu.

Cath. What, was your vizor made without a tongue?

Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

Cath. O, for your reason! quickly, Sir; I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless vizor half.

Cath. Veal, quoth the *Dutch* man; is not veal a calf?

Long. A calf, fair lady?

Cath. No, a fair lord-calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

Cath. No, I'll not be your half;

Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

Long. Look, how you butt your self in these sharp
mocks!

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

Cath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Cath. Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry.

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge, invincible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen:

Above the sense of sense, so sensible

Seemeth their conference, their conceits have wings;
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter
things.

Rosa. Not one word more, my maids; break off,
break off.

Biron.

Biron. By heaven, all dry beaten with pure scoff. —

King. Farewell, mad wenches, you have simple wits. [Exeunt King and Lords.]

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen *Muscovites*.

Are these the Breed of wits so wondrous at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff out.

Rosa. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly poor flout:

Will they not (think you) hang themselves to night?

Or ever, but in vizors, shew their faces?

This pert *Biron* was out of count'nance quite.

Rosa. O! they were all in lamentable cases.

The King was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. *Biron* did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. *Dumain* was at my service, and his sword:

No, *point*, quoth I; my servant strait was mute.

Cath. Lord *Longaville* said, I came o'er his heart;

And, trow you, what he call'd me!

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Cath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!

Rosa. Well, better wits have worn plain statute caps.

But will you hear? the King is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick *Biron* hath plighted faith to me.

Cath. And *Longaville* was for my service born.

Mar. *Dumain* is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:

Immediately they will again be here

In their own shapes; for it can never be,

They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows;

And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:

Therefore change Favours, and when they repair,

Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

Prin. How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.

Boyet. Fair ladies, maskt, are roses in their bud; (46)
Or angel-veiling Clouds: are roses blown,
Dis-maskt, their damask sweet Commixture shewn.

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! what shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

Ros. Good Madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them still, as well known, as disguis'd;
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd, like *Muscovites*, in shapeless gear;
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shallow Shows, and Prologue vildly pen'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our Tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw, the Gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our Tents, as roes run o'er the land.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

SCENE, before the Princess's Pavilion.

*Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain, in
their own habits; Boyet, meeting them.*

K I N G.

FAIR Sir, God save you. Where's the Princess?
Boyet. Gone to her Tent.
Please it your Majesty, command me any service
to her?

(46) *Fair Ladies maskt are roses in the bud:
Dis-maskt, their damask sweet Commixture shewn,
Are Angels veiling Clouds, or roses blown.]*

As these Lines stand in all the Editions, there is not only an *Anticlimax*
with a Vengeance; but such a Jumble, that makes the whole, I think,
stark Nonsense. I have ventur'd at a Transposition of the 2d and 3d
Lines. by the Advice of my Friend Mr. *Warburton*; and by a minute
Change, or two, clear'd up the Sense, I hope, to the Poet's Intention.

King.

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*

Biran. This fellow picks up wit, as pigeons peas;
And utters it again, when *Jove* doth please:
He is wit's pedlar, and retails his wares
At wakes and wassals, meetings, markets, fairs:
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This Gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been *Adam*, he had tempted *Eve*.
He can carve too, and lisp: why, this is he,
That kist away his hand in courtesie;
This is the ape of form, Monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms: nay, he can sing
A mean most mainly; and, in ushering,
Mend him who can; the ladies call him sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kifs his feet.
This is the flower, that smiles on every one, (47)
To shew his teeth, as white as whale his bone.

And

(47) *This is the Flow'r, that smiles on ev'ry one, —]*

A flower smiling, is a very odd Image. I once suspected, that the Poet might have wrote;

This is the Fleerer, smiles on ev'ry One.

But nothing is to be alter'd in the Text. The *Metaphor* is to be justified by our Author's Usage in other Passages.

Romeo and Juliet.

Mer. *Nay, I am the very Pink of Courtesie.*

Rom. *Pink for Flower.*

And again;

He is not the Flower of Courtesie; but, I warrant him as gentle as a Lamb.

But the *complex Metaphor*, as it stands in the Passage before us, will be much better justified by a fine piece of *Criticism*, which my ingenious Friend Mr. *Warburton* sent me upon this Subject. I'll subjoin it in his own Words. "What the Criticks call the *broken, disjointed, and mixt*
" *Metaphor* are very great Faults in Writing. But then observe this
" Rule, which, I think, is of general and constant Use in Writing,
" and very necessary to direct one's Judgment in this part of Style.
" That when a *Metaphor* is grown so common as to desert, as 'twere,
" the *figurative*, and to be receiv'd into the *simple* or *common* Style,
" then what may be affirm'd of the *Substance*, may be affirm'd of the
" *Image*, i. e. the *Metaphor*: For a *Metaphor* is an *Image*. To illu-

And consciences, that will not not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongu'd Boyet.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue with my heart,
That put *Armado's* Page out of his Part!

*Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Catharine, Boyet,
and attendants.*

Biron. See, where it comes; behaviour, what wert
thou,

'Till this man shew'd thee? and what art thou now?

King. All hail, sweet Madam, and fair time of day!

Prin. Fair in all hail is foul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wish me better, I will give you leave.

King. We come to visit you, and purpose now
To lead you to our Court; vouchsafe it then.

Prin. This field shall hold me, and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for That, which you provoke;
The vertue of your eye must break my oath.

“ state this Rule by the Example before us. A very complaisant,
“ finical, over-gracious Person was in our Author's time so commonly
“ call'd a *Flower*, (or as he elsewhere styles it, the *Pink of Courtesie*.)
“ that in common Talk, or in the lowest Style, it might be well used,
“ without continuing the Discourse in the *Terms* of that Metaphor, but
“ turning them on the *Person* so denominated. And now I will give
“ the Reason of my Rule. In the less-used Metaphors, our Mind is
“ so turn'd upon the Image which the Metaphor conveys, that it ex-
“ pects that that Image should be for a little time continued, by
“ *Terms* proper to keep it up. But if, for want of these *Terms*, the
“ Image be no sooner presented, but dropt; the Mind suffers a
“ kind of Violence by being call'd off unexpectedly and suddenly
“ from its Contemplation: and from hence the *broken, disjointed*, and
“ *mixt* Metaphor shocks us. But when the Metaphor is worn and
“ hackney'd by common Use, even the first Mention of it does not
“ raise in the Mind the *Image* of it self, but immediately presents the
“ *Idea* of the *Substance*: And then to endeavour to continue the I-
“ mage, and keep it up in the Mind by proper adapted *Terms*,
“ would, on the other hand, have as ill an Effect; because the Mind
“ is already gone off from the metaphorical Image to the Substance.
“ *Grammatical Criticks* would do well to consider what has been here
“ said, when they set upon amending *Greek* and *Roman* Writings.
“ For the much-used, hackney'd Metaphors in those Languages must
“ now be very imperfectly known: and consequently, without great
“ Caution, they will be subject to act temerariouly.

Prin.

Prin. You nick-name virtue; vice you should have spoke :

For virtue's office never breaks mens troth.
Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unfully'd lilly, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest :
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heav'nly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;
We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game.
A mess of *Russians* left us but of late.

King. How, Madam? *Russians*?

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

Rosa. Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord:
My lady (to the manner of the days)
In courtesie gives undeserving praise.
We four, indeed, confronted were with four,
In *Russian* habit: here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

Biron. This jest is dry to me. Fair, gentle, sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish; when we greet
With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light; your capacity
Is of that nature, as to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Rosa. This proves you wise and rich; for in my eye---

Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Rosa. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

Rosa. All the fool mine?

Biron. I cannot give you less.

Rosa. Which of the vizors was it, that you wore?

Biron. Where? when? what vizer? why demand
you this?

Rosa. There, then, that vizer, that superfluous
Case,

That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face.

King. We are descried; they'll mock us now down-
right.

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? why looks your Highness
sad?

Rosa. Help, hold his brows, he'll swoon: why look
you pale?

Sea-sick, I think, coming from *Muscovy*.

Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for Perjury.
Can any face of brass hold longer out?

Here stand I, lady, dart thy skill at me;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout,

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;

And I will wish thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in *Russian* habit wait.

O! never will I trust to speeches pen'd,

Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue;

Nor never come in vizer to my friend,

Nor woo in rhyme like a blind harper's song;

Taffata-phrases, silken terms precise,

Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation.

Figures pedantical, these summer-flies,

Have blown me full of maggot ostentation,

I do forswear them; and I here protest,

By this white glove, (how white the hand, God
knows!)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be exprest

In ruffet yeas, and honest kersie noes:

And to begin, wench, so God help me, law,

My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Rosa. Sans, sans, I pray you.

Biron. Yet I have a trick

Of the old rage: bear with me, I am sick.

I'll leave it by degrees: soft, let us see;

Write,

Write, *Lord have mercy on us*, on those three;
 They are infected, in their hearts it lies;
 They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
 These lords are visited, you are not free;
 For the lord's tokens on you both I see.

Prin. No, they are free, that gave these tokens
 to us.

Biron. Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.

Rosa. It is not so; for how can this be true,
 That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

Biron. Peace, for I will not have to do with you.

Rosa. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for your selves, my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, sweet Madam, for our rude trans-
 gression

Some fair excuse.

Prin. The fairest is confession.

Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advis'd?

King. I was, fair Madam.

Prin. When you then were here,

What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

King. That more than all the world I did respect
 her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will re-
 ject her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace, peace, forbear:

Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

Prin. I will, and therefore keep it. *Rosaline,*

What did the *Russian* whisper in your ear?

Rosa. Madam, he swore, that he did hold me dear

As precious eye sight; and did value me

Above this world; adding thereto moreover,

That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
 Most honourably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, Madam? by my life, my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.

Rosa. By heav'n, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, Sir, again.

King. My faith, and this, to th' Princess I did give;
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, Sir, this jewel did she wear:
And lord *Biron*, I thank him, is my Dear,
What? will you have me? or your pearl again?

Biron. Neither of either: I remit both twain.
I see the trick on't; here was a consent,
(Knowing aforehand of our merriment)
To dash it like a *Christmas* comedy.

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some flight zany,
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some *Dick*,
That smiles his cheek in jeers, and knows the trick (48)

To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd,
Told our intents before; which once disclos'd,
The ladies did change Favours, and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she:
Now to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn, in will and error.

Much upon this it is. — And might not You [*To Boyet*.
Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue?

Do not you know my lady's foot by th' squier,
And laugh upon the apple of her eye,
And stand between her back, Sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?

You put our Page out: go, you are allow'd;
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shrowd.
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye
Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave Manage, this Career, been run.

Biron. Lo, he is tilting strait. Peace, I have done.

(48) *That smiles his Check in years.*] Thus the whole Set of Impressions: but I cannot for my Heart comprehend the Sense of this Phrase. I am perswaded, I have restor'd the Poet's Word and Meaning. *Boyet's* Character was That of a *Fleerer, jeerer, mocker, carping* Blade.

Enter Costard.

Welcome, pure wit, thou partest a fair fray.

Cost. O lord, Sir, they would know
Whether the three Worthies shall come in, or no.

Biron. What, are there but three?

Cost. No, Sir, but it is vara fine;
For every one pursents three.

Biron. And three times thrice is nine?

Cost. Not so, Sir, under correction, Sir; I hope, it
is not so.

You cannot beg us, Sir; I can assure you, Sir, we know
what we know: I hope, three times thrice, Sir——

Biron. Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction, Sir, we know whereuntil it
doth amount.

Biron. By *Jove*, I always took three threes for nine.

Cost. O lord, Sir, it were pity you should get your
living by reckoning, Sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Cost. O lord, Sir, the parties themselves, the actors,
Sir, will shew whereuntil it doth amount; for my own
part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one man in
one poor man, *Pompion* the Great, Sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of *Pom-
pion* the Great: for mine own part, I know not the de-
gree of the Worthy; but I am to stand for him.

Biron. Go bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, Sir, we will take
some care.

King. *Biron*, they will shame us; let them not ap-
proach. [*Exit Cost.*

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord; and 'tis
some policy

To have one Show worse than the King's and his Com-
pany.

King. I say, they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now;
That sport best pleases, that doth least know how.

Where

Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents;
Their form, confounded, makes most form in mirth;
When great things, labouring, perish in their birth.
Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expence of thy
royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair sweet honey monarch;
for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical;
too, too vain; too, too vain: but we will put it, as
they say, to *fortuna de la guerra*. I wish you the peace
of mind, most royal cuppplement.

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Wor-
thies: he presents *Hector* of *Troy*, the swain *Pompey*
the Great, the parish-curate *Alexander*, *Armado's* page
Hercules, the pedant *Judas Machabeus*.

And if these four Worthies in their first Show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There are five in the first Show.

King. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest,
the fool, and the boy.

A bare throw at *Novum*, and the whole world again
Cannot prick out five such, take each one in's vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes a-
main.

Enter Costard for Pompey.

Cost. I Pompey am——

Boyet. You lye, you are not he.

Cost. I Pompey am——

Boyet. With *Libbard's* head on knee. (49)

(49) —— *with Libbard's head on knee.*] This alludes to those old-
fashion'd Garments, upon the *Knees* and *Elbows* of which it was fre-
quent to have, by way of Ornament, a *Leopard's*, or *Lion's* head.
This Accoutrement the *French* call'd *Une Masquine*.

Biron.

Biron. Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends with thee.

Cost. I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the Big.

Dum. The Great.

Cost. It is Great, Sir; Pompey, surnam'd the Great; That oft in field, with targe and shield,

Did make my foe to sweat:

And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance;

And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet Lass of France.

If your ladyship would say, "thanks, Pompey, I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect. I made a little fault in great.

Biron. My hat to a half-penny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

Enter Nathaniel for Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's Commander;

By east, west, north and south, I spread my conquering might:

My 'Scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander.

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

Biron. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender smelling Knight.

Prin. The Conqueror is dismaid: proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's Commander.

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alisander.

Biron. Pompey the Great, ——

Cost. Your servant and Costard.

Biron. Take away the Conqueror, take away Alisander.

Cost. O Sir, you have overthrown Alisander the Conqueror. [to Nath.] You will be scraped out of the painted

ed

ed cloth for this; your lion, that holds the poll-ax sitting on a close-stool (50), will be given to *A-jax*; he will be then the ninth Worthy. A Conqueror, and afraid to speak? run away for shame, *Alisander*. There, an't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd. He is a marvellous good neighbour, insooth, and a very good bowler; but for *Alisander*, alas, you see, how 'tis a little o'erparted: but there are Worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Biron. Stand aside, good *Pompey*.

Enter Holofernes for Judas, and Moth for Hercules.

Hol. Great *Hercules* is presented by this imp,
Whose club kill'd *Cerberus*, that three-headed *canus*;
And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his *manus* :

Quoniam, he seemeth in minority;

Ergo, I come with this apology. ———

Keep some state in thy *Exit*, and vanish. [*Exit Moth.*

Hol. Judas *I am*.

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not *Iscariot*, Sir;

Judas *I am*, ycleped *Machabeus*.

Dum. Judas *Machabeus* clipt, is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor. How art thou prov'd Judas?

Hol. Judas *I am*.

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

(50) Your Lion that holds the poll-ax sitting on a Closestool,] *Alexander the Great*, as one of the Nine Worthies, bears Gules; a Lion, Or, sejant in a Chair, holding a Battle-axe argent. Vid. Ger. Leigh's *Accidence of Armouries*.----- But why, because *Nathaniel* had behav'd ill as *Alexander*, was that Worthy's Lion and Poll-axe to be given to *Ajax*? *Costard*, the Clown, has a Conceit in This very much of a Piece with his Character. The Name of *Ajax* is equivocally us'd by him; and he means, the *Insignia* of such a Conqueror, as the Curate exhibited in his wretched Representation, ought to be given to a *Fakes*; --- *fit Verbo Reverentia*! The same sort of Conundrum is used by *B. Jonson* at the Close of his Poem, call'd, *The famous Voyage*.

*And I could wish, for their eterniz'd sakes,
My Muse had plow'd with his that sung A-jax.*

Hol. What mean you, Sir?

Boyet. To make *Judas* hang himself.

Hol. Begin, Sir, you are my elder.

Biron. Well follow'd; *Judas* was hang'd on an Elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old *Roman* coin, scarce seen:

Boyet. The pummel of *Cæsar's* faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.

Biron. *St. George's* half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer;
And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. False; we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Biron. And thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore as he is an ass, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet *Jude*; nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the *Ass* to the *Jude*; give it him. *Jud-as*,
away.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for monsieur *Judas*; it grows dark,
he may stumble.

Prin. Alas! poor *Machabeus*, how he hath been baited!

Enter Armado.

Biron. Hide thy head, *Achilles*, here comes *Hector* in
arms.

Dum. Tho' my mocks come home by me, I will
now be merry.

King. *Hector* was but a *Trojan* in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this *Hector*?

King. I think, *Hector* was not so clean timber'd.

Long.

Long. His leg is too big for *Hector*.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best indu'd in the small.

Biron. This can't be *Hector*.

Dum. He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.

Arm. *The armipotent Mars, of launces the Almighty,*
Gave *Hector* a gift,——

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. *The armipotent Mars, of launces the Almighty,*

Gave *Hector* a gift, the heir of *Ilion*;

A man so breathed, that certain he would fight ye

From morn 'till night, out of his pavilion.

I am that flower.

Dum. That mint.

Long. That cullambine.

Arm. Sweet lord *Longaville*, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein; for it runs a-
gainst *Hector*.

Dum. Ay, and *Hector's* a grey-hound.

Arm. The sweet War-man is dead and rotten;
Sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the bury'd:
But I will forward with my device;

Sweet Royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

Prin. Speak, brave *Hector*; we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet *Grace's* slipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not, by the yard.

Arm. *This Hector far surmounted Hannibal* (51).

Cost. The Party is gone, fellow *Hector*, she is gone;
she is two months on her way.

Arm. What mean'st thou?

(51) *This Hector far surmounted Hannibal.*

The party is gone]

All the Editions stupidly have plac'd these last Words as Part of *Armado's* Speech in the Interlude. I have ventur'd to give them to *Costard*, who is for putting *Armado* out of his Part, by telling him the Party (i. e. his Mistress *Jaquenetta*,) is gone two Months with Child by him.

Cost.

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away; she's quick, the child brags in her belly already. 'Tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamonize me among Potentates? Thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall *Hector* be whipt for *Faquenetta*, that is quick by him; and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare *Pompey*!

Boyet. Renowned *Pompey*!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great *Pompey*!
Pompey the huge!

Dum. *Hector* trembles.

Biron. *Pompey* is mov'd; more *Ates*, more *Ates*, stir them on, stir them on.

Dum. *Hector* will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north-pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole like a northern man: I'll slash; I'll do't by the Sword: I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies.

Cost. I'll do't in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute *Pompey*!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do ye not see, *Pompey* is uncasing for the combat: what mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it, *Pompey* hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.

Boyet. True, (52) and it was enjoin'd him in *Rome* for want of linnen; since when, I'll be sworn he wore
none,

(52) *And it was injoin'd him in Rome for Want of Linnen.*] *Shakespeare* certainly alludes here to a famous Story, a Matter of Fact that hap-

none, but a dish-clout of *Jaquenetta's*, and that he wears next his heart for a Favour.

Enter Macard.

Mac. God save you, Madam.

Prin. Welcome, *Macard*, but that thou interruptest our merriment.

Mac. I'm sorry, Madam; for the news I bring Is heavy in my tongue. The King your father——

Prin. Dead, for my life.

Mac. Even so: my Tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away; the Scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For my own part, I breathe free breath; I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right my self like a soldier.

[*Exeunt Worthies.*

King. How fares your Majesty?

Prin. *Boyet*, prepare; I will away to night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say. I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,
The liberal opposition of our spirits;
If over-boldly we have born our selves
In the converse of breath, your gentleness
Was guilty of it. Farewel, worthy lord;
An heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue: (53)

Ex-

happen'd at *Rome*, sometime, I think, before his Time. A *Spaniard* fell in a Duel: In his last Moments one of his most intimate Friends chanc'd to come by, condol'd with him, and offer'd his best Service. The Dying Person told him he had but One Request to make to him, and conjur'd him by the Memory of their long Friendship punctually to comply with It: which was, not to suffer him to be stript as usual, but to bury him in the Condition, and very Habit he was then in. When This was promis'd, the *Spaniard* clos'd his Eyes, with great Composure and Satisfaction. But his Friend's Curiosity prevail'd over his Obligations, and desiring to know the Reason of so uncommon a Request, so earnestly press'd, he had him stripp'd; and found, to his great Surprise, he was without a Shirt.

Mr. *Warburton*.

(53) *An heavy heart bears not an humble Tongue.*] Thus all the Editions; but, surely, without either Sense or Truth. None are more hum-

ble

Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks,
For my great Suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme part of time extremely forms
All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose, decides
That, which long Process could not arbitrate.
And though the mourning brow of Progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesie of love,
The holy suit which fain it would convince;
Yet since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow juggle it
From what it purpos'd: Since, to wail friends lost,
Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not, my griefs are double.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;
And by these badges understand the King.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul Play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to th' oppos'd end of our intents;
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,
As love is full of unbecoming strains,
All wanton as a child, skipping and vain,
Form'd by the eye, and therefore like the eye,
Full of straying shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth rowl,
To every varied object in his glance;
Which party-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heav'nly eyes,
Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities;
Those heav'nly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested us to make them: therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours. We to our selves prove false,
By being once false, for ever to be true

ble in Speech, than they who labour under any Oppression. The *Prin-*
cess is desiring, her Grief may apologize for her not expressing her *Obl-*
igations at large; and my *Correction* is conformable to that *Sentiment*.

To those that make us both ; fair ladies, you :
 And even that falshood, in it self a sin,
 Thus purifies it self, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love,
 Your Favours, the embassadors of love :
 And in our maiden council rated them
 At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesie ;
 As bumbast, and as lining to the time :
 But more devout, than these are our respects,
 Have we not been ; and therefore met your loves
 In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, shew'd much more than
 jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Rosa. We did not coat them so.

King. Now at the latest minute of the hour,
 Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short,
 To make a world-without-end bargain in ;
 No, no, my lord, your Grace is perjur'd much,
 Full of dear guiltiness ; and therefore, this ———
 If for my love (as there is no such cause)
 You will do ought, this shall you do for me ;
 Your oath I will not trust ; but go with speed
 To some forlorn and naked Hermitage,
 Remote from all the pleasures of the world ;
 There stay until the twelve celestial Signs
 Have brought about their annual reckoning.
 If this austere insociable life
 Change not your offer made in heat of blood ;
 If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds
 Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
 But that it bear this tryal ; and last love ;
 Then, at the expiration of the year,
 Come challenge me ; challenge me, by these deserts ;
 And by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
 I will be thine ; and 'till that instant shut
 My woful self up in a mourning house,
 Raining the tears of lamentation,
 For the remembrance of my father's death.

If this thou do deny, let our hands part;
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest;
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!

Hence, ever then, my heart is in thy breast.

Biron. (54) [And what to me, my love? and what
to me?

Rosa. You must be purged too, your sins are rank,
You are attaint with fault and perjury;
Therefore if you my favour mean to get,
A twelve-month shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.]

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?

Cath. (55) A wife! — a beard, fair health and honesty;

With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

(54) *Biron.* [And what to me, my Love? and what to me?

Rosa. You must be purged too: your Sins are rank:

You are attaint with Fault and Perjury.

Therefore if you my Favour mean to get,

A Twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,

But seek the weary Beds of People sick.]

These six Verses both Dr. Thirlby and Mr. Warburton concur to think should be expung'd; and therefore I have put them between Crotchets; Not that they were an Interpolation, says the Doctor, but as the Author's first Draught, which he afterwards rejected; and executed the same Thought a little lower with much more Spirit and Elegance. Mr. Warburton conjectures, that *Shakespeare* is not to answer for the present absurd Repetition, but his Actor-Editors; who, thinking *Rosalind's* Speech too long in the second Plan, had abridg'd it to the Lines above quoted; but, in publishing the Play, stupidly printed both the Original Speech of *Shakespeare*, and their own Abridgment of it.

(55) A wife, a beard, fair health, and honesty;

With threefold Love I give you all these three.

Thus our sagacious Modern Editors. But if they had but the *Reckoning* of a *Tapster*, as our Author says, they might have been able to distinguish four from three. I have, by the Direction of the old Impressions, reform'd the Pointing; and made *Catharine* say what She intended. Seeing *Dumaine*, so very young, approach her with his Addressee, "You shall have a Wife, indeed! says She; No, no, I'll wish you three Things you have more Need of, a Beard, a sound Constitution, and Honesty enough to preserve it such.

Cath. Not so, my lord; a twelve-month and a day,
I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say.
Come, when the King doth to my lady come;
Then if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Cath. Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn again.

Long. What says *Maria*?

Mar. At the twelve-month's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.

Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble Suit attends thy answer there;
Impose some service on me for thy love.

Rosa. Oft have I heard of you, my lord *Biron*,
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lye within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won;
You shall this twelve-month-term from day to day
Visit the speechless Sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
T' enforce the pained Impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be, it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Rosa. Why, that's the way to choak a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns; continue then,

And

And I will have you, and that fault withal:
But if they will not, throw away that spirit;
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelve-month? well; befall, what will befall,

I'll jest a twelve-month in an Hospital.

Prin. Ay, sweet my lord, and so I take my leave.

[to the King.]

King. No, Madam; we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old Play;

Jack hath not *Fill*; these ladies courtesie
Might well have made our sport a Comedy.

King. Come, Sir, it wants a twelve-month and a day,
And then 'twill end.

Biron. (56) That's too long for a Play.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Sweet Majesty, vouchsafe me —

Prin. Was not that *Hector*?

Dum. That worthy Knight of *Troy*.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a Votary; I have vow'd to *Jaquenetta* to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most-esteem'd Greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the owl and the cuckow? it should have follow'd in the end of our Show.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach. —

Enter all.

This side is *Hiems*, winter.

This *Ver*, the spring: the one maintain'd by the owl,

(56) *That's too long for a Play.*] Besides the exact Regularity to the Rules of Art, which the Author has happen'd to preserve in some few of his Pieces; This is Demonstration, I think, that tho' he has more frequently transgress'd the *Unity of Time*, by cramming Years into the Compass of a Play, yet he knew the Absurdity of so doing, and was not unacquainted with the Rule to the contrary.

The other by the cuckow.
Ver, begin.

The S O N G.

S P R I N G.

(57) *When daizies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight;
The cuckow then on every tree
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow!*

*Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!*

*When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmens clocks;
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws;
And maidens bleach their summer smocks;
The cuckow then on every tree
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow!*

*Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!*

(57) *When Daizies py'd, and Violets blue,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow Hue
And Lady-smocks all silver white,*

Do paint the Meadows with Delight;] Tho' all the printed Copies range these Verses in this Order, I have not scrupled to transpose the second and third Verse, that the Metre may be conformable with That of the three following Stanza's; in all which the Rhymes of the first four Lines are *alternate*. — I have now done with this Play, which in the Main may be call'd a very bad One: and I have found it so very troublesome in the Corruptions, that, I think, I may conclude with the old religious Editors, *Deo gratias!*

W I N T E R.

*When isicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail;
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail;
 When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl
 Tu-whit! to-who!
 A merry note,
 While greasie Jone doth keel the pot.*

*When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the Parson's saw;
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whit! to-who!
 A merry note,
 While greasie Jone doth keel the pot.*

Arm. The words of Mercury
 Are harsh after the Songs of Apollo:
 You, that way; we, this way.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



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AS YOU LIKE IT.

A

COMEDY.

Dramatis Personæ.

DUKE.

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

Amiens, } *Lords attending upon the Duke in his banishment.*
Jaques, }

Le Beau, *a courtier, attending on Frederick.*

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

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

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

Dennis, *servant to Oliver.*

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

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

Corin, } *shepherds.*
Sylvius, }

A clown in love with Audrey.

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

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

Rosalind, *daughter to the Duke.*

Celia, *daughter to Frederick.*

Phœbe, *a shepherdess.*

Audrey, *a country wench.*

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

The SCENE lyes, first, near Oliver's house; and, afterwards, partly in the Duke's Court; and partly in the Forest of Arden.



AS YOU LIKE IT. (1)

A C T I.

SCENE, OLIVER'S Orchard.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

ORLANDO.



S I remember, *Adam*, it was upon this fashion bequeath'd me by Will, but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother on his Blessing to breed me well; and there begins my sadness. My brother *Jaques* he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home; or, (to speak more properly) stays me here at home, unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? his horses are bred better; for besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the

[1] *As you like it.*] Neither Mr. *Langbaine* nor Mr. *Gildon* acquaint us, to whom *Shakespeare* was indebted for any part of the Fable of this Play. But the Characters of *Oliver*, *Jaques*, *Orlando*, and *Adam*, and the Episodes of the *Wrestler* and the *banish'd Tram* seem to me plainly to be borrow'd from CHAUCER'S *Legend of Gamelyn* in the *Cook's Tale*. Tho' this *Legend* be found in many of the Old MSS. of that Poet, it was never printed till the last Edition of his Works, prepar'd by Mr. *Urrey*, came out.

which

which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this Nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the Something, that Nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me. He lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, *Adam*, that grieves me; and the Spirit of my father, which, I think, is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, tho' yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

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

Oli. Now, Sir, what make you here?

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

Oli. What mar you then, Sir?

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

Oli. Marry, Sir, be better employ'd, and be naught a while. (2)

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

Oli. Know you where you are, Sir?

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

Oli. Know you before whom, Sir?

Orla. Ay, better than he, I am before, knows me. I know, you are my eldest brother; and in the gentle

(2) — *be better employ'd, and be naught awhile.*] i. e. be better employ'd in my Opinion, in *being*, and *doing*, Nothing. Your Idleness, as you call it, may be an Exercise, by which you may make a figure, and endear your self to the World: and I had rather, you were a contemptible Cypher. The Poet seems to me to have that trite proverbial Sentiment in his Eye, quoted from *Attilius* by the younger *Pliny* and others;

Satius est otiosum esse quàm nihil agere.

But *Oliver*, in the Perverseness of his Disposition, would reverse the Doctrine of the Proverb.

condition

condition of blood, you should so know me; the courtesie of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy!

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

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

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

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

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orla. I will not, 'till I please: you shall hear me. My father charg'd you in his Will to give me good education: you have train'd me up like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities; the Spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

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

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

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

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

[*Exe. Orlando and Adam.*

Oli.

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

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your Worship?

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

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

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

Enter Charles.

Char. Good morrow to your Worship.

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

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

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

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

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

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

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

Cha.

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

Oli. *Charles*, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find, I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by under-hand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I tell thee, *Charles*, he is the stubbornest young fellow of *France*; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck, as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison; entrap thee by some treacherous device; and never leave thee, 'till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for I assure thee, (and almost with tears I speak it) there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

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

Oli. Farewel, good *Charles*. Now will I stir this gamester: I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my soul,

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

S C E N E *changes to an Open Walk, before the Duke's Palace.*

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Cel. I Pray thee, *Rosalind*, sweet my coz, be merry.
Rof. Dear *Celia*, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? unless you could teach me to forget a banish'd father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

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

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

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine Honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster; therefore, my sweet *Rose*, my dear *Rose*, be merry.

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

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal; but love no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport

Sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our Sport then?

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

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

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

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

Enter Clown.

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

Ros. Indeed; there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter off of nature's Wit.

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

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

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

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

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

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

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

Rof. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

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

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

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

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is That thou mean'st?

Clo. (3) One, that old *Frederick* your father loves.

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

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

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

Enter Le Beau.

Rof. With his mouth full of news.

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

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

Cel. All the better, we shall be the more marketable. *Bonjour, Monsieur le Beau*; what news?

Le Beau. Fair Princess, you have lost much good Sport.

(3) *Clo.* One, that old *Frederick* your Father loves.

Rof. My Father's Love is enough to honour him enough;] This Reply to the Clown is in all the Books plac'd to *Rosalind*; but *Frederick* was her Father, but *Celia's*: I have therefore ventur'd to prefix the Name of *Celia*. There is no Countenance from any Passage in the Play, or from the *Dramatis Personæ*, to imagine, that Both the Brother-Dukes were Namesakes; and One call'd the Old, and the Other the Younger *Frederick*; and, without some such Authority, it would make Confusion to suppose it.

Cel.

Cel. Sport; of what colour?

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

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Clo. Or as the destinies decree.

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

Clo. Nay; if I keep not my rank,——

Ros. Thou lovest thy old smell.

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

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ros. Alas!

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

Le Beau. Why this; that I speak of.

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

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Rof. But (4) is there any else longs to set this broken musick in his sides? is there yet another doats upon rib-breaking? shall we see this wrestling, Cousin?

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

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

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

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

Rof. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, Madam.

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

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

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

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

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

Duke. Do so; I'll not be by. [*Duke goes apart.*]

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

Orla. I attend them with all respect and duty.

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

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

(4) *Is there any else longs to see this broken Musick in his Sides?* This seems a stupid Error in the Copies. They are talking here of Some who had their Ribs broke in Wrestling: and the Pleasantry of *Rosalind's* Repartee must consist in the Allusion She makes to *composing* in *Musick*. It necessarily follows therefore, that the Poet wrote ——— set this broken Musick in his Sides. Mr. Warburton.

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

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

Orla. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein, I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my tryal, wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was never gracious ; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so : I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me ; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing ; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

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

Cel. And mine to eek out hers.

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

Orla. Your heart's desires be with you! —

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

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

Duke. You shall try but one Fall.

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

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

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

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg!

[*they wrestle.*
Rof.

Rof. O excellent young man!

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

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

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

Duke. How dost thou, *Charles*?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my Lord.

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

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

Duke. I would, thou hadst been son to some man else;

The world esteem'd thy Father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou should'st have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another House.
But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth;
I would, thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exit Duke, with his Train.*

Manent Celia, Rosalind, Orlando.

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

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

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

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

Rof.

Rof. Gentleman,

(5) Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz? [*Giving him a Chain from her Neck.*

Cel. Ay, fare you well, fair gentleman.

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

Rof. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes.

I'll ask him, what he would. Did you call, Sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Rof. Have with you: fare you well.

[*Exeunt Rof. and Cel.*

(5) *Wear this for me;*] There is Nothing in the Sequel of this Scene, expressing What it is that *Rosalind* here gives to *Orlando*: nor has there been hitherto any Marginal Direction to explain it. It would have been no great Burden to the Editors' Sagacity, to have supply'd the Note I have given in the Margin: for afterwards, in the third Act, when *Rosalind* has found a Copy of Verses in the Woods writ on her self, and *Celia* asks her whether She knows who hath done this, *Rosalind* replies, by way of Question, *Is it a Man?* To which *Celia* again replies, *Ay, and a Chain, that You once wore, about his Neck.*

(6) *Is but a Quintaine,*—] This Word signifies in general a *Post* or *Butt* set up for several kind of Martial Exercises. It served sometimes to run against, on Horseback, with a Lance: and then One Part of it was always movable, and turn'd about an *Axis*. But, besides This, there was another *Quintaine*, that was only a *Post* fix'd firmly in the Ground, on which they hung a *Buckler*, and threw their Darts, and shot their Arrows against it: and to This Kind of *Quintaine* it is that *Shakespeare* here alludes: And taking it in this latter Sense, there is an extreme Beauty and Justness in the Thought. "I am now, says *Orlando*, only a *Quintaine*, a meer lifeless Block, on which *Love* only exercises his Arms in Jest; the great Disparity between me and *Rosalind*, in Condition, not suffering Me to hope that ever *Love* will make a serious Matter of it." *Regnier*, the famous Satirist, who dy'd about the Time our Author did, applies this very *Metaphor* to the same Subject, tho' the Thought be somewhat different.

*Et qui depuis dix ans, jusqu'en ses derniers jours,
A sôûtenu le Prix en l'Escrime d'Amours;
Lasse enfin de servir au Peuple de Quintaine,
Elle &c.*

Mr. Warburton.

Orla. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?

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

Enter Le Beau:

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

Le Beau. Good Sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love;
Yet such is now the Duke's condition,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The Duke is humorous; what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.

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

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by man-
ners;

But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter;
The other's Daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping Uncle
To keep his daughter company, whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle Neice;
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you. [*Exit.*]

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

SCENE

SCENE *changes to an Apartment in the
Palace.*

Re-enter Celia and Rosalind.

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

Rof. Not one to throw at a dog.

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

Rof. Then there were two Cousins laid up; when the one should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Rof. (7) No, Some of it is for my Child's father. Oh, how full of briers is this working-day-world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

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

Cel. Hem them away.

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

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Rof. O, they take the part of a better Wrestler than my self.

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

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

(7) *No, some of it is for my Father's Child.]* I have chosen to restore here the Reading of the older Copies, which evidently contains the Poet's Sentiment. *Rosalind* would say, "No, all my Distress and Melancholy is not for my Father; but some of it for my Sweetheart, whom I hope to marry and have Children by." In this Sense She files him her *Child's Father*.

Cel.

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

Rof. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

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

Enter Duke, with Lords.

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

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

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

Rof. Me, Uncle!

Duke. You, Cousin.

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

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

Duke. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace it self:
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Rof. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor;
Tell me, wherein the likelihood depends.

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

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

Cel.

Cel. Dear Sovereign, hear me speak.

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

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

Duke. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her:
Thou art a fool; she robs thee of thy name,
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more vir-
tuous,

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

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

Duke. You are a fool: you, Neice, provide your self;
If you out-stay the time, upon mine Honour,
And in the Greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke, &c.*]

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

Ros. I have more cause.

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

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? (8) *Rosalind* lacks then the love,
Which teacheth Me that thou and I am one:

Shall

(8) ——— *Rosalind lacks then the Love,*

Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.]

Tho' this be the Reading of all the printed Copies, 'tis evident, the Poet wrote;

Which.

Shall we be fundred? shall we part, sweet Girl?
 No, let my father seek another heir.
 Therefore devise with me, how we may fly;
 Whither to go, and what to bear with us;
 And do not seek to take your charge upon you,
 To bear your griefs your self, and leave me out:
 For by this heav'n, now at our sorrows pale,
 Say what thou can'st, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Which teacheth Me ———

for if *Rosalind* had learnt to think *Celia* one Part of her Self, She could not lack that Love which *Celia* complains She does. My Emendation is confirm'd by what *Celia* says when She first comes upon the Stage

Herein I see, Thou lov'st me not with the full Weight that I love thee: &c. I could have taught my Love to take thy Father for mine; so wouldst Thou, if the Truth of thy Love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

Ros.

Ros. But, Cousin, what if we assaid to steal
The clownish Fool out of your father's Court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

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

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

S C E N E, Arden F O R E S T.

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

D U K E *senior.*

N O W, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than That of painted Pomp? are not these
woods

More free from peril, than the envious Court?
Here feel we but the penalty of *Adam*, (9)
The Seasons' difference; as, the icie phang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even 'till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,

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

This

This is no Flattery: these are Counsellors,
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.
 Sweet are the uses of Adversity,
 Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
 And this our life, exempt from publick haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

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

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

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

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

I Lord. O yes, into a thousand similies.
 First, for his weeping in the needless stream;
 Poor Deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament

As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much. Then being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
'Tis right, quoth he, thus misery doth part
The flux of company: anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him: ay, quoth *Jaques*,
Sweep on, you fat and greasie citizens,
'Tis just the fashion; wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most invectively he pierceth throug
The body of the Country, City, Court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing, that we
Are meer usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

Duke Sen. And did you leave him in this contem-
plation?

2 Lord. We did, my Lord, weeping and comment-
ing

Upon the sobbing deer.

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

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

S C E N E *changes to the PALACE again.*

Enter Duke Frederick with Lords.

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

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

2 Lord. My Lord, the roynish Clown, at whom so oft
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing:
Hesperia, the Princess' Gentlewoman,

Confesses,

Confesses, that she secretly o'er-heard
Your Daughter and her Cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the Wrestler,
That did but lately foil the finewy *Charles*;
And she believes, where ever they are gone,
That Youth is surely in their company.

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

S C E N E *changes to OLIVER's House.*

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orla. WHO's there?

Adam. What! my young master? oh, my
gentle master,

Oh, my sweet master, O you memory
Of old Sir *Rowland*! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny Priser of the humorous Duke? (10)

(10) *The bonny Priser of the humourous Duke.*] Mr. Warburton advises to read,

The boney Priser ———

an Epithet more agreeing with the Wrestler, who is characteriz'd for his Bulk and Strength; not his Gaiety, Humour, or Affability. I have not disturb'd the Text, as the other Reading gives Sense: tho there are several Passages in the Play, which, in good Measure, vouch for my Friend's Conjecture. The *Duke* says, speaking of the Difference betwixt him and *Orlando*;

You will take little Delight in it; I can tell you, there is such Odds in the Man :

And the *Princess* says to *Orlando* ;

Young Gentleman, your Spirits are too bold for your Years : you have seen cruel Proof of this Man's Strength.

And again, when they are wrestling ;

I would I were invisible, to catch the strong Fellow by the Leg.

And in another Passage he is characteriz'd by the Name of the finewy *Charles*.

Your

Your Praise is come too swiftly home before you.

Know you not, master, to some kind of men

Their graces serve them but as enemies?

No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,

Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.

Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely

Envenoms him that bears it!

Orla. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,

Come not within these doors; within this roof

The enemy of all your graces lives:

Your brother — (no; no brother; yet the son, —

Yet not the son; I will not call him son

Of him I was about to call his father,)

Hath heard your praises, and this night he means

To burn the lodging where you use to lie,

And you within it; if he fail of that,

He will have other means to cut you off;

I overheard him, and his practices:

This is no place, this house is but a butchery;

Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

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

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

Orla. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my
food?

Or with a base, and boisterous sword enforce

A thievish living on the common road?

This I must do, or know not what to do:

Yet this I will not do, do how I can;

I rather will subject me to the malice

Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so; I have five hundred crowns,

The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,

Which I did store, to be my foster nurse

When service should in my old limbs lie lame,

And unregarded age in corners thrown;

Take That; and he that doth the ravens feed,

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,

Be comfort to my age: here is the gold,

All this I give you, let me be your servant;

Tho' I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
 For in my youth I never did apply
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
 Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo
 The means of weakness and debility:
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
 Frosty, but kindly; let me go with you;
 I'll do the service of a younger man
 In all your business and necessities.

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

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

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to the FOREST of Arden.

Enter Rosalind in Boys cloaths for Ganymed, Celia drest like a Shepherdes for Aliena, and Clown.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits? (11)

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

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

Cel. I pray you, bear with me, I cannot go no further.

Clo. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you; yet I should bear no Cross, if I did bear you; for, I think, you have no mony in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

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

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

Enter Corin and Silvius.

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

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

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

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

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

As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow;

But if thy love were ever like to mine,

(11) O Jupiter! how merry are my Spirits?] And yet, within the Space of one intervening Line, She says, She could find in her Heart to disgrace her Man's Apparel, and cry like a Woman. Sure, this is but a very bad Symptom of the Briskness of Spirits: rather, a direct Proof of the contrary Disposition. Mr. Warburton and I, both, concurr'd in conjecturing it should be, as I have reform'd it in the Text; — how weary are my Spirits?

(As, sure, I think, did never man love so)
 How many actions most ridiculous
 Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasie?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily;
 If thou remember'st not the slightest folly,
 That ever love did make thee run into;
 Thou hast not lov'd. ———

Or if thou hast not fate as I do now,
 Wearying the hearer in thy mistress's praise,
 Thou hast not lov'd. ———

Or if thou hast not broke from company,
 Abruptly, as my passion now makes me;
 Thou hast not lov'd. ———

O *Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!*

[*Exit Sil.*

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

Clo. And I mine; I remember, when I was in love,
 I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that
 for coming a-nights to *Jane Smile*; and I remember
 the kissing of her batlet, and the cow's dugs that her
 pretty chopt hands had milk'd; and I remember the
 wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I
 took two cods, and giving her them again, said with
 weeping tears, wear these for my sake. We, that are
 true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mor-
 tal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

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

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

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

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

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

Clo. Holla; you, Clown!

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

Cor. Who calls?

Clo.

Clo. Your Betters, Sir.

Cor. Else they are very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say; good Even to you, friend.

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

Ros. I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love or gold

Can in this desart place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest our selves, and feed;
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair Sir, I pity her,

And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am Shepherd to another man,
And do not sheer the fleeces that I graze;
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little wreaks to find the way to heav'n
By doing deeds of hospitality:

Besides, his Coate, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheep-coate now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see;
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

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

Cor. That young swain, that you saw here but ere while,

That little cares for buying any thing.

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

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

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

SCENE changes to a desert Part of the
Forest.

Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.

S O N G.

*Under the green-wood tree,
Who loves to lye with me,
And tune his merry note,
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.*

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

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur
Jaques.

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

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

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

Ami. What you will, Monsieur *Jaques.*

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

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

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

Ami.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while; the Duke will dine under this tree; he hath been all this day to look you.

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

S O N G.

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

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

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes.

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

Ami. What's that ducdame?

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

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

[*Exeunt, severally.*]

Enter Orlando and Adam.

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

Orla. Why, how now, *Adam!* no greater heart in thee? live a little; comfort a little; cheer thy self a little. If this uncouth Forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee: thy conceit is nearer death, than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable, hold death a while at the arm's end: I will be here with thee presently, and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die. But if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said, thou look'st cheerly. And I'll be with thee quickly; yet thou liest in the bleak air. Come, I will bear thee to some shelter, and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this Desert. Cheerly, good *Adam.* [Exeunt.]

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

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

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

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

Enter Jaques.

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

Duke Sen. Why, how now, Monsieur, what a life is this,

That your poor friends must woo your company? What! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool; — I met a fool i' th' forest, A motley fool; a miserable world!

As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
Good morrow, fool, quoth I: No, Sir, quoth he,
Call me not fool, 'till heaven hath sent me fortune;
And then he drew a dial from his poak,
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, it is ten a clock:
Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep contemplative:
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial. O noble fool,
A worthy fool! motley's the only wear.

Duke Sen. What fool is this?

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

Duke Sen. Thou shalt have one.

Faq. It is my only suit;
Provided, that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion, that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please, for so fools have;
And they that are most gauled with my folly,
They most must laugh: and why, Sir, must they so?
The why is plain, as way to parish church;

(12) He

(12) He, whom a fool doth very wisely hit,
 Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
 Not to seem senseless of the bob. If not,
 The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
 Even by the squandring glances of a fool.
 Invest me in my motley, give me leave
 To speak my mind, and I will through and through
 Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,
 If they will patiently receive my medicine.

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

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

Duke Sen. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin;
 For thou thy self hast been a libertine,
 As sensual as the brutish sting it self;
 And all th' embossed sores and headed evils,
 That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
 Would'st thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
 That can therein tax any private party?
 Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,
 'Till that the very very means do ebb?
 What woman in the city do I name,
 When that I say, the city-woman bears
 The cost of Princes on unworthy shoulders?
 Who can come in, and say, that I mean her;
 When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
 Or what is he of basest function,
 That says, his bravery is not on my cost;
 Thinking, that I mean him; but therein sutes
 His folly to the metal of my speech?
 There then; how then? what then? let me see wherein

(12) *He, whom a Fool doth very wisely hit,
 Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
 Seem senseless of the bob. If not, &c.]* Besides that the third
 Verse is defective one whole Foot in Measure, the Tenour of what *Jaqes*
 continues to say, and the Reasoning of the Passage, shew it is no less de-
 fective in the Sense. There is no Doubt, but the two little Monosylla-
 bles, which I have supply'd, were either by Accident wanting in the
Manuscript Copy, or by Inadvertence were left out at *Press*.

My tongue hath wrong'd him; if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why, then my taxing, like a wild goose flies
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

Enter Orlando, with Sword drawn.

Orla. Forbear, and eat no more.——

Faq. Why, I have eat none yet.

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

Faq. Of what kind should this Cock come of?

Duke Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress?

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

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

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

Duke Sen. What would you have? Your gentleness
shall force,

More than your force move us to gentleness.

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

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

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

Let

Let gentleness my strong enforcement be,
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

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

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

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

Orla. I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good com-
fort! [Exit.]

Duke Sen. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy;
This wide and universal Theatre
Presents more woful pageants, than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a Stage,
And all the men and women meerly Players;
They have their *exits* and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts:
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
And then, the whining school-boy with his satchel,
And shining morning-face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then, a soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,

With

With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws (13) and modern instances,
And so he Plays his part. The sixth hage shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes,
And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful History,
Is second childishness, and meer oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Enter Orlando, with Adam.

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

Orla. I thank you most for him.

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

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

S O N G.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,

Thou art not so unkind

As man's ingratitude;

Thy tooth is not so keen,

Because thou art not seen,

Altho' thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly;

Most friendship is feigning; most loving meer folly:

Then heigh ho, the holly!

This life is most jolly.

(13) ——— and modern Instances,] It is very observable that Shakespeare uses modern exactly in the manner the Greeks used *καινός*; which signifies sometimes in their Writings *novus, recens*; and sometimes *absurdus*.

Mr. Warburton.

Freeze,

As you Like it.

*Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh*

As benefits forgot:

*Tho' thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp*

As friend remembred not:

Heigh ho! sing, &c.

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

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

A C T III.

SCENE, *The PALACE.*

Enter Duke, Lords, and Oliver.

D U K E.

NOT see him since? Sir, Sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present: but look to it;
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle: bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth; or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.

Thy

Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands;
'Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think against thee.

Oli. Oh, that your Highness knew my heart in this:
I never lov'd my Brother in my life.

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

SCENE changes to the FOREST.

Enter Orlando.

Orla. **H**Ang there, my verse, in witness of my love;
And thou thrice-crowned Queen of Night
survey,

With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.

O *Rosalind!* these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;

That every eye, which in this Forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.

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

Enter Corin and Clown.

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

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

Cor.

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

Clo. Such a one is a natural philosopher: Wast ever in Court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope ——

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

Cor. For not being at Court? your reason.

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

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

Clo. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

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

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

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Enter Rosalind, with a paper.

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

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

Ros. Out, fool !

Clo. For a taste. —

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

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

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

Clo. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

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

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

Enter Celia, with a writing.

Ros. Peace, here comes my Sister reading; stand aside.

Cel. *Why should this a Desert be,
 For it is unpeopled? No;
 Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
 That shall civil sayings show.
 Some, how brief the life of man
 Runs his erring pilgrimage;*

(14) *If a Hart doth lack a hind, &c.]* The Poet, in arrainging this Species of Versification, seems not only to satirize the Mode, that so much prevail'd in his Time, of writing Sonnets and Madrigals; but tacitly to sneer the Levity of Dr. *Thomas Lodge*, a grave Physician in Queen *Elizabeth's* Reign, who was very fertile of Pastoral Songs; and who wrote a whole Book of Poems in the Praise of his Mistress, whom he calls *Rosalind*.

That

*That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age;
Some of violated vows,
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend;
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all, that read, to know,
This Quintessence of every Sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore heaven nature charg'd,
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd;
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheeks, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty;
Atalanta's better part;
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heav'nly synod was devis'd;
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
To have the Touches dearest priz'd.
Heav'n would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.*

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

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

Clo. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; tho' not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [*Exeunt Cor. and Clown.*]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

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

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

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

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

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

Cel. Tro you, who hath done this?

Rof. Is it a man?

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

Rof. I pr'ythee, who?

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

Rof. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

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

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

Rof. (15) Odd's, my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? (16) One inch of delay more is a South-sea off discovery. I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it ; quickly, and speak apace ; I would thou could'st stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle ; either too much at once, or

(15) Good my *Complexion*, dost thou think &c. —] This is a Mode of Expression, that I could not reconcile to Common Sense ; I have therefore ventur'd by a slight Change to read, *Odd's, my Complexion!* So, in another Scene of this Comedy, *Rosalind* again says ;

Odd's, my little Life!

And, again ;

—————'Odd's, my Will!

Her Love is not the Hare that I do hunt.

(16) *One Inch of Delay more is a South-sea of Discovery;*] A South-sea of Discovery : This is stark Nonsense ; We must read — *off* Discovery. i. e. from Discovery. “ If you delay me one Inch of Time longer, I shall think this Secret as far from Discovery as the *South-sea* is.”

none

none at all. I pr'ythee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

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

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

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

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

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

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

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

Ros. *Orlando!*

Cel. *Orlando.*

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

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

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

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

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

Cel. Give me audience, good Madam.

Ros. Proceed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

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

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

[*Cel. and Ros. retire.*]

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

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

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

Orla. I do desire we may be better strangers.

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

Orla. (17) I pray you, marr no more of my Verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

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

Orla. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

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

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orla. Just as high as my heart.

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

Orla. Not so: (18) but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq.

(17) *I pray You, marr no more of my Verses with reading them ill-favouredly.*] The Poet seems to have had in his Eye this Distich of *Martial*; Lib. I. Epigr. 39.

Quem recitas, meus est, o Fidentine, libellus;

Sed malè dum recitas, incipit esse tuus.

(18) *But I answer you right painted Cloth.*] This alludes to the Fashion, in old Tapestry Hangings, of Motto's and moral Sentences from the

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

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

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

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

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

Orla. Very well; what would you?

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

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

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

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

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

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

the Mouths of the Figures work'd or painted in them. The Poet again hints at this Custom in his Poem, call'd, *Tarquin and Lucrece*:

*Who fears a Sentence, or an Old Man's Saw,
Shall by a painted Cloth be kept in Awe.*

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

Orla. Who ambles time withal?

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

Orla. Whom doth he gallop withal?

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

Orla. Whom stays it still withal?

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

Orla. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

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

Orla. Are you native of this place?

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

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

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

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

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

Orla.

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

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

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

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

Orla. What were his marks?

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

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

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

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

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

Orla. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Rof.

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

Orla. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress: and I set him every day to wooe me. At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madnes; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook meerly monastick; and thus I cur'd him, and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clear as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

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

Ros. I would cure you if you would but call me *Rosalind*, and come every day to my cotte, and wooe me.

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

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

Orla. With all my heart, good youth.

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

Enter Clown, Audrey and Jaques.

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

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

Clo.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

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

Jaq. A material fool!

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

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

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

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

Jaq. I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the Gods give us joy.

Clo.

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

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

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

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

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

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

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

Clo. Good even, good master *what ye call*: how do you, Sir? you are very well met: God'ild you for your last company, I am very glad to see you; even a toy in hand here, Sir: nay; pray, be covered.

Faq. Will you be married, *Motley*?

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

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

Clo.

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

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

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

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

SCENE changes to a Cottage in the Forest.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. NEVER talk to me, I will weep.

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

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

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

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

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

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

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

Ros. (19) And his kissing is as full of sanctity, as the touch of holy Beard.

(19) *And his kissing is as full of Sanctity, as the Touch of holy Bread.* Tho' this be the Reading of the oldest Copies, I have made no Scruple to substitute an Emendation of Mr. *Warburton*, which mightily adds to the Propriety of the *Similie*. What can the Poet be suppos'd to mean by *holy Bread*? Not the *Sacramental*, sure; that would have been Propagation, upon a Subject of so much Levity. But *holy Beard* very beautifully alludes to the Kiss of a holy *Saint*, which the Antients call'd the *Kiss of Charity*. And for *Rosalind* to say, that *Orlando* kiss'd as holily as a Saint, renders the Comparison very just.

Cel.

Cel. (20) He hath bought a pair of cast lips of *Diana*; a nun of Winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

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

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

Rof. Do you think so?

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

Rof. Not true in love?

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

Rof. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

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

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

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite travers athwart the heart of his lover; as a puiſny tilter, that spurs his horse but one

(20) *He hath bought a pair of chaste Lips of Diana; a Nun of Winter's Sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very Ice of Chastity is in them*] This Pair of *chaste Lips* is a Corruption as Old as the second Edition in *Folio*; I have restor'd with the first *Folio*, a Pair of *cast Lips*, i. e. a Pair left off by *Diana*.— Again, what Idea does a Nun of *Winter's* Sisterhood give us? Tho' I have not ventur'd to disturb the Text, it seems more probable to me that the Poet wrote;

A Nun of Winifred's Sisterhood, &c.

Not, indeed, that there was any real religious Order of that Denomination: but the Legend of St. *Winifred* is this. She was a Christian Virgin at *Holywell* a small Town in *Flintshire*, so tenacious of her Chastity, that when a tyrannous Governour laid Siege to her, he could not reduce her to Compliance, but was oblig'd to ravish, and afterwards beheaded her in Revenge of her Obstinacy. *Vid.* Cambden's *Britannia* by Dr. Gibson. p. 688. This Tradition sorts very well with our Poet's Allusion.

ſide,

side, breaks his staff like a noble goose; but all's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides: who comes here?

Enter Corin.

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

Cel. Well; and what of him?

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

Ros. O come, let us remove;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love:
Bring us but to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy Actor in their Play.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to another part of the Forest.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Sil. SWEET *Phebe*, do not scorn me; do not, *Phebe*;
Say, that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness; the common executioner,
Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the ax upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon: (21) will you sterner be
Than he that deals, and lives by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia and Corin.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.

(21) ——— will you sterner be,

Than He that dies and lives by bloody Drops?]

This is spoken of the Executioner. He *lives*, indeed, by bloody Drops, if you will: but how does he *dye* by bloody Drops? The Poet must certainly have wrote — *that deals and lives* &c. i. e. that gets his Bread, and makes a Trade of cutting off Heads.

Mr. Warburton.

Thou

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

Sil. O dear *Phebe*,

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

Phe. But, 'till that time,
 Come not thou near me; and when that time comes,
 Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
 As, 'till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? who might be your mother,
 (22) That you insult, exult, and rail, at once
 Over the wretched? (23) what though you have beauty,
 (As,

(22) *That you insult, exult, and all at once*

Over the wretched?] If the Speaker only intended to accuse the Person spoken to, for insulting and exulting, instead of — *all* at once, it ought to have been, *both* at once. But on examining, according to Fact, the Crime of the Person accus'd, we shall find, We ought to read the Line thus;

That you insult, exult, and rail, at once &c.

For these three things *Phebe* was guilty of.

Mr. Warburton:

(23) ——— *What though you have no Beauty,*] Tho' all the printed Copies agree in this Reading, it is very accurately observ'd to me by an inge-

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

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together;

I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

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

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me, For I am falser than vows made in wine; Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,

ingenious unknown Correspondent, who signs himself L. H. (and to Whom I can only here make my Acknowledgments) that the *Negative* ought to be left out.

'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by:
 Will you go, sifter? shepherd, ply her hard:
 Come, sifter; shepherdes, look on him better,
 And be not proud; tho' all the world could see,
 None could be so abus'd in fight as he.
 Come, to our flock.

[*Exit.*]

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

Sil. Sweet *Phebe*!

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

Sil. Sweet *Phebe*, pity me.

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

Sil. Where-ever sorrow is, relief would be;
 If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
 By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
 Were both extermin'd.

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

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were Covetousness.

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

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

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

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

Phe. Think not, I love him, tho' I ask for him;
 'Tis but a peevish boy, yet he talks well.
 But what care I for words? yet words do well,

When

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

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight;

The matter's in my head, and in my heart,
I will be bitter with him, and passing short:
Go with me, *Silvius*.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T IV.

SCENE *continues in the FOREST.**Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Jaques.*

J A Q U E S.

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

Ros. They say, you are a melancholy fellow.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

Enter Orlando.

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

Orla.

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

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

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

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

Rof. Break an hour's promiſe in love? he that will
divide a minute into a thouſand parts, and break but
a part of the thouſandth part of a minute in the affairs
of love, it may be ſaid of him, that *Cupid* hath clapt
him o'th' ſhoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orla. Pardon me, dear *Rosalind*.

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

Orla. Of a ſnail?

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

Orla. What's that?

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

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

Rof. And I am your *Rosalind*.

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

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

Orla. I would kiſs, before I ſpoke.

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

Orla. How if the kiss be denied?

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

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

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

Orla. What, of my suit?

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

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

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

Orla. Then in mine own person I die.

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

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

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

Orla. Then love me, *Rosalind*.

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

Orla.

Orla. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orla. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orla. I hope so.

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

Orla. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

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

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

Orla. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

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

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

Orla. I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission, but I do take thee *Orlando* for my husband: there's a girl goes before the priest, and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

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

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

Orla. For ever and a day.

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

Orla. But will my *Rosalind* do so?

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

Orla. O, but she is wise.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Orla. Ay, sweet *Rosalind*.

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

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

Rof.

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

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

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

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

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

Cel. And I'll sleep.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Jaques, Lords, and Foresters.

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

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the Duke, like a *Roman* Conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory; have you no Song, Forester, for this purpose?

For. Yes, Sir.

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

Musick, Song.

What shall he have that kill'd the deer?

His leather skin and horns to wear;

Then sing him home: — take Thou no Scorn (24)

To

(24) *Then sing him home, the rest shall bear this Burthen.*] This is an admirable Instance of the Sagacity of our preceding Editors, to say Nothing

As you Like it.

*To wear the horn, the horn, the horn :
 It was a crest ere thou wast born.
 Thy father's father wore it,
 And thy father bore it,
 The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
 Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.*

} The Rest shall
 bear this Bur-
 then.

[Exeunt.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

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

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

Enter Silvius.

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

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

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents;

Nothing worse. One should expect, when they were *Poets*, they would
 at least have taken care of the *Rhymes*, and not foisted in what has
 Nothing to answer it. Now, where is the Rhyme to, *the rest shall bear*
this Burthen? Or, to ask another Question, where is the Sense of it?
 Does the Poet mean, that He, that kill'd the Deer, shall be sung home,
 and the Rest shall bear the Deer on their Backs. This is laying a
 Burthen on the Poet, that We must help him to throw off. In short,
 the Mystery of the Whole is, that a Marginal Note is wisely thrust into
 the Text: the Song being design'd to be sung by a single Voice, and
 the Stanza's to close with a Burthen to be sung by the whole Company.

Phebe

Phebe did write it.

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

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

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

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

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

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

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

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

Did you ever hear such railing?

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

Meaning me, a beast!

*If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,*

Alack, in me, what strange effect

Would they work in mild aspect?

Whiles you chid me, I did love;

How then might your prayers move?

He, that brings this love to thee,

Little knows this love in me;

And by him seal up thy mind,

Whether that thy Youth and Kind

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

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

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

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,

Where in the purplew of this forest stands
A sheep-cote fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour
bottom,

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

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

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

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

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

Oli. Some of my shame, if you will know of me

What

What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

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

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

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

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

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

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros.

Rof. Was't you he rescu'd?

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

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

Rof. But for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by.

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

Cel. Why, how now *Ganymed*, Sweet *Ganymed*?

[*Rof.* faints.]

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

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

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Rof. Would I were at home!

Cel. We'll lead you thither.

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

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

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

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

Rof.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

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

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

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

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

Ros. I shall devise something; but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him: will you go?

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

SCENE, *the* FOREST.

Enter Clown and Audrey.

C L O W N.

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

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

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

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

Enter William.

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

Will. Good ev'n, *Audrey*.

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

Will.

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

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

Will. Five and twenty, Sir.

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

Will. *William*, Sir.

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

Will. Ay, Sir, I thank God.

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

Will. 'Faith, Sir, so, so.

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

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

Clo. Why, thou say'st well: I do now remember a Saying; the fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool. (25) The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, Sir.

Clo. Give me your hand: art thou learned?

Will. No, Sir.

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

Will. Which he, Sir?

Clo. He, Sir, that must marry this woman; therefore you, Clown, abandon, which is in the vulgar, leave the society, which in the boorish, is company, of this female; which in the common, is woman;

(25) *The heathen Philosopher, when he had a Design to eat a Grape.]* This is certainly design'd as a Sneer on the several trifling, insignificant, Actions and Sayings, recorded in the Lives of the *Philosophers* as Things of great Moment. We need only reflect upon what we meet with in *Diogenes Laertius*, to be of this Opinion: especially, when We observe that it is introduced by one of their wise Sayings that precedes it.

Mr. Warburton.
which

which together is, abandon the society of this female; or Clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage; I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble and depart.

Aud. Do, good *William*.

Will. God rest you merry, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Enter *Corin*.

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

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

[*Exeunt.*

Enter *Orlando* and *Oliver*.

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

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love *Aliena*; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other; it shall be to your Good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir *Rowland's*, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter *Rosalind*.

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

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister.

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

Orla. It is my arm.

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

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

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

Orla. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

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

Orla. They shall be married to morrow; and I will bid the Duke to the Nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! by so much the more shall I to morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

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

Orla. I can live no longer by thinking.

Rof. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know, you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge; insomuch, I say, I know what you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you to do your self good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things; I have, since I was three years old, convers'd
with

with a magician, most profound in his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do love *Rosalind* so near the heart, as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries *Aliena*, you shall marry her. I know into what streights of fortune she is driven, and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to morrow; human as she is, and without any danger.

Orla. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

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

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

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

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

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

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

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

Phe. And I for *Ganymed*.

Orla. And I for *Rosalind*.

Rof. And I for no woman.

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

Phe. And I for *Ganymed*.

Orla. And I for *Rosalind*.

Rof. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasie,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatiënce,
All purity, all trial, all observance;

And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And so am I for *Ganymed*.

Orla. And so am I for *Rosalind*.

Rof. And so am I for no woman.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Phe. Nor I.

Orla. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Clown and Audrey.

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

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart; and, I hope, it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banish'd Duke's pages.

Enter two pages.

1 *Page.* Well met, honest gentleman.

Cló. By my troth, well met: come, sit, sit, and a Song.

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

1 *Page.*

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

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

S O N G.

It was a lover and his lass,

*With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass*

*In the spring time; the pretty spring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding,
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

And therefore take the present time,

*With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime.*

In the spring time, &c.

Between the acres of the rye,

*With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country-folks would lye,*

In the spring time, &c.

The Carrol they began that hour,

*With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower,*

In the spring time, &c.

Clo. Truly, young gentleman, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untimable. (26)

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

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

(26) Truly, young Gentleman, tho' there was no great Matter in the Ditty, yet the Note was very untunable] Tho' it is thus in all the printed Copies, it is evident from the sequel of the Dialogue, that the Poet wrote as I have reform'd in the Text, *untimable*.

S C E N E *changes to another Part of the*
F O R E S T.

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

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

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

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, and Phebe.

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

You say, if I bring in your *Rosalind*, [To the Duke.
You will bestow her on *Orlando* here?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Phe. So is the bargain.

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

Sil. Tho to have her and death were both one thing.

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

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

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

Enter Clown and Audrey.

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

Clo. Salutation, and greeting, to you all.

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

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

Faq. And how was That ta'en up?

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

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

Duke Sen. I like him very well.

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

Duke Sen. By my faith, he is very swift and senten-
tious.

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

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

Clo. Upon a lie seven times removed; (bear your body more seeming, *Audrey*) as thus, Sir; I did dislike the cut of a certain Courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was. This is call'd the Retort courteous. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself. This is call'd the Quip modest. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment. This is call'd the Reply churlish. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true. This is call'd the Reproof valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie. This is call'd the Countercheck quarrelsome; and so the Lie circumstantial, and the Lie direct.

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

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

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

Clo. O Sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners. (27) I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous; the second,

(27) *O, Sir, we quarrel in Print; by the Book; as You have Books for good Manners.*] The Poet throughout this Scene has with great Humour and Address rallied the Mode, so prevailing in his Time, of formal *Duelling*. Nor could he treat it with a happier Contempt, than by making his Clown so knowing in all its Forms and Preliminaries. It was in *Queen Elizabeth's* Reign, that pushing with the Rapier, or small Sword, was first practis'd in *England*. And the boisterous Gallants fell into the Fashion with so much Zeal, that they did not content themselves with practising at the Sword in the Schools; but they studied the Theory of the Art, the Grounding of Quarrels, and the Process of giving and receiving Challenges, from *Lewis de Caranza's* Treatise of Fencing, *Vincenzio Saviola's* Practice of the Rapier and Dagger, and *Giacomo Di Grassi's* Art of Defence; with many other Instructions upon the several Branches of the Science.

the Quip modest; the third, the Reply churlish; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrellsome; the sixth, the Lie with circumstance; the seventh, the Lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the Lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew, when seven Justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If; as, if you said so, then I said so; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If.

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

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

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

Still Musick.

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

*Good Duke receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither.
That thou might'st join her hand with his,
Whose heart within his bosom is.*

Ros. To you I give my self; for I am yours.

[To the Duke.]

To you I give my self; for I am yours. *[To Orlando.]*

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

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

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

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he;
I'll have no husband, if you be not he;
Nor ne'r wed woman, if you be not she.

Hym.

Hym. Peace, ho; I bar confusion:
 'Tis I must make conclusion
 Of these most strange events:
 Here's eight that must take hands,
 To join in *Hymen's* bands,
 If truth holds true contents.
 You and you no Cross shall part;
 You and you are heart in heart;
 You to his love must accord,
 Or have a woman to your lord.
 You and you are sure together,
 As the winter to foul weather:
 Whiles a wedlock hymn we sing,
 Feed your selves with questioning:
 That reason wonder may diminish,
 How thus we met, and these things finish.

S O N G.

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

Duke Sen. O my dear neice, welcome thou art to
 me,
 Even daughter-welcome, in no less degree.
Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
 Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter Jaques de Boys.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or
 two:
 I am the second son of old Sir *Rowland*,
 That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick hearing, how that every day
 Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
 Address'd a mighty power, which were on foot

In his own conduct purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world;
His Crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again,
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

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

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

Jaq. de B. He hath.

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

[*To Orla.*

You to your land, and love, and great allies;

[*To Oli.*

You to a long and well deserved bed;

[*To Silv.*

And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage

[*To the Clown.*

Is but for two months victual'd: so to your pleasures:

I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke Sen. Stay, *Faques*, stay.

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

Duke Sen. Proceed, proceed; we will begin these rites;

As, we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

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

[*Exeunt omnes.*



THE
T A M I N G
OF THE
S H R E W.

Characters *in the* Induction.

A Lord, before whom the Play is suppos'd to be play'd.
Christopher Sly, a drunken Tinker.

Hostess.

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

Dramatis Personæ.

Baptista, Father to Catharina and Bianca, very rich.

Vincentio, an old gentleman of Pisa.

Lucentio, Son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.

Petruchio, a Gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Catharina.

Gremio, } Pretenders to Bianca.
Hortensio, }

Tranio, } Servants to Lucentio.
Biondello, }

Grumio, Servant to Petruchio.

Pedant, an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio.

Catharina, the Shrew.

Bianca, her Sister.

Widow.

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

SCENE, sometimes in Padua; and sometimes
in Petruchio's House in the Country.



THE
TAMING *of the* SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE, *before an Ale-house, on a Heath.*

Enter Hostess and Sly.

S L Y.

L'LL pheeze you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y'are a baggage; the *Slies* are no rogues. Look in the *Chronicles*, we came in with *Richard Conqueror*; therefore, *paucus pallabris*; (1) let the world slide: *Sessa*.

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

Sly. No, not a deniere: go by, *Jeronimo* — go to thy coldbed, and warm thee. (2)

Host.

(1) *paucus pallabris.*] *Sly*, as an ignorant Fellow, is purposely made to aim at Languages out of his Knowledge, and knock the Words out of Joint. The *Spaniards* say, *pocas palabras*, i. e. few Words: as they do likewise, *Cessa*, i. e. be quiet.

(2) *Go by S. Jeronimy, go to thy cold Bed, and warm thee.*] All the Editions have coin'd a Saint here, for *Sly* to swear by. But the Poet had no such Intentions. The Passage has particular Humour in it, and must have been very pleasing at that time of day. But I must clear up a Piece of Stage-history, to make it understood. There is a fustian old Play, call'd, *Hieronymo*; Or, *The Spanish Tragedy*: which, I find, was the common But of Rallery to all the Poets of *Shakespeare's* Time: and a Passage, that appear'd very ridiculous in that Play, is here humourously alluded to. *Hieronymo*, thinking himself injur'd, applies to the
King

Host. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the
Third-borough. (3) [Exit.
Sly.

King for Justice; but the Courtiers, who did not desire his Wrongs should be set in the true Light, attempt to hinder him from an Audience.

Hiero. *Justice, oh! justice to Hieronymo.*

Lor. *Back; — see'st thou not, the King is busie?*

Hier. *Oh, is he so?*

King. *Who is He, that interrupts our Business?*

Hier. *Not I: — Hieronymo, beware; go by, go by.*

So *Sly* here, not caring to be dun'd by the *Hostess*, cries to her in Effect, "Don't be troublesom, don't interrupt me, go by"; and, to fix the Satire in his Allusion, pleasantly calls her *Feronymo*. What he says farther to her, *go to thy cold Bed and warm thee*, I take likewise to be a Banter upon another Verse in that Play.

Hier. *What Outcry calls me from my naked Bed?*

But this particular Passage of — *Go, by, Hieronymo*; — was so strong a Ridicule, that most of the Poets of that Time have had a Fling at it. For Instance;

B. Jonson, in his *Every Man in his Humour*;

What new Book have you there? What! —

Go by, *Hieronymo!*

And *Beaumont and Fletcher*, in their *Captain*:

— and whoot at thee;

And call thee Bloody-bones, and Spade, and Spitfire;

And Gaffer Madman, and Go by, Feronymo. —

So *Marston*, in the Induction to his *Antonio and Mellida*;

Nay, if You cannot bear two subtle Fronts under one Hood, Ideot; go by, go by, off this World's Stage.

For 'tis plain, tho' *Feronymo* is not mention'd, the Passage is here alluded to. And *Decker* in his *Westward-hoe* has rallied it very neatly by way of *Simily*.

A Woman, when there be Roses in her Cheeks, Cherries on her Lips, Civet in her Breath, Ivory in her Teeth, Lilies in her hand, and Liquorish in her Heart, why, she's like a Play: if new, very good Company, very good Company: but if stale, like old Jeronymo, — go by, go by.

(3) *— I must go fetch the Headborough.*

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth Borough, &c.] This corrupt Reading had pass'd down through all the Copies, and none of the Editors pretended to guess at the Poet's Conceit. What an insipid, unmeaning Reply does *Sly* make to his *Hostess*? How do *third*, or *fourth* or *fifth* Borough relate to *Headborough*: The Author intended but a poor Witticism, and even That is lost. The *Hostess* would say, that she'll fetch a *Constable*: and this Officer she calls by his other Name, a *Third-borough*: and upon this Term *Sly* founds the Conundrum in his Answer to her. Who does not perceive, at a single Glance, some Conceit started by this certain Correction? There is an Attempt at Wit, tolerable enough for a Tinker, and one drunk too. *Third-Borough* is a Saxon term sufficiently explain'd by the *Glossaries*: and in our *Statute-books*, no farther back than

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

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

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds;

(*Brach, Merriman!* — the poor cur is imboft;) And couple *Clowder* with the deep-mouth'd *Brach*. Saw'st thou not, boy, how *Silver* made it good At the hedge-corner in the coldest fault? I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

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

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

Hun. I will, my Lord.

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

Hun. He breathes, my Lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,

This were a bed but cold, to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!

Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image! Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.

than the 28th Year of *Henry VIII*th, we find it used, to signify a *Constable*. The Word continued current in People's Mouths to our Author's time; and he has again employ'd it in another of his Plays *viz. Love's Labour lost*.

Dull. I my self reprehend his own Person; for I am his Grace's *Tharborough*.

The Word, 'tis true, is corrupted here; but This is done on purpose. *Dull* represents the Character of an ignorant *Constable*; and to make him appear more truly such, the Poet humourously makes him corrupt the very Name of his Office; and blunder *Thirdborough* into *Tharborough*, as he does represent into *reprehend*. — I made this Emendation, when I publish'd my *SHAKESPEARE restor'd*; and Mr. *Pope* has vouchsaf'd to adopt it in his last Edition.

274 *The TAMING of the SHREW.*

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

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

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

Lord. Even as a flatt'ring dream, or worthless fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jest:
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;
Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet.
Procure me musick ready, when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heav'nly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And with a low submissive reverence,
Say, what is it your Honour will command?
Let one attend him with a silver bason
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer; a third a diaper;
And say, wilt please your lordship cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his Lady mourns at his disease;
Perswade him, that he hath been lunatick.
And when he says he is, — say, that he dreams;
For he is nothing but a mighty lord:
This do, and do it kindly, gentle Sirs:
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

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

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
And each one to his office, when he wakes.

[Some bear out Sly. Sound Trumpets.
Sirrah,

The TAMING of the SHREW. 275

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds.
Belike, some noble gentleman that means, [*Ex. Servant.*
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

Re-Enter Servant.

How now? who is it?

Ser. An't please your Honour, Players
That offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near :

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Play. We thank your Honour.

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

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

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

Sim. I think, 'twas *Soto* that your Honour means. (4)

Lord. 'Tis very true ; thou didst it excellent :

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

Play. Fear not, my lord, we can contain our selves ;

(4) *I think, 'twas Soto*] I take our Author here to be paying a Compliment to *Beaumont and Fletcher's Women pleas'd*, in which Comedy there is the Character of *Soto*, who is a Farmer's Son, and a very facetious Serving-man. Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope* prefix the Name of *Sim* to the Line here spoken ; but the first *folio* has it *Sincklo* ; which, no doubt, was the Name of one of the Players here introduc'd, and who had play'd the Part of *Soto* with Applause.

Were he the veriest antick in the world.

2 *Player.* [*to the other*] Go get a dishclout to make clean your shoes, and I'll speak for the properties.

[*Exit Player.*]

My lord, we must have a shoulder of mutton for a property, and a little vinegar to make our devil roar.

Lord. Go sirrah, take them to the buttery.

And give them friendly Wellcome, ev'ry one:
Let them want nothing that the house affords.

[*Exit one with the Players.*]

Sirrah, go you to *Bartholmew* my page,
And see him drest in all suits like a lady.
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him Madam, do him all obeisance.
Tell him from me, (as he will win my love)
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished;
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesie;
And say; what is't your Honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May shew her duty, and make known her love?
And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who for twice seven years hath esteem'd himself (5)

(5) *Who for these seven years hath esteem'd himself
No better than a poor and loathsom Beggar.*

I have ventur'd to alter a Word here, against the Authority of the printed Copies; and hope, I shall be justified in it by two subsequent Passages. That the Poet design'd, the Tinker's suppos'd Lunacy should be of 14 years standing at least, seems to me evident upon these Testimonies.

*These fifteen Years you have been in a Dream,
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.*

Sly. *These fifteen years! by my Fay, a goodly Nap.*

Att., again, *Sly* afterwards says to the *Page*, whom he takes to be his Lady.

Madam Wife, they say, that I have dream'd and slept above some fifteen Years and more.

No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift;
Which, in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a wat'ry eye.
See this dispatch'd, with all the hast thou canst;
Anon I'll give thee more instructions. [*Ex. Servant.*
I know, the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gate, and action of a gentlewoman.
I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband;
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant;
I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen;
Which otherwise would go into extreams. [*Exit Lord.*

SCENE changes to a Bedchamber in the
Lord's House.

Enter Sly with attendants, some with apparel, bason and ewer, and other appurtenances. Reenter Lord.

Sly. FOR God's sake, a pot of small ale.
1 Serv. Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 Serv. Will't please your Honour taste of these Conserves?

3 Serv. What raiment will your Honour wear to day?

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

Lord. Heav'n cease this idle humour in your Honour!

Oh, that a mighty man of such Descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit. —

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

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

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

Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred shun your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

Oh, noble Lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.

Look, how thy servants do attend on thee;
Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have musick? hark, *Apollo* plays; [*Musick.*
And twenty caged nightingales do sing.

Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a Couch,
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed

On purpose trimm'd up for *Semiramis*.

Say, thou wilt walk, we will bestrow the ground:

Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.

Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks, will soar
Above the morning lark: Or wilt thou hunt?

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Man.* Say, thou wilt course, thy greyhounds are
as swift

As breathed stags; ay, fleetier than the roe.

2 *Man.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee
strait

Adonis, painted by a running brook;

And

And *Citherea* all in fedges hid;
Which seem to move, and wanton with her breath,
Ev'n as the waving fedges play with wind.

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

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

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

1 *Man.* And 'till the tears, that she hath shed for
thee,
Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the fairest Creature in the world,
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a Lord, and have I such a Lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dreamed 'till now?
I do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet favours, and I feel soft things:
Upon my life, I am a Lord, indeed;
And not a Tinker, nor *Christophero Sly*.
Well, bring our Lady hither to our sight,
And, once again, a pot o' th' smallest ale.

2 *Man.* Will't please your Mightiness to wash your
hands?

Oh, how we joy to see your wits restor'd!
Oh, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream,
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

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

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

Sometimes, you would call out for *Cicely Hacket*.

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

3 *Man*. Why, Sir, you know no house; nor no such maid;

Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up;

(6) As *Stephen Sly*, and old *John Naps* of Greece,
And *Peter Turf*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,

And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen. ———

Sly. By th' Mass, I think, I am a Lord indeed.
What is thy name?

Man. *Sim*, an't please your Honour.

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

[*The Servant gives him Drink*.

Enter Lady, with attendants.

I thank thee; — thou shalt not lose by it.

Lady. How fares my noble Lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well, for here is cheer enough.

Where is my wife?

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

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband? My men should call me lord, I am your good man.

Lady. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;

I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well: what must I call her?

(6) *As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,*] An unknown Correspondent, (who signs himself L. H.) is pleas'd to propose this very reasonable Conjecture,

—— and old *John Naps* o' th' Green.

As *Sly* says, He's the Son of old *Sly* of *Burton-heath*, and talks of the fat Alewife of *Wincot*; he thinks, he can with no Propriety have any Acquaintance in *Greece*. If, indeed, the Province of *Greece* were to be here understood, this Observation must necessarily take place; but I have not disturb'd the Text, because I do not know, but that, in the Neighbourhood of *Wincot* and *Burton-heath*, there may be some Village call'd *Greece*, or *Greys*, &c.

Lord.

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Alce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else, so lords call ladies.

Sly. Come, sit down on my knee. Sim, drink to her. Madam wife, they say, that I have dream'd, and slept above some fifteen years and more.

Lady. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me, Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone:— Madam, undress you, and come now to bed. Sim, drink to her.

Lady. Thrice-noble Lord, let me entreat of you, To pardon me yet for a night or two : Or, if not so, until the Sun be set ; For your physicians have expressly charg'd, In peril to incur your former malady, That I should yet absent me from your bed ; I hope, this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long ; but I would be loath to fall into my dream again : I will therefore tarry in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Your Honour's Players, hearing your amendment,

Are come to play a pleasant Comedy ; For so your Doctors hold it very meet, Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood ; And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy. Therefore, they thought it good you hear a Play, And frame your mind to mirth and merriment ; Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will ; let them play ; is it not a Commodity ? a *Christmas* gambol, or a tumbling trick ?

Lady. No, my good Lord, it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff ?

Lady. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't : come, Madam wife, sit by my side, and let the world slip, we shall ne'er be younger.

The



The TAMING of the SHREW.

A C T I.

SCENE, a Street in PADUA.

Flourish. Enter Lucentio and Tranio.

LUCENTIO.



Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair *Padua*, nursery of arts,
I am arriv'd from fruitful *Lombardy*, (7)
The pleasant garden of great *Italy*;
And, by my father's love and leave, am
arm'd

With his good will, and thy good company:
Most trusty servant, well approv'd in all,
Here let us breathe, and haply institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my Being; and my father first,
A merchant of great traffick through the world:
Vincentio's come of the *Bentivolii*,
Vincentio his son, brought up in *Florence*,
It shall become to serve all hopes conceiv'd,

(7) *I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,*] Tho' all the Impressions concur in this, I take it to be a Blunder of the Editors, and not of the Author. *Padua* is not in *Lombardy*; but *Pisa*, from which *Lucentio* comes, is really in those Territories.

To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds :
And therefore, *Tranio*, for the time I study,
Virtue and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness,
By virtue specially to be achiev'd.

Tell me thy mind, for I have *Pisa* left,
And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. Me pardonato, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as your self :
Glad, that you thus continue your Resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy :
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no Stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray ;
Or, so devote to *Aristotle's* checks,
As *Ovid* be an Outcast quite abjur'd.

Talk logick with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetorick in your common talk ;
Musick and Poesie use to quicken you ;
The Mathematicks, and the Metaphysicks,
Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you :
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en :
In brief, Sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, *Tranio*, well dost thou advise ;
If, *Biondello*, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness ;
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends, as time in *Padua* shall beget.
But stay a while, what company is this ?

Tra. Master, some show to welcome us to town.

Enter Baptista *with* Catharina *and* Bianca, *Gremio* *and*
Hortensio. *Lucentio* *and* *Tranio* *stand* *by.*

Bap. Gentlemen Both, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolv'd, you know ;
That is, not to bestow my youngest Daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder :
If either of you Both love *Catharina*,

Because

Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather. — She's too rough for me:
There, there, *Hortensio*, will you any wife?

Cath. I pray you, Sir, is it your will
To make a Stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid, how mean you that? no mates
for you;

Unless you were of gentler milder mould.

Cath. I'faith, Sir, you shall never need to fear,
I wis, it is not half way to her heart:

But if it were, doubt not, her care shall be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us.

Gre. And me too, good Lord.

Tra. Hush, master, here's some good pastime
toward;

That wench is stark mad, or wonderful fro-
ward.

Luc. But in the other's silence I do see
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, *Tranio*.

Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your
fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, *Bianca*, get you in;
And let it not displease thee, good *Bianca*;
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Cath. A pretty Peat! it is best put finger in the eye,
an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look, and practise by my self.

Luc. Hark, *Tranio*, thou may'st hear *Minerva* speak.

Hor. Signior *Baptista*, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I, that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

The TAMING of the SHREW. 285

Gre. Why will you mew her up,
Signior *Baptista*, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd:
Go in, *Bianca*. ——— [Exit *Bianca*.

And for I know, she taketh most delight
In musick, instruments, and poetry;
School-masters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, *Hortensio*,
Or Signior *Gremio*, you, know any such,
Prefer them hither: for to cunning men
I will be very kind; and liberal
To mine own children, in good bringing up;
And so farewell. *Catharina*, you may stay,
For I have more to commune with *Bianca*. [Exit.

Cath. Why, and, I trust, I may go too, may I
not? what, shall I be appointed hours, as tho', belike,
I knew not what to take, and what to leave? ha!

[Exit.

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are
so good, here is none will hold you. Our love is not
so great, *Hortensio*, but we may blow our nails toge-
ther, and fast it fairly out. Our cake's dow on both
sides. Farewel; yet for the love I bear my sweet
Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to
teach her That wherein she delights, I will wish him
to her Father.

Hor. So will I, Signior *Gremio*: but a word, I pray;
tho' the nature of our quarrel never yet brook'd Parle,
know now, upon advice, it toucheth us Both, that we
may yet again have access to our fair Mistress, and be
happy rivals in *Bianca*'s love, to labour and effect one
thing 'specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, Sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil. ———

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil. Think'st thou, *Hortensio*, tho'
her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to
be married to hell?

Hor.

Hor. Tush, *Gremio*; tho' it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarms, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all her faults, and mony enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whip'd at the high-cross every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's a small choice in rotten apples: but, come, since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintain'd, 'till by helping *Baptista's* eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh. Sweet *Bianca*! happy man be his dole; he that runs fastest gets the ring; how say you, Signior *Gremio*?

Gre. I am agreed; and would I had given him the best horse in *Padua* to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly wooe her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.*

Manent Tranio and Lucentio.

Tra. I pray, Sir, tell me, is it possible
That love should on a sudden take such hold?

Luc. Oh *Tranio*, 'till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely.
But see, while idly I stood looking on,
I found th' effect of Love in idleness.

And now in plainness do confess to thee,
(That art to me as secret, and as dear,
As *Anna* to the Queen of *Carthage* was;)

Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, *Tranio*,
If I atchieve not this young modest girl:
Counsel me, *Tranio*, for, I know, thou canst;
Assist me, *Tranio*, for, I know, thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart.
If love hath touch'd you, nought remains but so,
Redime te captum quàm queas minimo.

Luc.

Luc. Gramercy, lad; go forward, this contents;
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps, you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet Beauty in her face;
Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had,
That made great *Jove* to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the *Cretan* strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her
sister

Began to scold, and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. *Tranio*, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air;
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.——

Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to stir him from his trance:
I pray, awake, Sir; if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wit t' atchieve her. Thus it stands:
Her eldest Sister is so curst and shrewd,
That till the Father rids his Hands of her,
Master, your Love must live a Maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, *Tranio*, what a cruel Father's he!
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning school-masters t' instruct her?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, Sir; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, *Tranio*.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be school-master,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

Luc. It is: may it be done?

Tra. Not possible: for who shall bear your part,
And be in *Padua* here *Vincentio's* son,
Keep house, and ply his book, welcome his friends,
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc.

Luc. Basta;—content thee; for I have it full.
 We have not yet been seen in any house,
 Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
 For man or master: then it follows thus.
 Thou shalt be master, *Tranio*, in my stead;
 Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should.
 I will some other be, some *Florentine*,
 Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner man of *Pisa*.
 'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so: *Tranio*, at once
 Uncase thee: take my colour'd hat and cloak.
 When *Biondello* comes, he waits on thee;
 But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange Habits.*]
 In brief, good Sir, sith it your pleasure is,
 And I am tied to be obedient,
 (For so your Father charg'd me at our parting;
 Be serviceable to my Son, quoth he,)
 Altho', I think, 'twas in another sense;
 I am content to be *Lucentio*,
 Because so well I love *Lucentio*.

Luc. *Tranio*, be so; because *Lucentio* loves;
 And let me be a slave t'atchieve that Maid,
 Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you been?
Bion. Where have I been? nay, how now, where
 are you? master, has my fellow *Tranio* stoll'n your
 cloaths, or you stoll'n his, or both? pray, what's the
 news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest;
 And therefore frame your manners to the time.
 Your fellow *Tranio* here, to save my life,
 Puts my apparel and my count'nance on,
 And I for my escape have put on his:
 For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
 I kill'd a man, and, fear, I am descry'd:
 Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes;
 While I make way from hence to save my life.
 You understand me?

Bion.

Bion. Ay, Sir, ne'er a whit. —

Luc. And not a jot of *Tranio* in your mouth ;
Tranio is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Bion. The better for him, would I were so too.

Tra. So would I, 'faith, boy, to have the next wish after ; that *Lucentio*, indeed, had *Baptista's* youngest Daughter. But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise you, use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies : when I am alone, why, then I am *Tranio* ; but in all places else, your master *Lucentio*.

Luc. *Tranio*, let's go : one thing more rests, that thy self execute, to make one among these wooers ; if thou ask me why, sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty. [Exeunt.]

SCENE, before Hortensio's House, in Padua.

Enter Petruchio, and Grumio.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua ; but of all
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio ; and, I trow, this is the house ;
Here, sirrah, *Grumio*, knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, Sir ? whom should I knock ? is there
any man, has rebus'd your Worship ?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, Sir ? why, Sir, what am I,
Sir,

That I should knock you here, Sir ?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome : I should
knock you first,

And then I know after, who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be ?

Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it,
I'll try how you can *Sol, Fa*, and sing it.

[He wrings him by the Ears.]

Gru. Help, masters, help ; my master is mad.

Pet. Now knock, when I bid you : Sirrah ! Villain !

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now, what's the matter? my old friend *Grumio*, and my good friend *Petruchio*! how do you all at *Verona*?

Pet. Signior *Hortensio*, come you to part the fray? *Con tutto il Core ben trovato*, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra Casa ben venuto, molto honorato Signor mio Petruchio.*

Rise, *Grumio*, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he leges in Latine. If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service, look you, Sir: he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, Sir. Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so, being, perhaps, for ought I see, two and thirty, a pip out?

Whom, would to God, I had well knock'd at first, Then had not *Grumio* come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain! ——— Good *Hortensio*, I bid the rascal knock upon your gate, And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate? O heav'ns! spake you not these words plain? sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly: and come you now with knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. *Petruchio*, patience; I am *Grumio*'s pledge: Why, this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you, Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant *Grumio*; And tell me now, sweet Friend, what happy Gale Blows you to *Padua* here, from old *Verona*?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes farther than at home;
(8) Where small experience grows, but in a few.
Signior *Hortensio*, thus it stands with me,

(8) *Where small Experience grows, but in a few.*] Our Poet is frequently obscure in his Use of this Conjunction disjunctive. He means here, that small Experience grows to Youths, who stay at home; except to a Few, that are Exceptions to this Observation.

Antonio

Antonio my Father is deceas'd;
 And I have thrust my self into this maze,
 Happly to wive and thrive, as best I may:
 Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
 And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
 And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
 Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel,
 And yet, I'll promise thee, she shall be rich,
 And very rich: but thou'rt too much my friend,
 And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior *Hortensio*, 'twixt such friends as us
 Few words suffice; and therefore if you know
 One rich enough to be *Petruchio's* wife;
 (As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance)
 Be she as foul as was *Florentius' love*,
 As old as *Sibyl*, and as curst and shrewd
 As *Socrates' Xantippe*, or a worse,
 She moves me not; or not removes, at least,
 Affection's edge in me. Were she as rough
 As are the swelling *Adriatick Seas*,
 I come to wive it wealthily in *Padua*:
 If wealthily, then happily, in *Padua*.

Gru. Nay, look you, Sir, he tells you flatly what
 his mind is: why, give him gold enough, and marry
 him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby, or an old Trot with
 ne'er a tooth in her head, tho' she have as many dis-
 eases as two and fifty horses; why, nothing comes a-
 miss, so many comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stept thus far in,
 I will continue That I broach'd in jest.
 I can, *Petruchio*, help thee to a wife
 With wealth enough, and young and beauteous;
 Brought up, as best becomes a gentlewoman.
 Her only fault, and that is fault enough,
 Is, that she is intolerable curst;
 And shrewd, and froward, so beyond all measure,
 That, were my state far worser than it is,
 I would not wed her for a Mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace ; thou know'st not gold's effect ;

Tell me her Father's name, and 'tis enough :
For I will board her, tho' she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumn crack.

Hor. Her Father is *Baptista Minola*,
An affable and courteous Gentleman ;
Her name is *Catharina Minola*,
Renown'd in *Padua* for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her Father, tho' I know not her ;
And he knew my deceased Father well.
I will not sleep, *Hortensio*, 'till I see her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gr. I pray you, Sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him. She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so : why, that's nothing ; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, Sir, an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat : you know him not, Sir.

Hor. Tarry, *Petruchio*, I must go with thee,
For in *Baptista's* house my Treasure is :
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest Daughter, beautiful *Bianca* ;
(9) And her with-holds he from me, and others more
Suitors to her, and Rivals in my love :
Supposing it a thing impossible,
(For those defects I have before rehears'd,)
That ever *Catharina* will be woo'd ;
Therefore this order hath *Baptista* ta'en,

(9) *And her withholds he from me. Other more Suitors to her, and Rivals in my Love: &c.*] The Editors, in this Carelessness of their Pointing, have made stark Nonsense of this Passage. The Regulation, which I have given to the Text, was dictated to me by the ingenious Dr. Thirlby.

That

That none shall have access unto *Bianca*,
'Till *Catharine* the curst have got a husband.

Gru. *Catharine* the curst?

A title for a maid of all titles the worst!

Hor. Now shall my Friend *Petruchio* do me grace,
And offer me disguis'd in sober robes
To old *Baptista* as a school-master,
Well seen in musick, to instruct *Bianca*;
That so I may by this device, at least,
Have leave and leisure to make love to her;
And, unsuspected, court her by her self.

Enter Gremio, and Lucentio disguis'd.

Gru. Here's no knavery! see, to beguile the old
folks, how the young folks lay their heads together.
Master, look about you: who goes there? ha.

Hor. Peace, *Grumio*, 'tis the Rival of my love.

Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper Stripling, and an amorous. —

Gre. O, very well; I have perus'd the note.

Hark you, Sir, I'll have them very fairly bound,
All books of love; see That, at any hand;
And see, you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me—Over and beside

Signior *Baptista*'s liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess. Take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For she is sweeter than perfume it self,
To whom they go: what will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my Patron, stand you so assured;
As firmly, as your self were still in place;
Yea, and, perhaps, with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, Sir.

Gre. Oh this learning, what a thing it is!

Gru. Oh this woodcock, what an ass it is! —

Pet. Peace, Sirrah.

Hor. *Grumio*, mum! God save you, Signior *Gremio*.

Gre. And you are well met, Signior *Hortensio*. Trow
you, whither I am going? to *Baptista Mino'a*; I pro-

mis'd to enquire carefully about a school-master for the fair *Bianca*; and by good fortune I have lighted well on this young man; for Learning and Behaviour fit for her turn, well read in Pœtry, and other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman, Hath promis'd me to help me to another, A fine musician to instruct our mistress; So shall I no whit be behind in duty To fair *Bianca*, so belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me, — and that my deeds shall prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love. Listen to me; and, if you speak me fair, I'll tell you news indifferent good for either. Here is a Gentleman whom by chance I met, Upon agreement from us to his liking, Will undertake to wooe curst *Catharine*; Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well; —

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?!

Pet. I know, she is an irksome brawling Scold; If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, sayest me so, friend? what Countryman?

Pet. Born in *Verona*, old *Antonio's* Son; My Father's dead, my fortune lives for me, And I do hope good days and long to see.

Gre. Oh, Sir, such a life with such a wife were strange; But if you have a stomach, to't, o' God's name: You shall have me assisting you in all.

But will you wooe this wild cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gru. Will he wooe her? ay, or I'll hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent? Think you, a little din can daunt my ears? Have I not in my time heard lions roar? Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds, Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat? Have I not heard great Ordnance in the field? And heav'n's artillery thunder in the skies?

Have

Have I not in a pitched battel heard
Loud larums; neighing steeds, and trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to hear,
As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush, tush, fear boys with bugs.

Gre. For he fears none. —

Gre. Hortensio, hark:

This Gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and ours.

Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors;
And bear his charge of wooing whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Gre. I would, I were as sure of a good dinner.

To them *Tranio* bravely apparell'd, and *Biondello*.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold,
tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way to
the house of Signior *Baptista Minola*?

Bion. He, that has the two fair Daughters? is't he
you mean?

Tra. Even he, *Biondello*.

Gre. Hark you, Sir, you mean not her, to —

Tra. Perhaps, him and her; what have you to do?

Pet. Nor her that chides, Sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, Sir; *Biondello*, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, *Traanio*.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go:

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

Tra. An if I be, Sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if without more words you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, Sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me, as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know:

That she's the choice love of Signior *Gremio*.

Hor. That she's the chosen of Signior *Hortensio*.

Tra. Softly, my masters; if you be gentlemen,
Do me this Right; hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble Gentleman,
 To whom my Father is not all unknown;
 And, were his Daughter fairer than she is,
 She may more suitors have, and me for one.
 Fair *Leda's* Daughter had a thousand wooers;
 Then well One more may fair *Bianca* have,
 And so she shall. *Lucentio* shall make one,
 Tho' *Paris* came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talk us all!

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,
 Did you yet ever see *Baptista's* Daughter?

Tra. No, Sir; but, hear I do, that he hath two:
 The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
 As the other is for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, Sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great *Hercules*;
 And let it be more than *Alcides'* twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, insooth:
 The youngest Daughter, whom you hearken for,
 Her Father keeps from all access of suitors,
 And will not promise her to any man,
 Until the eldest Sister first be wed:
 The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, Sir, that you are the man
 Must steed us all, and me amongst the rest;
 And if you break the ice, and do this feat,
 Atchieve the elder, set the younger free
 For our access; whose hap shall be to have her,
 Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive:
 And since you do profess to be a suitor,
 You must, as we do, gratifie this Gentleman,
 To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Tra. (10) Sir, I shall not be slack; in sign whereof,
 Please ye, we may convive this afternoon,

And

(10) *Sir, I shall not be slack; in sign whereof,*

Please you, we may contrive this Afternoon,]

What were they to contrive? Or how is it any Testimony of *Tranio's*
 con-

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And quaff carouses to our Mistrefs' health;
And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bion. O excellent motion: fellows, let's be gone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so,
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [Exeunt.

[The Presenters, above, speak here.

1 *Man.* My Lord, you nod; you do not mind the Play.

Sly. Yea, by St. Ann, do I: a good matter, surely!
comes there any more of it?

Lady. My Lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, Madam Lady.
Would 'twere done! —

consenting to be liberal, that he will join in contriving with them? In short, a foolish Corruption possesses the Place, that quite strips the Poet of his intended Humour. What was said here is purely *εν η̄δε*, as the old Scholiasts call it, in Character. *Tranio* is but a suppos'd Gentleman; His Habit is all the Gentility he has about him: and the Poet, I am persuaded, meant that the *Servingman's* Qualities should break out upon him; and that his Mind should rather run on good Cheer than *Contrivances*. I have therefore ventur'd to suspect;

Please you, we may convive this Afternoon,

This agrees with, *quaff Carowfes*; and with What he says at the Conclusion of this Speech, *but eat and drink as Friends*. And this word *convive*, however quaint and uncommon it may be, is again used by our Poet in his *Troilus* and *Cressida*:

First, all You Peers of Greece, go to my Tent;

There in the full convive You.

It is regularly deriv'd from *Convivium* of the Latines; and the Active Verb, used more obsoletely instead of the Passive.

Si Calendis convivant, Idibus cœnant foris.

And,

Malo herclè suo magno convivant sine modo.

Say *Pomponius* and *Ennius*, as quoted by *Nonius Marcellus*.

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE, Baptista's House in Padua.

Enter Catharina and Bianca.

B I A N C A.

GOOD Sister, wrong me not, nor wrong your self,
 To make a bond-maid and a slave of me;
 That I disdain; (11) but for these other Gawds,
 Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off my self;
 Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat,
 Or, what you will command me, will I do;
 So well I know my duty to my elders.

Cath. Of all thy Suitors here, I charge thee, tell
 Whom thou lov'st best: see, thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, Sister, of all men alive
 I never yet beheld that special face,

(11) ——— *But for these other Goods,]* This is so trifling and un-
 expressive a Word, that, I am satisfied, our Author wrote, *Gawds,* (i. e.
 Toys, trifling Ornaments;) a Term that he frequently uses and seems
 fond of.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

*With bracelets of thy hair; rings, gawds, conceits,
 Knacks, trifles, ———*

And again,

*As the remembrance of an idle Gawde,
 Which in my Childhood I did doat upon.*

King John.

*Is all too wanton, and too full of Gawds,
 To give me Audience.*

So *Beaumont and Fletcher* in their *Women pleas'd*;

Her Rules and Precepts hung with Gawds and Ribbands.

And in their *Two Noble Kinsmen*;

———— *What a mere Child is Fancy,
 That having Two fair Gawds of equal Sweetness,
 Cannot distinguish, but must cry for Both.
 &c. &c. &c.*

Which

Which I could fancy more than any other.

Cath. Minion, thou liest; is't not *Hortensio*?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you my self, but you shall have him.

Cath. Oh, then, belike, you fancy riches more;
You will have *Gremio*, to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do so envy me?

Nay, then you jest; and now, I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while;
I pr'ythee, sister *Kate*, untie my hands.

Cath. If That be jest, then all the rest was so.

[*Strikes her.*]

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why, how now, dame, whence grows this insolence?

Bianca, stand aside; poor girl, she weeps;

Go ply thy needle, meddle not with her.

For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,

Why dost thou wrong her, that did ne'er wrong thee?

When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Cath. Her silence flouts me; and I'll be reveng'd.

[*Flies after Bianca.*]

Bap. What, in my sight? *Bianca*, get thee in.

[*Ex. Bian.*]

Cath. Will you not suffer me? nay, now I see,

She is your treasure; she must have a husband;

I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,

And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell:

Talk not to me, I will go sit and weep,

'Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit Cath.*]

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd, as I?

But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, Lucentio in the habit of a mean man;

Petruchio with Hortensio, like a musician; Tranio

and Biondello bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour *Baptista*.

Bap. Good morrow, neighbour *Gremio*: God save you, gentlemen.

Pet.

Pet. And you, good Sir; pray, have you not a daughter call'd *Catharina*, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, Sir, call'd *Catharina*.

Gre. You are too blunt; go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior *Gremio*, give me leave. I am a gentleman of *Verona*, Sir, That, hearing of her beauty and her wit, Her affability and bashful modesty, Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour, Am bold to shew my self a forward guest Within your house, to make mine eye the witness Of that Report, which I so oft have heard. And, for an entrance to my entertainment,

[*Presenting Hor.*

I do present you with a man of mine, Cunning in musick, and the mathematicks, To instruct her fully in those sciences, Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant: Accept of him, or else you do me wrong, His name is *Licio*, born in *Mantua*.

Bap. You're welcome, Sir, and he for your good sake.

But for my daughter *Catharine*, this I know, She is not for your turn, the more's my grief.

Pet. I see, you do not mean to part with her; Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but what I find. Whence are you, Sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. *Petruchio* is my name, *Antonio's* son, A man well known throughout all *Italy*.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, *Petruchio*, I pray, let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too. *Baccalare!* — you are marvellous forward. (12)

Pet.

(12) *Baccare*, you are marvellous forward.] But not so forward, as our Editors are indolent and acquiescing. This is a stupid Corruption of the Press, that None of them have divid'd into. We must read, *Baccalare*, as Mr. *Warburton* acutely observ'd to me; by which the *Italians* mean,

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Pet. Oh, pardon me, Signior *Gremio*, I would fain be doing. (13)

Gre. I doubt it not, Sir, but you will curse your wooing. Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness my self, that have been more kindly beholden to you than any, free leave give to this young scholar, that hath been long studying at *Reims*, [*Presenting Luc.*] as cunning in *Greek*, *Latin*, and other languages, as the other in musick and mathematicks; his name is *Cambio*; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior *Gremio*: welcome, good *Cambio*. But, gentle Sir, methinks, you walk like a stranger; [*To Tranio.*] may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, Sir, the boldness is mine own,
That, being a stranger in this City here,
Do make my self a suitor to your daughter,
Unto *Bianca*, fair and virtuous:
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest.

mean, Thou arrogant, presumptuous Man! The Word is used scornfully, upon any One that would assume a Port of Grandeur and high Repute: *Per derisione d'huomo che stia in riputatione, e che grandeggi*; says *La Crusca*. The *French* call such a Character, *un Bravache*; and the *Spaniards*, *el Fanfarron*.

(13) Oh, pardon me, Signior *Gremio*, I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, Sir, but you will curse your wooing Neighbours. This is a Gift;] It would be very unreasonable, after such a Number of Instances, to suspect the Editors ever dwelt on the meaning of any Passage: But why should *Petruchio* curse his wooing Neighbours? They were None of them his Rivals: Nor, tho' he should curse his own Match afterwards, did he commence his Courtship on their Accounts. In short, *Gremio* is design'd to answer to *Petruchio* in doggrel Rhyme, to this purpose,—"Yes; I know, You would fain be doing; but you'll coap with such a Devil, that You'll have Reason to curse your Wooing."—and then immediately turns his Discourse to *Baptista*, whom he calls *Neighbour*, (as he had done before at the Beginning of this Scene,) and makes his Present to him.

And

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And toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple Instrument,
And this small packet of *Greek* and *Latin* books.
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

[They greet privately.]

Bap. *Lucentio* is your name? of whence I pray?

Tra. Of *Pisa*, Sir, son to *Vincentio*.

Bap. A mighty man of *Pisa*; by Report
I know him well; you are very welcome, Sir.
Take You the lute, and You the Set of books,
[To Hortensio and Lucentio.]
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within! ———

Enter a servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my two daughters; and then tell them Both,
These are their tutors, bid them use them well.

[Exit Serv. with Hortensio and Lucentio.]

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so, I pray you all, to think your selves.

Pet. Signior *Baptista*, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to wooe.
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd, rather than decreas'd;
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands:
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever;
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing: for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded.
And where two raging fires meet together,

They

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They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Tho' little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extream gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me,
For I am rough, and woee not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou woee, and happy be thy
speed!

But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof, as mountains are for winds:
That shake not, tho' they blow perpetually.

Enter Hortensio with his head broke.

Bap. How now, my friend; why dost thou look so
pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good mu-
sician?

Hor. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the
lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her, she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
Frets call you them? quoth she: I'll fume with them:
And with that word she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way,
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute:
While she did call me rascal, fidler,
And twangling *Jack*, with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did;
Oh, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited,
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter,
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns;
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,

Or

Or shall I fend my daughter *Kate* to you?

Pet. I pray you, do. I will attend her here:

[*Exit Bap. with Grem. Horten. and Tranio.*]

And wooe her with some spirit when she comes.

Say, that she rail; why, then I'll tell her plain,

She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:

Say, that she frowns; I'll say, she looks as clear

As morning roses newly wash'd with dew;

Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;

Then I'll commend her volubility;

And say, she uttereth piercing eloquence:

If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,

As tho' she bid me stay by her a week;

If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day

When I shall ask the banes, and when be married?

But here she comes, and now *Petruchio* speak.

Enter Catharina.

Good morrow, *Kate*; for that's your name, I hear.

Cath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing.

They call me *Catharine*, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith, for you are call'd plain *Kate*;

And bonny *Kate*, and sometimes *Kate* the curst:

But *Kate*, the prettiest *Kate* in christendom,

Kate of *Kate-hall*, my super-dainty *Kate*,

(For dainties are all *Cates*) and therefore *Kate*;

Take this of me, *Kate* of my consolation!

Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,

Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty founded,

Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs:

My Self am mov'd to wooe thee for my wife

Cath. Mov'd! in good time; let him, that mov'd you hither,

Remove you hence; I knew you at the first

You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Cath. A join'd stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it; come, sit on me.

Cath.

Cath. Affes are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Cath. No such jade, Sir, as you; if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee;

For knowing thee to be but young and light——

Cath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should *bee*; —— should *buz*. ——

Cath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. Oh, slow-wing'd turtle, shall a buzzard take thee?

Cath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp, i'faith, you are too angry.

Cath. If I be waspish, 'best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then to pluck it out.

Cath. Ah, if the fool could find it, where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not, where a wasp doth wear his sting?

In his tail. ——

Cath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Cath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.

Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,

Good *Kate*, I am a gentleman.

Cath. That I'll try. [*She strikes him.*]

Pet. I swear, I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Cath. So may you lose your arms.

If you strike me, you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

Pet. A herald, *Kate*? oh, put me in thy books.

Cath. What is your crest, a coxcomb?

Pet. A comble's cock, so *Kate* will be my hen.

Cath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.

Pet. Nay, come, *Kate*; come, you must not look so sower.

Cath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not so sower.

Cath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then shew it me.

Cath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Cath. Well aim'd, of such a young one. —

Pet. Now, by *St. George*, I am too young for you.

Cath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with Cares.

Cath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, *Kate*; Insooth, you 'scape not so.

Cath. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit, I find you passing gentle:
'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and fullen,
And now I find Report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers.
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look asance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk:
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why doth the world report, that *Kate* doth limp?
Oh slanderous world! *Kate*, like the hazle twig,
Is strait, and slender; and as brown in hue
As hazle nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

Cath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever *Dian* so become a grove,
As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,
And then let *Kate* be chaste, and *Dian* sportful! —

Cath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is *extempore*, from my mother-wit.

Cath. A witty mother, witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Cath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Why, so I mean, sweet *Catharine*, in thy bed:
And therefore setting all this chat aside,

Thus

Thus in plain terms : your father hath consented,
That you shall be my wife ; your dow'ry 'greed on,
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, *Kate*, I am a husband for your turn,
For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well ;)
Thou must be married to no man but me.
For I am he, am born to tame you, *Kate* ;
And bring you from a wild cat to a *Kate*,
Conformable as other household *Kates* ;
Here comes your father, never make denial,
I must and will have *Catharine* to my wife.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, and Tranio.

Bap. Now, Signior *Petruchio*, how speed you with
my daughter ?

Pet. How but well, Sir ? how but well ?

It were impossible, I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter *Catharine*, in your
dumps ?

Pet. Call you me daughter ? now, I promise you,
You've shew'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatick ;
A madcap ruffian, and a swearing *Jack*,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus ; your self and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her ;
If she be curst, it is for policy,
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove :
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn ;
For patience, she will prove a second *Grissel* ;
And *Roman Lucrece* for her chastity.

And, to conclude, we've 'greed so well together,
That upon *Sunday* is the wedding day.

Cath. I'll see thee hang'd on *Sunday* first.

Gre. Hark : *Petruchio* ! he says, she'll see thee hang'd
first.

Tra. Is this your speeding ? nay, then, good night,
our part !

Pet. Be patient, Sirs, I chuse her for my self ;

If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me; oh, the kindest *Kate!* —
She hung about my neck; and kifs on kifs
She vy'd so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
Oh, you are novices; 'tis a world to see,
How tame (when men and women are alone)
A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.
Give me thy hand, *Kate*, I will unto *Venice*,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding day;
Father, provide the feast, and bid the guests;
I will be sure, my *Catharine* shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say, but give your hands;
God send you joy, *Petruchio*, 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to *Venice*, *Sunday* comes apace,
We will have rings and things, and fine array;
And kifs me, *Kate*, we will be married a *Sunday*.

[*Ex. Petruchio, and Catharine severally.*]

Gre. Was ever match clapt up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you;
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch:
But now, *Baptista*, to your younger daughter;
Now is the day we long have looked for:
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one, that love *Biancha* more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling! thou canst not love so dear as I.

Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back; 'tis age, that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth, in ladies eyes that flourisheth.

The TAMING of the SHREW. 309

Bap. Content you, Gentlemen, I will compound
this strife;

'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of Both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have *Bianca's* love.

Say, Signior *Gremio*, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold,
Basons and ewers to lave her dainty hands:
My hangings all of *Tyrian* tapestry;
In ivory coffers I have stufft my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpanes,
Costly apparel, tents and canopies,
Fine linnen, *Turkey* cushions boss'd with pearl;
Valance of *Venice* gold in needle-work;
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or house-keeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls;
And all things answerable to this portion.
My self am struck in years, I must confess,
And if I die to morrow, this is hers;
If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

Tra. That *only* came well in.—Sir, list to me;
I am my father's heir, and only son;
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich *Pisa* walls, as any one
Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land; all which shall be her jointure.
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior *Gremio*?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land! (14)
My

(14) *Gre.* Two thousand Ducats by the year of Land!
My Land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have, and ———]

Tho' all the Copies concur in this Reading, surely, if We examine the Reasoning, something will be found wrong. *Gremio* is startled at the high Settlement *Tranio* proposes; says, his whole Estate in Land can't match it, yet he'll settle so much a Year upon her, &c. This is Mock-reasoning,

310 *The TAMING of the SHREW.*

My land amounts but to so much in all:

That she shall have, besides an *Argosie*

That now is lying in *Marseilles's* road.

What, have I choakt you with an *Argosie*?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no less

Than three great *Argosies*, besides two galliasses,

And twelve tight gallies; these I will assure her,

And twice as much, what e'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all; I have no more;

And she can have no more than all I have;

If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,

By your firm promise; *Gremio* is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best;

And let your father make her the assurance,

She is your own, else you must pardon me:

If you should die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen, then I am thus resolv'd:

On *Sunday* next, you know,

My daughter *Catharine* is to be married:

Now on the *Sunday* following shall *Bianca*

Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;

If not, to Signior *Gremio*:

And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour. — Now I fear thee not:

Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool

To give thee all; and in his waining age

Set foot under thy table: tut! a toy!

An old *Italian* fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*

reasoning, or I don't know what to call it. The Change of the *negative* Monosyllable in the 2d Line, which Mr. Warburton prescrib'd, salves the Absurdity, and sets the Passage right. *Gremio* and *Tranio* are vyeing in their Offers to carry *Bianca*: The latter boldly proposes to fettle Land to the Amount of 2000 Ducats *per Annum*. Ay, says the Other; My whole Estate in Land amounts *but* to that Value: yet she shall have *That*; I'll endow her with the *Whole*; and consign a rich Vessel to her Use. over and above. Thus all is intelligible, and he goes on to outbid his Rival.

Tra.

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten :
'Tis in my head to do my master good :
I see no reason, but suppos'd *Lucentio*
May get a father, call'd, suppos'd *Vincentio* ;
And that's a wonder : fathers commonly
Do get their children ; but in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a fire, if I fail not of my cunning. [*Exit.*

———— [The Presenters, above, speak here.]

Sly. Sim, *when will the fool come again ?*

Sim. *Anon, my Lord.*

Sly. *Give's some more drink here — where's the tap-
ster ? here, Sim, eat some of these things.*

Sim. *So I do, my Lord.*

Sly. *Here, Sim, I drink to thee.*

A C T III.

SCENE, Baptista's House.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

LUCENTIO.

Fidler, forbear ; you grow too forward, Sir :
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister *Catharine* welcom'd you withal ?

Hor. [She is a Shrew, but,] *Wrangling Pedant,*
this is (15)

The

(15) ——— *Wrangling Pedant, this*

The Patroness of Heavenly Harmony.]

There can be no Reason, why *Hortensio* should begin with an Hemistich ;
but much less, why Mr. *Pope* should have yet curtail'd this Hemistich,
against the Authority of all the old Copies, which read ;

———— But, *wrangling Pedant, this is*

The Words which I have added to fill the Verse, being purely by Con-
jecture,

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The patroness of heavenly harmony;
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in musick we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass! that never read so far
To know the cause why musick was ordain'd:
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these Braves of thine.

Bian. Why, Gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for That which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please my self;
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down,
Take you your instrument, play you the while;
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture, when I am in tune?

[*Hortensio retires.*]

Luc. That will be never: tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, Madam: *Hac ibat Simois, hic est Sigeia
tellus,*

Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am *Lucentio*, *hic est*, son unto *Vincentio* of *Pisa*, *Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love, *hic steterat*, and that *Lucentio* that comes a wooing, *Priami*, is my man *Tranio*, *regia*, bearing my port, *celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old Pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune. [*Returning.*]

Bian. Let's hear. O fie, the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

jecture, and supply'd by the Sense that seems requir'd, without any Traces of a corrupted Reading left, to authorize or found them upon; I have for that Reason inclosed them within Crotchets, to be embraced or rejected, at every Reader's pleasure.

Bian.

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Bian. Now let me see, if I can construe it: *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not, *hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not, *hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not, *regia*, presume not, *celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right, 'tis the base knave that jars. How fiery and how froward is our Pedant!

Now, for my life, that knave doth court my love; *Pedascule*, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust. (16)

Luc. Mistrust it not, — for, sure, *Æacides* Was *Ajax*, call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master, else I promise you, I should be arguing still upon that doubt;

But let it rest. Now, *Licio*, to you:

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave a while;
My lessons make no musick in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, Sir? well, I must wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you *Gamut* in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade;
And there it is in writing fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my *Gamut* long ago.

Hor. Yet read the *Gamut* of *Hortensio*.

Bian. [reading.] *Gamut* I am, the ground of all accord,

(16) *In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.*] This and the 7 Verses, that follow, have in all the Editions been stupidly shuffled and misplac'd to wrong Speakers: so that every Word said was glaringly out of Character. I first directed the true Regulation of them in my SHAKESPEARE restor'd, and Mr. Pope has since embraced it in his last Edition. I ought to take notice, the ingenious Dr. Thirlby, without seeing my Book, had struck out the self-same Regulation.

314 *The TAMING of the SHREW,*

Are, to plead *Hortensio's* passion;
B mi, *Bianca*, take him for thy lord,
Cfaut, that loves with all affection;
D sol re, one cliff, but two notes have I.
Elami, show pity, or I die.

Call you this *Gamut*? tut, I like it not;
 Old fashions please me best; I'm not so nice (17)
 To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your
 books,
 And help to dress your sister's chamber up;
 You know, to morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewel, sweet masters, both; I must be gone.
 [Exit.]

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.
 [Exit.]

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant;
 Methinks, he looks as tho' he were in love:
 Yet if thy thoughts, *Bianca*, be so humble,
 To cast thy wandering eyes on every Stale;
 Seize thee, who list; if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [Exit.]

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Catharina, Lu-
 centio, Bianca, and attendants.

Bap. Signior *Lucentio*, this is the 'pointed day
 That *Cath'rine* and *Petruchio* should be married;
 And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
 What will be said? what mockery will it be,

(17) *Old Fashions please me best: I'm not so nice
 To change true Rules for new Inventions.*]

This is Sense and the Meaning of the Passage; but the Reading of the
 Second Verse, for all that, is sophisticated. The genuine Copies all con-
 cur in Reading,

To change true Rules for old Inventions.

This, indeed, is contrary to the very Thing it should express: But the
 easy Alteration, which I have made, restores the Sense, but adds a
 Contrast in the Terms perfectly just. True Rules are oppos'd to odd
 Inventions; i. e. *Whimsies*.

The TAMING of the SHREW. 315

To want the Bridegroom, when the Priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What says *Lucentio* to this shame of ours?

Cath. No shame, but mine; I must, forsooth, be
forc'd

To give my hand oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain *Rudesby*, full of spleen;
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantick fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
And to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banes;
Yet never means to wed, where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor *Catharine*,
And say, lo! there is mad *Petruchio's* wife,
If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good *Catharine*, and *Baptista* too;
Upon my life, *Petruchio* means but well;
What ever fortune stays him from his word.
Tho' he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Tho' he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Cath. Would *Catharine* had never seen him tho'!

[*Exit weeping.*]

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a Saint,
Much more a Shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, Master; old news, and such news as
you never heard of.

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of *Petruchio's*
coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, Sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion.

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Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But, say, what to thine old news?

Bion. Why, *Petruchio* is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another lac'd; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless, with two broken points; his horse hip'd with an old mothy saddle, the stirrups of no kindred; besides, possess'd with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine, troubled with the lampasse, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, waid in the back and shoulder-shotten, near-legg'd before, and with a half-checkt bit, and a headstall of sheep's leather, which being restrain'd, to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repair'd with knots; one girt six times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there piec'd with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh, Sir, his lackey, for all the world caparison'd like the horse, with a linnen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, garter'd with a red and blue list, an old hat, and the humour of forty fancies prickt up in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoever he comes.

Bion. Why, Sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that *Petruchio* came?

Bap. Ay, that *Petruchio* came.

Bion. No, Sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap.

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Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by St. *Jamy*, I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio fantastically habited.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

Bap. You're welcome, Sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well 'parell'd, as I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.

But where is *Kate*? where is my lovely bride?
How does my Father? Gentles, methinks, you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, Sir, you know, this is your wedding-day:
First, were we sad; fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-fore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike your self?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Tho' in some part enforced to digress,
Which at more leisure I will so excuse,
As you shall well be satisfied withal.

But, where is *Kate*? I stay too long from her;
The morning wears; 'tis time, we were at church.

Tra. See not your Bride in these unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on cloaths of mine.

Pet. Not I; believe me, thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words;

To me she's married, not unto my cloaths:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,

As

318 *The TAMING of the SHREW.*

As I could change these poor accoutrements,
 'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for my self.
 But what a fool am I to chat with you,
 When I should bid good morrow to my Bride,
 And seal the title with a lovely kifs?

[*Exit.*

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
 We will perswade him, be it possible,
 To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this. [*Exit.*

Tra. But, Sir, our love concerneth us to add
 Her Father's liking; which to bring to pass,
 As I before imparted to your Worship,
 I am to get a man, (whate'er he be,
 It skills not much; we'll fit him to our turn;)
 And he shall be *Vincentio* of *Pisa*,
 And make assurance here in *Padua*
 Of greater sums than I have promised:
 So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
 And marry sweet *Bianca* with consent.

Luc. Were it not, that my fellow school-master
 Doth watch *Bianca's* steps so narrowly,
 'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
 Which once perform'd, let all the world say, no,
 I'll keep my own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
 And watch our vantage in this business:
 We'll over-reach the gray-beard *Gremio*,
 The narrow-prying Father *Minola*,
 The quaint musician amorous *Licio*;
 All for my master's sake, *Lucentio*.

Enter Gremio.

Now, Signior *Gremio*, came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the Bride and Bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A Bridegroom, say you? 'tis a groom, indeed,
 A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Currier than she? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre.

The TAMING of the SHREW. 319

Gre. Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him:
I'll tell you, Sir *Lucentio*; when the Priest
Should ask, if *Catharine* should be his wife?
Ay, by gogs-woons, quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all-amaz'd, the Priest let fall the book;
And as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd Bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest.
Now take them up, quoth he, if any list.

Tra. What said the wench, when he rose up again?

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd and
swore,

As if the Vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: a health, quoth he; as if
H'ad been aboard carowing to his Mates
After a storm; quafft off the muscadel,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other cause, but that his beard
Grew thin and hungerly, and seem'd to ask
His sops as he was drinking. This done, he took
The Bride about the neck, and kist her lips
With such a clamorous smack, that at the parting
All the church echo'd; and I seeing this,
Came thence for very shame; and after me,
I know, the rout is coming: Such a mad marriage
Ne'er was before. — Hark, hark, I hear the minstrels,
[*Musick plays.*

Enter Petruchio, Catharina, Bianca, Hortensio,
and Baptista.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your
pains:

I know, you think to dine with me to day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence;
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible, you will away to night?

Pet. I must away to day, before night come.
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,

You

You would entreat me rather go than stay.
 And, honest Company, I thank you all,
 That have beheld me give away my self
 To this most patient, sweet and virtuous wife.
 Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
 For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us intreat you stay 'till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me intreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Cath. Let me intreat you.

Pet. I am content —

Cath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content, you shall intreat me, stay;
 But yet not stay, intreat me how you can.

Cath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. *Grumio*, my horses.

Gru. Ay, Sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten
 the horses.

Cath. Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to day;
 No, nor to morrow, nor 'till I please my self:
 The door is open, Sir, there lyes your way,
 You may be jogging, while your boots are green;
 For me, I'll not go, 'till I please my self:
 'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
 That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O, *Kate*, content thee; pr'ythee, be not angry.

Cath. I will be angry; what hast thou to do?

Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, Sir; now it begins to work.

Cath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal-dinner.

I see, a woman may be made a fool,
 If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, *Kate*, at thy command.
 Obey the Bride, you that attend on her:
 Go to the feast, revel and domineer;
 Carowse full measure to her maiden-head;
 Be mad and merry, or go hang your selves;
 But for my bonny *Kate*, she must with me.

Nay,

The TAMING of the SHREW. 321

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret,
I will be master of what is mine own;
She is my goods, my chattels, she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;
And here she stands, touch her who ever dare.
I'll bring my action on the proudest he,
That stops my way in *Padua*: *Grumio*,
Draw forth thy weapon; we're beset with thieves;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man:
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, *Kate*;
I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt Pet. and Cath.*

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like.

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your Sister?

Bian. That, being mad her self, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, *Petruchio* is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and Friends, tho' Bride and Bridegroom want

For to supply the places at the table;

You know, there wants no junkets at the feast:

Lucentio, you supply the Bridegroom's place;

And let *Bianca* take her Sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet *Bianca* practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, *Lucentio*: Gentlemen, let's go.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T IV.

SCENE, Petruchio's Country House.

Enter Grumio.

G R U M I O.

FIE, fie on all tired jades, and all mad masters, and all foul ways! was ever man so beaten? was ever man so raide? was ever man so weary? I am sent before, to make a fire; and they are coming after, to warm them: now were I not a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me; but I with blowing the fire shall warm my self; for considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold: holla, ho, *Curtis!*

*Enter Curtis.**Curt.* Who is it that calls so coldly?*Gru.* A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good *Curtis*.*Curt.* Is my master and his wife coming, *Grumio*?*Gru.* Oh, ay, *Curtis*, ay; and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.*Curt.* Is she so hot a Shrew, as she's reported?*Gru.* She was, good *Curtis*, before this frost; but thou know'st, winter tames man, woman and beast; for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and my self, fellow *Curtis*.*Curt.* Away, you three-inch'd fool; I am no beast.*Gru.* (18) Am I but three inches? why, my horn is a foot, and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou
make

(18) *Am I but three Inches? why, thy Horn is a foot, and so long am I at the least.*] This is said by *Grumio* to *Curtis*. But, tho' all the Copies

make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

Curt. I pr'ythee, good *Grumio*, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, *Curtis*, in every office but thine; and therefore fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; and therefore, good *Grumio*, the news.

Gru. Why, *Jack* boy, ho boy, and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of conycatching.

Gru. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept, the servingmen in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? be the *Jacks* fair within, the *Jills* fair without, carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready: and therefore, I pray thee, what news?

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired, my master and mistress fall'n out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good *Grumio*.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There.

[*Strikes him.*

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis call'd a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listning. Now I begin: *imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress.

pies agree in the Reading, what *Horn* had *Curtis*? But *Grumio* rides Post before his Master, and blows his *Horn* to give notice of his own coming home, and his Master's Approach.

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Curt. Both on one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale. ——— But hadst thou not crost me, thou should'st have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse: thou should'st have heard in how miry a place, how she was bemoil'd, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore, how she pray'd that never pray'd before; how I cry'd, how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper; with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this? call forth *Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugerfop*, and the rest: let their heads be fleekly comb'd, their blue coats brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit; let them curt'sie with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse tail, 'till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems, that call'st for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter four or five Serving-men.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nat. Welcome home, *Grumio*.

Phil. How now, *Grumio*?

Jos. What, *Grumio*!

Nich.

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Nich. Fellow *Grumio*!

Nath. How now, old lad.

Gru. Welcome, you; how now, you; what, you; fellow, you; and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nat. All things are ready; how near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not ——— cock's passion, silence! ——— I hear my master.

Enter Petruchio and Kate.

Pet. Where be these knaves? what, no man at door to hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse? where is *Nathaniel*, *Gregory*, *Philip*?

All Serv. Here, here, Sir; here, Sir.

Pet. Here, Sir, here, Sir, here, Sir, here, Sir?

You loggerheaded and unpolish'd grooms:
What? no attendance? no regard? no duty?
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, Sir, as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain, you whoreson, malt-horse drudge,

Did not I bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. *Nathaniel's* coat, Sir, was not fully made:
And *Gabriel's* pumps were all unpink'd i' th' heel:
There was no link to colour *Peter's* hat,
And *Walter's* dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine, but *Adam*, *Ralph*, and *Gregory*,
The rest were ragged, old and beggarly,
Yet as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

Where is the life that late I led?

[*Singing.*

Where are those ——— sit down, *Kate*,
And welcome. Soud, soud, soud, soud.

Enter Servants with Supper.

Why, when, I say? nay, good sweet *Kate*, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogue: you villains, when?

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*It was the Friar of Orders grey,
As he forth walked on his way.*

[Sings.

Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry.
Take that, and mind the plucking off the other.

[Strikes him.

Be merry, *Kate*: some water here; what ho!

Enter one with water.

Where's my spaniel *Troilus*? sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin *Ferdinand* come hither:
One, *Kate*, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.
Where are my slippers? shall I have some water?
Come, *Kate*, and wash, and welcome heartily:
You whoreson villain, will you let it fall?

Cath. Patience, I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave:

Come, *Kate*, sit down, I know, you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet *Kate*, or else shall I?
What's this, mutton?

i Ser. Yes.

Pet. Who brought it?

Ser. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat:

What dogs are these? where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups and all:

[Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.

You headless jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Cath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dry'd away,
And I expressly am forbid to touch it:
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere, that Both of us did fast,
Since, of our selves, our selves are cholerick,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh:
Be patient, for to morrow't shall be mended,

And

And for this night we'll fast for company.
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber. [Exe.

Enter Servants severally.

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Gru. Where is he?

Enter Curtis, a Servant.

Curt. In her chamber, making a sermon of continency to her,

And rails and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.

Away, away, for he is coming hither. [Exeunt.

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politickly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully:
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty,
And till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's Call.
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites,
That bait and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to day, nor none shall eat.
Last night she slept not, nor to night shall not:
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed.
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, that way the sheets;
Ay, and, amid this hurly, I'll pretend,
That all is done in reverend care of her,
And in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
And if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness; —
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.
He that knows better how to tame a Shrew,
Now let him speak, 'tis charity to shew.

[Exit.

S C E N E, *before Baptista's House.**Enter Tranio and Hortensio.*

IS't possible, friend *Licio*, that *Bianca* (19)
Doth fancy any other but *Lucentio*?
I tell you, Sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. To satisfy you, Sir, in what I said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

[*They stand by.*]*Enter Bianca and Lucentio.*

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, master, read you? first, resolve me that.

Luc. I read That I profess, the art of love.

Bian. And may you prove, Sir, master of your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my
heart. [*They retire backward.*]

Hor. Quick proceeders! marry! now, tell me, I
pray, you that durst swear that your mistress *Bianca*
lov'd none in the world so well as *Lucentio*.

(19) *Is't possible, friend Licio, &c.*] This Scene Mr. *Pope*, upon what Authority I can't pretend to guess, has in his Editions made the *First* of the *Fifth* Act: in doing which, he has shewn the very Power and Force of Criticism. The Consequence of this judicious Regulation is, that two unpardonable Absurdities are fix'd upon the Author, which he could not possibly have committed. For, in the first place, by this shuffling the Scenes out of their true Position, we find *Hortensio*, in the fourth Act, already gone from *Baptista's* to *Petruchio's* Country-house; and afterwards in the Beginning of the fifth Act we find him first forming the Resolution of quitting *Bianca*; and *Tranio* immediately informs Us, he is gone to the *Taming-School* to *Petruchio*. There is a Figure, indeed, in Rhetorick, call'd, ὄσσερον πρότερον: But this is an Abuse of it, which the Rhetoricians will never adopt upon Mr. *Pope's* Authority. Again, by this Misplacing, the Pedant makes his first Entrance, and quits the Stage with *Tranio* in order to go and dress himself like *Vincentio*, whom he was to personate: but his Second Entrance is upon the very Heels of his Exit; and without any Interval of an Act, or one Word intervening, he comes out again equipp'd like *Vincentio*. If such a Critick be fit to publish a Stage-Writer, I shall not envy Mr. *Pope's* Admirers, if they should think fit to applaud his Sagacity. I have replac'd the Scenes in that Order, in which I found them in the Old Books.

Tra.

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Tra. O despightful love, unconstant womankind!
I tell thee, *Licio*, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more, I am not *Licio*,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be ;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a One as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a God of such a cullion ;
Know, Sir, that I am call'd *Hortensio*.

Tra. Signior *Hortensio*, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to *Bianca* ;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear *Bianca* and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kifs and court! — Signior
Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours,
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry her, tho' she intreat.
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. Would all the world, but he, had quite forsworn
her!
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass, which has as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard.
And so farewell, Signior *Lucentio*.
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love : and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before. [Exit. *Hor.*

Tra. Mistress *Bianca*, bless you with such grace,
As longeth to a lover's blessed case :
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle Love,
And have forsworn you with *Hortensio*.

[*Lucentio and Bianca come forward.*

Bian. *Tranio*, you jest : but have you both for-
sworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc.

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Lut. Then we are rid of *Licio*.

Tra. I'faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, *Tranio*.

Tra. 'Faith, he's gone unto the taming school.

Bian. The taming school? what, is there such a
place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and *Petruchio* is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a Shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello, running.

Bion. Oh master, master, I have watch'd so long,
That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied (20)
An ancient Engle, going down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, *Biondello*?

Bion. Master, a mercantant, or else a pèdant;

(20) ————— but at last I spied
An ancient Angel going down the Hill,
Will serve the turn.]

Tho' all the printed Copies agree in this Reading, I am confident, that *Shakespeare* intended no Profanation here; nor indeed any Compliment to this old Man who was to be impos'd upon, and made a Property of. The Word I have restor'd, certainly retrieves the Author's Meaning: and means, either in its first Signification, a Bardash; (for the Word is of *Spanish* Extraction, *Ingle*, which is equivalent to *inguen* of the *Latines*;) or, in its metaphorical Sense, a Gull, a Cully, one fit to be made a Tool of. And in both Senses it is frequently us'd by *B. Jonson*.

Cynthia's Revels.

————— and sweat for every venial Trespas we commit, as some Author would, if he had such fine Engles as we.

The Case is alter'd; (a Comedy not printed among *B. Jonson's* Works)

What, Signior Antonio Balladino! welcome, sweet Engle.

Poetaster.

What, shall I have my Son a Stager now? an Engle for Players?
And he likewise uses it, as a Verb, in the same Play, signifying to be-
guile, defraud.

I'll presently go, and engle some Broker for a Poet's Gown, and bespeak
a Garland.

I know not what; but formal in apparel; (21)
In gate and countenance surly like a father.

Luc. And what of him, *Tranio*?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem *Vincenzio*,
And give him assurance to *Baptista Minola*,
As if he were the right *Vincenzio*:
Take in your love; and then let me alone.

[*Ex. Luc. and Bian.*

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, Sir.

Tra. And you, Sir; you are welcome:
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two;
But then up farther, and as far as *Rome*;
And so to *Tripoly*, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of *Mantua*.

Tra. Of *Mantua*, Sir? God forbid!
And come to *Padua*, careless of your Life?

Ped. My life, Sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in *Mantua*

To come to *Padua*; know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at *Venice*, and the Duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,)
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel, but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, Sir; it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for mony by exchange
From *Florence*, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, Sir, to do you courtesie,
This will I do, and this will I advise you;

(21) ————— but formal in Apparel;

In Gate and Countenance surely like a Father.]

I have made bold to read, *surly*; and *surely*, I believe, I am right in doing so. Our Poet always represents his Pedants, imperious and magisterial. Besides, *Tranio's* Directions to the Pedant for his Behaviour vouch for my Emendation.

'Tis well; and hold your own in any Case,
With such Austerity as longeth to a Father.

First,

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First, tell me, have you ever been at *Pisa*?

Ped. Ay, Sir, in *Pisa* have I often been;
Pisa renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them know you one *Vincentio*?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, Sir; and, sooth to say,
In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all
one. [*Aside.*]

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir *Vincentio*:

His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd:
Look, that you take upon You as you should.
You understand me, Sir: so shall you stay
'Till you have done your business in the city.
If this be court'sie, Sir, accept of it.

Ped. Oh, Sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The Patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me to make the matter good:
This by the way I let you understand,
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dowre in marriage
'Twixt me and one *Baptista's* daughter here:
In all these Circumstances I'll instruct you:
Go with Me, Sir, to cloath you as becomes you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Catharina and Grumio.

Gru. No, no, forsooth, I dare not for my life.

Cath. The more my wrong, the more his spite ap-
pears:

What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon intreaty, have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to intreat,

Nor

Nor never needed that I should intreat,
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed;
And that, which spights me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love:
As who would say, if I should sleep or eat
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death:
I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?

Cath. 'Tis passing good; I pr'ythee, let me have it.

Gru. I fear, it is too flegmatick a meat:

How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?

Cath. I like it well; good *Grumio*, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell; — I fear, it's cholerick:

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

Cath. A dish, that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Cath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay, then I will not; you shall have the mustard,

Or else you get no beef of *Grumio*.

Cath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.

Cath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
[beats him.

That feed'st me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio and Hortensio, with meat.

Pet. How fares my *Kate*? what Sweeting, all amort?

Hor. Mistress, what cheer?

Cath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me;
Here, love, thou seest how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat my self, and bring it thee:
I'm sure, sweet *Kate*, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? nay then, thou lov'st it not:

And

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And all my pains is sorted to no proof.
Here take away the dish.

Cath. I pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks,
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Cath. I thank you, Sir.

Hor. Signior *Petruchio*, fie, you are to blame:
Come, mistress *Kate*, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, *Hortensio*, if thou lovest me; —

[*Aside.*

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart;
Kate, eat apace. And now, my honey-love,
Will we return unto thy father's house,
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingals, and things:
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bray'ry,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, hast thou din'd; the taylor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his rustling treasure.

Enter Taylor.

Come, taylor, let us see these ornaments.

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown. What news with you, Sir?

Hab. Here is the cap, your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer,
A velvet dish; fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy:

Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.

Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Cath. I'll have no bigger, this doth fit the time;
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not 'till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste.

Cath. Why, Sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak,
And speak I will. I am no child, no babe;
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;

And,

And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or, else my heart, concealing it, will break:
And rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the utmost as I please in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true, it is a paltry cap,
A custard coffin, a bauble, a silken pie;
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Cath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And I will have it, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay; come, taylor, let us see't.
O mercy, heav'n, what masking stuff is here?
What? this a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon;
What, up and down carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slash, and flash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:

Why, what a devil's name, taylor, call'st thou this?

Hor. I see, she's like to've neither cap nor gown.

[*Aside.*

Tay. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion of the time.

Pet. Marry, and did: but if you be remembred,
I did not bid you marr it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, Sir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Cath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true, he means to make a puppet of
thee.

Tay. She says, your Worship means to make a pup-
pet of her.

Pet. Oh most monstrous arrogance!
Thou lye'st, thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three quarters, half yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket, thou!
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread:
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,

As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st:
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tay. Your Worship is deceiv'd, the gown is made
Just as my master had direction.

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

Tay. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, Sir, with needle and thread.

Tay. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things.

Tay. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast brav'd many men,
brave not me; I will neither be fac'd, nor brav'd. I
say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown,
but I did not bid him cut it to pieces. *Ergo*, thou
liest.

Tay. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in's throat, if he say I said so.

Tay. *Imprimis*, a loose-bodied gown.

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sow
me up in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with
a bottom of brown thread: I said a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tay. With a small compass cape.

Gru. I confes the cape.

Tay. With a trunk-sleeve.

Gru. I confes two sleeves.

Tay. The sleeves curiously cut.

Pet. Ay, there's the villany.

Gru. Error i'th' bill, Sir, error i'th' bill: I com-
manded, the sleeves should be cut out, and sow'd up
again; and that I'll prove upon thee, tho' thy little
finger be armed in a thimble.

Tay. This is true, that I say; an I had thee in place
where, thou shou'dst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill,
give me thy meet-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-amercy, *Grumio*, then he shall have no
odds.

Pet.

Pet. Well, Sir, in brief the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i'th' right, Sir, 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: take up my mistress's gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, Sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. Oh, Sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for;

Take up my mistress's gown unto his master's use!

Oh, fie, fie, fie.

Pet. *Hortensio*, say, thou wilt see the taylor paid.

[*Aside.*

Go take it hence, be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Taylor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to morrow; Take no unkindness of his hasty words:

Away, I say; commend me to thy master. [*Exit Tay.*

Pet. Well, come, my *Kate*, we will unto your father's,

Even in these honest mean habiliments:

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;

For 'tis the mind, that makes the body rich:

And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,

So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,

Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel,

Because his painted skin contents the eye?

Oh, no, good *Kate*; neither art thou the worse

For this poor furniture, and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;

And therefore frolick; we will hence forthwith,

To feast and sport us at thy father's house.

Go call my men, and let us straight to him,

And bring our horses unto *Long-lane* end,

There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.

Let's see, I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,

And well we may come there by dinner time.

Cath. I dare assure you, Sir, 'tis almost two;

And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse.

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Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it; Sirs, let't alone,
I will not go to day, and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so: this Gallant will command the Sun.
[*Exeunt* Pet. Cath. and *Hor.*]

[The Presenters, above, speak here.]

Lord. *Who's within there?* [Sly sleeps.]

Enter Servants.

Asleep again! go take him easily up, and put him in his own apparel again. But see, you wake him not in any case.

Serv. *It shall be done; my Lord, come help to bear him hence.* [They bear off Sly.]

S C E N E, before *Baptista's House.*

Enter *Tranio*, and the *Pedant* dress'd like *Vincentio*.

T R A N I O.

SIR, this is the house, please it you, that I call?
Ped. Ay, what else! and (but I be deceived,)
Signior *Baptista* may remember me

Near twenty years ago in *Genoa*,
Where we were lodgers, at the *Pegasus*. (22)

Tra. 'Tis well, and hold your own in any case
With such austerity as longeth to a father.

Enter *Biondello*.

Ped. I warrant you: but, Sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him; firrah, *Biondello*,
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you:
Imagine 'twere the right *Vincentio*.

(22) *Tra.* *Where we were Lodgers at the Pegasus.*] This Line has in all the Editions hitherto been given to *Tranio*. But *Tranio* could with no Propriety speak this, either in his assum'd or real Character. *Lucentio* was too young to know any thing of lodging with his Father, twenty years before at *Genoa*: and *Tranio* must be as much too young, or very unfit to represent and personate *Lucentio*. I have ventur'd to place the Line to the *Pedant*, to whom it must certainly belong, and is a Sequel of what he was before saying.

Bion.

Bion. Tut, fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to *Baptista*?

Bion. I told him that your father was in *Venice*,
And that you look'd for him this day in *Padua*.

Tra. Th'art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drink;
Here comes *Baptista*; set your countenance, Sir.

Enter Baptista and Lucentio.

Tra. Signior *Baptista*, you are happily met:
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of;
I pray you stand, good father, to me now,
Give me *Bianca* for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son. Sir, by your leave, having come
to *Padua*

To gather in some debts, my son *Lucentio*
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And for the good report I hear of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him; to stay him not too long,
I am content in a good father's care
To have him match'd; and if you please to like
No worse than I, Sir, upon some agreement,
Me shall you find most ready and most willing
With one consent to have her so bestowed:
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior *Baptista*, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:
Your plainness and your shortness please me well:
Right true it is, your son *Lucentio* here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections;
And therefore if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dowry,
The match is made, and all is done,
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, Sir. Where then do you know
best,

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Be we affied; and such assurance ta'en,
As shall with either part's agreement stand;

Bap. Not in my house, *Lucentio*; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants;
Besides, old *Gremio* is hearkning still;
And, haply, then we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, Sir,
There doth my father lye; and there this night
We'll pass the business privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your servant here,
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this, that at so slender warning
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well. Go, *Cambio*, hie you home,
And bid *Bianca* make her ready straight:
And if you will, tell what hath happen'd here:
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in *Padua*,
And how she's like to be *Lucentio's* wife.

Luc. I pray the Gods she may, with all my heart! [*Ex.*

Tra. Dally not, with the Gods, but get thee gone.
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer.
Come, Sir, we will better it in *Pisa*.

Bap. I'll follow you.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Lucentio and Biondello.

Bion. *Cambio*,

Luc. What say'st thou, *Biondello*?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you.

Luc. *Biondello*, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith, nothing; but ha's left me here behind
to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and
tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. *Baptista* is safe, talking with the
deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His Daughter is to be brought by you to the
supper.

Luc

Luc. And then?

Bion. The old Priest at St. *Luke's* Church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell, except they are busied about a counterfeit assurance; take you assurance of her, *Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*; to th' Church take the Priest, Clark, and some sufficient honest witnesses: If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,

But bid *Bianca* farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hear'st thou, *Biondello*?

Bion. I cannot tarry; I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, Sir, and so adieu, Sir; my Master hath appointed me to go to St. *Luke's*, to bid the Priest be ready to come against you come with your Appendix. [Exit.

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented: She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt? Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her: It shall go hard, if *Cambio* go without her. [Exit.

SCENE, a green Lane.

Enter Petruchio, Catharina, and Hortensio.

Pet. C Ome on, o'God's name, once more tow'rds our Father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the Moon!

Cath. The Moon! the Sun; it is not Moon-light now.

Pet. I say, it is the Moon that shines so bright.

Cath. I know, it is the Sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now by my mother's son, and that's my self,
It shall be Moon, or Star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your Father's house:
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.

Evermore crost and crost, nothing but crost!

Hor. Say, as he says, or we shall never go.

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Cath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it Moon, or Sun, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say, it is the Moon.

Cath. I know, it is the Moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lye; it is the blessed Sun.

Cath. Then, God be blest, it is the blessed Sun.
But Sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the Moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,
And so it shall be so for *Catharine*.

Hor. *Petruchio*, go thy way, the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward, thus the bowl should
And not unluckily against the bias: [run;
But soft, some company is coming here.

Enter Vincentio.

Good morrow, gentle Mistrefs, where away?

[*To Vincentio.*

Tell me, sweet *Kate*, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher Gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What stars do spangle Heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heav'nly face?
Fair lovely Maid, once more good day to thee:
Sweet *Kate*, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. He will make the man mad, to make a woman
of him.

Cath. Young budding Virgin, fair, and fresh, and
sweet,

Whither away, or where is thy aboad?
(23) Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!

Pet.

(23) *Happy the Parents of so fair a Child!*

Happier the Man, whom favourable Stars

Allot thee for his lovely Bedfellow!] This Passage has a great
Resemblance to what *Ovid* has made *Salmacis* say of *Hermaphrodi-*
tus.

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Pet. Why, how now, *Kate*, I hope, thou art not mad!

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered,
And not a maiden, as, thou say'st, he is.

Cath. Pardon, old Father, my mistaken eyes;
That have been so bedazled with the sun,
That every thing I look on seemeth green.
Now I perceive, thou art a reverend Father:
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old Grandfire, and withal make known
Which way thou travellest; if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair Sir, and you my merry Mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me;
My name is call'd *Vincentio*, my dwelling *Pisa*;
And bound I am to *Padua*, there to visit
A Son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. *Lucentio*, gentle Sir.

Pet. Happily met, the happier for thy Son;
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving Father:
The Sister of my Wife, this Gentlewoman,
Thy Son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd, she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified, as may beseem
The Spouse of any noble Gentleman.
Let me embrace with old *Vincentio*,
And wander we to see thy honest Son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true, or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, Father, so it is.

———— qui te genuere beati :

Et mater fœlix, & fortunata profectò

Si qua tibi soror est, & quæ dedit ubera nutrix :

Sed longè cunctis, longèque beatior illa est

Si qua tibi Sponsa est, si quam dignabere tædâ. Mr. Warburton.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof:
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous. [*Exe.*

Hor. Well, *Petruchio*, this hath put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught *Hortensio* to be untoward. [*Exit.*

A C T V.

SCENE, *before Lucentio's House.*

*Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca, Gremio
walking on one side.*

Bion. Softly and swiftly, Sir, for the Priest is ready.
Luc. I fly, *Biondello*; but they may chance
to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back,
(24) and then come back to my Master as soon as I
can. [*Exit.*

Gre. I marvel, *Cambio* comes not all this while.

*Enter Petruchio, Catharina, Vincentio and Grumio,
with attendants.*

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is *Lucentio's* house,
My Father's bears more towards the Market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, Sir.

Vin. You shall not chuse but drink before you go;
I think, I shall command your welcome here;
And by all likelihood some cheer is toward. [*Knock.*

Gre. They're busie within, you were best knock
louder. [*Pedant looks out of the window.*

(24) *And then come back to my Mistress as soon as I can.*] The Editions all agree in this Reading; but what Mistress was *Biondello* to come back to? He must certainly mean; "Nay, faith, Sir, I must see you in the Church; and then, for fear I should be wanted, I'll run back to wait on *Tranio*, who at present personates you, and whom therefore I at present acknowledge for my Master."

Ped.

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Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within, Sir?

Ped. He's within, Sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What, if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to your self, he shall need none as long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your Son was belov'd in *Padua*. Do you hear, Sir? to leave frivolous circumstances, I pray you, tell Signior *Lucentio* that his Father is come from *Pisa*, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest; his Father is come to *Padua*, and here looking out of the window.

Vin. Art thou his Father?

Ped. Ay, Sir, so his Mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, Gentleman! why, this is flat knavery to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain. I believe, he means to cozen somebody in this City under my countenance.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. I have seen them in the Church together. God send 'em good shipping! but who is here? mine old Master *Vincentio*? now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crackhemp. [*Seeing Biondello.*

Bion. I hope, I may chuse, Sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue; what, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, Sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy Master's Father *Vincentio*?

Bion. What, my old worshipful old master? yes, marry, Sir, see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so indeed? [*He beats Biondello.*

Bion.

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Bion. Help, help, help, here's a mad-man will murder me.

Ped. Help, Son; help, Signior *Baptista*.

Pet. Pr'ythee, *Kate*, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversie. [They retire.]

Enter Pedant with Servants, Baptista and Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, Sir; nay, what are you, Sir? oh, immortal Gods! oh, fine villain! a filken doublet, a velvet hose, a scarlet cloak and a copatain hat: oh, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servants spend all at the University.

Tra. How now, what's the matter?

Bap. What, is this man lunatick?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient Gentleman by your habit, but your words shew a mad-man; why, Sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good Father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy Father! oh villain, he is a sail-maker in *Bergamo*.

Bap. You mistake, Sir, you mistake, Sir; pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is *Tranio*.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is *Lucentio*, and he is mine only Son, and heir to the lands of me Signior *Vincentio*.

Vin. *Lucentio*! oh, he hath murdered his Master; lay hold of him, I charge you, in the Duke's name; oh, my son, my son, tell me, thou villain, where is my son *Lucentio*?

Tra. Call forth an Officer; carry this mad knave to the jail; Father *Baptista*, I charge you, see, that he be forth-coming.

Vin. Carry me to jail?

Gre.

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Gre. Stay, Officer, he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, Signior *Gremio*: I say, he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, Signior *Baptista*, lest you be cony-catch'd in this business; I dare swear, this is the right *Vincentio*.

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'st.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am not *Lucentio*.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior *Lucentio*.

Bap. Away with the dotard, to the jail with him!

Enter Lucentio and Bianca.

Vin. Thus strangers may be hal'd and abus'd; oh, monstrous villain!

Bion. Oh, we are spoil'd, and yonder he is, deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

[*Exeunt Biondello, Tranio and Pedant.*

Luc. Pardon, sweet Father. [Kneeling.

Vin. Lives my sweet Son?

Bian. Pardon, dear Father.

Bap. How hast thou offended? where is *Lucentio*?

Luc. Here's *Lucentio*, right Son to the right *Vincentio*,

That have by marriage made thy Daughter mine:
While counterfeit supposers bleer'd thine eyne.

Gre. Here's packing with a witness to deceive us all.

Vin. Where is that damn'd villain *Tranio*,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my *Cambio*?

Bian. *Cambio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. *Bianca's* love
Made me exchange my state with *Tranio*,
While he did bear my countenance in the town:
And happily I have arriv'd at last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss;
What *Tranio* did, my self enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, sweet Father, for my sake.

Vin.

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Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the jail.

Bap. But do you hear, Sir, have you married my Daughter without asking my good will?

Vin. Fear not, *Baptista*, we will content you, go to: but I will in, to be reveng'd on this villain. [Exit.]

Bap. And I to found the depth of this knavery. [Exit.]

Luc. Look not pale, *Bianca*, thy Father will not frown. [Exeunt.]

Gre. My cake is dough, but I'll in among the rest, Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast. [Exit.]

[*Petruchio and Catharina, advancing.*]

Cath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kifs me, *Kate*, and we will.

Cath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou asham'd of me?

Cath. No, Sir, God forbid! but asham'd to kifs.

Pet. Why, then let's home again: come, firrah, let's away.

Cath. Nay, I will give thee a kifs; now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well? come, my sweet *Kate*; Better once than never, for never too late. [Exeunt.]

SCENE *changes to Lucentio's Apartments.*

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Tranio, Biondello, Petruchio, Catharina, Grumio, Hortensio, and Widow. Tranio's servants bringing in a banquet.

Luc. AT last, tho' long, our jarring notes agree;
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at 'scapes and perils over-blown.
My fair *Bianca*, bid my Father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine;
Brother *Petruchio*, Sister *Catharine*,

And

And thou, *Hortensio*, with thy loving Widow;
 Feast with the best, and welcome to my house,
 My banquet is to close our stomachs up
 After our great good cheer: pray you, sit down;
 For now we fit to chat, as well as eat.

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Bap. *Padua* affords this kindness, Son *Petruchio*.

Pet. *Padua* affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. (25) Now, for my life, *Hortensio* fears his Widow.

Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afeard.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:

I mean, *Hortensio* is afeard of you.

Wid. He, that is giddy, thinks, the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Cath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me, how likes *Hortensio* that?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended; kiss him for that, good Widow.

Cath. He, that is giddy, thinks, the world turns round ———

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your Husband, being troubled with a Shrew,
 Measures my Husband's sorrow by his woe;
 And now you know my meaning.

(25) *Pet.* Now, for my Life, *Hortensio* fears his Widow.

Hor. Then never trust me if I be afeard] This Line was first placed to *Hortensio* by the second *Folio* Edition: Mr. *Rowe* follow'd that Regulation; and Mr. *Pope* very judiciously has follow'd him. But the old *Quarto's* and first *Folio* Impression rightly place it to the Widow: and it is evident by *Petruchio's* immediate Reply, that it must belong to her. *Petruchio* says, *Hortensio* fears his Widow. The Widow understanding This, as if *Petruchio* had meant, that *Hortensio* affrighted her, put her into fears, denies, that She was afraid of him. Nay, says *Petruchio*, don't be too sensible, don't mistake my Meaning; *Hortensio*, I say, is in Fear of You.

Cath.

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Cath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Cath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, *Kate*.

Hor. To her, *Widow*.

Pet. A hundred marks, my *Kate* does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an Officer ; ha', to thee, lad.

[*Drinks to Hortensio.*]

Bap. How likes *Gremio* these quick-witted folks ?

Gre. Believe me, Sir, they butt heads together well.

Bian. Head and butt ? an hasty-witted body

Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress *Bride*, hath that awaken'd you ?

Bian. Ay, but not frightened me, therefore I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that thou shalt not, since you have begun :

Have at you for a better jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird ? I mean to shift my bush :

And then pursue me, as you draw your bow.

You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt Bianca, Catharine, and Widow.*]

Pet. She hath prevented me. Here, Signior *Tranio*,
This bird you aim'd at, tho' you hit it not ;
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. Oh, Sir, *Lucentio* slip'd me like his gray-hound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift Simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well, Sir, that you hunted for your self :

'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. Oh, oh, *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good *Tranio*.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you there ?

Pet. He has a little gall'd me, I confess ;

And as the jest did glance away from me,

'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, Son *Petruchio*,
I think, thou hast the veriest Shrew of all.

Pet.

The TAMING of the SHREW. 351

Pet. Well, I say, no; and therefore for assurance,
Let's each one send unto his Wife, and he
Whose Wife is most obedient to come first,
When he doth send for her, shall win the wager.

Hor. Content;— what wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much on my hawk or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my Wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match, 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Go, *Biondello*, bid your Mistress come to me.

Bion. I go.

[*Exit.*

Bap. Son, I'll be your half, *Bianca* comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves: I'll bear it all my self.

Re-enter Biondello.

How now, what news?

Bion. Sir, my Mistress sends you word
That she is busie, and cannot come.

Pet. How? she's busie and cannot come: is that an
answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:

Pray God, Sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope better.

Hor. Sirrah, *Biondello*, go and intreat my wife to
come to me forthwith.

[*Exit Biondello.*

Pet. Oh, ho! intreat her! nay, then she needs must
come.

Hor. I am afraid, Sir, do you what you can,

Enter Biondello.

Yours will not be intreated: now, where's my wife?

Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand;
She will not come: she bids you come to her.

Pet.

352 *The TAMING of the SHREW.*

Pet. Worse and worse, she will not come!
Oh vile, intolerable, not to be indur'd:

Sirrah, Grumio, go to your Mistress,

Say, I command her to come to me.

[*Exit Gru.*]

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there's an end.

Enter Catharina.

Bap. Now, by my hollidam, here comes *Catharine!*

Cath. What is your will, Sir, that you send for me?

Pet. Where is your Sister, and *Hortensio's* Wife?

Cath. They sit conferring by the parlour-fire.

Pet. Go fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[*Exit Catharina.*]

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is: I wonder, what it boads.

Pet. Marry, peace it boads, and love, and quiet life,
And awful rule, and right supremacy:
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good *Petruchio!*
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns,
Another dowry to another Daughter;
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Enter Catharina, Bianca and Widow.

See, where she comes, and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion:

Catharine, that Cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[*She pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*
Wid.

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
'Till I be brought to such a silly pass.

Bian. Fie, what a foolish duty call you this?

Luc. I would, your duty were as foolish too!

The wisdom of your duty, fair *Bianca*,
Cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

Pet. Catharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong
Women,

What duty they owe to their Lords and Husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have
no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say, and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say, she shall; and first begin with her.

Cath. Fie! fie! unknit that threaten'g unkind brow,

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,

To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Governor.

It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;

Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;

And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A Woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,

Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;

And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty

Will dain to sip, or touch one drop of it.

Thy Husband is thy Lord, thy Life, thy Keeper,

Thy Head, thy Sovereign; one that cares for thee,

And for thy maintenance: commits his body

To painful labour, both by sea and land;

To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,

While thou ly'st warm at home, secure and safe,

And craves no other tribute at thy hands,

But love, fair looks, and true obedience;

Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such duty as the Subject owes the Prince,

Even such a woman oweth to her husband;

And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sower,

And not obedient to his honest will;

What is she but a foul contending Rebel,

And graceless Traitor to her loving Lord?

I am aſham'd, that Women are ſo ſimple
 To offer war where they ſhould kneel for peace;
 Or ſeek for rule, ſupremacy, and ſway,
 When they are bound to ſerve, love, and obey.
 Why are our bodies ſoft, and weak and ſmooth,
 Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
 But that our ſoft conditions and our hearts
 Should well agree with our external parts?
 Come, come, you froward and unable worms,
 My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
 My heart as great, my reaſon haply more,
 To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;
 But, now I ſee, our launces are but ſtraws,
 Our ſtrength as weak, our weakneſs paſt compare;
 That ſeeming to be moſt, which we indeed leaſt are.
 (26) Then vale your ſtomachs, for it is no boot,
 And place your hands below your Husband's foot:
 In token of which duty, if he pleaſe,
 My hand is ready, may it do him eaſe.

Pet. Why, there's a wench: come on, and kiſs me,
Kate.

(26) *Then vale your Stomachs, &c.*] This Doctrin of Conjugal Obedience, that runs thro' all *Catharine's* Speech, ſhews the Buſineſs of the *Play* to be completed in her being ſo thoroughly reform'd. But this Comedy has likewiſe a ſubſervient *Walk*, which from the Beginning is connected to, and made a Part of the main *Plot*; viz. the Marriage of *Bianca*. This Marriage, according to the Regulation of all the Copies, is executed and clear'd up in the fourth Act: and the fifth Act is not made to begin till the whole Company meet at *Lucentio's* Apartment. By this Regulation, there is not only an unreaſonable Diſproportion in Length, betwixt the 4th and 5th Acts; but a manifeſt Abſurdity committed in the Conduſt of the *Fable*. By the Diviſion I have ventur'd at, theſe Inconveniencies are remedied: and the Action lies more uniform. For now the whole Cataſtrophe is wound up in the 5th Act: It begins with *Lucentio* going to Church to marry *Bianca*: The true *Vincentio* arrives, to diſcover the Impoſture carried on by the *Pedant*: and after this *Eclairciſſement* is hung in Suſpence (always a Pleaſure to an Audience,) till towards the Middle of the 5th Act; the main Buſineſs is wound up, of *Catharine* approving herſelf to be a Convert; and an Inſtructor, in their Duty, to the other new-married Ladies. — If it be objected, that, by the Change I make, the *Lord* and his *Servants* (who are Characters out of the *Drama*) ſpeak in the Middle of an Act; that is a Matter of no Importance. Their ſhort Interlocution was never deſign'd to mark the *Intervals* of the Acts.

The TAMING of the SHREW. 355

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, *Kate*, we'll to bed;

(27) We three are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I won the wager, tho' you hit the white;

And being a winner, God give you good night.

[*Exeunt* *Petruchio* and *Catharina*.]

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst Shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so.

[*Exeunt omnes*.]

Enter two servants bearing Sly in his own apparel, and leave him on the Stage. Then enter a Tapster.

Sly awaking.] Sim, give's some more wine — what, all the Players gone? am not I a Lord?

Tap. A Lord, with a murrain! come, art thou drunk still?

Sly. Who's this? Tapster! oh, I have had the bravest dream that ever thou heardst in all thy life.

Tap. Yea, marry, but thou hadst best get thee home, for your Wife will course you for dreaming here all night.

Sly. Will she? I know how to tame a Shrew. I dreamt upon it all this night, and thou hast wak'd me out of the best dream that ever I had. But I'll to my Wife, and tame her too, if she anger me.

(27) *We two are married, but You two are sped.*] This is the Reading only of the Modern Copies, I have chose to read with the older Books. *Petruchio*, I think verily, would say This: I, and you *Lucentio*, and you *Hortensio*, are all under the same Predicament in one Respect, we are all three married; but You Two are finely help'd up with Wives, that don't know the Duty of Obedience,

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

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A L L ' S W E L L ,

T H A T

E N D S W E L L .

Dramatis Personæ.

KING of France.

Duke of Florence.

Bertram, *Count* of Rouffillon.

Lafeu, *an old Lord*.

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

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

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

Countess of Rouffillon, *mother* to Bertram.

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

An old widow of Florence.

Diana, *daughter* to the widow.

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

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

SCENE *lies partly in France; and, partly in Tuscany.*

ALL'S



ALL'S well, that ENDS well.

A C T I.

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

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

C O U N T E S S.

IN delivering my Son from me, I bury a second Husband.

Ber. And I in going, Madam, weep o'er my Father's Death anew; but I must attend his Majesty's command; to whom I am now in Ward, evermore in Subjection.

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

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

Laf. He hath abandon'd his Physicians, Madam, under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope;

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

Mr. Warburton,

and finds no other advantage in the process, but only the losing of hope by time.

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

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

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

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

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

Laf. A fistula, my Lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

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

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

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

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her Father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, *Helena*; go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have ———

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

Laf.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the Right of the Dead, excessive grief the enemy to the Living.

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

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

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

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

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

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

[*Exit Countess.*]

Ber. [*To Hel.*] The best wishes, that can be forg'd
in your thoughts, be servants to you: be comfortable
to my Mother, your Mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewel, pretty Lady, you must hold the credit
of your Father. [*Exeunt Ber. and Laf.*]

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

And these great Tears grace his remembrance more,
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?

I have forgot him. My imagination
Carries no favour in it, but my *Bertram's*.

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

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

Enter Parolles.

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

Par. Save you, fair Queen.

Hel. And you, Monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And, no: ——

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

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

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant, in the defence yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

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

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

Par.

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicker be blown up : marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach your selves made, you lose your city.

(3) It is not politick in the Commonwealth of nature, to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got, 'till virginity was first lost. That, you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found : by being ever kept, it is ever lost; 'tis too cold a companion; away with't.

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

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

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

Par. Let me see. Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a Commodity will lose the gloss with lying. The longer kept, the less worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible. Answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly futed, but unfutable; just like the

(3) *It is not politick in the Commonwealth of Nature to preserve Virginity. Loss of Virginity is rational Increase; and there was never Virgin got, till Virginity was first lost.* The Context seems to me rather to require ——— national Increase; tho' I have not ventur'd to disturb the Text, as the other Reading will admit of a Meaning.

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

Hel. Not my virginity yet.

There shall your Master have a thousand loves;
A Mother; and a Mistress; and a Friend,
A Phoenix, Captain, and an Enemy,
A Guide, a Goddess, and a Sovereign,
A Counsellor; a Traitors, and a Dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility;
His jarring concord; and his discord dulcet;
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty fond adoptious christendoms,
That blinking *Cupid* gossips. Now shall he ———
I know not, what he shall — God send him well! —
The Court's a learning place — and he is one ———

Par. What one, i'faith?

Hel. That I wish well — 'tis pity ———

Par. What's pity?

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

Enter Page.

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

[*Exit Page.*

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

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

Par. Under *Mars*, I.

Hel. I especially think, under *Mars*.

Par. Why under *Mars*?

Hel.

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

Par. When he was predominant.

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

Par. Why think you so?

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

Par. That's for advantage.

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

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

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

[Exit.]

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Court of France.*

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

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

A braving war.

1 Lord. So 'tis reported, Sir.

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

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

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

2 Lord. It may well serve
A nursery to our Gentry, who are sick
For Breathing and Exploit.

King. What's he comes here ?

Enter Bertram, Lafeu and Parolles.

1 Lord. It is the Count *Rouffillon*, my good Lord,
Young *Bertram*.

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

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

King. I would, I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy Father and my self in friendship

First try'd our soldiership: he did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Disciplin'd of the brav'st. He lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father; in his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To day in our young lords; but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour:
So like a Courtier, no contempt or bitterness (4)
Were in him; Pride or Sharpness, if there were,
His Equal had awak'd them; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exceptions bid him speak; and at that time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks;
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled: Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would now demonstrate them
But goers backward.

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

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

(Methinks, I hear him now; his plausive words

[4] *So like a Courtier, no Contempt or Bitterness
Were in his Pride or Sharpness; if they were,
His Equal had awak'd them. —]*

This Passage seems so very incorrectly pointed, that the Author's Meaning is lost in the Carelessness. As the Text and Stops are reform'd, these are most beautiful Lines, and the Sense this. — "He had no *Contempt* or *Bitterness*; if he had any thing that look'd like *Pride* or *Sharpness*, (of which Qualities *Contempt* and *Bitterness* are the Excesses,) his Equal had awak'd them, not his Inferior; to whom he scorn'd to discover any thing that bore the Shadow of *Pride* or *Sharpness*.

Mr. Warburton.

He

He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them
 To grow there and to bear;) Let me not live, —
 (Thus his good melancholy oft began,
 On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
 When it was out,) let me not live, (quoth he,
 After my flame lacks oil; to be the snuff
 Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
 All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
 Meer fathers of their garments; whose constancies
 Expire before their fashions: — this he wish'd.
 I, after him, do after him wish too,
 (Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,)
 I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
 To give some labourers room.

2 *Lord.* You're loved, Sir;

They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know't. How long is't, Count,
 Since the Physician at your father's died?

He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months, since, my Lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet; —
 Lend me an arm; — the rest have worn me out
 With several applications; Nature and Sickness
 Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, Count,
 My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your Majesty. [Flourish, Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to the Countess's at Rou-
 fillon.

Enter Countess, Steward and Clown.

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

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your con-
 tent, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past
 endeavours; (5) for then we wound our modesty, and
 make

(5) For then we wound our Modesty, and make foul the Clearness of
 our Deservings, when of Our selves we publish them.] This Sentiment
 our Author has again inculcated in his *Troilus and Cressida*. The

make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of our selves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? get you gone, firrah: the complaints, I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my slowness that I do not, for, I know, you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

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

Count. Well, Sir.

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

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

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

Count. In what case?

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

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

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

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

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

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, Madam, a wicked creature, as

*The Worthiness of Praise distains his Worth,
If He, that's prais'd, himself bring the Praise forth.*

I won't pretend, that *Shakespeare* is here treading in the Steps of *Æschylus*; but that Poet has something in his *Agamemnon*, which might very well be a Foundation to what our Author has advanced in both these Passages.

ἀλλ' ἐνασίμως
Aivēiv, παρ' ἄλλων χρῆ τὸδ' ἔρχεσθ' ἕρας.
*But to be prais'd with Honour, is a Tribute
That must be paid Us from another's Tongue.*

you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

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

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. Y'are shallow, Madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am weary of; he, that eares my land, spares my team, and gives me leave to inne the crop; if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge; he, that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he, that cherisheth my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he, that loves my flesh and blood, is my friend: *ergo*, he, that kisses my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young *Charbon* the puritan, and old *Poyfam* the papist, howsoe'er their hearts are sever'd in religion, their heads are both one; they may joul horns together, like any deer i'th' herd.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Clo. “ Was this fair face the cause, quoth she, (6)
[Singing.
“ Why

(6) *Was this fair Face the Cause, quoth She,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Was this King Priam's Joy?*] As the Stanza, that follows, is

“ Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
 “ Fond done, fond done; — for *Paris* he
 “ Was this King *Priam's* joy.
 “ With that she sighed as she stood, (7)
 “ And gave this sentence then;
 “ Among nine bad if one be good,
 “ There's yet one good in ten.

Count.

in alternate Rhyme, and as a Rhyme is here wanting to *She* in the 1st Verse; 'tis evident, the 3d. Line is wanting. The Old *Folio's* give Us a Part of it; but how to supply the lost Part, was the Question. Mr. *Rowe* has given us the Fragment honestly, as he found it: but Mr. *Pope*, rather than to seem founder'd, has sunk it upon Us. — I communicated to my ingenious Friend Mr. *Warburton* how I found the Passage in the old Books,

[*Fond done, done, fond,*
Was this King Priam's Joy?]

And from Him I received that Supplement, which I have given to the Text, and the following Justification of it. “ I will first proceed to justify my Sense and Emendation, and then account for the Corruption. “ In the first place, 'tis plain, the last Line should not have been read “ with an Interrogation: For was *Helen King Priam's Joy*? No, surely, “ she was not. Who then? Why, the Historians tell us it was *Paris*, “ who was his Favourite Son. And how natural was it, when this *She* “ (whoever She was,) had said, *Was this the Face that ruin'd Troy?* to “ fall into a moral Reflection, and say, What a fond Deed was this! “ *Priam's* Misery proceeded from him, that was his only Joy. This is “ exactly agreeable to the Simplicity of those antient Songs: as the “ Phrase, *For Paris he* — is to their Mode of Locution. So far we have “ the Genius of the *Ballad*, History, and the Context, to make it probable. An Observation upon the ensuing *Stanza* may make it clear “ to Demonstration.”

I will only subjoin, in Confirmation of my Friend's ingenious Conjecture, that, in *The Maid in the Mill* by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, I find a scrap of another old *Ballad* upon the same Subject, most nearly corresponding with ours.

And here fair Paris comes,
The hopeful Youth of Troy;
Queen Hecuba's darling Son,
King Priam's only Joy.

(7) *With That she sighed, as she stood,*
And gave this Sentence then;
Among Nine bad if One be good,
There's yet One good in Ten.]

This 2d *Stanza* is a Joke turn'd upon the Women: a Confession that there was *One* good in *Ten*. Upon which the Countess says, “ What! “ *One* good in ten! You corrupt the Song, Sirrah”. — This shews, that the Sense of the Song was, *one* bad only in ten; or, *nine* good in ten:

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

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

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

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

Count. Well, now.

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

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

and this clears up the Mystery. The 2d Stanza was certainly thus in the Old Ballad.

*With that She sigh'd as She stood,
And gave this Sentence then;
If one be bad amongst nine good,
There's but one bad in ten.*

A visible Continuation of the Thought, as amended, in the latter Part of the first Stanza: and it relates to the *ten* Sons of *Priam*, who all behaved themselves well except this *Paris*. But why *Priam's ten* Sons, may it not be ask'd, when universal Tradition has given him *fifty*? To This I reply, that, at the time of this unfortunate Part of his Reign, he had but ten. To these this Songster alludes. They were, *Agathon, Antiphon, Deiphobus, Dius, Hector, Helenus, Hippothous, Pammon, Paris* and *Polites*. It seems particularly humourous in the Clown, (and suiting with the Licence of his Character, as a *Jester*;) all at once to deprave the Text of the Ballad, and turn it to a Sarcaſm upon the Women.

Mr. Warburton.

Stew.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her, than, I think, she wish'd me; alone she was, and did communicate to her self her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she lov'd your son; Fortune, she said, was no Goddess, (8) that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no God, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; *Diana* no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor Knight to be surpriz'd without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard a virgin exclaim in; which I held it my duty speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

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

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

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

'Tis evident to every sensible Reader that something must have slip'd out here, by which the Meaning of the Context is render'd defective. There are no Traces for the Words, [*complain'd against the*] which I take to have been first conjecturally supply'd by Mr. *Rowe*. But the Form of the Sentence is intirely alter'd by their Insertion; and they, at best, make but a Botch. The Steward is speaking in the very Words he overheard of the Young Lady; Fortune was no Goddess, she said, for one reason; Love no God, for another; — what could She then more naturally subjoin, than as I have amended in the Text?

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

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

Enter Helena.

Count. Ev'n so it was with me, when I was young;
If we are nature's, these are ours: this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood, is born;
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is imprest in youth;
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none.
Her eye is sick on't; I observe her now. —

Hel. What is your pleasure, Madam?

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

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother;

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

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, Madam.

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

Count. Nor I your mother?

Hel.

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

Count. Yes, *Helen*, you might be my daughter-in-law;

God shield, you mean it not; daughter and mother
So strive upon your pulse! what, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness. — Now I see
The myst'ry of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears head; now to all sense 'tis gross,
You love my son; invention is asham'd,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say, thou dost not; therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis so. For, look, thy cheeks
Confess it one to th' other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviour,
That in their kind they speak it: only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected; speak, is't so?
If it be so, you've wound a goodly clew:
If it be not, forswear't; howe'er, I charge thee,

(9) *Hall reads.*
Loneliness.

(9) ————— Now I see
The myst'ry of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears head: —————]

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

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

The Author has used the Word Loneliness, to signify a Person's being alone, again in his *Hamlet*.

*We will bestow our selves: read on this book;
That shew of such an Exercise may colour
Your Loneliness.*

As heav'n shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good Madam, pardon me.

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress.

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, Madam?

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

Hel. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heav'ns and you,
That before you, and next unto high heav'n,
I love your son:
My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love;
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me; I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him, 'till I do deserve him;
Yet never know, how that Desert shall be:
I know, I love in vain; strive against hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenable sieve,
I still pour in the water of my love,
And lack not to lose still; thus, *Indian-like*,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The Sun that looks upon his Worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest Madam,
Let not your hate incounter with my love,
For loving where you do; but if your self,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in so true a flame of liking
Wish chafly, and love dearly, that your *Dian*
Was both her self and Love; O then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot chuse
But lend, and give, where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find That, which Search implies;
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly, where she dies
Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
To go to *Paris*?

Hel.

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by Grace it self, I swear;
You know, my father left me some Prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects; such as his Reading
And manifest Experience had collected
For general sov'reignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note: amongst the rest,
There is a Remedy, approv'd, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings, whereof
The King is render'd lost.

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

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

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

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

Count. Dost thou believe't?

Hel. Ay, Madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, *Helen*, thou shalt have my leave and
love;
Means and attendants; and my loving greetings
To those of mine in Court. I'll stay at home,

And

And pray God's Blessing into thy attempt:
 Begone, to morrow; and be sure of this,
 What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

SCENE, *the Court of France.*

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

Flourish Cornets.

K I N G.

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

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

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

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
 Will not confess, it owns the malady
 That doth my life besiege; farewell, young Lords;
 Whether I live or die, be you the Sons
 Of worthy *French* men; (10) let higher *Italy*
 (Those bated, that inherit but the Fall
 Of the last Monarchy;) see, that you come

Not

(10) ——— let higher *Italy*

(Those bated, that inherit but the Fall

Of the last Monarchy;) see, &c.] This seems to me One of the very obscure Passages of *Shakespeare*, and which therefore may very well demand Explanation. *Italy*, at the time of this Scene, was under three very different Teatures. The Emperour, & Successor of the *Roman* Emperours,

Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The bravest Questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That Fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.

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

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

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

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

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

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the Spark —

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

Par. Most admirable; I have seen those wars.

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

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

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

perours, had one Part; the Pope, by a pretended Donation from *Constantine*, another; and the Third was compos'd of free States. Now by the *last Monarchy* is meant the *Roman*, the Last of the four general Monarchies. Upon the Fall of this Monarchy, in the Scramble, several Cities set up for Themselves, and became free States: Now these might be said properly to *inherit* the Fall of the Monarchy. But the Emperour could not be said to inherit the Fall of the Monarchy, any more than a Son, who inherits an impair'd Estate, could be said to inherit the Fall of his Father's Estate: Tho' those, who had defrauded the Father, might be said to inherit the Fall of his Estate. Much less could the Pope, by a Donation in the Times of its Duration, be said to do so. This being premised, now to the Sense. The King says, *Higher Italy*; — giving it the Rank of Preference to *France*; but he corrects himself and says, I except Those from that Precedency, who only inherit the Fall of the last Monarchy; as all the little petty States; for instance, *Florence* to whom these Voluntiers were going. As if he had said, I give the Place of Honour to the Emperour and the Pope, but not to the free States. All here is clear; and 'tis exactly *Shakespeare's* Manner, who lov'd to shew his Reading on such Occasions.

Mr. Warburton.

1 *Lord.*

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

Par. Commit it, Count.

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

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

1 *Lord.* Farewel, Captain.

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

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin; good Sparks and lustrous. A word, good metals. (11) You shall find in the regiment of the *Spinii*, one Captain *Spurio* with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrench'd it; say to him, I live, and observe his reports of me.

1 *Lord.* We shall, noble Captain.

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

Ber. Stay; the King — [Exeunt Lords.]

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

(11) You shall find in the Regiment of the *Spinii* one Captain *Spurio*, his Cicatrice, with an Emblem of War here on his sinister Cheek;] It is surprizing, None of the Editors could see that a slight Transposition was absolutely necessary here, when there is not common Sense in the Passage, as it stands without such Transposition. *Parolles* only means, "You shall find one Captain *Spuria* in the Camp with a Scar on his left Cheek, a Mark of War that my Sword gave him." Our Poet has employ'd this Word, to signify Scar, in other of his Plays: So, before, in *As You like it*;

————— lean but upon a Rush,
The Cicatrice and capable Impresure
Thy Palm some moment keeps: —————

And in *Hamlet*;

Since yet thy Cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish Sword; —————

Ber. And I will do so.

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

Enter the King, and Lafeu.

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

King. I'll see thee to stand up.

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

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

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

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

Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?

Yes, but you will, my noble grapes; an if

My royal fox could reach them: (12) I have seen a
Med'cin,

That's able to breathe life into a stone;

Quicken a rock, and make you dance Canary

With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple touch

Is powerful to araise King *Pepin*, nay,

To give great *Charlemain* a pen in's hand,

And write to Her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

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

If you will see her: now, by my faith and honour,

If seriously I may convey my thoughts

In this my light deliverance, I have spoke

With one, that in her sex, her years, profession,

Wisdom and constancy, hath amaz'd me more

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

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

Than I dare blame my weakness: will you see her,
For that is her Demand, and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.

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

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

King. Thus he his special Nothing ever prologues.

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

[Bringing in *Helena*.]

King. This haste hath wings, indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways,
This is his Majesty, say your mind to him;
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
His Majesty seldom fears; I'm *Cressid's* Uncle,
That dare leave two together; fare you well. [Exit.]

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

Hel. Ay, my good Lord.

Gerard de Narbon was my Father,
In what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praise towards him;
Knowing him, is enough: on's bed of death
Many Receipts he gave me, chiefly one,
Which as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience th'only Darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two: more dear I have so;
And hearing your high Majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause, wherein the honour
Of my dear Father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, Maiden;
But may not be so credulous of Cure,
When our most learned Doctors leave us; and
The congregated College have concluded,
That labouring Art can never ransom Nature

From her unaidable estate: we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empericks; or to dissever so

Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains;
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly intreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one to bear me back again.

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

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

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

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

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:
It is not so with him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us, that square our guesses by shows:
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of heav'n we count the act of men.
Dear Sir, to my endeavours give consent,
Of heav'n, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
My self against the level of mine aim,

But

But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My Art is not past power, nor you past Cure.

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

Hel. The Greatest Grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the Sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist *Hesperus* hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

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

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

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed Spirit doth speak
His powerful sound, within an organ weak;
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate:
(13) Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all
That happiness and prime can happy call;
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.

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

Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all &c.

Helena had laid a particular Stress on her maiden Reputation; and the
King, afterwards, when he comes to speak of her to *Bertram*, says;

————— *If she be*

All that is virtuous, (save, What thou dislikest,

A poor Physician's Daughter;) thou dislikest

Of Virtue for her name: ———

Sweet Practiser, thy physick I will try;
That ministers thine own death, if I die.

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

King. (14) Make thy Demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my Scepter, and my hopes of Heav'n.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What Husband in thy power I will command.
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To chuse from forth the royal blood of *France*;
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state:
But such a one thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand, the premises observ'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd:
So, make the choice of thine own time; for I,
Thy resolv'd Patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must;
(Tho' more to know, could not be more to trust:)
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on, — but rest
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.
Give me some help here, ho! if thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[*Exeunt.*]

(14) *King.* *Make thy Demand.*

Hel. *But will you make it even?*

King. *Ay, by my Scepter and my hopes of help.*]

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

Ay, by my Scepter, and my Hopes of Heav'n.

Dr. Thirlby.

SCENE *changes to Rouffillon.**Enter Countesses, and Clown.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

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

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

Clo. From below your Duke, to beneath your Constable, it will fit any question.

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

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the Learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs

longs to't. Ask me, if I am a Courtier; — it shall do you no harm to learn.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Clo. O lord, Sir ——— spare not me.

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

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

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

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

Count. An end, Sir; to your business: give *Helen* this,

And urge her to a present Answer back.

Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son:

This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them?

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

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

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Court of France.**Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.*

Laf. (15) **T**HEY say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons to make modern, and familiar, Things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing our selves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit our selves to an unknown fear.

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

Ber. And so 'tis.

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

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

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

Par. Right, so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable, ———

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

Laf. Not to be help'd, ———

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

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death, —

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

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

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

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

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

Laf. (16) Why, your dolphin is not lustier: for me, I speak in respect ———

Par.

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

(16) *Why, your Dolphin is not lustier:*] I have thought it very probable, that, as 'tis a *French Man* speaks, and as 'tis the *French King* he is speaking

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

Laf. Very hand of Heav'n.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak —

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

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter King, Helena, and attendants.

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

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

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

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

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

speaking of, the Poet might have wrote,

Why, your Dauphin is not lustier:

i. e. the King is as hale and hearty as the Prince his Son. And that the King in this *Play* is supposed to have a Son, is plain from what he says to *Bertram* in the first Act.

————— *Wellcome, Count,*

My Son's no dearer.

Besides, *Dauphin* in the old Impressions is constantly spelt as the Fish, *Dolphin*. But then considering on the other hand, *As sound as a Roach*, *As whole as a Fish*, are proverbial Expressions: and considering too that our Author elsewhere makes the *Dolphin* an Instance or Emblem of Lustihood and Activity,

————— *his Delights*

Were Dolphin-like, they shew'd his Back above

The Element they liv'd in,

Anto. and Cleop.

I have not thought proper to disturb the Text. Nor would, indeed, the Sense of the Passage be affected by any Alteration.

Enter three or four Lords.

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

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

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

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

[She addresses her self to a Lord.]

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

All. We understand it, and thank Heav'n for you.

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

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

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

1 Lord. And grant it.

Hel. (17) Thanks, Sir; — all the rest is mute.

Laf.

(17) *Thanks, Sir; all the rest are mute.*] All the rest are mute? She had spoke to but One yet. This is a nonsensical Alteration of Mr. Pope's from the old Copies, in which, I doubt not, but he thought himself very wise and sagacious. The genuine Reading is, as I have restor'd in the Text;

— — — *All the rest is mute.*

(i. e. as in *Hamlet*, — *The rest is Silence*) and the Meaning, this. *Helena* finding a favourable Answer from the first Gallant she address'd to, but

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make your self a Son out of my blood.

4 *Lord.* (18) Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet, —

Par. I am sure, thy Father drunk Wine. —

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

Hel. I dare not say, I take you; but I give
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,

but not designing to fix her Choice there, civilly says, I thank you, Sir;
That is All I have to advance. I am oblig'd to You for your Compli-
ance; but my Eye and Heart have another Aim.

(18) 4 *Lord.* Fair One, I think not so.

Laf. There's one Grape yet, I am sure my Father drunk Wine;
but if Thou be'est not an *Afs*, I am a Youth of fourteen: I have known
thee already.] Surely, This is most incongruent Stuff. *Lafeu* is angry
with the other Noblemen, for giving *Helena* the Repulse: and is He an-
gry too, and thinks the fourth Nobleman an *Afs*, because he's for em-
bracing the Match? The Whole, certainly, can't be the Speech of one
Mouth. As I have divided the Speech, I think, Clearness and Humour
are restor'd. And if *Parolles* were not a little pert and impertinent here
to *Lafeu*, why should he say, he had found him out already? Or, why
should he quarrel with him in the very next Scene?

Into your guiding power: this is the Man.

King. Why then, young *Bertram*, take her; she's thy Wife.

Ber. My Wife, my Liege? I shall beseech your Highness,

In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, *Bertram*,
What she hath done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good Lord,
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st, she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my Lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well:
She had her Breeding at my Father's Charge:
A poor Physician's Daughter my Wife! — Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up: strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences, so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislike'st,
A poor Physician's Daughter,) thou dislike'st
Of Virtue for the name: but do not so.

(19) From lowest Place when virtuous things proceed,
The Place is dignify'd by th' doer's deed.

Where great Addition swells, and Virtue none,

It is a dropp'd honour; good alone,
Is good without a name. Vileness is so:

The property by what it is should go,

Not by the Title. She is young, wise, fair,

In these, to Nature she's immediate Heir;

(19) *From lowest Place, whence virtuous Things proceed,
The Place is dignified by th' Doers Deed*] 'Tis strange, that None
of the Editors could perceive, that both the Sentiment and Grammar are
defective here. The easy Correction, which I have given, was prescribed
to me by the ingenious Dr. Thirlby.

And

And these breed honour : That is honour's scorn,
Which challenges it self as honour's born,
And is not like the fire. (20) Honours best thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the meer Word's a slave
Debaucht on every tomb, on every grave;
A lying trophy; (21) and as oft is dumb,
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones, indeed. What should be said?
If thou can'st like this Creature as a Maid,
I can create the rest: virtue and she,
Is her own dow'r; honour and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thy self, if thou should'st strive
to chuse.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my Lord, I'm glad:
Let the rest go.—

King. (22) My honour's at the stake; which to defend,
I must produce my Power. Here, take her hand,

(20) ——— Honours best thrive,

When rather from our Acts we them derive

Than our Foregoers.] How nearly does this Sentiment of our Author's resemble the following Passage of *Juvenal!*

Ergo ut miremur Te, non tua, primum aliquid da

Quod possim titulis incidere, præter Honores

Quos illis damus, & dedimus, quibus omnia debes.

Sat. VIII. ver. 63.

(21) ——— and as oft is dumb,

Where Dust and damn'd Oblivion is the Tomb.

Of honour'd Bones, indeed, what should be said?] This is such pretty Stuff, indeed, as is only worthy of its accurate Editors! The Transposition of an innocent Stop, or two, is a Task above their Diligence: especially, if common Sense is to be the Result of it. The Regulation, I have given, must strike every Reader so at first Glance, that it needs not a Word in Confirmation.

(22) *My Honour's at the Stake; which to defeat*

I must produce my Pow'r.] The poor King of *France* is again

made a Man of *Gotham*, by our unmerciful Editors: What they make him say, is mere mock-reasoning. The Passage must either be restor'd, as I have conjecturally corrected; or else the King must be suppos'd to break off abruptly from What he was going to say, and determine that he will interpose his Authority. As thus;

My Honour's at the Stake; which to defeat,——

—— I must produce my Pow'r.

Proud

Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift !
 That dost in vile misprision shackle up
 My love, and her desert ; that canst not dream,
 We poizing us in her defective scale,
 Shall weigh thee to the beam ; that wilt not know,
 It is in us to plant thine honour, where
 We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt :
 Obey our Will, which travels in thy good ;
 Believe not thy disdain, but presently
 Do thine own fortunes that obedient Right,
 Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims :
 Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
 Into the staggers, and the careless lapse
 Of youth and ignorance ; my revenge and hate
 Loosing upon thee in the name of justice,
 Without all terms of pity. Speak thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious Lord ; for I submit
 My fancy to your eyes. When I consider,
 What great Creation, and what dole of Honour
 Flies where you bid ; I find, that she, which late
 Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
 The praised of the King ; who, so ennobled,
 Is, as 'twere, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
 And tell her, she is thine : to whom I promise
 A counterpoize ; if not in thy estate,
 A ballance more repleat.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the King
 Smile upon this Contract ; whose ceremony
 Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
 And be perform'd to night ; the solemn Feast
 Shall more attend upon the coming space,
 Expecting absent Friends. As thou lov'st her,
 Thy love's to me religious ; else does err. [*Exeunt.*]

Manent Parolles and Lafeu.

Laf. Do you hear, Monsieur ? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, Sir ?

Laf. Your Lord and Master did well to make his re-
 cantation.

Par.

Par. Recantation? — my Lord? my Master?

Laf. Ay, is it not a language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master?

Laf. Are you companion to the Count *Roussillon*?

Par. To any Count; to all Counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is Count's man; Count's master is of another stile.

Par. You are too old, Sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.—

Laf. I must tell thee, firrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two Ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel, it might pass; yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burthen. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that thou'rt scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee —

Laf. (23) Do not plunge thy self too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy tryal; which if,— Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! so, my good window of lattice,

(23) *Do not plunge thy self too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy Tryal; which is, Lord have Mercy on thee for a hen;*] Mr. Rowe and Mr. Pope, either by Inadvertence, or some other Fatality, have blunder'd this Passage into stark Nonsense. I have restor'd the Reading of the old *Folio*, and by subjoining the Mark to shew a *Break* is necessary, have retriev'd the Poet's genuine Sense:

— *which if — Lord have Mercy on thee for a hen!*

The Sequel of the Sentence is imply'd, not express'd: This Figure the Rhetoricians have call'd *Ἀποσιώπησις*. A remarkable Instance we have of it in the first Book of *Virgil's Æneis*.

Quos Ego — sed motos præstat componere Fluctus.

So likewise in *Terence*;

Mala mens, malus animus; quem quidem Ego si sensero, —

Sed quid opus est verbis?

Andr. Act. I. Sc. I.

But I shall have Occasion to remark again upon It, when I come to *King Lear*.

fare

fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My Lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my Lord, deserv'd it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, ev'ry dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser —

Laf. Ev'n as soon as thou can'st, for thou hast to pull at a Smack o'th' contrary. If ever thou beest bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My Lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would, it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing, I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.

[*Exit.*

Par. Well, thou hast a Son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy Lord! — well, I must be patient, there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a Lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of — I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter Lafeu.

Laf. Sirrah, your Lord and Master's married, there's news for you: you have a new Mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your Lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs. He, my good Lord, whom I serve above, is my Master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, Sir.

Laf.

Laf. The Devil it is, that's thy Master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think, thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my Lord.

Laf. Go to, Sir; you were beaten in *Italy* for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more sawcy with Lords and honourable Personages, than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [Exit.

Enter Bertram.

Par. Good, very good, it is so then. — Good, very good, let it be conceal'd a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn Priest I've sworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweet heart?

Ber. O my *Parolles*, they have married me: I'll to the *Tuscan* wars, and never bed her.

Par. *France* is a dog-hole, and it no more merits the tread of a man's foot: to th' wars.

Ber. There's letters from my Mother; what the import is, I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known: to th' wars, my boy, to th' wars.

He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicksy-wicksy here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the Bound and high Curvet
Of *Mars's* fiery Steed: to other Regions
France is a stable, we that dwell in't jades,
Therefore to th' war.

Ber.

Ber. It shall be so, I'll send her to my house,
 Acquaint my Mother with my hate to her,
 And wherefore I am fled; write to the King
 That which I durst not speak. His present gift
 Shall furnish me to those *Italian* fields,
 Where noble Fellows strike. War is no strife
 To the dark House, and the detested Wife.

Par. Will this Capricio hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
 I'll send her straight away: to morrow
 I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound, there's noise in it.—
 'Tis hard;

A young Man, married, is a Man that's marr'd:
 Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go,
 The King has done you wrong: but, hush! 'tis so.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Helena and Clown.

Hel. My Mother greets me kindly, is she well?

Clo. She is not well, but yet she has her health;
 she's very merry, but yet she is not well: but, thanks
 be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i'th'
 world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's
 not very well?

Clo. Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two
 things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she's not in Heav'n, whither God
 send her quickly; the other, that she's in Earth, from
 whence God send her quickly!

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate Lady.

Hel. I hope, Sir, I have your good will to have
 mine own good fortune.

Par.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still. O, my knave, how does my old Lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles and I her mony, I would, she did, as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, Sir, before a knave, th'art a knave; that's, before me th'art a knave: this had been truth, Sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in your self, Sir? or were you taught to find me? the search, Sir, was profitable, and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the encrease of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i'faith, and well fed.

Madam, my Lord will go away to night,

A very serious business calls on him.

The great prerogative and rite of love,

Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;

But puts it off by a compell'd restraint:

Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets

Which they distil now in the curbed time,

To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,

And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o'th' King,

And make this haste as your own good proceeding;

Strengthen'd with what apology, you think,

May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That having this obtain'd, you presently

Attend his further pleasure.

Hel.

Hel. (24) In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

[*Exit Par.*

Hel. I pray you. — Come, Sirrah.

[*To Clown.*

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Lafeu and Bertram.

Laf. But, I hope, your Lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my Lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience, and transgress'd against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent: here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I will pursue the amity.

Enter Parolles.

Par. These things shall be done, Sir.

Laf. I pray you, Sir, who's his taylor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well; I, Sir, he, Sir's, a good workman, a very good taylor.

Ber. Is she gone to the King? [*Aside to Parolles.*

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure, given order for our horses; and to night, when I

(24) *Hel.* In every Thing I wait upon his Will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you come, Sirrah.] The Pointing of *Helen's* last short Speech stands thus absurdly, through all the Editions. My Regulation restores the true Meaning. Upon *Parolles* saying, He shall report it so; *Helena* is intended to reply, *I pray you, do so*; and then, turning to the *Clown*, She more familiarly addresses him, and bids him come along with her.

should

should take possession of the Bride—— and ere I do begin——

Laf. A good Traveller is Something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lyes three thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard and thrice beaten—— God save you, Captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my Lord and you, Monsieur?

Par. I know not, how I have deserved to run into my Lord's displeasure.

Laf. (25) You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leapt into the custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be, you have mistaken him, my Lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, tho' I took him at's prayers. Fare you well, my Lord, and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut: the soul of this man is his clothes. Trust him not in matter of heavy consequence: I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewel, Monsieur, I have spoken better of you, than you have or will deserve at my hand, but we must do good against evil. [Exit.

Par. An idle Lord, I swear.——

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

(25) *You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leapt into the Custard.*] This odd Allusion is not introduc'd, without a View to Satire. It was a Foolery practis'd at City-Entertainments, whilst the *Jester* or *Zany* was in Vogue, for him to jump into a large deep Custard; set for the Purpose, to set on a Quantity of barren Spectators to laugh; as our Poet says in his *Hamlet*. I do not advance this without some Authority: and a Quotation from *Ben Jonson* will very well explain it.

He ne'er will be admitted there, where Vennor comes.

He may, perchance, in Tail of a Sherriff's Dinner,

Skip with a Rhyme o'th' Table, from New-Nothing;

And take his Almaine Leap into a Custard,

Shall make my Lady Mayores's and her Sisters

Laugh all their Hoods over their Shoulders.——

Devil's an Ass, Act I. Sc. I.

Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common Speech
Gives him a worthy Pass. Here comes my Clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have, Sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the King, and have procur'd his Leave
For present parting; only, he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.

You must not marvel, *Helena*, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time; nor does
The ministrations and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled: this drives me to intreat you,
That presently you take your way for home,
And rather muse, than ask, why I intreat you;
For my respects are better than they seem,
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than shews it self at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my Mother.

[Giving a letter.]

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you, so
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall

With true observance seek to eke out That,
Wherein tow'rd me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let That go:

My haste is very great. Farewel; hie home.

Hel. Pray, Sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nor dare I say, 'tis mine, and yet it is;
But, like a tim'rous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel.

Hel. Something, and scarce so much — nothing,
indeed —

I would not tell you what I would, my Lord — 'faith,
yes ; —

Strangers and foes do funder, and not kifs.

Ber. I pray you, stay not ; but in haste to horse.

Hel. (26) I shall not break your bidding, good my
Lord :

Where are my other men? Monsieur, farewell. [*Exit.*

Ber. Go thou tow'rd home, where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum :

Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, Couragio ! [*Exeunt.*

(26) *Hel.* I shall not break your Bidding, good my Lord :

Where are my other Men? Monsieur, farewell.

Ber. Go thou toward home, where I will never come,]

What other Men is *Helen* here enquiring after? Or who is She suppos'd
to ask for them? The old Countess, 'tis certain, did not send her to the
Court without some Attendants: but neither the *Clown*, nor any of her
Retinue, are now upon the Stage: I have not disturb'd the Text, tho',
I suspect, the Lines should be thus plac'd, and pointed.

Ber. Where are my other Men, Monsieur? — [*To Par.*] Farewell:
[*To Hel.* who goes out.

Go Thou towards home, — where I &c.

Bertram, observing *Helen* to linger fondly, and wanting to shift her off,
puts on a Shew of Haste, asks *Parolles* for his Servants, and then gives
his Wife an abrupt Dismission.



A C T III.

SCENE, *the Duke's Court in Florence.**Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, two French Lords, with Soldiers.*

D U K E.

SO that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war,
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.

1 Lord. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your Grace's part; but black and fearful
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin *France*
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

2 Lord. Good my Lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a Council frames
By self-unable motion; therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
My self in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I guesst.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

2 Lord. But I am sure, the younger of our Nation,
That surfeit on their ease, will day by day
Come here for Physick.

Duke. Welcome shall they be:
And all the honours, that can fly from us,
Shall on them settle. You know your places well.
When better fall, for your Avails they fell;
To morrow, to the field.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE *changes to Roufillon, in France,*

Enter Countess, and Clown.

Count. IT hath happen'd, all as I would have had it ;
I save, that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young Lord to be a
very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you ?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing ;
mend his ruff, and sing ; ask questions, and sing ; pick
his teeth, and sing. I knew a man that had this trick
of melancholy, sold a goodly Manor for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he
means to come. [*Reads the Letter.*

Clo. I have no mind to *Isbel*, since I was at Court.
Our old ling, and our *Isbels* o'th' Country, are nothing
like your old ling, and your *Isbels* o'th' Court : the
brain of my *Cupid's* knock'd out ; and I begin to love,
as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here ?

Clo. E'en That you have there. [*Exit.*

Countess reads a Letter.

*I have sent you a Daughter-in-law : she hath recovered
the King, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded
her ; and sworn to make the not eternal. You shall hear,
I am run away ; know it, before the report come. If there
be breadth enough in the World, I will hold a long distance.
My duty to you.*

Your unfortunate Son,

Bertram,

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a King,
To pluck his indignation on thy head ;
By the misprizing of a Maid, too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O Madam, yonder is heavy news within between two Soldiers and my young Lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your Son will not be kill'd so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be kill'd?

Clo. So say I, Madam, if he run away, as I hear he does; the danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of Men, though it be the getting of Children. Here they come, will tell you more. For my part, I only hear, your Son was run away.

Enter Helena and two Gentlemen.

1 Gen. Save you, good Madam.

Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for ever gone. —

2 Gen. Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience: 'pray you, Gentlemen, I've felt so many quirks of joy and grief, That the first face of neither, on the start, Can woman me unto't. Where is my Son?

2 Gen. Madam, he's gone to serve the Duke of *Florence*.

We met him thitherward, for thence we came;
And after some dispatch in hand at Court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his Letter, Madam; here's my Passport.

When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off; and shew me a Child begotten of thy body that I am Father to, then call me Husband: but in such a Then I write a Never.

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, Gentlemen?

1 Gen. Ay, Madam, and, for the contents sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, Lady, have a better cheer. If thou engross'est all the griefs as thine,

Thou

Thou robb'ft me of a moiety: he was my Son,
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child. Towards *Florence* is he?

2 *Gen.* Ay, Madam.

Count. And to be a Soldier?

2 *Gen.* Such is his noble purpose; and, believe't,
The Duke will lay upon him all the Honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1 *Gen.* Ay, Madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. 'Till I have no Wife, I have nothing in France.

'Tis bitter.

[*Reading.*]

Count. Find you That there?

Hel. Yes, Madam.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, happ'ly,
which his heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in *France*, until he have no Wife?
There's nothing here, that is too good for him,
But only she; and she deserves a Lord,
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly Mistress. Who was with him?

1 *Gen.* A Servant only, and a Gentleman
Which I have some time known.

Count. *Parolles*, was't not?

1 *Gen.* Ay, my good Lady, he.

Count. A very tainted Fellow, and full of wickedness;
My Son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

1 *Gen.* (27) Indeed, good Lady, the Fellow has a
deal of That too much, which holds him much to have.

Count. Y'are welcome, Gentlemen; I will intreat
you, when you see my Son, to tell him, that his sword

(27) *Indeed, good Lady, the Fellow has a deal of That too much, which holds him much to have.*] This is somewhat obscure in the Expression; but the Meaning must be this. The Fellow, indeed, has a deal too much Vanity, Lying, boasting; but it holds him much to have such Qualities; i. e. it stands him in great Stead, is of great Service to him, and what he cannot do without. For these were the Arts that *Parolles* used to get into *Bertram's* Favour; and when Once they were discover'd, He was set a-drift, and undone.

can never win the honour that he loses : more I'll in-treat you written to bear along.

2 Gen. We serve you, Madam, in That and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies. Will you draw near? [*Exeunt Count. and Gentlemen.*]

Hel. 'Till I have no Wife, I have nothing in France. Nothing in France, until he has no Wife! Thou shalt have none, *Rouffillon*, none in France; Then hast thou all again. Poor Lord! is't I That chase thee from thy Country, and expose Those tender limbs of thine to the event Of the none-sparing war? and is it I, That drive thee from the sportive Court, where thou Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark Of smoaky muskets? O you leaden messengers, That ride upon the violent speed of fire, Fly with false aim; move the still-piercing air, That sings with piercing, do not touch my Lord: Whoever shoots at him, I set him there. Whoever charges on his forward breast, I am the Caitiff, that do hold him to it; And tho' I kill him not, I am the Cause His death was so effected. Better 'twere, I met the rav'ning Lion when he roar'd With sharp constraint of hunger: better 'twere, That all the miseries, which Nature owes, Were mine at once. No, come thou home, *Rouffillon*, Whence honour but of danger wins a scar; As oft it loses all. I will be gone: My being here it is, that holds thee hence. Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although The air of Paradise did fan the House, And Angels offic'd all; I will be gone; That pitiful Rumour may report my flight, To console thine ear. Come, night; end, day! For with the dark, poor Thief, I'll steal away. [*Exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Duke's Court in Florence.*

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, Drum and Trumpets, Soldiers, Parolles.

Duke. **T**HE General of our Horse thou art, and we,

Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is

A Charge too heavy for my strength; but yet We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake, To th' extream edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go forth, And Fortune play upon thy prosp'rous Helm, As thy auspicious Mistress!

Ber. This very day, Great Mars, I put my self into thy file; Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove A lover of thy drum; hater of love. [Exeunt.

SCENE *changes to Roussillon in France.*

Enter Countess and Steward.

Count. **A** Las! and would you take the letter of her? Might you not know, she would do, as she has done, By sending me a letter? Read it again.

L E T T E R.

*I am St. Jaques' Pilgrim, thither gone;
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war
My dearest Master, your dear Son, may hie;
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervour sanctifie.*

His

*His taken labours bid him me forgive ;
 I, his despightful Juno, sent him forth
 From courtly Friends, with camping Foes to live ;
 Where death and danger dog the heels of worth.
 He is too good and fair for death and me,
 Whom I my self embrace, to set him free.*

Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words ?
Rynaldo, you did never lack advice so much,
 As letting her pass so ; had I spoke with her,
 I could have well diverted her intents,
 Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon, Madam,
 If I had given you this at over-night
 She might have been o'er-ta'en ; and yet she writes,
 Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What Angel shall
 Bless this unworthy Husband ? he cannot thrive,
 Unless her prayers, whom Heav'n delights to hear,
 And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
 Of greatest justice. Write, write, *Rynaldo*,
 To this unworthy husband of his Wife ;
 Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
 That he does weigh too light : my greatest grief,
 Tho' little he do feel it, set down sharply.
 Dispatch the most convenient messenger ;
 When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
 He will return ; and hope I may, that she,
 Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
 Led hither by pure love. Which of them Both
 Is dearest to me, I've no skill in sense
 To make distinction ; provide this messenger ;
 My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak ;
 Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E *changes to a publick Place in
FLORENCE.*

A Tucket afar off.

*Enter an old widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta, and
Mariana, with other citizens.*

Wid. **N**A Y, come. For if they do approach the City,
we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say, the *French Count* has done most ho-
nourable service.

Wid. It is reported, that he has ta'en their greatest
Commander; and that with his own hand he slew the
Duke's brother. We have lost our labour, they are
gone a contrary way: hark, you may know by their
trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice our selves
with the report of it. Well, *Diana*, take heed of
this *French Earl*; the honour of a maid is her name,
and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour, how you have been
solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave, (hang him!) one *Parolles*;
a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young
Earl; beware of them, *Diana*; (28) their promises, en-

(28) *Their Promises, Enticements, Oaths, Tokens, and all these En-
gines of Lust, are not the Things they go under;] i. e. They are not
in Reality so true and sincere, as in Appearance they seem to be. This
will be best explain'd by an other Passage in Hamlet, where Polonius is
counselling his Daughter.*

————— *I do know,*
When the Blood burns, how prodigal the Soul
Lends the Tongue vows. These Blazes, oh, my Daughter,
Giving more Light than Heat, extinct in Both
Ev'n in their Promise as it is a making,
You must not take for Fire.

————— *In few, Ophelia,*
Do not believe his Vows, for they are Brokers
Not of that Dye which their Investments shew,
But meer Implorers of unholy Suits,
Breathing, like sanctified and holy Barwds,
The better to beguile.

ticements,

ticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under; many a maid hath been seduced by them, and the misery is, example, that so terrible shews in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all That dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to advise you further; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, tho' there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter Helena, disguis'd like a Pilgrim.

Wid. I hope so. — Look, here comes a Pilgrim; I know, she will lye at my house; thither they send one another; I'll question her: God save you, Pilgrim! whither are you bound?

Hel. To S. Jaques le Grand. Where do the Palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the St. Francis, beside the Port.

Hel. Is this the way? [*A march afar off.*

Wid. Ay, marry, is't. Hark you, they come this way. If you will tarry, holy Pilgrim, but 'till the troops come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;
The rather, for, I think, I know your Hostess
As ample as my self.

Hel. Is it your self?

Wid. If you shall please so, Pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from *France*?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a Country-man of yours,
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you?

Dia. The Count *Roussillon*: know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him;
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from *France*,

As 'tis reported; for the King had married him
Against his liking. Think you, it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, meer the truth; I know his lady.

Dia. There is a Gentleman, that serves the Count,
Reports but courselly of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur *Parolles*.

Hel. Oh, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great Count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and That
I have not heard examin'd.

Dia. Alas, poor lady!

'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. Ah! right; good creature! wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly; this young maid might do her
A shrewd Turn, if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean?

May be, the am'rous Count sollicitates her
In the unlawful purpose,

Wid. He does, indeed;

And brokes with all, that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Drum and Colours. Enter *Bertram, Parolles, Officers and
Soldiers attending.*

Mar. The Gods forbid else!

Wid. So, now they come:

That is *Antonio*, the Duke's eldest son;

That, *Escalus*.

Hel. Which is the *Frenchman*?

Dia. He;

That with the Plume; 'tis a most gallant fellow;
I would, he lov'd his wife! if he were honest,
He were much goodlier. Is't not a handsome gentle-
man?

Hel.

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity, he is not honest; yond's that same knave, (29)

That leads him to these Paces; were I his lady,
I'd poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs. Why is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance, he's hurt i' th' battel.

Per. Lose our drum! well. —

Mar. He's shrewdly vex'd at something. Look, he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you! [Exeunt Ber. Per. &c.]

Mar. And your curtesie, for a ring-carrier! —

Wid. The troop is past: come, Pilgrim, I will bring you,

Where you shall host: Of injoyn'd Penitents
There's four or five, to great St. Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you:

Please it this matron, and this gentle maid
To eat with us to night, the Charge and Thanking
Shall be for me: and to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [Exeunt.]

Enter Bertram, and the two French Lords.

1 Lord. Nay, good my lord, put him to't: let him have his way.

2 Lord. If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

1 Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

(29) ————— Yond's That same Fellow,

That leads him to these Places.] What Places? He did not lead him to be General of Horse under the Duke of Florence, sure. Nor have they been talking of Brothels; or, indeed, any particular Locality. I make no Question, but our Author wrote;

That leads him to these Paces.

i. e. to such irregular Steps, to Courses of Debauchery, to not loving his Wife.

Ber.

Ber. Do you think, I am so far deceiv'd in him?

1 *Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman; he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him, lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at some great and trusty business in a main danger fail you.

Ber. I would, I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum; which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of *Florentines*, will suddenly surprize him; such I will have, whom, I am sure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents; be but your lordship present at his examination, if he do not for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

2 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem for't; (30) when
your

(30) *When your Lordship sees the bottom of his Success in't, and to what Metal this Counterfeit Lump of Ours will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's Entertainment, your Inclining cannot be remov'd.*] I conjectur'd, — this counterfeit Lump of Oare, when I publish'd my SHAKESPEARE restor'd: Thus it bears a Consonancy with the other Terms accompanying, (viz. *Metal, Lump, and melted*) and helps the Propriety of the Poet's Thought: For so one Metaphor is kept up, and all the Words are proper and suitable to it. But, what is the Meaning of *John Drum's Entertainment*? *Lafeu* several Times afterwards calls *Parolles, Tom Drum*. But the Difference of the Christian Name will make None in the Explanation. There is an old Motley Interlude

your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of Oar will be melted, if you give him not *John Drum's* entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter Parolles.

1 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design, let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, Monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2 *Lord.* A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! is't but a drum? a drum so lost! there was excellent command! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers.

2 *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that

Interlude, (printed in 1601) call'd, *Jack Drum's Entertainment*; Or, the *Comedy of Pasquil and Katharine*. In This, *Jack Drum* is a Servant of Intrigue, who is ever aiming at Projects, and always foil'd, and given the Drop. And there is another old piece (publish'd in 1627) call'd, *Apollo sbroving*, in which I find these Expressions.

Thuriger. *Thou Lozel, hath Slug infected you?*

Why do you give such kind Entertainment to that Cobweb?

Scopas. *It shall have Tom Drum's Entertainment; a Flap with a Fox-tail.*

But Both these Pieces are, perhaps, too late in Time, to come to the Assistance of our Author: so we must look a little higher. What is said here to *Bertram* is to this Effect. "My Lord, as you have taken this Fellow [*Parolles*] into so near a Confidence, if, upon his being found a Counterfeit, "you don't cashier him from your Favour, then your Attachment is "not to be remov'd". — I'll now subjoin a Quotation from *Holingshed*, (of whose Books *Shakespeare* was a most diligent Reader) which will pretty well ascertain *Drum's* History. This Chronologer, in his Description of *Ireland*, speaking of *Patrick Scarsfield*, (Mayor of *Dublin* in the Year 1551) and of his extravagant Hospitality, subjoins, that no Guest had ever a cold or forbidding Look from any Part of his Family: so that *his Porter, or any other officer, durst not, for both his Ears, give the simplest Man, that resorted to his house, Tom Drum's Entertainment, which is, to hale a Man in by the Head, and thrust him out by both the Shoulders.*

Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum, but it is not to be recover'd.

Par. It might have been recover'd.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recover'd; but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet* —

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, Monsieur; if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the Duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his Greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening; and I will presently pen down my dilemma's, encourage my self in my certainty, put my self into my mortal preparation; and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his Grace, you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my Lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know, th'art valiant; and to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee; farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [Exit.

1 *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water. — Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do it, and dares better be damn'd than to do't?

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do; certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and for a week escape a great deal of disco-

veries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

2 Lord. None in the world, but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies; but we have almost imboss'd him, you shall see his fall to night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

1 Lord. We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him. He was first smook'd by the old lord *Lafeu*; when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see, this very night.

2 Lord. I must go and look my twigs; he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me.

2 Lord. As't please your lordship. I'll leave you [*Exit.*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and shew you

The las I spoke of.

1 Lord. But you say, she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once, And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her, By this same coxcomb that we have i'th' wind, Tokens and letters, which she did resend; And this is all I've done: she's a fair creature, Will you go see her?

1 Lord. With all my heart, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E *changes to the Widow's House.*

Enter Helena, and Widow.

Hel. IF you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not, how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Tho' my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses,

And

And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.

First, give me Trust, the Count he is my husband ;
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken,
Is so, from word to word ; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you,
For you have shew'd me That, which well approves
Y'are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again
When I have found it. The Count woos your
daughter,

Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her ; let her consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it.
Now his important blood will nought deny,
That she'll demand : a ring the Count does wear,
That downward hath succeeded in his House
From son to son, some four or five Descents,
Since the first Father wore it. This ring he holds
In most rich choice ; yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see the bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then. It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring ; appoints him an encounter ;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Her self most chastly absent : after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded :

Instruct my daughter how she shall persever,
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musick of all sorts, and songs compos'd

To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us
To chide him from our eeves, for he persists,
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then, to night
Let us assay our plot; which if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed;
And lawful meaning in a lawful act,
Where Both not sin, and yet a sinful fact.
But let's about it. —

[*Exeunt.*

A C T IV.

SCENE, *Part of the French Camp in
Florence.*

*Enter one of the French Lords, with five or six Soldiers
in ambush.*

L O R D.

HE can come no other way but by this hedge-
corner; when you sally upon him, speak what
terrible language you will; though you un-
derstand it not your selves, no matter; for we must not
seem to understand him, unless some one amongst us,
whom we must produce for an Interpreter.

Sol. Good Captain, let me be th' Interpreter.

Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not
thy voice?

Sol. No, Sir, I warrant you.

Lord. But what linsie-woolsie hast thou to speak to
us again?

Sol. Ev'n such as you speak to me.

Lord. He must think us some band of strangers
i'th' Adversaries entertainment. Now he hath a smack
of

of all neighbouring languages, therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy ; not to know what we speak one to another, so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose : chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, Interpreter, you must seem very politick. But couch, ho! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten a clock; within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say, I have done? it must be a very plausible invention that carries it. They begin to smother me, and disgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door; I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of *Mars* before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aside.*

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give my self some hurts, and say, I got them in exploit; yet slight ones will not carry it. They will say, came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give; wherefore what's the instance? (31) Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy my self another of *Bajazet's* mule, if you prattle me into these perils. *Lord.*

(31) *Tongue, I must put You into a Butterwoman's Mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's Mule, if you prattle me into these Perils.*] Why of *Bajazet's* Mule, any more than any other Mule? Is there any particular Conceit, any Story on Record, by which that Emperour's Mule is signaliz'd? If there be, I freely own my Ignorance. Tho' I have not alter'd the Text, Mr. *Warburton* concurr'd with me in thinking that the Poet probably wrote ;

— and buy myself another of *Bajazet's* Mute,

i. e. of a *Turkish* Mute. So in *Henry V.*

Either our History shall with full Mouth

Speak freely of our Acts; or else our Grave,

Like Turkish Mute, shall have a tongueless Mouth, &c.

Lord. Is it possible, he should know what he is, and be that he is? [Aside.]

Par. I would, the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my *Spanish* sword.

Lord. We cannot afford you so. [Aside.]

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to say, it was in stratagem.

Lord. 'Twould not do. [Aside.]

Par. Or to drown my cloaths, and say, I was stript.

Lord. Hardly serve. [Aside.]

Par. Though I swore, I leap'd from the window of the cittadel —

Lord. How deep? [Aside.]

Par. Thirty fathom.

Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. [Aside.]

Par. I would, I had any drum of the enemies; I would swear, I recover'd it.

Lord. You shall hear one anon. [Aside.]

Par. A drum now of the enemies! [Alarum within.]

Lord. *Throco movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, villiando par corbo, cargo.*

Par. O ransom, ransom: — do not hide mine eyes.

[They seize him and blindfold him.]

Inter. *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Par. I know, you are the *Muskos* regiment, And I shall lose my life for want of language.

If there be here *German*, or *Dane*, low *Dutch*,

Italian, or *French*, let him speak to me,

I'll discover That which shall undo the *Florentine*.

Inter. *Boskos vauvado*; I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue; *Kerelybonto*, — Sir, betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards are at thy bosom.

Besides, as my Friend observ'd to me, the Antithesis between a *Butter-woman* and a *Mute* is tolerably well. If there be any difficulty remains, it is to know, why the Poet has chosen to say, *Bajazet's Mute*. To this it may be answer'd, that *Bajazet* the Great, (who was at last overthrown by *Tamerlane*;) by his prodigious Exploits becoming very famous, for a long time after, amongst us *Europeans*, his Successors were call'd by his Name, when they were spoke of.

Par.

Par. Oh!

Int. Oh, pray, pray, pray.

Mancha ravancha dulce.

Lord. *Osceoribi dulchos volivorco.*

Int. The General is content to spare thee yet,
And, hood-winkt as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee. Haply, thou may'st inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. Oh let me live,
And all the secrets of our Camp I'll shew;
Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll speak That
Which you will wonder at.

Int. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

Int. *Acordo linta.*

Come on, thou art granted space.

[*Exit.*

[*A short alarum within.*

Lord. Go, tell the Count *Roussillon* and my brother,
We've caught the woodcock, and will keep him muf-
fled

'Till we do hear from them.

Sol. Captain, I will.

Lord. He will betray us all unto our selves,
Inform 'em That.

Sol. So I will, Sir.

Lord. 'Till then I'll keep him dark and safely lockt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the Widow's House.

Enter Bertram, and Diana.

Ber. THEY told me, that your name was *Fontibell.*

Dia. No, my good Lord, *Diana.*

Ber. Titled Goddess,

And worth it with addition! but, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no Maiden, but a Monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one

As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your Mother was,
When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No.

My Mother did but duty; such, my Lord,
As you owe to your Wife.

Ber. No more o' that!

I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows:
I was compell'd to her, but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us,
'Till we serve you: but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick our selves,
And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn!

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth;
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true;
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the High't to witness: then, pray tell me,
If I should swear by *Jove's* great Attributes
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him. Therefore your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions but unseal'd;
At least, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it:

Be not so holy-cruel. Love is holy,
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,
That you do charge men with: stand no more off,
But give thy self unto my sick desires,
Which then recover. Say, thou art mine; and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so persevere.

Dia. I see, that men make hopes in such affairs
That we'll forsake our selves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my Dear, but have no power
To give it from me.

Dia.

Dia. Will you not, my Lord?

Ber. It is an Honour 'longing to our House,
Bequeathed down from many Ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' th' world
In me to lose.

Dia. Mine Honour's such a ring;
My chastity's the jewel of our House,
Bequeathed down from many Ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' th' world
In me to lose. Thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion Honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring.
My House, my Honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber
window;

I'll order take, my Mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:
My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them,
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd;
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring, that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, 'till then; then, fail not: you have won
A Wife of me, tho' there my hope be done.

Ber. A heav'n on earth I've won by wooing thee.
[*Exit.*]

Dia. For which live long to thank both heav'n and me.
You may so in the end.—

My Mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she fate in's heart; she says, all men
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me,
When his Wife's dead: therefore I'll lye with him,
When I am buried. (32) Since *Frenchmen* are so braid,
Marry 'em that will, I'd live and die a maid;

Only,

(32) ——— Since *Frenchmen* are so braid,
Marry that will, I'll live and dye a Maid.] This is certainly the
most

Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin
To cozen him, that would unjustly win.

[Exit.]

SCENE *changes to the French Camp in
Florence.*

Enter the two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.

1 Lord. YOU have not given him his Mother's letter?

2 Lord. I have deliver'd it an hour since; there is something in't, that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he chang'd almost into another man.

1 Lord. He has much worthy blame laid upon him for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

2 Lord. Especially, he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the King, who had even tun'd his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 Lord. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 Lord. He hath perverted a young Gentlewoman here in *Florence*, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour; he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 Lord. Now God delay our rebellion; as we are our selves, what things are we!

most cruel Resolution, that ever poor Wench made. What! because *Frenchmen* were false, She, that was an *Italian*, would marry Nobody. But it is plain, as refin'd as this Reasoning is, her Mother did not understand the Delicacy of the Conclusion; for afterwards She comes into *Helen's* Project, on the Promise of a good round Dow'ry of 3000 Crowns, to help her Daughter to a Husband. In short, the Text is, without all Question, corrupted; and we should read it thus.

————— *Since Frenchmen are so braid,*

Marry 'em that will, I'de live and dye a Maid.

i. e. since *Frenchmen* prove so crooked and perverse in their Manners, let who will marry them, I had rather live and die a Maid than venture upon them. This she says with a View to *Helen*, who appear'd so fond of her Husband, and went thro' so many Difficulties to obtain him. I dare say, the fair Sex will think this Emendation most agreeable to the Rules of Logic, as well as to the less erring Dictates of Nature.

Mr. Warburton.

2 Lord.

2 *Lord.* Meerly our own traitors ; and as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, 'till they attain to their abhorr'd ends; so he, that in this action contrives against his own Nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us to be the trumpeters of our unlawful intents ? we shall not then have his company to night ?

2 *Lord.* Not 'till after midnight ; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace : I would gladly have him see his company anatomiz'd, that he might take a measure of his own judgment, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him 'till he come ; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of these Wars ?

2 *Lord.* I hear, there is an overture of Peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I assure you, a Peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will Count *Roussillon* do then ? will he travel higher, or return again into *France* ?

1 *Lord.* I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his Council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, Sir ! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his Wife some two months since fled from his House, her pretence is a Pilgrimage to *St. Jaques le Grand* ; which holy Undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplish'd ; and there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief ; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this justified ?

1 *Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her story true, even to the point of her death ; her death it self (which could not be her office to say, is come) was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the Count all this intelligence ?

1 *Lord.*

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord.* I am heartily sorry, that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord.* How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses!

2 *Lord.* And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! the great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encounter'd with a shame as ample.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipt them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your Master?

Ser. He met the Duke in the street, Sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his Lordship will next morning for *France*. The Duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the King.

2 *Lord.* They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter Bertram.

1 *Lord.* They cannot be too sweet for the King's tartness: here's his Lordship now. How now, my Lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to night dispatch'd sixteen businesse, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success; I have congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertain'd my convoy; and, between these main parcels of dispatch, effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but That I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord.* If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your Lordship.

Ber.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? come, bring forth this counterfeit module; h'as deceiv'd me, like a double-meaning prophetier.

2 Lord. Bring him forth; h'as fate in the Stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserv'd it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

1 Lord. I have told your Lordship already: the Stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood, he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk; he hath confest himself to *Morgan*, whom he supposes to be a Friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i'th' Stocks; and what, think you, he hath confest?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face; if your Lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Enter Parolles, with his Interpreter.

Ber. A plague upon him, muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush! hush!

1 Lord. Hoodman comes: *Portotartarossa*.

Int. He calls for the tortures; what, will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint; if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

Int. *Bosko Chimurcho*.

2 Lord. *Biblibindo chicurmurco*.

Int. You are a merciful General: our General bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

Int. First demand of him, how many Horse the Duke is strong. What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand, but very weak and un-serviceable; the troops are all scatter'd, and the Commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

Int.

Int. Shall I set down your answer so ?

Par. Do, I'll take the Sacrament on't, how and which way you will: all's one to me.

Ber. What a past-saving slave is this ?

1 Lord. Y'are deceiv'd, my Lord, this is Monsieur *Parolles*, the gallant militarist, that was his own phrase, that had the whole theory of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 Lord. I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe, he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

Int. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse I said, (I will say true,) or thereabouts, set down; for I'll speak truth.

1 Lord. He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

Int. Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, Sir; a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

Int. Demand of him of what strength they are a-foot. What say you to that ?

Par. By my troth, Sir, if I were to live this present hour I will tell true. Let me see, *Spurio* a hundred and fifty, *Sebastian* so many, *Corambus* so many, *Jaques* so many; *Guiltian*, *Cosmo*, *Lodowick*, and *Gratii*, two hundred and fifty each; mine own company, *Chitopher*, *Vaumond*, *Bentii*, two hundred and fifty each; so that the muster file, rotten and sound, upon my life amounts not to fifteen thousand Poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him ?

1 Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the Duke.

Int. Well, that's set down. You shall demand of him, whether one Captain *Dumain* be i'th' camp, a *Frenchman*; what his reputation is with the Duke, what

what his valour, honesty, and expertness in war; or whether he thinks, it were not possible with well-weighing sums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the Interrogatories. Demand them singly.

Int. Do you know this Captain *Dumain*?

Par. I know him; he was a botcher's prentice in *Paris*, from whence he was whipt for getting the sberiff's fool with child, a dumb innocent, that could not say him *nay*.

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; tho' I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

Int. Well, is this Captain in the Duke of *Florence's* Camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lowfie.

1 *Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me, we shall hear of your Lordship anon.

Int. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knows him for no other but a poor Officer of mine, and writ to me the other day to turn him out o'th' band. I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

Int. Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon the file with the Duke's other letters in my tent.

Int. Here 'tis, here's a paper, shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know, if it be it or no.

Ber. Our Interpreter does it well.

1 *Lord.* Excellently.

Int. Dian, *the Count's* a fool, and full of gold.

Par. That is not the Duke's letter, Sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in *Florence*, one *Diana*, to take heed of the allurement of one Count *Roussillon*, a foolish idle boy; but, for all that, very ruttish. I pray you, Sir, put it up again.

Int. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young Count

to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable! both sides rogue.

Interpreter reads the letter.

When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it.

After he scores, he never pays the score:

Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it:

He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before.

And say, a soldier (Dian) told thee this:

(33) *Men are to mell with, boys are but to kiss.*

For count of this, the Count's a fool, I know it.

Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

Ber. He shall be whipt through the army with this rhyme in his forehead.

2 *Lord.* This is your devoted friend, Sir, the manifold linguist and the armi-potent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

Int. I perceive, Sir, by the General's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, Sir, in any case; not that I am afraid to die; but that my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, Sir, in a Dungeon, i'th' Stocks, any where, so I may live.

Int. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more, to this Captain *Dumain*:

(33) *Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss.*] All the Editors have obtruded a new Maxim upon us here, that *Boys are not to kiss.* — *Livia*, in *Beaumont and Fletcher's Tamer tam'd*, is of a quite opposite Opinion.

For Boys were made for Nothing but dry Kisses.

And our Poet's Thought, I am perswaded, went to the same Tune; that Boys are fit only to kiss; Men to mingle with, and give more substantial Pleasures. To *mell*, is deriv'd from the French Word, *méler*; to mingle. I made this Correction when I publish'd my SHAKESPEARE restor'd; and Mr. *Pope* has thought fit to adopt it in his last Impression.

you

you have answer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, Sir, an egg out of a cloister: for rapes and ravishments he parallels *Nessus*. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than *Hercules*. He will lie, Sir, with such volubility, that you would think, truth were a fool: drunkeness is his best virtue, for he will be swine-drunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-cloaths about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, Sir, of his honesty, he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 Lord. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? a pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

Int. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, Sir, h'as led the drum before the *English* Tragedians: to belie him, I will not; and more of his soldiership I know not; except in that Country, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there call'd *Mile-end*, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 Lord. He hath out-villain'd villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a cat still.

Int. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *Quart-d'ecu* he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it, and cut th'intail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

Int. What's his Brother, the other Captain *Dumain*?

2 Lord. Why does he ask him of me?

Int. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow o'th' same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal

in evil. He excels his Brother for a Coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a Retreat he out-runs any lacquey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

Int. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the *Florentine*?

Par. Ay, and the Captain of his horse, Count *Rouffillon*.

Int. I'll whisper with the General and know his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming, a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the Count, have I run into danger; yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken? [*Aside.*

Int. There is no remedy, Sir, but you must die; the General says, you, that have so traiterously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O lord, Sir, let me live, or let me see my death.

Int. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unbinding him.*

So, look about you; know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble Captain.

2 Lord. God bless you, Captain *Parolles*.

1 Lord. God save you, noble Captain.

2 Lord. Captain, what Greeting will you to my Lord *Lafeu*? I am for *France*.

1 Lord. Good Captain, will you give me a copy of that same Sonnet you writ to *Diana* in behalf of the Count *Rouffillon*? if I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [*Exeunt.*

Int. You are undone, Captain, all but your scarf; that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crush'd with a plot?

Int. If you could find out a Country where but women were that had receiv'd so much shame, you might

might begin an impudent Nation. Fare you well, Sir,
I am for *France* too, we shall speak of you there.

[*Exit.*

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more,
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft,
As Captain shall. Simply the thing I am
Shall make me live: who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.

Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, *Parolles*, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by fool'ry thrive;
There's place and means for every man alive.
I'll after them.

[*Exit.*

SCENE changes to the *Widow's House*, at
Florence.

Enter Helena, Widow and Diana.

Hel. THAT you may well perceive I have not
wrong'd you,

One of the Greatest in the christian world
Shall be my Surety; 'fore whose Throne 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.

Time was, I did him a desired office
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty *Tartars* bosom would peep forth,

And answer thanks. I duly am inform'd,
His Grace is at *Marseilles*, to which place
We have convenient Convoy; you must know,
I am supposed dead; the Army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the King,
We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle Madam,
You never had a servant, to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, Mistress,
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour

To recompence your love: doubt not, but heav'n
 Hath brought me up to be your Daughter's dowre,
 As it hath fated her to be my motive
 And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!
 That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
 When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
 Defiles the pitchy night; so lust doth play
 With what it loaths, for that which is away.
 But more of this hereafter. You, *Diana*,
 Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
 Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
 Go with your impositions, I am yours
 Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet I pray you:
 But with the word the time will bring on summer,
 When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
 And be as sweet as sharp: we must away,
 (34) Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us;
 (35) *All's well, that ends well*; still the fine's the crown;
 Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*

(34) *Our Waggon is prepar'd, and Time revives us*;] The Word *revives* conveys so little Idea of Sense here, that it seems very liable to Suspicion. How could Time revive these travelling Adventurers? *Helen* could not have so poor a Thought as to mean, "tho' we were tir'd last Night, yet Repose has given us fresh Vigour, and now Time revives us for a new Fatigue." Can It then have this Meaning? The Consequences of our Enterprize, and the happy Issue that may crown it in Time, revive our Spirits, and animate us to a chearful Prosecution. — Mr. *Warburton* very reasonably conjectures, that We should read,

— — — and Time revives us;

i. e. looks us in the Face, calls upon us to hasten;

(35) *All's well, that ends well; still that finds the Crown*;] *What* finds? There is no Substantive in the preceding Branch of the Sentence to answer to this Relative. But this is the Reading only of Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope*; I have restor'd the genuine Text from the first *Folio*. Our Author is alluding to the *Latin* proverbial Gnome; *Finis coronat opus*. And he elsewhere uses the *fine*, to signify, the End, the Issue. So *Benedick*, in *Much Ado about Nothing*.

— — — and the fine is, (for the Which I may go the finer,) I will live a Bachelor.

SCENE *changes to Roussillon in France.*

Enter Countess, Lafeu, and Clown.

Laf. NO, no, no, your Son was mis-led with a snipt-taffata fellow there, whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbak'd and dowy youth of a nation in his colour. Your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your Son here at home more advanc'd by the King than by that red-tail'd humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would, I had not known him! it was the death of the most virtuous Gentlewoman that ever Nature had Praise for creating; if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a Mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady. We may pick a thousand fallets ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, Sir, she was the sweet marjoram of the fallet, or rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not fallet-herbs, you knave, they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great *Nebuchadnezzar*, Sir, I have not much skill in gras.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thy self, a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, Sir, at a woman's service; and a knave, at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, Sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, Sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a Prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that, a *Frenchman*?

Clo. Faith, Sir, he has an *English* name; but his phisnomy is more hotter in *France* than there.

Laf. What Prince is that?

Clo. The black Prince, Sir, *alias* the Prince of Darkness, *alias* the Devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse; I give thee not this to seduce thee from thy Master thou talk'st of, serve him still.

Clo. I'm a woodland fellow, Sir, that always lov'd a great fire; and the Master I speak of ever keeps a good fire; but, sure, he is the Prince of the world, let his Nobility remain in's Court. I am for the House with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for Pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the Many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowry way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a weary of thee, and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways, let my horses be well look'd to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, they shall be jades tricks, which are their own right by the law of Nature. [*Exit.*

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My Lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him; by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sawciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well, 'tis not amiss; and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good Lady's death, and that my Lord your Son was upon his return home, I mov'd the King my Master to speak in the behalf of my Daughter; which in the minority of them both, his Majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose; his Highness hath promis'd me to do it; and

and to stop up the displeasure he hath conceiv'd against your Son, there is no fitter matter. How do's your Ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my Lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His Highness comes post from *Marseilles*, of as able a body as when he number'd thirty; he will be here to morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in such intelligence hath seldom fail'd.

Count. It rejoices me, that, I hope, I shall see him ere I die. I have letters, that my Son will be here to night: I shall beseech your Lordship to remain with me 'till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Enter Clown.

Clo. O Madam, yonder's my Lord your Son with a patch of velvet on's face; whether there be a scar under't, or no, the velvet knows, but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet; his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Count. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour. So, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonado'd face.

Laf. Let us go see your Son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble Soldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em with delicate fine hats and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

A C T V.

SCENE, *the Court of France, at*
Marseilles.

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana, with two
Attendants.

HELENA.

BUT this exceeding Posting day and night
 Must wear your spirits low; we cannot help it.
 But since you've made the days and nights as
 one,
 To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs;
 Be bold, you do so grow in my requital,
 As nothing can unroot you. In happy time,——

Enter a Gentleman.

This man may help me to his Majesty's ear,
 If he would spend his power. God save you, Sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the Court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, Sir, that you are not fallen
 From the report that goes upon your goodness;
 And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions
 Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
 The use of your own virtues, for the which
 I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you
 To give this poor petition to the King,
 And aid me with that store of power you have,
 To come into his presence.

Gent. The King's not here.

Hel. Not here, Sir?

Gent.

Gent. Not, indeed.

He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. *All's well, that ends well* yet,
Tho' time seem so adverse, and means unfit:
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to *Roussillon*,
Whither I'm going.

Hel. I beseech you, Sir,
Since you are like to see the King before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I presume, shall render you no Blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find your self to be well thank'd,
What-e'er falls more. We must to horse again.
Go, go, provide. [Exeunt.

SCENE *changes to Roussillon.*

Enter Clown, and Parolles.

Par. **G**OOD Mr. *Levatch*, give my Lord *Lafew*
this letter; I have ere now, Sir, been bet-
ter known to you, when I have held familiarity with
fresher cloaths; (36) but I am now, Sir, muddied in
fortune's moat, and smell somewhat strong of her strong
displeasure.

Clo.

(36) *But I am now, Sir, muddied in Fortune's Mood, and smell some-
what strong of her strong Displeasure.*] *Fortune's Mood* is, without Que-
tion, good Sense, and very proper: and yet I verily believe, the Poet
wrote as I have restor'd in the Text; ——— in *Fortune's Moat*: because
the Clown in the very next Speech replies, *I will henceforth eat no Fish
of Fortune's büttering*, and again, when he comes to repeat *Parolles's* Pe-
tition to *Lafew*, — *that bath fall'n into the unclean Fishpond of her
Displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal.* And again, *Pray
you, Sir, use the Carp as you may, &c.* In all which Places, 'tis ob-
vious, a Moat, or Pond, is the Allusion. Besides, *Parolles* smelling
strong,

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's butt'ring. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, Sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, Sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, Sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! pr'ythee, stand away; a paper from fortune's close-stool, to give to a Nobleman! look, here he comes himself.

Enter Lafeu.

Here is a pur of fortune's, Sir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat;) that hath fall'n into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal. Pray you, Sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. (37) I do pity his distress in my Similes of comfort, and leave him to your Lordship.

Par. My Lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you play'd the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of her self is a good Lady, and would not have

strong, as he says, of Fortune's strong Displeasure, carries on the same Image: For as the *Moats* round old Seats were always replenish'd with Fish, so the Clown's joke of holding his Nose, we may presume, proceeded from This—— because *la Chambre basse* was always over the Moat: and therefore the Clown humourously says, when *Parolles* is pressing him to deliver his Letter to Lord *Lafeu*. —— *Foh! pr'ythee, stand away: A Paper from Fortune's Closetool, to give to a Nobleman!*

(37) *I do pity his Distress in my Smiles of Comfort.*] This very humorous Passage my Friend Mr. *Warburton* rescued from Nonsense most happily, by the Insertion of a single Letter, in the Manner I have reform'd the Text. These *Similes* of Comfort are ironically meant by the Clown; as much as to say, you may perceive, how much I think he deserves Comfort, by my calling him *Fortune's Cat, Carp, rascally Knave, &c.*

knaves

knaves thrive long under her? there's a *Quart-d'ecu* for you: let the Justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour, to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't, save your word.

Par. My name, my good Lord, is *Parolles*.

Laf. You beg more than one word then. Cox' my passion! give me your hand: how does your drum?

Par. O my good Lord, you were the first, that found me.

Laf. Was I, insooth? and I was the first, that lost thee.

Par. It lyes in you, my Lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the Devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Sound Trumpets.*] The King's coming, I know, by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had talk of you last night; tho' you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*]

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, Lafeu, the two French Lords, with attendants.

King. We lost a jewel of her, (38) our esteem
Was made much poorer by it; but your Son,

(38) ————— our Esteem

Was made much poorer by it: —] What's the Meaning of the King's Esteem being made poorer by the Loss of *Helen*? I think, it can only be understood in one Sense; and That Sense won't carry Water: i. e. We suffer'd in our Estimation by her Loss. But how so? Did the King contribute to her Misfortunes? Nothing like it. Or did he not do all in his Power to prevent them? Yes; he married *Bertram* to her. We must certainly read therefore;

We lost a Jewel of her; our Estate

Was made much poorer by it:

That's the certain Consequence of any one's losing a Jewel, for their Estate to be made proportionably poorer according to the Value of the Loss.

Mr. Warburton.

As

As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my Liege;
And I beseech your Majesty to make it
(39) Natural rebellion, done i'th' blade of youth,
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd Lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Tho' my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say,
But first I beg my pardon; the young Lord
Did to his Majesty, his Mother, and his Lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all. He lost a Wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the Survey
Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;
Whose dear perfection, hearts, that scorn'd to serve,
Humbly call'd Mistress.

King. Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear. Well ——— call him
hither;
We're reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill.
All repetition: let him not ask our pardon.
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
Th' incensing relicks of it. Let him approach,

(39) *Natural Rebellion, done i'th' blade of Youth,*] If this Reading be genuine, the Metaphor must be from any Grain, or Plant, taking Fire: but, I own, it seems more in *Shakespeare's* way of Thinking to suppose He wrote;

Natural Rebellion, done i'th' blaze of Youth,

i. e. in the Fervour, Flame, &c. So He has express'd himself, upon a like Occasion, in *Hamlet*,

————— *I do know,*
When the Blood burns, how prodigal the Soul
Lends the Tongue Vows. These Blazes, O my Daughter, &c.

And so, again, in his *Troilus and Cressida*;

For Hector, in his Blaze of Wrath, subscribes
To tender Objects. ———

A stranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my Liege.

King. What says he to your Daughter? Have you spoke?

Laf. All, that he is, hath reference to your Highness.

King. Then shall we have a Match. I have letters sent me,
That set him high in fame.

Enter Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I'm not a day of season,
For thou may'st see a sun-shine and a hail
In me at once; but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented Blames,
Dear Sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole,
Not one word more of the consumed time,
Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them. You remember
The Daughter of this Lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my Liege. At first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stoll'n,
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object: thence it came,
Than she, whom all men prais'd, and whom my self,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King.

King. Well excus'd:—

That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
From the great 'compt; but Love, that comes too late,
Like a remorseful Pardon slowly carried,
To the great Sender turns a sowre offence,
Crying, that's good that is gone: our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their Grave.
Oft our displeasures, to our selves unjust,
Destroy our Friends, and, after, weep their dust:
Our own love, waking, cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet *Helen's* knell; and now, forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair *Maudlin*,
The main consents are had, and here we'll stay
To see our Widower's second marriage-day:

Count. (40) Which better than the first, O dear
heav'n, bless,

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!

Laf. Come on, my Son, in whom my House's Name
Must be digested: give a favour from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my Daughter,
That she may quickly come. By my old beard,
And ev'ry hair that's on't, *Helen*, that's dead,
Was a sweet Creature: such a ring as this,
The last that e'er she took her leave at Court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Her's it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it. For mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't:
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it *Helen*,
I bad her, if her fortunes ever stood

(40) *Which better than the first, O dear Heav'n, bless,*

Or, e'er they meet, in me, O Nature, cease!] I have ventur'd
against the Authority of the printed Copies, to prefix the *Countess's* Name
to these two Lines. The King appears, indeed, to be a Favourer of
Bertram: but if *Bertram* should make a bad Husband the second Time,
why should it give the King such mortal Pangs? A fond and disappointed
Mother might reasonably not desire to live to see such a Day: and from
her the Wish of dying, rather than to behold it, comes with Propriety.

Necessitied

Necessitated to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her
Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious Sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never her's.

Count. Son, on my life,
I've seen her wear it, and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I'm sure, I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my Lord, she never saw it;
In *Florence* was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the Name
Of her that threw it: (41) Noble she was, and thought
I stood engag'd; but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceast
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. *Plutus* himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying Medicine,
Hath not in Nature's mystery more science,
Than I have in this ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas *Helen's*,
Whoever gave it you: then if you know,
That you are well acquainted with your self,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to your self in bed,
(Where you have never come) or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

(41) ——— noble She was, and thought

I stood engag'd; —] I don't understand this Reading; if We
are to understand, that She thought *Bertram* engag'd to her in Affection,
insnar'd by her Charms, this Meaning is too obscurely express'd. The
Context rather makes me believe, that the Poet wrote,

———— noble She was, and thought

I stood unengag'd;

i. e. unengaged: neither my Heart, nor Person, dispos'd of.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour,
And mak'st conject'ral fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out; if it should prove
That thou art so inhuman — 'twill not prove so —
And yet I know not — thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes my self, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring. Take him away.

[*Guards seize Bertram.*

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,
We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove,
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easie
Prove that I husbanded her bed in *Florence*,
Where yet she never was. [*Exit Bertram guarded.*

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I'm wrap'd in dismal thinkings.

Gent. Gracious Sovereign,
Whether I've been to blame or no, I know not:
Here's a petition from a *Florentine*,
Who hath for four or five Removes come short
To tender it her self. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor Suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage, and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your Highness with her self.

The King reads a Letter.

Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his Wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the Count Roufillon a Widower, his vows are forfeited to me, and my Honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to this Country for justice: grant it me, O King, in you it best lyes; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor Maid is undone.

Diana Capulet.

Laf.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a Fair, and toll for him. For this, I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, *Lafeu*,
To bring forth this discov'ry. Seek these suitors:
Go speedily, and bring again the Count.

Enter Bertram.

I am afraid, the life of *Helen* (Lady)
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now justice on the doers!

King. I wonder, Sir, wives are so monstrous to you,
And that you fly them as you swear to them;
Yet you desire to wed. What Woman's that?

Enter Widow, and Diana.

Dia. I am, my Lord, a wretched *Florentine*,
Derived from the ancient *Capulet*;
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her Mother, Sir, whose Age and Honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease without your remedy.

King. Come hither, Count; do you know these Wo-
men?

Ber. My Lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them; do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your Wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my Lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heav'n's vows, and those are mine;
You give away my self, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she, which marries you, must marry me,
Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation comes too short for my Daugh-
ter, you are no husband for her. [To Bertram.]

Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and desp'rate Creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your High-
ness

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to
friend,

'Till your deeds gain them fairer: prove your honour,
Then in my thought it lies.

Dia. Good my Lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my Lord;
And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my Lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price.
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel: yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o'th' camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis his:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gemm
(42) Conferr'd by Testament to th' sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his Wife,
That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought, you said,
You saw one here in Court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my Lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an instrument; his name's *Parolles*.

(42) *Conferr'd by Testament to th' subsequent Issue.*] This is only the
Reading, I think, of the last Editor. I might say, *This in Mr. Pope's
Ear is a Verse*, — to return him one of his Civilities: but I'll content
myself with observing, that all the genuine Copies read;

Conferr'd by Testament to th' sequent Issue,
So, before, in this Play;

Indeed, your O Lord, Sir, — is very sequent to your whipping.
So, in *Troilus and Cressida*;

*But be thou true, say I, to fashion in
My sequent Protestation:*

So, in *Hamlet*.

————— *now. the next Day*
Was our Sea fight; and What to this was sequent,
Thou know'st already.

And in many other Instances, that might be quoted.

Laf. I saw the man to day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o'th' world, tax'd and debosh'd,
Which Nature sickens with: but to speak truth,
Am I or that or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think, she has; certain it is, I lik'd her,
And boarded her i'th' wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint;
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy: and in fine,
Her insuit coming with her modern grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate: she got the ring;
And I had That, which any Inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient:

You, that turn'd off a first so noble Wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a Husband,)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like the same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter Parolles.

Ber. My Lord, I do confess, the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts
you: —

Is this the man you speak of?

Dia. It is, my Lord.

King. Tell me, Sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your Master,
Which on your just proceeding I'll keep off;
By him and by this Woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your Majesty, my Master hath been an honourable Gentleman. Tricks he hath had in him, which Gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose; did he love this Woman?

Par. 'Faith, Sir, he did love her; but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, Sir, as a Gentleman loves a Woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He lov'd her, Sir, and lov'd her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave; what an equivocal companion is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your Majesty's Command.

Laf. He's a good Drum, my Lord, but a naughty Orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promis'd me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your Majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he lov'd her: for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what; yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would derive me ill will to speak of; therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married; but thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore stand aside. This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good Lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia.

Dia. It was not given me, nor did I buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This Woman's an easie glove, my Lord, she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his first Wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for ought I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now,
To prison with her: and away with him.
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my Liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Dia. By *Jove*, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty;
He knows, I am no Maid, and he'll swear to't;
I'll swear, I am a Maid, and he knows not.
Great King, I am no Strumpet, by my life;
I'm either Maid, or else this old Man's Wife.

[*Pointing to Lafeu.*

King. She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

Dia. Good Mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal Sir,
[*Ex. Widow.*

The Jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this Lord, [To Bert.
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
Tho' yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.
He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his Wife with child;
Dead tho' she be, she feels her young one kick:
So there's my Riddle, one that's dead is quick.
And now behold the meaning.

Enter Helena, and Widow.

King. Is there no Exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real, that I see?

Hel. No, my good Lord,
'Tis but a shadow of a Wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, Both; oh, pardon!

Hel. Oh, my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,
I found you wond'rous kind; there is your ring,
And look you, here's your letter: this it says,
*When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child, &c.* This is done.
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If she, my Liege, can make me know this
clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly Divorce step between me and you!
O, my dear Mother, do I see you living?

[To the Countess.]

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon:
Good *Tom Drum*, lend me a handkerchief, *[To Parolles.]*
So, I thank thee, wait on me home. I'll make sport
with thee: let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy
ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow:
If thou beest yet a fresh uncropped flower, *[To Diana.]*
Chuse thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess, that by thy honest aid,
Thou kept'st a Wife her self, thy self a Maid.
Of that and all the progress more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express:
All yet seems well, and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet. *[Exeunt.]*



E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by the KING.

THE King's a beggar, now the Play is done:
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day;
Ours be your Patience then, and yours our Parts,
Your gentle Hands lend us, and take our Hearts.



THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON

IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

BY JOHN VAUGHAN

IN TWO VOLUMES. THE SECOND VOLUME.

OR

WHAT YOU WILL

James Johnson

THE
MUSIC
OF
THE
MUSIC

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,
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OR,
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WHAT YOU WILL

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Dramatis Personæ.

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*

Sebastian, *a young Gentleman, Brother to Viola.*

Antonio, *a Sea-captain, Friend to Sebastian.*

Valentine, }
Curio, } *Gentlemen, attending on the Duke.*

Sir Toby Belch, *Uncle to Olivia.*

Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, *a foolish Knight, pretending to Olivia.*

A Sea-captain, Friend to Viola.

Fabian, *Servant to Olivia.*

Malvolio, *a fantastical Steward to Olivia.*

Clown, Servant to Olivia.

Olivia, *a Lady of great beauty and fortune, belov'd by the Duke.*

Viola, *in love with the Duke.*

Maria, *Olivia's Woman.*

Priest, Sailors, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *a City on the Coast of Illyria.*

TWELFTH.



TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

A C T I.

SCENE, *the* PALACE.

Enter the Duke, Curio, and Lords.

D U K E.

IF Musick be the food of Love, play on;
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That Strain again; — it had a dying Fall:
O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet
That breathes upon a bank of violets, [south,
Stealing, and giving odour. Enough! — no more;
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of Love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch so'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute; (1) so full of shapes in fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.

Cur.

(1) ————— *so full of Shapes is Fancy,*
That it alone is high fantastical.] Shakespeare has made his *Polo-*
nus (a Character, which he design'd should be receiv'd with Laughter) say;
————— *for*

Cur. Will you go hunt, my Lord?

Duke. What, *Curio*?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have :
O, when my eyes did see *Olivia* first,
Methought, she purg'd the air of pestilence ;
That instant was I turn'd into a hart,
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me. How now, what news from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her hand-maid do return this answer :
The element it self, 'till seven years hence,
Shall not behold her face at ample view ;
But, like a Cloystrefs, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine : all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, She, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a Brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her ? when liver, brain, and heart,
These sov'raign Thrones, are all supply'd, and fill'd,

————— for to define true Madness,

What is't, but to be Nothing else but mad,

But there is no Parity of Reason why his Duke here, who is altogether serious, and moralizing on the Qualities of Love, should tell us, that *Fancy* is alone the most *fantastical* Thing imaginable. I am persuaded, the Alteration of *is* into *in* has given us the Poet's genuine Meaning ; that *Love* is most *fantastical*, in being so variable in its *Fancies*. And *Shakespeare* every where supposes this to be the distinguishing Characteristic of this Passion. In his *As You like it*, where What it is to be in Love is defin'd, amongst other Marks we have This ;

It is to be all made of Fantasie.

And in the same Play, *Rosalind*, speaking of her Lover, says ;

————— *If I could meet that Fancy-monger, I would give him some good Counsel, for he seems to have the Quotidian of Love upon him.*

And a hundred other Passages might be quoted, did the Matter require any Proof.

Mr. Warburton.

Her

Her sweet perfections, with one self-same King!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with bowers.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Viola, a Captain and Sailors.

Vio. WHAT Country, friends, is this?
Cap. *Illyria*, Lady.

Vio. And what should I do in *Illyria*?
My Brother he is in *Elyfium*.—

Perchance, he is not drown'd; what think you, sailors?

Cap. It is perchance, that you your self were sav'd.

Vio. O my poor Brother! so, perchance, may he be.

Cap. True, Madam: and to comfort you with
chance,

Affure your self, after our Ship did split,
When you, and that poor number sav'd with you,
Hung on our driving Boat: I saw your Brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and Hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like *Arion* on the Dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold.
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this Country?

Cap. Ay, Madam, well; for I was bred and born,
Not three hours travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. *Orsino*.

Vio. *Orsino*! I have heard my Father name him:
He was a Batchelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,

And

And then 'twas fresh in murmur (as you know,
 What Great ones do, the less will prattle of)
 That he did seek the love of fair *Olivia*.

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous Maid, the Daughter of a Count,
 That dy'd some twelve months since, then leaving her
 In the protection of his Son, her Brother,
 Who shortly also dy'd; for whose dear love,
 They say, she hath abjur'd the fight
 And company of men.

Vio. O, that I serv'd that Lady,
 And might not be deliver'd to the world,
 'Till I had made mine own occasion mellow
 What my estate is!

Cap. That were hard to compass;
 Because she will admit no kind of suit,
 No, not the Duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, Captain;
 And tho' that Nature with a beauteous wall
 Doth oft close in pollution; yet of thee,
 I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
 With this thy fair and outward character:
 I pr'ythee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
 Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
 For such disguise as, haply, shall become
 The form of my intent. I'll serve this Duke;
 Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,
 It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
 And speak to him in many sorts of musick,
 That will allow me very worth his service.
 What else may hap, to time I will commit;
 Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his Eunuch, and your Mute I'll be:
 When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thank thee; lead me on.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE, *an Apartment in Olivia's House.*

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. **W**HAT a plague means my Neice, to take the death of her Brother thus? I am sure, Care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, *Sir Toby*, you must come in earlier a-nights; your Neice, my Lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except, before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine your self within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine my self no finer than I am; these cloaths are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you; I heard my Lady talk of it yesterday, and of a foolish Knight that you brought in one night here, to be her Wooer?

Sir To. Who, *Sir Andrew Ague-cheek*?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in *Illyria*.

Mar. What's that to th' purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o'th' viol-de-gambo, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of Nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed, — almost natural; for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a Grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and subtractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar.

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my Neice: I'll drink to her as long as there's a passage in my throat, and Drink in *Illyria*. He's a coward, and a coystril, that will not drink to my Neice 'till his brains turn o'th' toe like a parish top. What, Wench? *Castiliano vulgo*; for here comes Sir *Andrew Ague-cheek*.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Sir *Toby Belch*! how now, Sir *Toby Belch*?

Sir To. Sweet Sir *Andrew*!

Sir And. Bless you, fair Shrew.

Mar. And you too, Sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir *Andrew*, accost.——

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My Neice's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good Mistrefs *Accost*, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is *Mary*, Sir.

Sir And. Good Mistrefs *Mary Accost*,——

Sir To. You mistake, Knight: accost, is, front her, board her, wooe her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of *accost*?

Mar. Fare you well, Gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let her part so, Sir *Andrew*, would thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, Mistrefs, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair Lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by th' hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have, and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, Sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to th' buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, Sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so : I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, Sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, Sir, I have them at my fingers ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[Exit Maria.]

Sir To. O Knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think, unless you see canary put me down: methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary Man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought That, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to morrow; *Sir Toby.*

Sir To. *Pourquoy*, my dear Knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy*? do, or not do? I would, I had bestowed that time in the Tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. (2) O, had I but follow'd the Arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would That have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for, thou seest, it will not curl by Nature.

Sir

(2) *Sir And.* ——— O, had I but follow'd the Arts!

Sir To. Then had'st thou had an excellent head of Hair.

Sir And. Why, would That have mended my Hair?

Sir To. Past Question; for thou seest it will not cool my Nature.]

Prodigious Sagacity! and yet thus it has pass'd down thro' all the printed Copies. We cannot enough admire that happy Indolence of Mr. Pope, which can acquiesce in transmitting to us such Stuff for genuine Sense and Argument. The Dialogue is of a very light Strain, 'tis certain, betwixt two foolish Knights: but yet I would be very glad to know, methinks, what *Sir Andrew's* following the Arts, or his Hair being mended, could have to do with the cooling, or not cooling, *Sir Toby's* Nature. But my Emendation clears up all this Absurdity: And the Context is an unexceptionable Confirmation.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent! It hangs like Flax on a Distaff, &c.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent! it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a House-wife take thee between her Legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to morrow, *Sir Toby*; your Neice will not be seen, or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the Duke himself here, hard by, woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o'th' Duke, she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o'th' strangest mind i'th' world: I delight in masks and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, Knight?

Sir And. As any man in *Illyria* whatsoever he be, under the degree of my Betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a Galliard, Knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in *Illyria*.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like *Mistress Mall's* Picture? why dost thou not go to church in a Galliard, and come home in a Coranto? my very walk should be a Jig! I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace: what dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did

I cannot pass over the remarkable Conundrum betwixt *Sir Andrew* wishing he had follow'd the *Arts*, and *Sir Toby's* Application of This to the using *Art* in improving his *Hair*: because I would observe, what Variety and what a Contrast of Character the Poet has preserv'd in this Pair of ridiculous Knights. *Sir Toby* has moderate natural Parts, and a smattering of Education; which makes him always to be running his Wit, and gives him a Predominance over the other. *Sir Andrew* is a Blockhead by Nature, and unimprov'd by any Acquirements from Art; and so is made the very Anvil to Impoition and Ridicule.

think,

think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the Star of a Galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd Stocking. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under *Taurus*?

Sir And. *Taurus*? that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, Sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper; ha! higher: ha, ha! — excellent.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to the Palace.*

Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire.

Val. IF the Duke continue these favours towards you, *Cesario*, you are like to be much advanc'd; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, Sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you: here comes the Duke.

Duke. Who saw *Cesario*, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my Lord, here.

Duke. Stand you a while aloof. — *Cesario*,

Thou know'st no less, but all: I have unclasp'd

To thee the book even of my secret soul.

Therefore, good youth, address thy gate unto her;

Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors,

And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow

'Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble Lord,

If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow

As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited Return.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my Lord; what then?

Duke. O, then, unfold the passion of my love,
Surprize her with discourse of my dear faith;
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a Nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my Lord.

Duke. Dear Lad, believe it:
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say, thou art a man: *Diana's* lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the Maiden's organ, shrill, and sound,
And all is semblative a Woman's part.
I know, thy Constellation is right apt
For this affair: some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I my self am best
When least in company. Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy Lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best
To woo your Lady; yet, a barrfull strife!
Who-e'er I woo, my self would be his Wife. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to Olivia's House.

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. **N**AY, either tell me where thou hast been,
or I will not open my lips so wide as a
bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse; my Lady will
hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me; he, that is well hang'd in
this world, needs fear no colours.

Mar. Make That good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where
that Saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good Mistress *Mary*?

Mar.

Mar. In the wars, and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent, or be turn'd away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Marry, a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute then?

Clo. Not so neither, but I am resolv'd on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if Both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt: well, go thy way, if Sir *Toby* would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of *Eve's* flesh as any in *Illyria*.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o'that: here comes my Lady; make your excuse wisely, you were best.

[*Exit.*

Enter Olivia, and Malvolio.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling! those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man. For what says *Quinapalus*, Better a witty fool than a foolish wit. God bless thee, Lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows, take away the Lady.

Oli. Go to, y'are a dry fool; I'll no more of you; besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, *Madona*, that Drink and good Counsel will amend; for give the dry fool Drink, then is the fool not dry: Bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing, that's mended, is but patch'd; virtue, that transgresses, is but patch'd with sin; and sin, that amends, is but patch'd with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if

it will not, what remedy? as there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower: the Lady bad take away the fool, therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bad them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree. — Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain: good *Madona*, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterously, good *Madona*.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, *Madona*; good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, Sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good *Madona*, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think, his soul is in hell, *Madona*.

Oli. I know, his soul is in heav'n, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, *Madona*, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heav'n: take away the fool, Gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, *Malvolio*, doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do, 'till the pangs of death shake him. Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make better the fool.

Clo. God send you, Sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir *Toby* will be sworn, that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two pence, that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, *Malvolio*?

Mal. I marvel, your Ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagg'd. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow to at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools *Zanies*.

Oli.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, *Malvolio*, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now *Mercury* indue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools!

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young Gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count *Orsino*, is it?

Mar. I know not, Madam, 'tis a fair young Man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir *Toby*, Madam, your Uncle.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you, he speaks nothing but Madman: fie on him! Go you, *Malvolio*; if it be a suit from the Count, I am sick, or not at home: What you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit Malvolio.*] Now you see, Sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, *Madona*, as if thy eldest Son should be a fool: whose scull *Jove* cram with brains, for here comes one of thy Kin has a most weak *Pia mater*! —

Enter Sir Toby.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, Uncle?

Sir To. A Gentleman.

Oli. A Gentleman? what Gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a Gentleman. Here, — — [*belches.*] A plague o' these pickle herring! how now, sot?

Clo. Good Sir *Toby*, —

Oli. Uncle, Uncle, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Letchery, I defie letchery : there's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry, what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil and he will, I care not : give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [Ex.]

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman : one draught above heat makes him a fool ; the second mads him ; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the Coroner, and let him sit o' my Uncle ; for he's in the third degree of drink ; he's drown'd ; go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, *Madona*, and the fool shall look to the madman. [Ex. Clown.]

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young Fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him, you were sick ; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him, you were asleep ; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, Lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so ; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a Sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind o' man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manners ; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy ; as a squash is before 'tis a pealcod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple : 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly ; one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli.

Oli. Let him approach: call in my Gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my Lady calls. [Exit.

Enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face;
We'll once more hear *Orfino's* embassy.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable Lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her: your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable Beauty—— I pray you, tell me, if this be the Lady of the house, for I never saw her. I would be loth to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good Beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, Sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that Question's out of my Part. Good gentle One, give me modest assurance, if you be the Lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a Comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I swear, I am not That I play. Are you the Lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp my self, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp your self; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve; but this is from my Commission. I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feign'd. I pray you, keep it in. I heard, you were sawcy at my gates; and I allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than
to

to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of the moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, Sir? here lyes your way.

Vio. No, good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your Giant, sweet Lady: tell me your mind, I am a Messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the curtesie of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace, as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness, that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head; to your ears, divinity; to any other's, prophanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone. [*Exit Maria.*] We will hear this divinity. Now, Sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet Lady,——

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lyes your text?

Vio. In *Orsino's* bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? in what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresie. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good Madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your Lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture. (3) Look you, Sir, such a one I wear this present: is't not well done?

[*Unveiling.*
Vio.

(3) *Look you, Sir, such a one I was this present: is't not well done?* This is Nonsense. My Correction, I think, clears all up, and gives the Expression an Air of Gallantry. *Viola* presses to see *Olivia's* Face: The other

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, Sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis Beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st She alive,
If you will lead these graces to the Grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, Sir, I will not be so hard-hearted: I will give out diverse schedules of my Beauty. It shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labell'd to my will. As, *Item*, two lips indifferent red. *Item*, two grey eyes, with lids to them. *Item*, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you, what you are; you are too proud;
But if you were the Devil, you are fair.
My Lord and Master loves you: O, such love
Could be but recompenc'd, tho' you were crown'd
The Non-pareil of Beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot love him;

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd; free, learn'd, and valiant;
And in dimension, and the shape of Nature,
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him:
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my Master's flame,
With such a suff'ring, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.

other at length pulls off her Veil, and says; *We will draw the Curtain, and shew you the Picture.* I wear this Complection to day, I may wear another to morrow; jocularly intimating, that She painted. The Other, next at the Jeast, says, "Excellently done, if God did all." Perhaps, it may be true, what you say in jeast: otherwise 'tis an excellent Face.

'Tis in Grain, &c. replies *Olivia.*

Mr. Warburton.

Oli.

Oli. Why, what would you do?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal Canto's of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
(4) Hollow your name to the reverberant hills,
And make the babbling Gossip of the Air
Cry out, *Olivia!* O you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much:
What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a Gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your Lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it; fare you well:
I thank you for your pains; spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:
My master, not my self, lacks recompence.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love,
And let your fervour, like my Master's, be
Plac'd in contempt! farewell, fair Cruelty. [Exit.

Oli. What is your parentage?
Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: —
I am a Gentleman — I'll be sworn thou art.
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon — not too fast — soft!
soft!

Unless the master were the man. — How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the Plague?
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtile stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be —
What ho, *Malvolio,* —

(4) *Hollow your Name to the reverberate Hills,*] I have, against the Authority of the printed Copies, corrected, *reverberant*. The Adjective Passive makes Nonsense.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, Madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish Messenger,
The Duke's man; he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not: tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his Lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hye thee, *Malvolio.*

Mal. Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*

Oli. I do, I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind:
Fate, shew thy force; our selves we do not owe;
What is decreed; must be; and be this so! [*Exit.*

A C T II.

SCENE, *the* STREET.

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

A N T O N I O.

WILL you stay no longer? nor will you
not, that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars
shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my Fate
might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore I shall crave
of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone. It
were a bad recompence for your love, to lay any of
them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are
bound.

Seb. No, sooth, Sir; my determinate voyage is meer
extravagancy: but I perceive in you so excellent a
touch

touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express my self: you must know of me then, *Antonio*, my name is *Sebastian*, which I call'd *Rodorigo*; my Father was That *Sebastian* of *Messaline*, whom, I know, you have heard of. He left behind him, my self, and a Sister, both born in one hour; if the heav'ns had been pleas'd, would we had so ended! but you, Sir, alter'd That; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my Sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A Lady, Sir, tho' it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but tho' I could not with such estimable wonder over-far believe That, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drown'd already, Sir, with salt water, tho' I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, Sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good *Antonio*, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once; my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Duke *Orsino's* Court; farewell. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the Gods go with thee!
I have made enemies in *Orsino's* Court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

Enter Viola and Malvolio, at several doors.

Mal. Were not you e'en now with the Countess *Olivio*?

Vio.

Vio. Even now, Sir ; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, Sir ; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away your self. She adds moreover, that you should put your Lord into a desperate assurance, she will none of him. And one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your Lord's taking of this : receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me, I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, Sir, you peevishly threw it to her, and her will is, it should be so return'd : if it be worth stooping for, there it lyes in your eye ; if not, be it his that finds it. [Exit.

Vio. I left no ring with her ; what means this Lady ? Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her ! She made good view of me ; indeed, so much, That, sure, methought, her eyes had lost her tongue ; For she did speak in Starts distractedly : She loves me, sure ; the cunning of her passion Invites me in this churlish messenger. None of my Lord's ring ? why, he sent her none. I am the man — If it be so, (as, 'tis ;) Poor Lady, she were better love a Dream. Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness, Wherein the pregnant enemy does much. How easie is it, for the proper false In womens waxen hearts to set their forms ! Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we, For such as we are made, if such we be. How will this fadge ? my Master loves her dearly, And I, poor monster, fond as much on him ; And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me : What will become of this ? as I am man, My state is desperate for my Master's love ; As I am woman, (now, alas the day !) What thriftless sighs shall poor *Olivia* breathe ? O time, thou must untangle this, not I ; It is too hard a knot for me t'unty. [Exit.

SCENE

SCENE changes to Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Approach, *Sir Andrew*: not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *Diluculo surgere*, thou know'st,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion: I hate it, as an unfill'd Can; to be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

Sir And. Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Th'art a scholar, let us therefore eat and drink. *Maria!* I say! — a stoop of wine.

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? did you never see the picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome, ass; now let's have a Catch.

Sir And. (5) By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. Insooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night,

(5) *By my Troth, the Fool has an excellent Breast.*] I have been advis'd to read, *Breath*, here. But the Text is, certainly, right without any Alteration. The Allusion is not to the Clown having a white Skin, but a good Power in singing. It was a Phrase in Vogue, in our Author's Time. In a *Spanish Vocabulary*, printed in Queen Elizabeth's Reign, *Aquel tiene linda voz* is thus expounded; *He has a good Breast; i. e.* as we now say, good Lungs, to hold out in singing. So *Ben Jonson*, in his Masque of *Gipsies metamorphos'd*;

An excellent Song, and a sweet Songster, and would have done rarely in a Cage, with a Dish of Water and Hempseed; fine Breast of his own! And *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, in their *Pilgrim*;

Pray you, stay a little: Let's hear him sing, 'Was a fine Breast.

when

when thou spok'st of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* passing the Equinoctial of *Queubus*: 'twas very good, i'faith: (6) I sent thee Six-pence for thy *Leman*, hadst it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for *Malvolio's* nose is no whip-stock. My Lady has a white hand, and the *Myrmidons* are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent: why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a Song.——

Sir To. Come on, there's Six-pence for you. Let's have a Song.

Sir And. There's a teftril of me too; if one Knight give a——

Clo. Would you have a Love-song, or a Song of good life?

Sir To. A Love-song, a Love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay, I care not for good life.

Clown sings.

O Mistress mine, where are you roaming?

O stay and hear, your true Love's coming,

That can sing both high and low.

Trip no further, pretty Sweeting;

Journeys end in lovers meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i'faith!

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. *What is love? 'tis not hereafter:*

Present mirth hath present laughter:

(6) *I sent thee six pence for thy Lemon, hadst it.]* But the Clown was neither Pantler, nor Butler. The Poet's Word was certainly mistaken by the Ignorance of the Printers. I have restor'd, *leman*, i. e. I sent thee Sixpence to spend on thy Mistress. So, in *Merry Wives of Windsor*;

—— as *jealous as Ford*, that search'd a hollow *Walnut* for his *Wife's* *Leman*;

2 *Henr. IV.*

A Cup of Wine, that's brisk and fine,

And drink unto the Leman mine;

The Word was used indifferently, to signify, either a *Mistress*, or *Gallant*; as the Word, *Lower*, stood for Both Sexes.

*What's to come, is still unsure;
In Delay there lyes no plenty:
Then come kiss me, Sweet, and twenty:
Youth's a stuff will not endure.*

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am a true Knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcēt in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance, indeed?

(7) Shall we rouze the night-owl in a Catch, that will draw three souls out of one Weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am a dog at a Catch.

Clo. By'r Lady, Sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain; let our Catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. Hold thy peace, thou knave, Knight. I shall be constrain'd in't, to call thee knave, Knight.

(7) *Shall we rowze the Night-owl in a Catch, that will draw three Souls out of one Weaver?*] i. e. by which he shall be thrice transported, or equally transported with every one of us three Singers. As for *drawing out the Soul*, this is a Phrase, which, as it seems, our Author delights to use, to express the ravishing Power of Musick.

Much Ado about Nothing.

Now is his Soul ravish'd. Is it not strange that Sheeps' Guts should hale Souls out of Men's Bodies, &c.

But, perhaps, by mentioning *three Souls*, *Sir Toby* may be hinting at the *Peripatetic* Philosophy (the Learning then in Vogue,) which very liberally gave to every Man three Souls, the *Vegetative* or *Plastic*, the *Animal*, and the *Rational*. I would not imagine that *Shakespeare* had no further Drift in this, than either to expose that System, or make a Parade of his own Knowledge. Those, who are conversant in him, can't but observe, that he takes Delight on all Occasions to display the great Power and Force of Musick. And here, in the most extraordinary Manner, he conveys to Us the Idea of that Power in its full Extent as we receive it from poetical Relations. For in speaking of its Power, to draw the *three Souls* out of a Man, *viz.* the *Vegetative* or *Plastic*, the *Sensitive* or *Animal*, and the *Rational* or *Human*, he would insinuate to us all those surprising Effects of Musick that the Antients speak of, when they tell us of *Amphion* who mov'd Stones and Trees; *Orpheus* and *Arion*, who tam'd the Savages; and *Timothcus*, who govern'd as he pleas'd the Passions of his human Auditors, by the irresistible Force of Harmony. — So noble and extraordinary an Observation has our Author cover'd under the Ribaldry of a fantastick Character.

Mr. Warburton.

Sir

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith: come, begin.

[*They sing a Catch.*]

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here? if my Lady have not call'd up her steward, *Malvolio*, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My Lady's a *Catayan*, we are Politicians, *Malvolio's* a *Peg-a-Ramsay*, and *Three merry men be we.* Am not I consanguinous? am I not of her blood? *Tilly valley, Lady! there dwelt a man in Babylon, Lady, Lady.* [*Singing.*]

Clo. Beshrew me, the Knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be dispos'd, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O, the *twelfth day of December*, — [*Singing.*]

Mar. For the love o'God, peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My Masters, are you mad? or what are you? have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? do ye make an ale-house of my Lady's house, that ye squeak out your *Coziers Catches* without any mitigation or remorse of voice? is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, Sir, in our *Catches.* Sneek up! — [*Hiccoughs.*]

Mal. Sir *Toby*, I must be round with you. My Lady bade me tell you, that she harbours you as her Uncle, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate your self and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the House: if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. Farewel, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mal. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. His eyes do shew, his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go?

[Singing.

Clo. What, an if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o'time, Sir? ye lie: art thou any more than a steward? dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint *Anne*; and ginger shall be hot i'th' mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i'th' right. Go, Sir, rub your chain with crums. A stoop of wine, *Maria*. —

Mal. Mistrefs *Mary*, if you priz'd my Lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil Rule; she shall know of it, by this hand. [Exit.

Mar. Go, shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field, and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, Knight, I'll write thee a Challenge: or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to night; since the youth of the Duke's was to day with my Lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur *Malvolio*, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nay-word, and make him a common recreation, do not think, I have wit enough to lye straight in my bed: I know, I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us, tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, Sir, sometimes he is a kind of a Puritan.

Sir

Sir And. O, if I thought That, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear Knight.

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The Devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser; an affection'd ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths. The best persuaded of himself: So cram'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love, wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gate, the expreffure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my Lady your Neice; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent, I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think by the letters, that thou wilt drop, that they come from my Neice, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my Physick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the Fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it: for this night to bed, and dream on the event. Farewel. [Exit,

Sir To. Good night, *Penthisilea*.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me; what o'that?

Sir And. I was ador'd once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, Knight: thou hadst need send for more mony.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your Neice, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for mony, Knight; if thou hast her not i'th'end, call me Cur.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn some Sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, Knight; come, Knight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace.*

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Duke. **G**IVE me some musick; now, good morrow, friends:

Now, good *Cesario*, but that piece of Song,
That old and antique Song, we heard last night;
Methought, it did relieve my Passion much;
More than light Airs, and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced Times.
Come, but one Verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your Lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. *Feste* the Jester, my Lord, a Fool that the Lady *Olivia's* Father took much delight in. He is about the House.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Ex. Curio.* [*Musick.*

Come hither, boy; if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me;
For such as I am, all true Lovers are;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the Creature
That is belov'd. How dost thou like this Tune?

Vio. It gives a very Echo to the Seat
Where Love is thron'd.

Duke.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly.
My life upon't, young tho' thou art, thine eye
Hath staid upon some favour that it loves:
Hath it not, Boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of Woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years,
i'faith?

Vio. About your years, my Lord.

Duke. Too old, by heav'n; let still the Woman take
An elder than her self, so wears she to him;
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, Boy, however we do praise our selves,
Our Fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than Women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my Lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thy self,
Or thy affection cannot hold the Bent:
For Women are as roses, whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so,
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Enter Curio and Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come; the Song we had last night.—
Mark it, *Cesario*, it is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the Sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it: it is silly Sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old Age.

Clo. Are you ready, Sir?

Duke. I pr'ythee, sing.

[*Musick.*]

S O N G.

Come away, come away, Death,
 And in sad cypress let me be laid;
 Fly away, fly away, breath,
 I am slain by a fair cruel Maid.
 My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
 O, prepare it.
 My part of death no one so true
 Did share it.

Not a Flower, not a Flower sweet,
 On my black Coffin let there be strown:
 Not a Friend, not a Friend greet
 My poor corps, where my bones shall be thrown.
 A thousand thousand sighs to save,
 Lay me, O! where
 True Lover never find my Grave,
 To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, Sir; I take pleasure in singing, Sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, Sir, and pleasure will be paid one time or other.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now the melancholy God protect thee, and the Taylor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very Opal! (8) I would have Men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where; for that's it, that

(8) *I would have Men of such Constancy put to Sea, that their Business might be every where, and their Intent every where, &c.*] Mr. Warburton suspects this Place to have suffer'd under the Indolence of Editors: and therefore, tho' I have not disturb'd the Text, I think it very proper to subjoin his Emendation, and Reasons for it.

“ Not only the *Antithesis* (which is no mean Consideration, when the Question is on *Shakespeare's* Writings;) but the Sense requires, we should read;

that their Business might be every where, and their Intent no where, &c.

“ Because,

that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Fare-
wel. [Exit.

Duke. Let all the rest give place. Once more, *Ce-
sario,*

Get thee to yond same sovereign Cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty Lands;
The Parts, that Fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as Fortune:
But 'tis that Miracle, and Queen of Gems,
That Nature pranks her in, attracts my Soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, Sir,——

Duke. It cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you must.

Say, that some Lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for *Olivia*: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no Woman's Sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,
As Love doth give my heart: no Woman's heart
So big to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite:
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffers surfeit, cloyment; and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much; make no Compare
Between that love a Woman can bear me,
And that I owe *Olivia*.

Vio. Ay, but I know——

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love Women to Men may owe;
In faith, they are as true of heart, as we.
My Father had a Daughter lov'd a Man,

“ Because, a Man, that suffers himself to run with every Wind, and so
“ makes his Business every where, cannot be said to have any *Intent*;
“ for that Word signifies a Determination of the Mind to Something.
“ Besides, the Conclusion, of *making a good Voyage out of Nothing*,——
“ evidently directs to this Emendation.

As it might be, perhaps, were I a Woman,
I should your Lordship.

Duke. And what's her History?

Vio. A Blank, my Lord: she never told her Love,
But let Concealment, like a worm i'th' bud,
Feed on her damask Cheek: (9) she pin'd in thought,
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a Monument,
Smiling at Grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We Men may say more, swear more, but, indeed,
Our shews are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But dy'd thy Sister of her love, my Boy?

Vio. I'm all the Daughters of my Father's House,
And all the Brothers too — and yet I know not —
Sir, shall I to this Lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this Jewel: say,
My love can give no place, bide no deny. [Exeunt.]

(9) ————— *She pined in Thought;*

And, with a green and yellow Melancholy,

She sat like Patience on a Monument,

Smiling at Grief.] This very fine Image, which has been so universally applauded, it is not impossible but our Author might originally have borrow'd from CHAUCER in his *Assembly of Fowles*.

And her besidis wonder discretlie,

Dame Pacience ysittinge there I fonde

With Facé pale, upon an hill of sonde.

If he was indebted, however, for the first rude Draught, how amply has he repaid that Debt in heightning the Picture! How much does the *green and yellow Melancholy* transcend the Old Bard's *Face pale*; the *Monument*, his *Hill of Sand*; and what an additional Beauty is, *smiling at Grief*, for which there are no Ground, nor Traces, in the Original! Our Author has given us this fine Picture again in another Place, but, to shew the Power and Extent of his Genius, with Features and Lineaments varied.

————— *yet Thou*

Do'st look like Patience, gazing on Kings 'Graves,

And smiling [barsb] Extremity out of Act.

Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

This absurd Old Play, I have elsewhere taken Notice, was not entirely of our Author's penning; but he has honour'd it with a Number of Master-Touches, so peculiar to himself, that a knowing Reader may with Ease and Certainty distinguish the Traces of his Pencil.

SCENE

SCENE changes to Olivia's Garden.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir To. C Ome thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man; you know, he brought me out of favour with my Lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue, shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it's pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain: how now, my nettle of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree; Malvolio's coming down this Walk, he has been yonder i'th' Sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this Letter will make a contemplative Ideot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! lye thou there; for here comes the Trout that must be caught with tickling. [Throws down a Letter, and Exit.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune, all is fortune. Maria once told me, She did affect me; and I have heard her self come thus near, that should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weaning rogue. —

Fab.

Fab. Oh, peace: contemplation makes a rare Turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanc'd plumes!

Sir And. 'Slife, I could so beat the rogue.

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count *Malvolio*, —

Sir Tob. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for't: the Lady of the *Strachy* married the Yeoman of the Wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, *Jezebel*!

Fab. O, peace, now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my State —

Sir To. O for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye! —

Mal. Calling my Officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come down from a day-bed, where I have left *Olivia* sleeping.

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace.

Mal. And then to have the humour of State; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them, I know my place, as I would They should do theirs — to ask for my Uncle *Toby* —

Sir To. Bolts and Shackles!

Fab. Oh, peace, peace, peace; now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people with an obedient start make out for him: I frown the while, and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. *Toby* approaches, curtsies there to me.

Sir To. Shall this Fellow live?

Fab. Tho' our silence be drawn from us with cares, yet, peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus; quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of controul.

Sir To. And does not *Toby* take you a Blow o'th' lips then?

Mal.

Mal. Saying, Uncle *Toby*, my fortunes having cast me on your Neice, give me this prerogative of speech—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your Drunkenness.

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish Knight —

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One Sir *Andrew*, —

Sir And. I knew, 'twas I; for many do call me Fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the Letter.*]

Fab. Now is the Woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. Oh peace! now the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my Lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's, and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: why that?

Mal. To the unknown below'd, this, and my good wishes; her very Phrases: By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her *Lucrece*, with which she uses to seal; 'tis my Lady: to whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. Jove knows I love, but who, lips do not move, no Man must know. No Man must know — what follows? the number's alter'd — no Man must know — if this should be thee, *Malvolio*?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, Brock!

Mal. I may command where I adore, but silence, like a *Lucrece* knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore, M. O. A. I.
doth sway my life.

Fab. A fustian riddle.

Sir To. Excellent Wench, say I.

Mal.

Mal. *M. O. A. I.* doth sway my life — nay, but first, let me see — let me see —

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dress'd him?

Sir To. And with what wing the stallion checks at it?

Mal. *I may command where I adore.* Why, she may command me: I serve her, she is my Lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this — and the end — what should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me? softly — *M. O. A. I.* —

Sir To. O, ay! make up that; he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't for all this, tho' it be as rank as a Fox.

Mal. *M.* — *Malvolio* — *M.* — why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. *M.* But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; That suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, *O*.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, and you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal. *M. O. A. I.* — this Simulation is not as the former — and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these Letters is in my name. Soft, here follows Prose — — *If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my Stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of Greatness; some are born Great, some atchieve Greatness, and some have Greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and to inure thy self to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a Kinsman, surly with Servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of State; put thy self into the trick of singularity. She thus advises*

advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow Stockings, and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd. I say, remember; go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so: if not, let me see thee a Steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewel. She, that would alter services with thee. The fortunate and happy day-light and champian discovers no more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politick Authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point devise, the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my Lady loves me. She did commend my yellow Stockings of late, she did praise my leg, being cross-garter'd, and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my Stars, I am happy: I will be strange, stout, in yellow Stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the Swiftness of putting on. *Jove*, and my Stars be praised! — Here is yet a Postscript. Thou canst not chuse but know who I am; if thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy Smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee. — *Jove*, I thank thee! I will smile, I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [Exit.

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this Wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter Maria.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble Gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy Bond-slave?

Sir

Sir And. I'faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true, does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like *Aqua vitæ* with a Midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my Lady: he will come to her in yellow Stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy, as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of *Tartar*; thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III.

SCENE, Olivia's Garden.

Enter Viola, and Clown.

V I O L A.

SAVE thee, Friend, and thy musick: dost thou live by thy Tabor?

Clo. No, Sir, I live by the Church.

Vio. Art thou a Churchman?

Clo. No such matter, Sir; I do live by the Church: for I do live at my House, and my House doth stand by the Church.

Vio. So thou may'st say, the King lyes by a Beggar, if a Beggar dwell near him: or the Church stands by thy Tabor, if thy Tabor stand by the Church.

Clo.

Clo. You have said, Sir : to see this age! — (10) A sentence is but a chev'ril glove to a good wit; how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward?

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my Sister had had no Name, Sir.

Vio. Why, Man?

Clo. Why, Sir, her Name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my Sister wanton; but, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy reason, Man?

Clo. Troth, Sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry Fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, Sir, I do care for something; but, in my conscience, Sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, Sir, I would, it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady *Olivia's* Fool?

Clo. No, indeed, Sir; the Lady *Olivia* has no folly; she will keep no Fool, Sir, 'till she be married; and Fools are as like Husbands, as Pilchers are to Herrings, the Husband's the bigger: I am, indeed, not her Fool, but her Corrupter of Words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Duke *Orsino's*:

(10) *A Sentence is but a Chev'ril glove to a good Wit;*] Mr. Pope, in his first Edition of *Shakespeare*, to shew the World the Depth of his Learning, inform'd us in a Gloss that *Cheveril* meant tender from *Cheverillus*, a young Cock, a Chick. But I never heard yet of any *Glove* or *Leather* made of a *Cockrel's* Skin; and believe, it will hardly come into Experiment in Mr. Pope's or my Time. The Etymology is therefore to be disputed. I shew'd in my *SHAKESPEARE Restor'd*, that *Cheveril* Leather is made of the Skin of a *Kid*, or *Goat*: which was call'd by the *LATINES*, *Caprillus*; by the *ITALIANS*, *Ciaverello*; and by the *FRENCH*, *Chevèreul*: from which last, our Word *Cheveril* is immediately deduced. Mr. Pope in his last Edition has suffer'd himself to be inform'd; and embraced these Derivations.

Clo. Foolery, Sir, does walk about the Orb like the Sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, Sir, but the fool should be as oft with your Master, as with my mistress: I think, I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

Clo. Now *Jove*, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, Sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play lord *Pandarus* of *Phrygia*, Sir, to bring a *Cressida* to this *Troilus*.

Vio. I understand you, Sir, 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, Sir; begging but a beggar: *Cressida* was a beggar. (11) My lady is within, Sir, I will conster to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, is out of my welkin; I might say, element; but the word is overworn. [Exit.

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool,
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of the persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a wise-man's art:
For folly, that he wisely shews, is fit;
But wise men's, folly fall'n, quite taints their wit.

(11) *Cressida was a Beggar.*] The Poet in this Circumstance undoubtedly had his Eye on CHAUCER's *Testament of Cresseide*. *Cupid*, to revenge her Prophanation against his Deity, calls in the planetary Gods to assist him in his Vengeance. They instantly turn her Mirth into Melancholy, her Health into Sicknes, her Beauty into Deformity, and in the End pronounce this Sentence upon her;

*Thus shalt thou go begging fro hous to hous,
With Cuppe and Clappir like a Lazarous.*

Enter

Enter *Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew,*

Sir And. Save you, gentleman. (12)

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. *Dieu vous garde, Monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous aussi; vostre serviteur.*

Sir Tob. I hope, Sir, you are; and I am yours. —

Will you encounter the House? my Neice is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your Neice, Sir; I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir Tob. Taste your legs, Sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, Sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir Tob. I mean, to go, Sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gate and entrance; but we are prevented.

Enter *Olivia and Maria.*

Most excellent accomplish'd lady, the heav'ns rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare Courtier! rain odours? well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed: — I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden-door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.* Give me your hand, Sir.

(12) *Sir Tob.* Save you, Gentleman.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir And. *Dieu vous garde, Monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous aussi; votre Serviteur.*

Sir And. *I hope, Sir, you are; and I am yours.*]

I have ventur'd to make the two Knights change Speeches in this Dialogue with *Viola*; and, I think, not without good Reason. It were a preposterous Forgetfulness in the Poet, and out of all Probability, to make *Sir Andrew* not only speak French, but understand what is said to him in it, who in the First Act did not know the *English* of *Perquoy*.

Vio. My duty, Madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. *Cesario* is your servant's name, fair Princess.

Oli. My servant, Sir? 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
Y'are servant to the Duke *Orsino*, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
Your servant's servant is your servant, Madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were Blanks, rather than fill'd with me.

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you; —
I bade you never speak again of him.
But would you undertake another Suit,
I'd rather hear you to solicit That,
Than musick from the Spheres.

Vio. Dear lady, —

Oli. Give me leave, I beseech you: I did send,
After the last enchantment, you did hear,
A ring in chase of you. So did I abuse
My self, my servant, and, I fear me, you;
Under your hard construction must I sit,
'To force That on you in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours. What might you
think?

Have you not set mine Honour at the stake,
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? to one of your re-
ceiving

Enough is shewn; a Cyprus, not a bosom,
Hides my poor heart. So let us hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to Love.

Vio. No not a grice: for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again;
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!

If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf! [Clock strikes.

The

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you ;
And yet when wit and youth are come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man :
There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then, westward hoe : —

Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship !
You'll nothing, Madam, to my lord by me ?

Oli. Stay ; pr'ythee tell me, what thou think'st of me ?

Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right : I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were, as I would have you be !

Vio. Would it be better, Madam, than I am ?

I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip !
A murd'rous guilt shews not it self more soon,
Than love that would seem hid : love's night is noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the Spring,
By maid-hood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause :
But rather reason thus with reason fetter ;
Love sought is good ; but given, unsought, is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has ; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good Madam ; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again ; for thou, perhaps, may'st move
That heart, which now abhors to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to an Apartment in
OLIVIA'S House.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir And. NO, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.
Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your Neice do more favours to the Duke's serving-man, than ever she bestow'd on me. I saw't, i'th' orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy, tell me that?

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, Sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been Grand Jury-men since before *Noah* was a sailor.

Fab. She did shew favour to the youth in your fight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her, and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulkt. The double Gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sail'd into the North of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an isicle on a *Dutchman's* beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour or policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a *Brownist* as a politician.

Sir To.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour; challenge me the Duke's Youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my Neice shall take note of it; and assure thy self, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, *Sir Andrew.*

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a Challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write in a martial hand; be curst and brief: it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention; (13) taunt him with the licence of ink; if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lye in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the Bed of *Ware* in *England*; set 'em down, go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, tho' thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *Cubiculo*: go.

[*Exit Sir Andrew.*]

Fab. This is a dear manikin to you, *Sir Toby.*

(13) *Taunt him with the Licence of Ink; if thou thou'st him some thrice.* There is no Doubt, I think, but this Passage is One of those, in which our Author intended to shew his Respect for *Sir Walter Raleigh*, and a Detestation of the Virulence of his Prosecutors. The Words, quoted, seem to me directly levell'd at the Attorney General *Coke*, who, in the Trial of *Sir Walter*, attack'd him with all the following indecent Expressions. — “ *All that he did was by thy Instigation, thou Viper; for I thou thee, thou Traytor!*” (Here, by the way, are the Poet's three thou's.) “ *You are an odious Man.*” — “ *Is he base? I re- turn it into thy Throat, on his behalfe.*” — “ *O damnable A- theist!*” — “ *Thou art a Monster; thou hast an English Face, but a Spanish Heart.*” — “ *Thou hast a Spanish Heart, and thyself art a Spider of Hell.*” — “ *Go to, I will lay thee on thy Back for the confident'st Traytor that ever came at a Bar,*” &c. Is not here all the Licence of Tongue, which the Poet satyrically prescribes to *Sir Andrew's Ink*? And how mean an Opinion *Shakespeare* had of these petulant Investives, is pretty evident from his Close of this Speech; *Let there be Gall enough in thy Ink, tho' thou write it with a Goose-pen, no Matter.* — A keener Lash at the Attorney for a Fool, than all the Contumelies the Attorney threw at the Prisoner as a suppos'd Traytor!

Sir To. I have been dear to him, Lad, some two thousand strong or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare Letter from him ; but you'll not deliver't.

Sir To. Never trust me then ; and by all means stir on the Youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For *Andrew*, if he were open'd, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of th' anatomy.

Fab. And his Opposite, the Youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest Wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh your selves into stiches, follow me ; yond gull *Malvolio* is turned Heathen, a very Renegado ; for there is no Christian, that means to be sav'd by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow Stockings.

Sir To. And cross-garter'd ?

Mar. Most villanously ; like a Pedant that keeps a school i'th' Church : I have dogg'd him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the Letter, that I dropt to betray him ; he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new Map, with the augmentation of the *Indies* ; you have not seen such a thing, as 'tis ; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my Lady will strike him ; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE changes to the Street.

Enter Sebastian, and Anthonio.

Seb. I Would not by my will have troubled you.
But since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire,
(More sharp than filed steel,) did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you, (tho' so much,
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage.)
But jealousy what might befall your Travel,
Being skilless in these Parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable. My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Anthonio,
(14) I can no other answer make, but thanks;
And thanks, and ever thanks; and oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay;
But were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing: what's to do?
Shall we go see the Relicks of this Town?

Ant. To morrow, Sir; best, first, go see your lodg-
ing.

(14) *I can no other Answer make but Thanks,
And thanks: and ever-oft good Turns*

Are shuffled off with such uncurrent Pay;] It must be obvious to every Reader, who has the least Knowledge in Versification, that the second Line is too short by a whole Foot; however the Editors have indolently pass'd it over without Suspicion. Then, who ever heard of this goodly double Adverb, *ever-oft*, which seems to have as much Propriety as, *always-sometimes*? As I have restor'd the Passage, it is very much in our Author's Manner, and Mode of Expression. So, in *Cymbeline*;

——— *Since when I have been Debtor to You for Courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.*

And in All's well, that Ends well.

And let me buy your friendly Help thus far,

Which I will over-pay, and pay again

When I have found it.

Seb.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
I pray you, let us satisfie our eyes
With the Memorials, and the things of Fame,
That do renown this City.

Ant. Would, you'd pardon me:
I do not without danger walk these Streets.
Once, in a Sea-fight 'gainst the Duke his Gallies,
I did some service, of such note, indeed,
That were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.

Ant. Th' offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument:
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them, which, for Traffick's sake,
Most of our City did. Only my self stood out;
For which, if I be laps'd in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me: hold, Sir, here's my purse.
In the south suburbs at the *Elephant*
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your know-
ledge

With viewing of the Town; there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, Sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for
An Hour.

Ant. To th' *Elephant*.—

Seb. I do remember.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to Olivia's House.

Enter Olivia, and Maria.

Oli. (15) I Have sent after him; say, he will come;
How shall I feast him? what bestow on
him?

For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd or borrow'd.
I speak too loud. —

Where is *Malvolio*? he is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.

Where is *Malvolio*?

Mar. He's coming, Madam: but in very strange
manner.

He is sure posselt, Madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter, does he rave?

Mar. No, Madam, he does nothing but smile; your
Ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if
he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in's wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.

Enter Malvolio.

I'm as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

How now, *Malvolio*?

Mal. Sweet Lady, ha, ha. [Smiles fantastically.]

Oli. Smil'st thou? I sent for thee upon a sad occa-
sion.

(15) *I have sent after him; he says he'll come.*] But Who did he say
so to? Or from Whom could my Lady have any such Intelligence? Her
Servant, employ'd upon this Errand, was not yet return'd; and, when
he does return, he brings Word, that the Youth would hardly be in-
treated back. I am perswaded, She was intended rather to be in Suspense,
and deliberating with herself: putting the Supposition that he would
come; and asking Herself, in that Case, how She should entertain him.
I imagine therefore the Poet wrote;

————— Say, he will come;

So *Viola*, before, in this Play;

Say, *I do speak with her, my Lord; what then?*

So *Petruchio* in the *Taming of the Shrew*;

Say, *that She rail; why, then I'll tell her plain, &c.*

And in numberless other Passages,

Mal.

Mal. Sad, Lady? I could be sad; this does make some obstruction in the blood; this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true Sonnet is: *Please one, and please all.*

Oli. Why? how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, tho' yellow in my legs: it did come to his hands, and Commands shall be executed. I think, we do know that sweet *Roman* hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, *Malvolio*?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweet heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! why dost thou smile so, and kifs thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, *Malvolio*?

Mal. At your request?

Yes, Nightingales answer Daws!

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my Lady.

Mal. Be not afraid of Greatness; — 'twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, *Malvolio*?

Mal. Some are born Great —

Oli. Ha?

Mal. Some atchieve Greatness —

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. And some have Greatness thrust upon them —

Oli. Heav'n restore thee!

Mal. Remember, who commended thy yellow Stockings —

Oli. Thy yellow Stockings?

Mal. And wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd —

Oli. Cross-garter'd?

Mal. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so —

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me see thee a servant still.

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young Gentleman of the Duke *Orsino's* is return'd, I could hardly entreat him back; he attends your Ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. Good *Maria*, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my Uncle *Toby*? let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. [*Exit.*

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir *Toby* to look to me! this concurs directly with the Letter; she sends him on purpose that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the Letter. Cast thy humble slough, says she;—be opposite with a Kinsman,—surly with Servants,—let thy tongue tang with arguments of State,—put thy self into the trick of singularity;—and consequently sets down the manner how; as a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some Sir of note, and so forth. I have lim'd her, but it is *Jove's* doing, and *Jove* make me thankful! and when she went away now, let this Fellow be look'd to: Fellow! not *Malvolio*, nor after my degree, but Fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no Dram of a Scruple, no Scruple of a Scruple, no Obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance ——— what can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well; *Jove*, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter Sir Toby, Fabian and Maria.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? if all the Devils in Hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possess him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is; how is't with you, Sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my privacy: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir *Toby*, my Lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal.

510 TWELFTH-NIGHT: Or,

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone: How do you, *Malvolio*? how is't with you? what! Man, defie the Devil; consider, he's an enemy to Mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La, you! if you speak ill of the Devil, how he takes it at heart. — Pray God, he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th' wife Woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to morrow morning if I live. My Lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, Mistrefs?

Mar. O Lord! —

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; that is not the way: do you not see, you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness, gently, gently; the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

Sir To. Why, how now, my Bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir? —

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What! Man, 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, foul Collier.

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good *Sir Toby*; get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go hang your selves all: you are idle shallow things; I am not of your element, you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were plaid upon a Stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very Genius hath taken the infection of the device, Man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint. *Fab.*

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My Neice is already in the belief that he's mad; we may carry it thus for our pleasure and his penance, 'till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen; but see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fab. More matter for a *May* morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so sawcy?

Sir And. Ay, is't? I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me.

[*Sir Toby reads.*

Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy Fellow.

Fab. Good and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind why I do call thee so; for I will shew thee no reason for't.

Fab. A good note; That keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. Thou com'st to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly; but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-les.

Sir To. I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me —

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou kill'st me like a Rogue and a Villain.

Fab. Still you keep o'th' windy side of the law: good.

Sir To. Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one of our Souls: he may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better, and so look to thy self. Thy friend as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir To. If this Letter move him not, his Legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't : he is now in some commerce with my Lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, *Sir Andrew*, scout me for him at the corner of the Orchard like a Bum-bailiff; so soon as ever thou see'st him, draw; and, as thou draw'st, swear horribly; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof it self would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*]

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his Letter; for the behaviour of the young Gentleman gives him out to be of good Capacity and Breeding; his employment between his Lord and my Neice confirms no less; therefore this Letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the Youth; he will find that it comes from a Clod-pole. But, Sir, I will deliver his Challenge by word of mouth; set upon *Ague-cheek* a notable report of valour; and drive the Gentleman, (as, I know, his Youth will aptly receive it,) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like Cockatrices.

Enter Olivia and Viola.

Fab. Here he comes with your Neice; give them way, 'till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. [*Exeunt.*]

Oli. I've said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out.
There's something in me, that reproves my fault;
But such a head-strong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same haviour that your passion bears,
Goes on my Master's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this Jewel for me, 'tis my Picture;
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beseech you, come again to morrow.

What

What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That Honour fav'd may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my Master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him That,
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to morrow: fare thee well.
A Fiend, like thee, might bear my Soul to Hell. [*Exit.*]

Enter Sir Toby and Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. That Defence thou hast, betake thee to't; of
what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I
know not; but thy interceptor, full of despight, bloody
as the Hunter, attends thee at the Orchard-end; dis-
mount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy
assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, Sir; I am sure, no man hath any
quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear
from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you; there-
fore, if you hold your Life at any price, betake you
to your guard; for your Opposite hath in him, what
youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, Sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is Knight, dubb'd with unhack'd rapier,
and on carpet consideration; but he is a Devil in pri-
vate brawl; souls and bodies hath he divorc'd three;
and his incensement at this moment is so implacable,
that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death
and sepulcher: hob, nob, is his word; give't, or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the House, and desire
some conduct of the Lady. I am no Fighter. I have
heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purpose-
ly on others to taste their valour: belike, this is a man
of that quirk.

Sir To. (16) Sir, no: his indignation derives it self
out of a very competent injury; therefore get you on,
and

(16) *Sir, no: his Indignation drives itself out of a very competent In-
jury;*] This Error first obtain'd from Inadvertence, I presume; in Mr.

and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the House, unless you undertake That with me, which with as much safety you might answer him; therefore on, or strip your Sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior *Fabian*, stay you by this Gentleman 'till my return. [Exit Sir Toby.

Vio. Pray you, Sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know, the Knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, Sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal Opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of *Illyria*: will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with Sir Priest than Sir Knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [Exeunt.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very Devil; I have not seen such a virago: I had a Pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all; and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely, as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified:

Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Rowe's Edition: and Mr. *Pope* has most faithfully copied it. I have restor'd the genuine Reading of the old *Folio's*: — his Indignation derives itself; &c. As in 2 *Hen.* IV.

Derives from *Heav'n* his Quarrel and his Cause.

Sir And.

Sir And. Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey *Capilet*.

Sir To. I'll make the motion; stand here, make a good shew on't; — This shall end without the perdition of souls; marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. [Aside.]

Enter Fabian and Viola.

I have his horse to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him, the Youth's a Devil. [To Fabian.]

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, Sir, he will fight with you for's oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds That now scarce to be worth talking of; therefore draw for the supportance of his vow, he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! a little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir *Andrew*, there's no remedy, the Gentleman will for his honour's sake have one bout with you; he cannot by the Duello avoid it; but he has promis'd me, as he is a Gentleman and a Soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on, to't. [They draw.]

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath!

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

Ant. Put up your sword; if this young Gentleman Have done offence, I take the fault on me; If you offend him, I for him desie you. [Drawing.]

Sir To. You, Sir? Why, what are you?

Ant. One, Sir, that for his love dares yet do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. [Draws.]

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir *Toby*, hold; here come the Officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, Sir, put your sword up if you please.

[*To Sir Andrew.*

Sir And. Marry, will I, Sir; and for that I promis'd you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the Man; do thy office.

2 *Off.* *Antonio*, I arrest thee at the suit of Duke Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, Sir.

1 *Off.* No, Sir, no jot; I know your favour well; Tho' now you have no sea-cap on your head. Take him away; he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. This comes with seeking you; But there's no remedy. I shall answer it.

What will you do? now my necessity Makes me to ask you for my purse. It grieves me Much more, for what I cannot do for you, Than what befalls my self: you stand amaz'd, But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come, Sir, away.

Ant. I must intreat of you some of that mony.

Vio. What mony, Sir?

For the fair kindness you have shew'd me here,
And part being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something; my Having is not much,
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there's half my Coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?

Is't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesse
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none,
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a Man,
Than lying, vainness, babbling drunkennesse,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant.

Ant. Oh, Heav'ns themselves! —

2 Off. Come, Sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This Youth that you see here,

I snatcht one half out of the Jaws of Death;
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,
And to his Image, which, methought, did promise
Most venerable Worth, did I Devotion.

1 Off. What's that to us? the time goes by; away.

Ant. But oh, how vile an Idol proves this God!

Thou hast, *Sebastian*, done good feature shame.

In Nature there's no blemish but the Mind:

None can be call'd deform'd; but the unkind.

Virtue is Beauty; but the beauteous evil

Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the Devil.

1 Off. The Man grows mad, away with him:

Come, come, Sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [Exit Antonio with Officers.

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,

That he believes himself; so do not I;

Prove true, Imagination, oh, prove true,

That I, dear Brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, Knight; come hither, *Fabian*;
we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd *Sebastian*; I my Brother know

Yet living in my glass; even such, and so

In favour was my Brother; and he went

Still in this fashion, colour, ornament;

For him I imitate: oh, if it prove,

Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love. [Exit.

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry Boy, and more a
coward than a hare; his dishonesty appears in leaving
his Friend here in necessity, and denying him; and
for his cowardship, ask *Fabian*.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not, — [Exit Sir Andrew.

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any mony, 'twill be nothing yet.

[Exeunt.
ACT

A C T I V.

SCENE, *the* STREET.*Enter Sebastian, and Clown.*

C L O W N.

WILL you make me believe, that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow,

Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i'faith: no, I do not know you, nor I am not sent to you by my Lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master *Cesario*, nor this is not my nose neither; nothing, that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else; thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! — he has heard that word of some Great Man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid, this great lubber the world will prove a Cockney: I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my Lady; shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish *Greek*, depart from me; there's mony for thee. If you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand; these wise Men, that give fools mony, get themselves a good report after fourteen years purchase.

Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabian.

Sir And. Now, Sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [Striking Sebastian.]

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there: are all the people mad? [Beating Sir Andrew.]

Sir To. Hold, Sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house. Clo

Clo. This will I tell my Lady strait: I would not be in some of your coats for two pence. [*Exit Clown.*]

Sir To. Come on, Sir; hold. [*Holding Sebastian.*]

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in *Illyria*; tho' I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, Sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young Soldier, put up your iron; you are well flesh'd: come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now? if thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what? nay, then, I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

[*They draw and fight.*]

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, *Toby*; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam.

Oli. Will it be ever thus? ungracious Wretch,
Fit for the Mountains and the barbarous Caves,
Where Manners ne'er were preach'd: out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear *Cesario*:—

Rudesby, be gone! I pr'ythee, gentle Friend,

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*]

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And hear thou there, how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
May'st smile at this: thou shalt not chuse but go:
Do not deny; beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.
Let fancy still my sense in *Lethe* steep,
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep. [by me.]

Oli. Nay, come, I pray: 'would, thou'dst be rul'd

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *an Apartment in Olivia's House.**Enter Maria, and Clown.*

Mar. **N**AY, I pr'ythee, put on this Gown and this Beard; make him believe, thou art *Sir Topas* the Curate; do it quickly. I'll call *Sir Toby* the whilst. [*Exit Maria.*

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a Gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good Student; but to be said an honest Man, and a good Housekeeper, goes as fairly, as to say, a careful Man and a great Scholar. *The Competitors enter.*

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. *Jove* blefs thee, Mr. Parson.

Clo. *Bonos dies*, *Sir Toby*; for as the old Hermit of *Prague*, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a Neice of King *Gorboduck*, that that is, is: so I being Mr. Parson, am Mr. Parson; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, *Sir Topas*.

Clo. What, ho, I say, — peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave. [*Malvolio within.*

Mal. Who calls there?

Clo. *Sir Topas* the curate, who comes to visit *Malvolio* the lunatick.

Mal. *Sir Topas*, *Sir Topas*, good *Sir Topas*, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend, how vexest thou this man?

Talkest thou of nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, matter Parson.

Mal. *Sir Topas*, never was man thus wrong'd; good *Sir Topas*, do not think, I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darknes.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Sathan; I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that

that will use the Devil himself with curtesie: say'st thou, that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir *Topas*.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows transparent as baricadoes, and the clear stones towards the South-North, are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir *Topas*; I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou erre'st; I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the *Egyptians* in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abus'd; I am no more mad than you are, make the tryal of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of *Pythagoras*, concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might happily inhabit a bird.

Clo. What think'st thou of his opinion:

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remain thou still in darkness; thou shalt hold th' opinion of *Pythagoras*, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the Soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, Sir *Topas*, ———

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir *Topas*!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and Gown; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him: I would, we were all rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would, he were; for I am now so far in offence with my Neice, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[Exit with Maria.]

522 TWELFTH-NIGHT: Or,

Clo. Hey Robin, jolly Robin, tell me how my lady does. [Singing.]

Mal. Fool, —

Clo. My lady is unkind, perdie.

Mal. Fool, —

Clo. Alas, why is she so?

Mal. Fool, I say; —

Clo. She loves another — who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Mr. *Malvolio*!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, Sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abus'd; I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well! then thou art mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say: the minister is here. *Malvolio*, *Malvolio*, thy wits the heav'ns restore: endeavour thy self to sleep, and leave thy vain bible babble.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, —

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who I, Sir? not I, Sir. God b'w'you, good Sir *Topas*. — Marry, amen. — I will, Sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say.

Clo. Alas, Sir, be patient. What say you, Sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in *Illyria*.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were, Sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: good fool, some ink, paper and light; and convey what I set down to my lady: It shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad, indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not: I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a mad-man, 'till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree; I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clo. *I am gone, Sir, and anon, Sir,* [Singing.
I'll be with you again

In a trice, like to the old Vice, (17)

Your need to sustain:

*Who with dagger of lath, in his rage, and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the Devil:*

Like a mad lad, pare thy nails, dad,

Adieu, good man drivel. [Exit.

S C E N E *changes to another Apartment in
OLIVIA'S House.*

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the Air, that is the glorious Sun;
This Pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't.
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's *Antonio* then?
I could not find him at the *Elephant*;
Yet there he was, and there I found this credit, (18)
That

(17) *In a trice, like to the old Vice.]* So in *Ben Jonson's The Devil is an Ass.*

What is he calls upon me, and would seem to lack a Vice?

Ere his Words be half spoken, I am with him in a trice.

In Both these Places, by *Vice*, is meant that buffoon, droll, Character so general in the old Plays, who was dressed up in a long Coat, a Fool's Cap with Asses Ears, and furnish'd with a wooden Sword, with which he was as active and wanton as *Arlequin*. But I have explain'd the *Word* and *Character* more particularly in a Note upon this Line of *King Richard III.*

Thus, like the formal-Vice, Iniquity, &c.

(18) *Yet there he was, and there I found this Credit,*

That he did range, &c.] i. e. I found it justified, credibly vouch'd. Whether the *Word Credit* will easily carry this Meaning, I am doubtful: The Expression seems obscure; and tho' I have not disturb'd the Text, I very much suspect that the Poet wrote;

_____ and there I found this credit,

He

That he did range the town to seek me out.
 His counsel now might do me golden service ; —
 For tho' my soul disputes well with my sense,
 That this may be some error, but no madness ;
 Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
 So far exceed all instance, all discourse ;
 That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
 And wrangle with my reason that persuades me
 To any other Trust, but that I'm mad ;
 Or else the lady's mad ; yet if 'twere so,
 She could not sway her House, command her fol-
 lowers,
 Take, and give back affairs, and their dispatch,
 With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
 As, I perceive, she does: there's something in't,
 That is deceivable. But here she comes.

Enter Olivia and Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine: if you mean
 well,

Now go with me, and with this holy man,
 Into the chantry by ; there before him,
 And underneath that consecrated roof,
 Plight me the full assurance of your faith ;
 That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
 May live at peace. He shall conceal it,
 Whiles you are willing it shall come to note ;
 What time we will our celebration keep
 According to my birth. What do you say ?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you ;
 And having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father ; and heav'ns
 so shine,
 That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt.*]

He uses the same Term again in the very same Sense in *The Winter's Tale.*

————— *Then 'tis very credent,
 Thou may'st co-join with something, and thou dost, &c.*

A C T V.

S C E N E, *The Street.*

Enter Clown, and Fabian.

F A B I A N.

NOW, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.
Clo. Good Mr. *Fabian*, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is to give a dog, and in recompence desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and lords.

Duke. Belong you to the lady *Olivia*, friends?

Clo. Ay, Sir, we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; how dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, Sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, Sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, Sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now, my foes tell me plainly, I am an ass: so that by my foes, Sir, I profit in the knowledge of my self; and by my friends I am abused: so that, Conclusion to be asked, is, (19) if your four negatives make your

(19) *So that Conclusions to be as kisses, —]* Tho' it might be unreasonable to call our Poet's Fools and Knaves every where to Account; yet, if we did, for the Generality we should find them responsible. But what monstrous Absurdity have we here? To suppose the Text genuine, We must acknowledge it too wild to have any known Meaning: and what has no known Meaning, cannot be allow'd to have either Wit or Humour. Besides, the *Clown* is affecting to argue seriously and in Form. I imagine, the Poet wrote;

So that, Conclusion to be asked, is

i. e. So that the Conclusion I have to demand of You is this, it your Four, &c. He had in the preceding Words been inferring some *Premissa,*

your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, Sir, no; tho it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me, there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, Sir, I would, you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, Sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer: there's another.

Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good Play, and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, Sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of *St. Bennet*, Sir, may put you in mind, one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw; if you will let your lady know, I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, Sir, lullaby to your bounty 'till I come again. I go, Sir; but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness; but, as you say, Sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [Exit Clown.

Enter Antonio, and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, Sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as *Vulcan*, in the smoak of war:
A bawbling Vessel was he Captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable,
With which such scathful Grapple did he make
With the most noble Bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cry'd fame and honour on him. What's the matter?

Premisses, and now comes the *Conclusion* very *logically*; You grant Me, says He, the *Premisses*; I now ask you to grant the *Conclusion*.

Mr. Warburton.

Offi. *Orsino*, this is that *Antonio*,
That took the *Phoenix* and her fraught from *Candy*;
And this is he, that did the *Tyger* board,
When your young nephew *Titus* lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, Sir; drew on my side;
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou in terms so bloody, and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. *Orsino*, noble Sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate;
Though I confess, on Base and Ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ungrateful Boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love without retention or restraint;
All his in dedication. For his sake,
Did I expose my self (pure, for his love)
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him, when he was beset;
Where being apprehended, his false cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance;
And grew a twenty years removed thing,
While one would wink: deny'd me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To day, my lord; and for three months before,
(No *Interim*, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter Olivia, and attendants.

Duke. Here comes the Countess; now heav'n walks
on earth. But

But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness:
 Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
 But more of that anon. — Take him aside. —

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
 Wherein *Olivia* may seem serviceable?

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam!

Duke. Gracious *Olivia*, —

Oli. What do you say, *Cesario*? Good my lord —

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be ought to the old tune, my lord,
 It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear,
 As howling after musick.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
 To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
 My soul the faithfull'st offerings has breath'd out,
 That e'er devotion tender'd. What shall I do?

Oli. Ev'n what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to
 do't, (20)

Like to th' *Egyptian* Thief, at point of death
 Kill what I love? (a savage jealousy,

(20) *Why should I not, had I the Heart to do it,*

Like to th' Egyptian Thief, at point of Death

Kill what I love!] In this *Simile*, a particular Story is pre-

suppos'd; which ought to be known, to shew the Justice and Propriety of the Comparison. I'll give the Synopsis of it from *Heliodorus's Æthiopics*, to which our Author was indebted for the Allusion. This *Egyptian* Thief was *Thyamis*, who was a Native of *Memphis*, and at the Head of a Band of Robbers. *Theagenes* and *Chariclea* falling into their Hands, *Thyamis* fell desperately in Love with the Lady, and would have married her. Soon after, a stronger Body of Robbers coming down upon *Thyamis's* Party, He was in such Fears for his Mistress, that he had her shut into a Cave with his Treasure. It was customary with those Barbarians, when they despair'd of their own Safety, first to make away with Those whom they held dear, and desired for Companions in the next Life. *Thyamis*, therefore, benetted round with his Enemies, raging with Love, Jealousy, and Anger, went to his Cave; and calling aloud in the *Egyptian* Tongue, so soon as He heard himself answer'd towards the Cave's Mouth by a *Grecian*, making to the Person by the Direction of her Voice, he caught her by the Hair with his left Hand, and (supposing her to be *Chariclea*) with his right Hand plung'd his Sword into her Breast.

That

That sometimes favours nobly;) but hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument,
That screws me from my true place in your favour:
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still.
But this your Minion, whom, I know, you love,
And whom, by heav'n, I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spight.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spight a raven's heart within a dove. [*Duke going.*

Vio. And I most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you Rest, a thousand deaths would die.

[*following.*

Oli. Where goes *Cesario*?

Vio. After him I love,
More than I love these eyes, more than my life;
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you Witness above
Punish my life, for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ay me, detested! how am I beguil'd?

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you
wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thy self? Is it so long?
Call forth the holy father.

Duke. Come, away.

[*To Viola.*

Oli. Whither, my lord? *Cesario*, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband?

Oli. Ay, husband. Can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, firrah?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, *Cesario*, take thy fortunes up:
Be That, thou know'st, thou art, and then thou art
As Great, as That thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.

O welcome, father.

Father, I charge thee by thy Reverence
Here to unfold, (tho' lately we intended

To keep in darknes, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what, thou dost know,
Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthened by enterchangement of your rings;
And all the Ceremony of this Compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my Watch hath told me, tow'rd my Grave
I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sow'd a grizzel on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewel, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest ——

Oli. O, do not swear;
Hold little faith, tho' thou hast too much fear!

Enter Sir Andrew, with his head broke.

Sir And. For the love of God a surgeon, and send
one presently to Sir *Toby*.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. H'as broke my head a-cross, and given
Sir *Toby* a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God,
your help. I had rather than forty pound, I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir *Andrew*?

Sir And. The Count's Gentleman, one *Cesario*; we
took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incar-
dinate.

Duke. My Gentleman, *Cesario*?

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is: you broke my
head for nothing, and That that I did, I was set on to
do't by Sir *Toby*.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me, without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Enter Sir Toby, and Clown.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have
hurt me: I think, you set nothing by a bloody cox-
comb.

comb. Here comes Sir *Toby* halting, you shall hear more; but if he had not been in Drink, he would have tickled you other-gates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one, he has hurt me, and there's an end on't; Sot, didst see *Dick* Surgeon, Sot?

Clo. O he's drunk, Sir *Toby*, above an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight i'th' morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a past-measure *Painim.* I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him: who hath made this havock with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir *Toby*, because we'll be drest together.

Sir To. Will you help an afs-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave, a thin-fac'd knave, a gull?

[*Exeunt Clo. To. and And.*]

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, Madam, I have hurt your Kinsman:

But had it been the Brother of my Blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.

[*All stand in amaze.*]

You throw a strange Regard on me, by which,
I do perceive, it hath offended you;
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other, but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;

A nat'ral Perspective, that is, and is not!

Seb. Antonio, O my dear *Antonio!*

How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee?

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, *Antonio!*

Ant. How have you made division of your self?

An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is *Sebastian?*

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a Brother:

M m 2

Nor

Nor can there be that Deity in my Nature,
Of here and every where. I had a Sister,
Whom the blind Waves and Surges have devour'd:
Of charity, what kin are you to me? [To Viola.
What Countryman? What Name? what Parentage?

Vio. Of *Messaline*; *Sebastian* was my Father;
Such a *Sebastian* was my Brother too:
So went he suited to his wat'ry Tomb.
If Spirits can assume both Form and Suit,
You come to fright us,

Seb. A Spirit I am, indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the Womb I did participate.
Were you a Woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say, "Thrice Welcome, drowned *Viola!*"

Vio. My Father had a Mole upon his Brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And dy'd that day, when *Viola* from her birth
Had numbred thirteen years.

Seb. O, that Record is lively in my soul;
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my Sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire;
Do not embrace me, 'till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump,
That I am *Viola*; which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a Captain in this Town
Where lye my Maids Weeds; (21) by whose gentle
Help
I was prefer'd to serve this noble Duke.

All;

(21) ————— by whose gentle Help,

I was preserv'd to serve this noble Duke.] Tho' this be Sense, and
possesses all the printed Copies, yet I suspect, from the Similitude in the
two Words *preserv'd* and *serve* (a Sameness of Sound, which *Shakespeare*
would, probably, have avoided;) the Copyists, or Men at Press, com-
mitted a slight Mistake. When the *Captain* and *Viola* first appear upon
the Stage, She says to him;

————— *I'll serve this Duke;*

Thou shalt present me &c.

I therefore believe, the Author wrote, as I have reform'd the Text:

— by

All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this Lady, and this Lord.

Seb. So comes it, Lady, you have been mistook:

[To Olivia.]

But Nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a Maid,
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd;
You are betroth'd both to a Maid, and Man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd: right-noble is his blood:
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times, [To Vio.]
Thou never should'st love Woman like to me.

Vio. And all those Sayings will I over-swear,
And all those Swearings keep as true in soul;
As doth that orb'd Continent the fire,
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy Woman's Weeds.

Vio. The Captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my Maids Garments: he upon some action
Is now in durance, at *Malvolio's* suit,
A Gentleman and Follower of my Lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him: fetch *Malvolio* hither.
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor Gentleman, he's much distract.

Enter the Clown with a Letter, and Fabian.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.
How does he, Sirrah?

Clo. Truly, Madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the stave's
end, as well as a Man in his case may do: h'as here
writ a Letter to you, I should have given't you to day.

————— by whose gentle Help
I was preferr'd to serve this noble Duke;
So in *The Taming of the Shrew*;

————— If you, Hortensio,
Or, Signor Gremio, you know any such,
Prefer them hither.

So, in *Julius Cæsar*;

Oct. Fellow, wilt Thou bestow thy Time with me?

Str. Ay, if *Messala* will prefer me to you, &c. &c. &c.

morning

morning. But as a mad-man's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much, when they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open't, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edify'd, when the fool delivers the mad-man — *By the Lord, Madam,* — [*Reads.*

Oli. How now, art mad?

Clo. No, Madam, I do but read madness: an your Ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *Vox.*

Oli. Pr'ythee, read it, i'thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, *Madona*; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my Princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, Sirrah. [*To Fabian.*

Fab. [*Reads.*] *By the Lord, Madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken Uncle rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your Ladyship. I have your own Letter, that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which, I doubt not, but to do my self much Right, or you much Shame: think of me, as you please: I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury,*

The madly us'd *Malvolio.*

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, Madam.

Duke. This favours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, *Fabian*; bring him hither.

My Lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a Sister, as a Wife;
One day shall crown th' alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my House, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt t' embrace your offer.
Your Master quits you; and for your service done him,
So much against the metal of your Sex, [*To Viola.*
So far beneath your soft and tender Breeding;
(And since you call'd me Master for so long,)
Here is my hand, you shall from this time be
Your Master's Mistress.

Oli. A Sister, — you are She.

Enter Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the Mad-man?

Oli. Ay, my Lord, this same: how now, *Malvolio*?

Mal.

Mal. Madam, you have done me Wrong, notorious

Oli. Have I, *Malvolio*? no. [Wrong.

Mal. Lady, you have; pray you, peruse that Letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand.

Write from it if you can, in hand or phrase;
Or say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention;
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then;

And tell me in the modesty of honour,

Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,

Bad me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you,

To put on yellow Stockings, and to frown

Upon Sir *Toby*, and the lighter people:

And acting this in an obedient hope,

Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,

Kept in a dark House, visited by the Priest,

And made the most notorious geck, and gull,

That e'er invention plaid on? tell me, why?

Oli. Alas, *Malvolio*, this is not my writing,

Tho', I confess, much like the character:

But, out of question, 'tis *Maria's* hand.

And now I do bethink me, it was she

First told me, thou wast mad; then cam'st thou smiling,

And in such forms which here were presuppos'd

Upon thee in the letter: pr'ythee, be content;

This practice hath most shrewdly past upon thee;

But when we know the grounds, and Authors of it,

Thou shalt be both the Plaintiff and the Judge

Of thine own Cause.

Fab. Good Madam, hear me speak;

And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,

Taint the condition of this present hour,

Which I have wondred at. In hope it shall not,

Most freely I confess, my self and Sir *Toby*

Set this device against *Malvolio* here,

Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts

We had conceiv'd against him. *Maria* writ

The Letter, at Sir *Toby's* great importance;

In recompence whereof, he hath married her.

How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,

May rather pluck on Laughter than Revenge;

If that the Injuries be justly weigh'd,

That have on both sides past.

Oli.

536 TWELFTH-NIGHT: Or, &c.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee?

Clo. Why, some are born Great, some atchieve Greatness, and some have Greatness thrust upon them. I was one, Sir, in this Interlude; one Sir Topas, Sir; but that's all one: — by the Lord, fool, I am not mad; but do you remember, Madam, — why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagg'd: and thus the Whirl-gigg of time brings in his Revenges.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole Pack of you. [Exit.

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace: He hath not told us of the Captain yet; When that is known, and golden time convents, A solemn Combination shall be made Of our dear Souls. Mean time, sweet Sister, We will not part from hence. — *Cesario*, come; (For so you shall be, while you are a Man;) But when in other habits you are seen, *Orsino's* Mistress, and his Fancy's Queen. [Exeunt.

Clown sings.

When that I was an a little tiny Boy,

With hey, ho, the wind and the rain:

A foolish thing was but a toy,

For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,

With hey, ho, &c.

'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gates,

For the rain, &c.

But when I came, alas! to wife,

With hey, ho, &c.

By swaggering could I never thrive,

For the rain, &c.

But when I came unto my beds,

With hey, ho, &c.

With toss-pots still had drunken heads,

For the rain, &c.

A great while ago the world begun,

With hey, ho, &c.

But that's all one, our Play is done;

And we'll strive to please you every day. [Exit.

The End of the Second Volume.







