

Accessions

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The
W O R K S
of
SHAKESPEARE,

Volume the third :

containing,

*A Midsummer Night's Dream ;
The Merchant of Venice ;
As you like it ;
The Taming of the Shrew.*

L O N D O N :

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

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A

*MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S
DREAM.*

Persons represented.

Theseus, *Duke of Athens.*

Lyfander, *in love with Hermia.*

Demetrius, *belov'd of Helena.*

Egeus, *Father to Hermia.*

Philoftrate, *Master of the Sports to Theseus.*

Quince, *the Carpenter;*

Bottom, *the Weaver;*

Flute, *the Bellows-mender;*

Snout, *the Tinker;*

Snug, *the Joiner; and*

Starveling, *the Tailor;*

*Clowns: Performers
too in the Interlude;
presenting in it, —*

the Prologus;

Pyramus, and

Thisbe;

Wall,

Lion, and

Moon-shine.

Hippolita, *Queen of the Amazons.*

Hermia.

Helena.

Oberon, *King of the Fairies:*

Titania, *his Queen.*

Puck, *or, Robin Good-fellow.*

Pease-blossom, Cobweb, Moth,

Mustard-seed, *and three other*

Fairies, attending the Queen.

Other Fairies, attending the King and Queen.

Attendants upon Theseus and Hippolita.

Scene, Athens; and a Wood not far from it.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Athens.

A State-Room in Theseus's Palace.

*Enter THESEUS, and HIPPOLITA; Philostrate,
and Others, attending.*

THE. Now, fair *Hippolita*, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, o, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step dame, or a dowager,
Long withering-out a young man's *révenue*.

HIP. Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

THE. Go, *Philostrate*,
Stir up the *Athenian* youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp. — [*Exit Phi.*

Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword,
 And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
 But I will wed thee in another key,
 With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter EGEUS, and his Daughter HERMIA;

LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS.

EGE. Happy be *Theseus*, our renowned duke!

THE. Thanks, good *Egeus*: What's the news with thee?

EGE. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
 Against my child, my daughter *Hermia*.—
 Stand forth, *Demetrius*;— My noble lord,
 This man hath my consent to marry her:—
 Stand forth, *Lysander*;— and, my gracious duke,
 This hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:—
 Thou, thou, *Lysander*, thou hast given her rimes,
 And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
 Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
 With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
 And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
 With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
 Knacks, trifles, nose-gays, sweet-meats; messengers
 Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth:
 With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
 Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
 To stubborn harshness:— And, my gracious duke,
 Be it so she will not here before your grace
 Consent to marry with *Demetrius*,
 I beg the ancient privilege of *Athens*;
 As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
 Which shall be either to this † gentleman,
 Or to her death; according to our law,
 Immediately provided in that case.

THE. What say you, *Hermia*? be advis'd, fair maid:
To you your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.

Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

HER. So is *Lysander*.

THE. In himself he is:

But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

HER. I would, my father look'd but with my eyes.

THE. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

HER. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.

I know not by what power I am made bold;
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts:
But I beseech your grace, that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed *Demetrius*.

THE. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair *Hermia*, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
But earthly happier is the rose distill'd,

Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

HER. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, to whose unwish'd yolk
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

THE. Take time to pause: and, by the next new moon,
(The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will;
Or else to wed *Demetrius*, as he would;
Or on *Diana's* altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

DEM. Relent, sweet *Hermia*;—And, *Lyfander*, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lrs. You have her father's love, *Demetrius*;
Let me have *Hermia's*: do you marry him.

EGE. Scornful *Lyfander*! true, he hath my love;
And what is mine, my love shall render him:
And she is mine; and all my right of her
I do estate unto *Demetrius*.

Lrs. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as *Demetrius's*;
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous *Hermia*:
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to *Nedar's* daughter, *Helena*,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,

Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

THE. I must confess, that I have heard so much,
And with *Demetrius* thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it. — But, *Demetrius*, come,
And come, *Egeus*; you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both. —
For you, fair *Hermia*, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of *Athens* yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life. —

Come, my *Hippolita*; What cheer, my love? —

Demetrius, and *Egeus*, go along:

I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial; and confer with you
Of something, nearly that concerns yourselves.

EGE. With duty, and desire, we follow you.

{*Exeunt THE. HIP. EGE. DEM. and Train.*

Lys. How now, my love? Why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

HER. Belike, for want of rain; which I could well
Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. *Hermia*, for ought that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.
But either it was different in blood;

HER. O cross! too high to be enthal'd to low!

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years;

HER. O spite! too old to be engag'd to young!

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends:

HER. O hell! to choose love by another's eye!

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it;
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the colly'd night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold,
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.

HER. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross;
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Lys. A good persuasion; therefore, hear me, *Hermia*.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
From *Athens* is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp *Athenian* law
Cannot pursue us: If thou lov'st me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And, in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with *Helena*,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

HER. My good *Lysander*!
I swear to thee, by *Cupid's* strongest bow;
By his best arrow with the golden head;

By the simplicity of *Venus*' doves;
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the *Carthage* queen,
When the false *Trojan* under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more then ever women spoke;—
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love: Look, here comes *Helena*.

Enter HELENA.

HER. God speed, fair *Helena*! Whither away?

HEL. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.

Demetrius loves you, fair: O happy fair!

Your eyes are load-stars; and your tongue's sweet air

More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,

When wheat is green, when hauthorn buds appear.

Sickness is catching; O, were favour so!

Your's would I catch, fair *Hermia*, ere I go;

My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,

My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.

Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being bated,

The rest I'll give to be to you translated.

O, teach me how you look; and with what art

You sway the motion of *Demetrius*' heart.

HER. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still. [*skill!*]

HEL. O, that your frowns would teach my smiles such

HER. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

HEL. O, that my prayers could such affection move!

HER. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

HEL. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

HER. His folly, *Helena*, is no fault of mine. [*mine!*]

HEL. None, but your beauty; 'Would, that fault were

HER. Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.—
 Before the time I did *Lysander* see,
 Seem'd *Athens* as a paradise to me:
 O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
 That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell?

Lrs. *Helen*, to you our minds we will unfold:
 To-morrow night, when *Phœbe* doth behold
 Her silver visage in the watry glass,
 Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
 (A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal)
 Through *Athens'* gates have we devis'd to steal.

HER. And in the wood, where often you and I
 Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lye,
 Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet;
 There my *Lysander* and myself shall meet:
 And thence, from *Athens*, turn away our eyes,
 To seek new friends and stranger companies.
 Farewel, sweet play-fellow: pray thou for us,
 And good luck grant thee thy *Demetrius*!—
 Keep word, *Lysander*: we must starve our fight
 From lovers' food, 'till morrow deep midnight.

[Exit HERMIA.]

Lrs. I will, my *Hermia*.—*Helena*, adieu:
 As you on him, *Demetrius* dote on you!

[Exit LYSANDER.]

HEL. How happy some, o'er other some, can be?
 Through *Athens* I am thought as fair as she:
 But what of that? *Demetrius* thinks not so;
 He will not know what all but he do know.
 And as he errs, doting on *Hermia's* eyes,
 So I, admiring of his qualities.

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blind:
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy love is perjur'd every where:
For ere *Demetrius* look'd on *Hermia's* eye,
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from *Hermia* felt,
Lo, he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair *Hermia's* flight:
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expence:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,—
To have his sight thither, and back again. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in Quince's House.*

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, FLUTE, BOTTOM,
SNOUT, and STARVELING.

QUI. Is all our company here?

BOT. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

QUI. Here † is the scrowl of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all *Athens*, to play in our interlude before the duke and the dutchess, on his wedding-day at night.

BOT. First, good *Peter Quince*, say what the play treats

on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point.

QUI. Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of *Pyramus* and *Thisby*.

BOY. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.—Now, good *Peter Quince*, call forth your actors by the scrowl:—Masters, spread yourselves.

QUI. Answer, as I call you.—*Nick Bottom*, the weaver.

BOY. Ready: Name what part I am for, and proceed.

QUI. You, *Nick Bottom*, are set down for *Pyramus*.

BOY. What is *Pyramus*? a lover, or a tyrant?

QUI. A lover, that kills himself most gallant for love.

BOY. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest;—Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a cat in:

————— To make all split
The raging rocks;
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates;
And *Phibbus*' car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish fates.

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—This is *Ercles*' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

QUI. *Francis Flute*, the bellows-mender.

FLU. Here, *Peter Quince*.

QUI. *Flute*, you must take *Thisby* on you.

FLU. What is *Thisby*? a wand'ring knight?

QUI. It is the lady that *Pyramus* must love.

FLU. Nay, 'faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

QUI. That's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

BOY. An I may hide my face, let me play *Thisby* too: I'll speak in a monstrous little voice;—*Thisne, Thisne!*
—*Ab, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby dear, and lady dear.*

QUI. No, no; you must play *Pyramus*, and, *Flute*, you *Thisby*.

BOY. Well, proceed.

QUI. *Robin Starveling*, the tailor.

STA. Here, *Peter Quince*.

QUI. *Robin Starveling*, you must play *Thisby's* mother.—*Tom Snout*, the tinker.

SNO. Here, *Peter Quince*.

QUI. You, *Pyramus's* father; myself, *Thisby's* father;—*Snug*, the joiner, you, the lion's part:—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

SNU. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

QUI. You may do it *extempore*, for it is nothing but roaring.

BOY. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, *Let him roar again, let him roar again.*

QUI. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the dutcheffs, and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

Clo. That would hang us every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar an 'twere any nightingale.

Qui. You can play no part but *Pyramus*: for *Pyramus* is a sweet-fac'd man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play *Pyramus*.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Qui. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your *French-crown-colour* beard, your perfect yellow.

Qui. Some of your *French* crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd.—But, masters, here † are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light; there will we rehearse: for if we meet in the city, we shall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time, I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse most obscenely, and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Qui. At the duke's oak we meet:

Bot. Enough; Hold, or cut bow-strings. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Wood near Athens.*

*Enter, from opposite Sides, a Fairy, and PUCK,
or, Robin Good-fellow.*

Puc. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,

Thorough bush, thorough briar,

Over park, over pale,

Thorough flood, thorough fire,

I do wander every where,

Swifter than the moon's sphere;

And I serve the fairy queen,

To dew her orbs upon the green:

The cowslips tall her pensioners be;

In their gold coats spots you see;

Those be rubies, fairy favours,

In those freckles live their favours:

I must go seek some dew-drops here and there,

And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Farewel, thou lob of spirits, I'll be gone;

Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puc. The king doth keep his revels here to-night;

Take heed the queen come not within his sight.

For *Oberon* is passing fell and wrath,

Because that she, as her attendant, hath

A lovely boy, stoln from an *Indian* king;

She never had so sweet a changeling:

And jealous *Oberon* would have the child

Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild:

But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
 Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:
 And now they never meet in grove, or green,
 By fountain clear, or spangl'd star-light sheen,
 But they do square; that all their elves, for fear,
 Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
 Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
 Call'd *Robin Good-fellow*: Are not you he,
 That frights the maidens of the villag'ry;
 Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern,
 And bootless make the breathless huswife churn;
 And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;
 Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
 Those that *Hob-goblin* call you, and sweet *Puck*,
 You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
 Are not you he?

Puc. Thou speakest me aright;
 I am that merry wanderer of the night.
 I jest to *Oberon*, and make him smile,
 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
 Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
 And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
 In very likeness of a roasted crab;
 And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
 And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
 The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
 Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
 And rails, or cries, and falls into a coffe;
 And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,
 And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear

A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
But make room, fairy, here comes *Oberon*.

Fai. And here my mistress: 'Would, that he were gone!

*Enter the King of Fairies,
from one Side, with his Train; and the Queen,
from the other, with hers.*

OBE. Ill met by moon-light, proud *Titania*.

TIT. What, jealous *Oberon*?—Fairy, skip hence,
I have forsworn his bed and company.

OBE. Tarry, rash wanton; Am not I thy lord?

TIT. Then I must be thy lady: But I know
When thou hast stoln away from fairy land,
And in the shape of *Corin* sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous *Phillida*. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest step of *India*?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing *Amazon*,
Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior love,
To *Theseus* must be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

OBE. How canst thou thus, for shame, *Titania*,
Glance at my credit, with *Hippolita*,
Knowing I know thy love to *Theseus*?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From *Perigenia*, whom he ravished?
And make him with fair *Egle* break his faith,
With *Ariadne*, and *Antiope*?

TIT. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since that middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the sea,

26 Eagles 29 since the middle 32 Or in

To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
 But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
 Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
 As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
 Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
 Hath every pelting river made so proud,
 That they have over-born their continents.
 The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
 The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
 Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
 The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
 And crows are fatted with the murrain flock:
 The nine-men's morrice is fill'd up with mud;
 And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
 For lack of tread, are undistinguishable.
 The human mortals want their winter here,
 No night is now with hymn or carol blest.
 Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
 Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
 That rheumatick diseases do abound.
 And, thorough this distemperature, we see
 The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
 And on old *Hyems'* chin, and icy crown,
 An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
 Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,
 The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
 Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world,
 By their encrease, now knows not which is which:
 And this same progeny of evils comes
 From our debate, from our dissention;
 We are their parents and original.

OBE. Do you amend it then; it lies in you:
Why should *Titania* cross her *Oberon*?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.

TIT. Set your heart at rest,
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votress of my order:
And, in the spiced *Indian* air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side;
And sat with me on *Neptune's* yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood;
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
And grow big-belly'd, with the wanton wind:
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,
Following (her womb then rich with my young squire)
Would imitate; and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And, for her sake, do I rear up her boy;
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

OBE. How long within this wood intend you stay?

TIT. Perchance, 'till after *Theseus'* wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moon-light revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

OBE. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

TIT. Not for thy fairy kingdom.—Fairies, away:
We shall chide down-right, if I longer stay.

[*Exeunt Queen, and her Train.*]

OBE. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,
'Till I torment thee for this injury.—

My gentle *Puck*, come hither: Thou remember'st
 Since once I sat upon a promontory,
 And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
 That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
 And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
 To hear the sea-maid's musick.

PUC. I remember.

OBE. That very time, I saw, (but thou could'st not)
 Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
 At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
 And loof'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
 But I might see young *Cupid's* fiery shaft
 Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watry moon;
 And the imperial votress passed on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
 Yet mark'd I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell:
 It fell upon a little western flower,—
 Before, milk-white; now purple with love's wound,—
 And maidens call it, love-in-idleness.
 Fetch me that flower; the herb I shew'd thee once;
 The juice of it, on sleeping eye-lids lay'd,
 Will make or man or woman madly doat
 Upon the next live creature that it sees.
 Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again,
 Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

PUC. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
 In forty minutes.

[*Exit PUCK.*]

OBE. Having once this juice,
 I'll watch *Titania* when she is asleep,

And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape)
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
And ere I take this charm from off her sight,
(As I can take it with another herb)
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will over-hear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.

DEM. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is *Lyfander*, and fair *Hermia*?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
Thou told'st me, they were stoln unto this wood;
And here am I, and wode within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my *Hermia*.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

HEL. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

DEM. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot, love you?

HEL. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, *Demetrius*,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worse place can I beg in your love,

(And yet a place of high respect with me)
Than to be used as you use your dog?

DEM. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick, when I do look on thee.

HEL. And I am sick, when I look not on you.

DEM. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

HEL. Your virtue is my privilege: For that
It is not night, when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you, in my respect, are all the world:
Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

DEM. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

HEL. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the chace;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger: Bootless speed!
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

DEM. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

HEL. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, *Demetrius*!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:

We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.

[*DEMETRIUS breaks from her, and Exit.*

I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well. [Exit.

OBE. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—

Re-enter PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

PUC. Ay, there † it is.

OBE. I pray thee, give it me.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
O'er-canopy'd with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps *Titania*, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamel'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this † I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.

Take thou † some of it, and seek through this grove:

A sweet *Athenian* lady is in love

With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;

But do it, when the next thing he espies

May be the lady: Thou shalt know the man

By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.

Effect it with some care; that he may prove

More fond on her, than she upon her love:

And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

PUC. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.

[*Exeunt, severally.*

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Wood.**Enter TITANIA, and Fairies.*

TIT. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song;
 Then, for the third part of a minute, hence:
 Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
 Some, war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
 To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back
 The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
 At our quaint spirits: Sing me now asleep;
 Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

First Fairy.

*You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
 thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
 newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
 come not near our fairy queen:*

Cho.

*Philomel, with melody,
 sing in our sweet lullaby;
 lulla, lulla, lullaby; lullia, lulla, lullaby:
 never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
 come our lovely lady nigh;
 so, good night, with lullaby.*

Second Fairy.

*Weaving spiders, come not here;
 hence, you long-leg'd spinners, hence:
 beetles black, approach not near;
 worm, nor snail, do no offence:*

Cho.

Philomel, *with melody, &c.*

v. F. Hence, away; now all is well:
 One, aloof, stand centinel. [Exeunt. Tit. sleeps.]

Enter OBERON.

OBE. What thou see'st, when thou dost wake,
[*to Tit. squeezing the Flower upon her Eye-lids.*
Do it for thy true love take;
Love, and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristl'd hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;
Wake, when some vile thing is near. [*Exit.*

Enter LYSANDER, and HERMIA.

Lys. Fair love you faint with wand'ring in the wood;
And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way:
We'll rest us, *Hermia*, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

HER. Be it so, *Lysander*: find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

HER. Nay, good *Lysander*; for my sake, my dear,
Lye further off yet, do not lye so near.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;
So that but one heart can we make of it:
Two bosoms interchained with an oath;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;
For, lying so, *Hermia*, I do not lie.

HER. *Lysander* riddles very prettily:—
Now much beshrew my manners, and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to say, *Lysander* ly'd.

But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
 Lye further off; in human modesty
 Such separation, as, may well be said,
 Becomes a virtuous batchelor and a maid:
 So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend:
 Thy love ne'er alter, 'till thy sweet life end!

Lrs. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
 And then end life, when I end loyalty!
 Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all his rest!

HER. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd!
 [they sleep.]

Enter PUCK.

Puc. Through the forest have I gone;
 But *Athenian* found I none,
 On whose eyes I might approve
 This flower's force in stirring love.
 Night and silence! who is here?
 Weeds of *Athens* he doth wear:
 This is he, my master said,
 Despised the *Athenian* maid;
 And here the maiden, sleeping found,
 On the dank and dirty ground.
 Pretty soul, she durst not lye
 Near to this kill-courtesy.
 Churl, upon thy eyes † I throw
 All the power this charm doth owe:
 When thou wak'st, let love forbid
 Sleep his feat on thy eye-lid.
 So awake, when I am gone;
 For I must now to *Oberon*.

[Exit.]

Enter DEMETRIUS, and HELENA, running.

HEL. Stay though thou kill me, sweet *Demetrius*.

DEM. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

HEL. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

DEM. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go.

[Exit DEMETRIUS.]

HEL. O, I am out of breath, in this fond chace!

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.

Happy is *Hermia*, wherefoe'er she lies;

For she hath blessed, and attractive eyes.

How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:

If so, my eyes are oftner wash'd than hers.

No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;

For beasts, that meet me, run away for fear:

Therefore, no marvel, though *Demetrius*

Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.

What wicked and dissembling glass of mine

Made me compare with *Hermia's* spherish eyes?—

But who is here? *Lysander!* on the ground!

Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound:—

Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake.

[waking, and starting up.]

Transparent *Helena!* Nature shews art,

That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.

Where is *Demetrius?* O, how fit a word

Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

HEL. Do not say so, *Lysander*; say not so:

What though he love your *Hermia?* Lord, what though?

Yet *Hermia* still loves you: then be content.

Lys. Content with *Hermia?* No; I do repent

The tedious minutes I with her have spent.

Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* I love:

Who will not change a raven for a dove?

The will of man is by his reason sway'd :
 And reason says, you are the worthier maid.
 Things growing are not ripe until their season :
 So I, being young, 'till now ripe not to reason ;
 And touching now the point of human skill,
 Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
 And leads me to your eyes ; where I o'er-look
 Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

HEL. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born ?
 When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn ?
 Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
 That I did never, no, nor never can,
 Deserve a sweet look from *Demetrius'* eye,
 But you must flout my insufficiency ?
 Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
 In such disdainful manner me to woo.
 But, fare you well : perforce I must confess,
 I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
 O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
 Should, of another, therefore be abus'd !

[*Exit.*

Lys. She sees not *Hermia* :— *Hermia*, sleep thou there ;
 And never may'st thou come *Lysander* near !
 For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
 The deepest loathing to the stomach brings ;
 Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,
 Are hated most of those they did deceive ;
 So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,
 Of all be hated ; but the most, of me :
 And, all my powers, address your love and might,
 To honour *Helen*, and to be her knight.

[*Exit.*

HER. [*starting.*] Help me, *Lysander*, help me ! do thy best
 To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast !

Ah me, for pity! what a dream was here?
Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear:
Methought, a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey:—
Lysander! what, remov'd? *Lysander!* lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak of all loves. I swoon almost with fear.
No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Or death, or you, I'll find immediately. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Queen of Fairies asleep. Enter QUINCE, SNUG,
BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.

Bot. Are we all met?

Qui. Pat, pat; and here's a marvels convenient place
for our rehearsal: This green plot shall be our stage,
this hawthorn brake our tiring-house; and we will do
it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. *Peter Quince,*—

Qui. What say'st thou, bully *Bottom*?

Bot. There are things in this comedy, of *Pyramus*
and *Thisby*, that will never please. First, *Pyramus* must
draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot
abide. How answer you that?

Sno. By'r-lakin, a par'lous fear.

Sta. I believe, we must leave the killing out, when
all is done.

Bot. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well.

Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that *Pyramus* is not kill'd indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I *Pyramus* am not *Pyramus*, but *Bottom* the weaver: This will put them out of fear.

QUI. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

BOT. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

SNO. Will not the ladies be afraid of the lion?

STA. I fear it, I promise you.

BOT. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing: for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl, than your lion, living; and we ought to look to't.

SNO. Therefore, another prologue must tell, he is not a lion.

BOT. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—Ladies, or, fair ladies, I would with you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: No, I am no such thing; I am a man, as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is *Snug* the joiner.

QUI. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber: for, you know, *Pyramus* and *Thisby* meet by moon-light.

SNU. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

BOT. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

QUI. Yes, it doth shine that night.

BOT. Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

QUI. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moon-shine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for *Pyramus* and *Thisby*, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

SNU. You can never bring in a wall.—What say you, *Bottom*?

BOT. Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some lome, or some rough-cast, about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus †, and through that cranny shall *Pyramus* and *Thisby* whisper.

QUI. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts.—*Pyramus*, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK. [gering here,"]

Puc. "What hempen home-spuns have we swag—
"So near the cradle of the fairy queen?"

"What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;"

"An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause."

QUI. Speak, *Pyramus*:—*Thisby*, stand forth.

* *PRR.* *Thisby*, the flower of odious favours sweet,—

QUI. Odours, odours.

* *PYR.* ——— odours favours sweet:

* So doth thy breath, my dearest *Thisby* dear.

* But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here a whit,

* And by and by I will to thee appear. [*Exit.*

PUC. "A stranger *Pyramus* than e'er play'd here." [*Exit.*

FLU. Must I speak now?

QUI. Ay, marry, must you: for, you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

* *THI.* Most radiant *Pyramus*, most lilly-white of hue,

* Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,

* Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely *Jew*,

* As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,

* I'll meet thee, *Pyramus*, at *Ninny's* tomb.

QUI. *Ninus'* tomb, man? why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to *Pyramus*: you speak all your part at once, cues and all.—*Pyramus*, enter; your cue is past; it is, *never tire*. [*tire.*

* *THI.* O, As true as truest horse, that yet would never

Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass' Head.

* *PYR.* If I were fair, *Thisby*, I were only thine:—

QUI. O monstrous! o strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters! help! [*Exeunt all the Clowns.*

PUC. "I'll follow you; I'll lead you about a round,"

"Through bog, through bush, through brake, through
"Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound," [*brier*:"

"A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;"

"And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,"

"Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn." [*Exit.*

BOT. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afraid.

Re-enter SNOUT.

SNO. O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd! what do I see on thee? [Exit.]

BOT. What do you see? you see an afs' head of your own; Do you?

Re-enter QUINCE.

QUI. Bless thee, *Bottom*! bless thee! thou art translated. [Exit.]

BOT. I see their knavery: this is to make an afs of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [sings.]

*The ouzel cock, so black of hue,
with orange-tawny bill,
the throistle with his note so true,
the wren with little quill;*

TIT. What angel wakes me from my flow'ry bed?

BOT. *the finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
the plain-song cuckoo gray,
whose note full many a man doth mark,
and dares not answer, nay;—*

—for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry, *cuckoo*, never so?

TIT. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

BOT. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: And yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days: The more the

pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek, upon occasion.

TIT. Thou art as wise, as thou art beautiful.

BOT. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

TIT. Out of this wood do not desire to go;
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit, of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—

Pease-blossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seed!

Enter four Fairies.

1. *F.* Ready. 2. And I. 3. and I. 4. and I.
all. Where shall we go?

TIT. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butter-flies,
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1. *F.* Hail, mortal! 2. hail! 3. hail! 4. hail!

Bot. I cry your worships mercy, heartily.— I beseech, your worship's name?

Cob. *Cobweb.*

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good master *Cobweb*: If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?

Pea. *Pease-blossom.*

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress *Squash*, your mother, and to master *Peascod*, your father. Good master *Pease-blossom*, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. *Mustard-seed.*

Bot. Good master *Mustard-seed*, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like, ox-beef hath devour'd many a gentleman of your house: I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you, more acquaintance, good master *Mustard-seed*.

Tit. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a watry eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tye up my love's tongue, bring him silently. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Wood.*

Enter OBERON.

OBE. I wonder, if *Titania* be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit?
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Pyc. My mistress with a monster is in love.
 Near to her close and consecrated bower,
 While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
 A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
 That work for bread upon *Athenian* stalls,
 Were met together to rehearse a play,
 Intended for great *Theseus'* nuptial day.
 The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
 Who *Pyramus* presented, in their sport
 Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake:
 When I did him at this advantage take,
 An ass's nose I fixed on his head;
 Anon, his *Thisbe* must be answered,
 And forth my mimick comes: When they him spy,
 As wild-geese, that the creeping fowler eye,
 Or ruffet-pated choughs, many in sort,
 Rising and cawing at the gun's report
 Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
 So, at his sight, away his fellows fly:
 And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
 He murder cries, and help from *Athens* calls.
 Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus strong,
 Made senseless things begin to do them wrong:
 For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch;
 Some, sleeves; some, hats: from yielders all things catch.
 I led them on in this distracted fear,
 And left sweet *Pyramus* translated there:
 When in that moment (so it came to pass)
Titania wak'd, and straitway lov'd an ass.

OBE. This falls out better than I could devise.
 But hast thou yet lech'd the *Athenian's* eyes
 With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

PUC. I took him sleeping, — that is finish'd too, —
And the *Athenian* woman by his side;
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter DEMETRIUS, and HERMIA.

OBE. “ Stand close; this is the same *Athenian.* ”

PUC. “ This is the woman, but not this the man. ”

DEM. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

HER. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse;
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain *Lysander* in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me: Would he have stoln away
From sleeping *Hermia*? I'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon
May through the center creep, and so displease
Her brother's noontide with the antipodes.
It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murtherer look, so dead, so grim.

DEM. So should the murther'd look; and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you, the murtherer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder *Venus* in her glimmering sphere.

HER. What's this to my *Lysander*? where is he?
Ah, good *Demetrius*, wilt thou give him me?

DEM. I had rather give his carcass to my hounds

HER. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the
bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!

O, once tell true, tell true, even for my fake;
 Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
 And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!
 Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
 An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
 Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

DEM. You spend your passion on a mispriz'd mood:
 I am not guilty of *Lysander's* blood;
 Nor is he dead, for ought that I can tell.

HER. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

DEM. An if I could, what should I get therefore?

HER. A privilege, never to see me more.

And from thy hated presence part I go:—

See me no more, whether he be dead, or no. [Exit.]

DEM. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
 Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.

So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow,
 For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
 Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
 If for his tender here I make some stay. [lies down.]

OBE. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
 And lay'd the love-juice on some true-love's sight:
 Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
 Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

PUC. Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man holding troth,
 A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

OBE. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
 And *Helena* of *Athens* look thou find:
 All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer
 With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood dear:
 By some illusion see thou bring her here;
 I'll charm his eyes, against she do appear.

Puc. I go, I go; look, how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the *Tartar's* bow. [Exit.

OBE. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with *Cupid's* archery,
Sink † in apple of his eye:
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the *Venus* of the sky. —
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter PUCK.

Puc. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee;
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

OBE. Stand aside: the noise, they make,
Will cause *Demetrius* to awake.

Puc. Then will two, at once, woo one;
That must needs be sport alone:
And those things do best please me,
That befall preposterously.

Enter LYSANDER, and HELENA.

Lys. Why should you think, that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.

How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true?

HEL. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, o devilish-holy fray!

These vows are *Hermia's*; Will you give her o'er?

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.

HEL. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lys. *Demetrius* loves her, and he loves not you.

DEM. O *Helen*, [*starting up.*] goddess, nymph, perfect,
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyes? [*divine!*
Christal is muddy. O, how ripe in show

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high *Taurus'* snow,
Fan'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'st up thy hand: o, let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

HEL. O spite! o hell! I see, you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment.

If you were civil, and knew courtesy,

You would not do me thus much injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,

But you must join, in souls, to mock me too?

If you were men, as men you are in show,

You would not use a gentle lady so;

To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,

When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.

You both are rivals, and love *Hermia*;

And now, both rivals, to mock *Helena*:

A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,

To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,

With your derision: none, of noble sort,

Would so offend a virgin; and extort

A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, *Demetrius*; be not so;
For you love *Hermia*; this you know I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In *Hermia*'s love I yield you up my part;
And yours of *Helena* to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

HEL. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

DEM. *Lysander*, keep thy *Hermia*; I will none:
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart with her but, as guest-wise, sojourn'd;
And now to *Helen* is it home return'd,
There to remain.

Lys. *Helen*, it is not so.

DEM. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Left, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.—
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA.

HER. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompence:—
Thou art not by mine eye, *Lysander*, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth prefs to go?

HER. What love could prefs *Lysander* from my side?

Lys. *Lysander*'s love, that would not let him bide,
Fair *Helena*; who more engilds the night
Than all yon' fiery o's, and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?

HER. You speak not as you think, it cannot be.

HEL. Lo, she is one of this confed'racy!
 Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
 To fashion this false sport in spite of me. —
 Injurious *Hermia*! most ungrateful maid!
 Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd,
 To bait me with this foul derision?
 Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
 The sister vows, the hours that we have spent,
 When we have chid the hasty-footed time
 For parting us, — o, and is all forgot?
 All school-day friendship, childhood innocence?
 We, *Hermia*, like two artificial gods,
 Have with our needles created both one flower,
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
 As if our hands, and sides, voices, and minds,
 Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
 But yet a union in partition,
 Two lovely berries molded on one stem:
 So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
 Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
 Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
 And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
 To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
 Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
 Though I alone do feel the injury.

HER. I am amazed at your passionate words:
 I scorn you not; It seems, that you scorn me.

HEL. Have you not set *Lysander*, as in scorn,
 To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?

And made your other love, *Demetrius*,
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot)
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth *Lysander*
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection;
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with loves, so fortunate;
But miserable most, to love unlov'd?
'This you should pity, rather than despise.

HER. I understand not what you mean by this.

HEL. Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back,
Wink each at other, hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carry'd, shall be chronic'd.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault;
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle *Helena*; hear my excuse;
My love, my life, my soul, fair *Helena*!

HEL. O excellent!

HER. Sweet, [*to Lys.*] do not scorn her so.

DEM. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat;
Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak prays.—

Helena, I love thee; by my life, I do;

I swear by that which I will lose for thee,

To prove him false, that says I love thee not.

DEM. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

DEM. Quick, come,—

HER. *Lysander*, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you *Ethiop*!

DEM. No, no; he'll not come.—

Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow;

But yet, come not: You are a tame man, go!

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou bur: vile thing, let loose;
Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.

HER. Why are you grown, so rude? what change is this,
Sweet love?

Lys. Thy love? out, tawny *Tartar*, out!
Out, loathed med'cine! hated potion, hence!

HER. Do you not jest?

HEL. Yes, 'sooth; and so do you.

Lys. *Demetrius*, I will keep my word with thee.

DEM. I would, I had your bond: for, I perceive,
A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word;

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

HER. What, can you do me greater harm, than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?

Am not I *Hermia*? Are not you *Lysander*?

I am as fair now, as I was erewhile.

Since night, you lov'd me; yet, since night, you left me:

Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—

In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my life;

And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt,

Be certain, nothing truer, 'tis no jest,

That I do hate thee, and love *Helena*.

HER. O me!—You jugler, you! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And stoln my love's heart from him?

HEL. Fine, i'faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

HER. Puppet! why so?—Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures, she hath urg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted may-pole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

HEL. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not strike me: You, perhaps, may think,
Because she's something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

HER. Lower! hark, again.

HEL. Good *Hermia*, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, *Hermia*,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him.

But he hath chid me hence; and threaten'd me
 To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
 And now, so you will let me quiet go,
 To *Athens* will I bear my folly back,
 And follow you no further: Let me go:
 You see how simple and how fond I am.

HER. Why, get you gone: Who is't that hinders you?

HEL. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

HER. What, with *Lysander*?

HEL. With *Demetrius*.

Lys. Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, *Helena*.

DEM. No, sir; she shall not, though you take her part.

HEL. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd:
 She was a vixen, when she went to school;
 And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

HER. Little again? nothing but low, and little? —
 Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
 Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;
 You *minimus*, of hind'ring knot-grass made;
 You bead, you acorn.

DEM. You are too officious,
 In her behalf that scorns your services.
 Let her alone; speak not of *Helena*;
 Take not her part: for if thou dost intend
 Never so little shew of love to her,
 Thou shalt aby it.

Lys. Now she holds me not;
 Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
 Of thine or mine, is most in *Helena*.

DEM. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl.

[*Exeunt* *LYSANDER*, and *DEMETRIUS*.]

HER. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you:
Nay, go not back.

HEL. I will not trust you, I;
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer though, to run away. [Exit.

HER. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say. [Exit.

OBE. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else commit'st thy knaveries wilfully.

PUC. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me, I should know the man
By the *Athenian* garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprize,
That I have 'nointed an *Athenian's* eyes:
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

OBE. Thou see'st, these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hye therefore, *Robin*, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as *Acheron*;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to *Lysander* sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir *Demetrius* up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like *Demetrius*;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
'Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
Then crush this † herb into *Lysander's* eye;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eye-balls rowl with wonted fight.

When they next wake, all this derision
 Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;
 And back to *Athens* shall the lovers wend,
 With league, whose date 'till death shall never end.
 Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
 I'll to my queen, and beg her *Indian* boy;
 And then I will her charmed eye release
 From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puc. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste;
 For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
 And yonder shines *Aurora's* harbinger;
 At whose approach, ghosts, wand'ring here and there,
 Troop home to church-yards: damned spirits all,
 That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
 Already to their wormy beds are gone;
 For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
 They wilfully themselves exile from light,
 And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

OBE. But we are spirits of another sort:
 I with the morning's love have oft made sport;
 And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
 Even 'till the eastern gate, all fiery red,
 Opening on *Neptune* with fair blessed beams,
 Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.
 But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
 We may effect this business yet ere day.

[*Exit.*

Puc. Up and down, up and down,
 I will lead them up and down:
 I am fear'd in field, and town;
 Goblin, lead them up and down.

Here comes one.

Enter LYSANDER.

Lrs. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius*? speak thou now.

Puc. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lrs. I will be with thee straight.

Puc. Follow me then [*seems to go off.*]

To plainer ground. [*Exit Lrs. as following the Voice, which*
Enter DEMETRIUS.

DEM. *Lysander!* speak again.

Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?

Speak. In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?

Puc. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod: He is defil'd,
That draws a sword on thee.

DEM. Yea; art thou there?

Puc. Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood here.

[*Exeunt PUCK, and DEMETRIUS.*

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lrs. He goes before me, and still dares me on;
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter heel'd, than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fall'n am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. [*lies down*] Come, thou gentle day!
For if but once thou shew me thy grey light,
I'll find *Demetrius*, and revenge this spight. [*sleeps.*]

Re-enter PUCK, and DEMETRIUS.

Puc. Ho, ho; ho, ho! coward, why com'st thou not?

DEM. Abide me, if thou dar'st: for well I wot,
Thou run'st before me, shifting every place;
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.

Where art thou now?

PUC. Come hither; I am here. [dear,

DEM. Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this
If ever I thy face by day-light see:

Now, go thy way. — Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed. [*lies down.*

By day's approach look to be visited. [*sleeps.*

Enter HELENA, and throws herself down.

HEL. O weary night, o long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours; shine, comforts, from the east;

That I may back to *Athens*, by day-light,
From these that my poor company detest: —

And, sleep, that sometime shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company. [*sleeps.*

PUC. Yet but three? come one more;

Two of both kinds makes up four.

Here she comes, curst, and sad: —

Cupid is a knavish lad,

Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

HER. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbl'd with the dew, and torn with briars;

I can no further crawl, no further go;

My legs can keep no pace with my desires.

Here will I rest me, [*lies down*] 'till the break of day.

Heavens shield *Lyfander*, if they mean a fray! [*sleeps.*

PUC. On the ground

[*to Lyfander, whose Eyes he anoints.*

Sleep thou sound:

I'll apply

To your eye,

Gentle lover, remedy.

When thou wak'st
Next, thou tak'st
True delight
In the fight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.
[*Exit. Scene closes upon the Sleepers.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same.*

The Lovers, at a Distance, asleep.

Enter Queen of Fairies, and BOTTOM, Fairies attending; OBERON, behind, unseen.

TIT. Come, sit thee down upon this flow'ry bed,
[*seating him on a Bank.*]

While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

BOT. Where's *Pease-blossom*?

PEA. Ready.

BOT. Scratch my head, *Pease-blossom*.—Where's moun-
sieur *Cobweb*?

COB. Ready.

BOT. Mounsieur *Cobweb*; good mounsieur, get your
weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipt humble-

bee, on the top of a thistle ; and, good mounſieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourſelf too much in the action, mounſieur : and, good mounſieur, have a care the honey-bag break not ; I would be loth to have you over-flown with a honey-bag, ſignior.— Where's mounſieur *Mustard-ſeed* ?

Mus. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neaſe, mounſieur *Mustard-ſeed*. Pray you, leave your courteſy, good mounſieur.

Mus. What's your will ?

Bot. Nothing, good mounſieur, but to help cavalero *Cobweb* to ſcratch. I muſt to the barber's, mounſieur ; for, methinks, I am marvels hairy about the face : and I am ſuch a tender aſs, if my hair do but tickle me, I muſt ſcratch.

Tit. What, wilt thou hear ſome muſick, my ſweet love ?

Bot. I have a reaſonable good ear in muſick : Let us have the tongs, and the bones.

Tit. Or, ſay, ſweet love, what thou deſir'ſt to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender ; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great deſire to a bottle of hay : good hay, ſweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tit. I have a vent'rous fairy, that ſhall ſeek The ſquirrel's hoard, and fetch thee thence new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful, or two, of dry'd pease. But, I pray you, let none of your people ſtir me ; I have an expoſition of ſleep come upon me.

Tit. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms. Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away. [*Exeunt Fairies.* So doth the wood-bine, the ſweet honeſuckle, Gently entwiſt, the female ivy ſo Enring, the barky fingers of the elm.

O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee! [they sleep.

Oberon advances. Enter PUCK.

OBE. Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?

[showing the Queen, and Bottom.

Her dotage now I do begin to pity.

For meeting her of late, behind the wood,

Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,

I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:

For she his hairy temples then had rounded

With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;

And that same dew, which sometime on the buds

Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,

Stood now within the pretty flouriets' eyes,

Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.

When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,

And she, in mild terms, beg'd my patience,

I then did ask of her her changeling child;

Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent

To bear him to my bower in fairy land.

And, now I have the boy, I will undo

This hateful imperfection of her eyes.

And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp

From off the head of this Athenian swain;

That he awaking when the other do,

May all to Athens back again repair,

And think no more of this night's accidents,

But as the fierce vexation of a dream.

But first I will release the fairy queen.

Be, as thou wast wont to be;

[touching her Eyes with an Herb.

See, as thou wast wont to see:

Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower

Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my *Titania*; wake you, my sweet queen.

TIT. My *Oberon*! what visions have I seen!
Methought, I was enamour'd of an ass.

OBE. There † lies your love.

TIT. How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loath his visage now!

OBE. Silence, a while.—*Robin*, take off this head.—
Titania, musick call; and strike more dead
'Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

TIT. Musick, ho, musick; such as charmeth sleep!

PUC. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's
eyes peep.

OBE. Sound, musick. [*still Musick.*] Come, my queen,
take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity;
And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,
Dance in duke *Theseus*' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair prosperity:
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with *Theseus*, all in jollity.

PUC. Fairy king, attend, and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.

OBE. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade:
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

TIT. Come, my lord; and, in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found,
With these mortals, on the ground. [*Exeunt.*

Horns wind within.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, EGEUS, and
Train.

THE. Go, one of you, find out the forester;—
For now our observation is perform'd :
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the musick of my hounds.—
Uncouple in the western valley ; go :—
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.—
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

HIP. I was with *Hercules*, and *Cadmus*, once,
When in a wood of *Crete* they bay'd the boar
With hounds of *Sparta* : never did I hear
Such gallant chiding ; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry : I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

THE. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kind,
So flew'd, so fanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew ;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapt like *Theſſalian* bulls ;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In *Crete*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Theſſaly* :
Judge, when you hear. But, soft ; [*ſeeing the Lovers.*] what
nymphs are these ?

EGE. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep ;
And this, *Lysander* ; this *Demetrius* is ;
This, *Helena*, old *Nedar's* *Helena* :

I wonder at their being here together.

THE. No doubt, they rose up early, to observe
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here, in grace of our solemnity.—

But, speak, *Egeus*; is not this the day
That *Hermia* should give answer of her choice?

EGE. It is, my lord. [horns.

THE. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their
Horns, and Shout, within:

DEMETRIUS, LYSANDER, HERMIA, and HELENA,
wake and start up.

THE. Good-morrow, friends. Saint *Valentine* is past;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

LYS. Pardon, my lord. [*He, and the rest, kneel to Theseus.*

THE. I pray you all, stand up.

I know, you two are rival enemies;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

LYS. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half 'sleep, half waking: But as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here.

But, as I think, (for truly would I speak;—
And, now I do bethink me, so it is;)

I came with *Hermia* hither: our intent
Was, to be gone from *Athens*, where we might be
Without the peril of the *Athenian* law.

EGE. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough;
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.—

They would have stoln away, they would, *Demetrius*,
Thereby to have defeated you and me:
You, of your wife; and me, of my consent;

Of my consent that she should be your wife.

DEM. My lord, fair *Helena* told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them;
Fair *Helena* in fancy following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by some power it is) my love to *Hermia*,
Melted as doth the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd,
Which in my childhood I did doat upon:
And all the faith, the virtue, of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only *Helena*. To her, my lord,
Was I betrothed ere I did see *Hermia*:
But, like a sickness, did I loath this food:
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

THE. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we will hear more anon. —

Egeus, I will over-bear your will;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside. —
Away, with us, to *Athens*: Three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity. —

Come, my *Hippolita*. [*Exeunt THE. HIP. EGE. and Train.*]

DEM. These things seem small, and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

HER. Methinks, I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.

HEL. So methinks:
And I have found *Demetrius* like a gemel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

DEM. But are you sure
That we are w~~ell~~ awake? it seems to me,
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think,
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

HER. Yea; and my father.

HEL. And *Hippolita*.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

DEM. Why then, we are awake: Let's follow him;
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*
As they go out, Bottom wakes.

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer: my next is, *Most fair Pyramus*.—Hey, ho!—*Peter Quince!* *Flute*, the bellows-mender! *Snout*, the tinker! *Starveling!* God's my life! stoln hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of man to say, what dream it was: Man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—But man is but a patch'd fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen; man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get *Peter Quince* to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be call'd, *Bottom's Dream*, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it after death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. Athens. *A Room in Quince's House.*

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOOT, and STARVELING.

QUI. Have you sent to *Bottom's* house? is he come home yet?

STA. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

FLU. If he come not, then the play is mar'd; It goes not forward, doth it?

QUI. It is not possible: you have not a man, in all *Athens*, able to discharge *Pyramus*, but he.

FLU. No; he hath simply the best wit of any handy-craft man in *Athens*.

QUI. Yea, and the best person too: and he is a very paramour, for a sweet voice.

FLU. You must say, paragon: a paramour is, God blefs us! a thing of naught.

Enter SNUG.

SNU. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more marry'd: If our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

FLU. O sweet bully *Bottom*! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day, during his life; he could not have 'scap'd sixpence a day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing *Pyramus*, I'll be hang'd; he would have deserv'd it: sixpence a day, in *Pyramus*, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM.

BOT. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

QUI. *Bottom*!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

[*All croud about him.*]

BOT. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian*.

I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

QUI. Let us hear, sweet *Bottom*.

BOT. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you, is, that the duke hath dined: Get your apparel together; good strings to your beards, new ribbands to your pumps, meet presently at the palace, every man look o'er his part; for, the short and the long is, our play is prefer'd. In any case, let *Thisby* have clean linnen; and let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlick, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away, go, away. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same.*

A State-Room in Theseus's Palace.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, PHILOSTRATE, and Attendants.

HIP. 'Tis strange, my *Theseus*, that these lovers speak of.

THE. More strange than true. I never may believe
 These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
 Lovers, and madmen, have such seething brains,
 Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
 More than cool reason ever comprehends.
 The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,
 Are of imagination all compact:
 One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
 That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantick,

Sees *Helen's* beauty in a brow of *Egypt* :
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rowling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven ;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapés, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination :
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy ;
Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear ?

HIP. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy ;
But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

Enter *LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and HELENA.*

THE. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.—
Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love,
Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us
Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed! [have,

THE. Come now ; what masks, what dances shall we
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper, and bed-time?

Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?

Call *Philstrate.*

PHI. Here, mighty *Theseus.*

THE. Say, what abridgment have you for this evening?

23 wait in your

What mask, what musick? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

PHI. There is a brief, how many sports are ripe;

[*presenting a Paper.*

Make choice of which your highness will see first.

THE. The battle with the *Centaurs*, to be sung

By an *Athenian* eunuch to the harp.

We'll none of that: that have I told my love,

In glory of my kinsman *Hercules*.

The riot of the tipsy *Bacchanals*,

Tearing the *Thracian* finger in their rage.

That is an old device; and it was play'd

When I from *Thebes* came last a conqueror.

The thrice three muses mourning for the death

Of learning, late deceast in beggary.

That is some satire, keen, and critical,

Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

A tedious brief scene of young *Pyramus*,

And his love *Thisbe*; very tragical mirth.

Merry, and tragical? Tedious, and brief?

That is, hot ice; and wondrous strange black snow. —

How shall we find the concord of this discord?

PHI. A play it is, my lord, some ten words long;

Which is as brief as I have known a play;

But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;

Which makes it tedious: for in all the play

There is not one word apt, one player fitted.

And tragical, my noble lord, it is:

For *Pyramus* therein doth kill himself.

Which, when I saw rehearst, I must confess,

Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears

The passion of loud laughter never shed.

THE. What are they, that do play it?

PHI. Hard-handed men, that work in *Athens* here,
Which never labour'd in their minds 'till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.

THE. And we will hear it.

PHI. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extreamly stretch'd, and con'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

THE. I will hear that play:
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in;—and take your places, ladies.

[*Exit PHILOSTRATE.*

HIP. I love not to see wretchedness o'er-charg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.

THE. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

HIP. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

THE. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake:
And what poor willing duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver, and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome: Trust me, sweet,

Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome;
 And in the modesty of fearful duty
 I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
 Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
 Love, therefore, and tongue-ty'd simplicity,
 In least, speak most, to my capacity.

Re-enter PHILOSTRATE.

PHI. So please your grace, the prologue is address.

THE. Let him approach. [*Trumpets.*]

Pyramus, and Thisbe. An Interlude.

Enter Prologue.

- * *PRO.* If we offend, it is with our good will.
- * That you should think, we come not to offend,
- * But with good will. To shew our simple skill,
- * That is the true beginning of our end.
- * Consider then, we come but in despight.
- * We do not come, as minding to content you,
- * Our true intent is. All for your delight,
- * We are not here. That you should here repent you,
- * The actors are at hand: and, by their show,
- * You shall know all, that you are like to know.

THE. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt;
 he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: It is
 not enough to speak, but to speak true.

- *HIP.* Indeed, he hath play'd on this prologue, like a
 child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.

THE. His speech was like a tangl'd chain; nothing
 impair'd, but all disorder'd. Who is next?

*Enter PYRAMUS, and THISBE, Wall, Moon-shine,
 and Lion, as in dumb Show.*

- * *PRO.* Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this show:

* But wonder on, 'till truth make all things plain.
* This † man is *Pyramus*, if you would know ;
* This † beauteous lady *Thisby* is, certain.
* This man, † with lime and rough-cast, doth present
* Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers funder :
* And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
* To whisper ; at the which let no man wonder.
* This man, † with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,
* Presenteth moon-shine : for, if you will know,
* By moon-shine did these lovers think no scorn
* To meet at *Ninus'* tomb, there, there to woo.
* This grizly beast, † which by name lion hight,
* The trusty *Thisby*, coming first by night,
* Did scare away, or rather did affright :
* And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall ;
* Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain :
* Anon comes *Pyramus*, sweet youth, and tall,
* And finds his trusty *Thisby's* mantle slain :
* Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
* He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast ;
* And *Thisby*, tarrying in mulberry shade,
* His dagger drew, and dy'd. For all the rest,
* Let lion, moon-shine, wall, and lovers twain,
* At large discourse, while here they do remain.
[*Exeunt* Prologue, *THISBE*, *Lion*, and *Moon-shine*.
THE. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.
DEM. No wonder, my lord : one lion may, when many asses do.
* *Wal*. In this same interlude, it doth befall,
* That I, one *Snout* by name, present a wall :
* And such a wall, as I would have you think,
* That had in it a crany'd hole, or chink,

12 Lyon hight by name)

* Through which the lovers, *Pyramus* and *Thisby*,
 * Did whisper often very secretly.
 * This lome, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show
 * That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
 * And this the crany is †, right and finister,
 * Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

THE. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

DEM. It is the wittiest partition, that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

THE. *Pyramus* draws near the wall: silence.

* *PYR.* O grim-look'd night, o night with hue so black,
 * O night, which ever art, when day is not;

* O night, o night, alack, alack, alack,

* I fear my *Thisby's* promise is forgot.—

* And thou, o wall, o sweet, o lovely wall,

* That stand'st between her father's ground and mine,

* Thou wall, o wall, o sweet and lovely wall, [eyen.

* Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine

[*Wall holds up his Fingers.*

* Thanks, courteous wall: *Jove* shield thee well for this!

* But what see I? No *Thisby* do I see.

* O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss,

* Curs'd be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

THE. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

BOB. No, in truth, sir, he should not. *Deceiving me*, is *Thisby's* cue; she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you: yonder she comes.

Enter THISBE.

* *THI.* O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,

* For parting my fair *Pyramus* and me:

- * My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones ;
- * Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.
- * *PYR.* I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
- * To spy an I can hear my *Thisby's* face.
- * *Thisby!*
- * *THI.* My love: thou art my love, I think.
- * *PYR.* Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace :
- * And like *Limander* am I trusty still.
- * *THI.* And I like *Helen*, 'till the fates me kill.
- * *PYR.* Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus* was so true.
- * *THI.* As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.
- * *PYR.* O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.
- * *THI.* I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.
- * *PYR.* Wilt thou at *Ninny's* tomb meet me straitway ?
- * *THI.* 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.
- * *Wal.* Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so ;
- * And, being done, thus wall away doth go.

[*Exeunt* Wall, *PYRAMUS*, and *THISBE*.

THE. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

DEM. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to rear without warning.

HIP. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

THE. The best in this kind are but shadows: and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

HIP. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

THE. If we imagine no worse of them, than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man, and a lion.

Enter Lion, and Moon-shine.

- * *Lio.* You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
- * The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,

* May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,

* When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

* Then know, that I one *Snug* the joiner am;

* No lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:

* For if I should as lion come in strife

* Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.

THE. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

DEM. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

THE. True; and a goose for his discretion.

DEM. Not so, my lord: for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

THE. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox.—It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

* *Moo.* This lanthorn doth the horned moon present.

DEM. He should have worn the horns on his head.

THE. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

* *Moo.* This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;

* Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be:

THE. This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be put into the lanthorn; How is it else the man i' the moon?

DEM. He dares not come there for the candle: for, you see, it is already in snuff. [change!

HIP. I am awearry of this moon: 'Would, he would

THE. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane: but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, moon.

STA. All that I have to say, is, to tell you, that the

lanthorn is the moon; I, the man i' the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

DEM. Why, all these should be in the lanthorn; for they are in the moon. But, silence; here comes *Thisbe*.

Enter *THISBE*.

* *THI*. This is old *Ninny's* tomb: Where is my love?

* *Lio*. Oh.— [roars. *THISBE* runs off.]

DEM. Well roar'd, lion.

THE. Well run, *Thisbe*.

HIP. Well shone, moon.— Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

THE. Well mous'd, lion.

[Lion shakes *Thisbe's* Mantle, and Exit.]

DEM. And then came *Pyramus*:

Lys. And so the lion vanish'd.

Enter *PYRAMUS*.

* *PYR*. Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;

* I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright:

* For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,

* I trust to taste of truest *Thisbe's* fight.

* But stay;—O spight!—

* But mark;—Poor knight,

* What dreadful dole is here?

* Eyes, do you see?

* How can it be?

* O dainty duck! O dear!

* Thy mantle good,

* What, stain'd with blood?

* Approach, ye furies fell!

* O fates, come, come;

* Cut thread and thrum;

* Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

THE. This passion, and the death of a dear friend,
would go near to make a man look sad.

HIP. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

* *PRR.* O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame?

* Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear:

* Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,

* That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd, with

* Come, tears, confound; [cheer.

* Out, sword, and wound

* The pap of *Pyramus*:

* Ay, that left pap,

* Where heart doth hop:—

* Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

* Now am I dead,

* Now am I fled;

* My soul is in the sky:

* Tongue, lose thy light!

* Moon, take thy flight!

* Now die, die, die, die, die.

[*dies.* *Exit* Moon shine.

DEM. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is
nothing.

THE. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet re-
cover, and prove an ass.

HIP. How chance moon-shine is gone, before *Thisbe*
come backs and finds her lover?

THE. She will find him by star-light. Here she comes;

Enter THISBE.

and her passion ends the play.

HIP. Methinks, she should not use a long one, for
such a *Pyramus*: I hope, she will be brief.

DEM. A moth will turn the balance, which *Pyramus*, which *Thisbe*, is the better.

Lys. She hath spyed him already, with those sweet eyes.

DEM. And thus she moans, *widelicet*.

* THI. Asleep, my love ?

* What, dead, my dove ?

* O *Pyramus*, arise,

* Speak, speak. Quite dumb ?

* Dead, dead ? A tomb

* Must cover thy sweet eyes.

* These lilly lips,

* This cherry nose,

* These yellow cowslip cheeks,

* Are gone, are gone :

* Lovers, make moan !

* His eyes were green as leeks.

* O sisters three,

* Come, come, to me,

* With hands as pale as milk ;

* Lay them in gore,

* Since you have shore

* With shears his thread of silk.

* Tongue, not a word :—

* Come, trusty sword ;

* Come, blade, my breast imbrue :

* And farewell, friends :—

* Thus *Thisbe* ends :

* Adieu, adieu, adieu.

[*dies*.

THE. Moon-shine and lion are left to bury the dead.

DEM. Ay, and wall too.

BOT. No, I assure you ; [*starting up*.] the wall is down

that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a bergomask dance between two of our company?

THE. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had play'd *Pyramus*, and hang'd himself in *Thisbe's* garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharg'd. But, come, your bergomask: let your epilogue alone.

[*Dance: and Exeunt Clowns.*]

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—

Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.

I fear, we shall out-sleep the coming-morn,
As much as we this night have over-watch'd.

This palpable-gross play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed.

A fortnight hold we this solemnity,

In nightly revels, and new jollity.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. The same.

Enter PUCK.

Puc. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf howls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fore-done.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch'ing loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,

Every one lets forth his spright,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple *Hecate's* team
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolick; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent, with broom, before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter King and Queen of Fairies, with their Train.

OBE. Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowzy fire:
Every elf, and fairy spright,
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

TIT. First, rehearse your song by rote:
To each word a warbling note,
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

SONG, and DANCE.

OBE. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue, there create,
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be:
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;

Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
 Nor mark prodigious, such as are
 Despised in nativity,
 Shall upon their children be. —
 With this field dew consecrate,
 Every fairy take his gate;
 And each several chamber bless,
 Through this palace, with sweet peace:
 Ever shall it safely rest,
 And the owner of it blest.

Trip away;

Make no stay;

Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Train.*

PUCK, *advancing.*

*If we shadows have offended,
 Think but this, (and all is mended)
 That you have but slumber'd here,
 While these visions did appear.
 And this weak and idle theme,
 No more yielding but a dream,
 Gentles, do not reprehend;
 If you pardon, we will mend.
 And, as I'm an honest Puck,
 If we have unearned luck
 Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
 We will make amends, ere long:
 Else the Puck a liar call.
 So, good night unto you all.
 Give me your hands, if we be friends,
 And Robin shall restore amends.*

[*Exit.*

The
MERCHANT
of
VENICE.

Persons represented.

Duke of Venice.

Prince of Morocco, } *Suitors to Portia.*
Prince of Arragon, }

Antonio, a noble Merchant :

Bassanio, his Friend :

Gratiano,

Lorenzo, } *noble Venetians; and Friends*

Solanio, and } *to the Merchant, and Bassanio.*

Salerino,

Shylock, a Jew Merchant :

Tubal, another Jew, his Friend.

Clown, Servant to Shylock :

an old Man, his Father.

Servants to Portia, four.

Servant to Antonio.

Servant to Bassanio.

Portia, a rich Heiress :

Nerissa, her Woman.

Jessica, Shylock's Daughter.

*Magnificoes of Venice ; Officers of the Court of Justice ;
and Attendants, (Men and Women) upon the Duke,
Princes, Portia, Bassanio, &c.*

*Scene, Venice ; and Belmont, Seat of Portia
upon the Continent.*

The
MERCHANT of VENICE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Venice. *A Street.*
Enter ANTONIO, SOLANIO, and
SALERINO.

ANT. In sooth, I know not why I am so fad;
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 fadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

SAL. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There where your argosies, with portly sail,—
Like signiors and rich burgers on the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the sea,—
Do over-peer the petty traffiquers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

SOL. 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 straight of dangerous rocks?
 Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
 Would scatter all her 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.

ANT. 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.

SAL. Why, then you are in love.

ANT. Fie, fie!

SAL. Not in love neither? Then let us say, you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you, to laugh, and leap, and say, you are 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 other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not shew their teeth in way of smile,
Though *Nestor* swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and
GRATIANO.

SOL. Here comes *Bassanio*, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and *Lorenzo*: Fare you well;
We leave you now with better company.

SAL. I would have stay'd 'till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

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

SAL. Good morrow, my good lords. [when?

BAS. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say,
You grow exceeding strange; Must it be so?

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

[Exeunt SALERINO, and SOLANIO.

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

BAS. I will not fail you.

GRA. You look not well, signior *Antonio*;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.

Believe me, you are marvelously chang'd.

ANT. I hold the world but as the world, *Gratians*;
A stage, where every man must play a 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, *Antonio*,—
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,
With purpose to be drest 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 these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; who, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
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 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 found of thine own tongue.

ANT. Farewel: I'll grow a talker for this gear.

GRA. Thanks, i'faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dry'd, and a maid not vendable.

[*Exeunt GRATIANO, and LORENZO.*

ANT. Is that any thing now?

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

ANT. 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?

BAS. 'Tis not unknown to you, *Antonio*,
How much I have disabl'd mine estate,
By something showing 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 gag'd: To you, *Antonio*,
I owe the most, in money, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots, and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

ANT. 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,

⁸ *An.* It is that

My purse, my person, my extreamest means,
Lye all unlock'd to your occasions.

BAS. 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; and, by advent'ring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood 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.

ANT. 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.

BAS. In *Belmont* is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues; sometime from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is *Portia*; nothing undervalu'd
To *Cato's* daughter, *Brutus' Portia*.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks

Hang on her temples like a golden fleece ;
Which makes her seat of *Belmont Colchos' itron*d,
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.

ANT. Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are at sea ;
Neither have I money, 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 money is ; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Belmont. A Room in *Portia's House*.

Enter *PORTIA*, and *NERISSA*.

POR. By my troth, *Nerissa*, my little body is awearry
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 : It is
no mean happiness therefore, 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 easy as to know what were
good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's

cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine, that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine 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 the fashion to choose me a husband:— O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father:— Is it not hard, *Nerissa*, that I cannot choose 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 chooses his meaning, chooses you) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who 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 namest 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 colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; 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, is there the county *Palatine*.

POR. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say,

An you will not have me, choose: he hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear, he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be marry'd to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these; God defend me from these two!

NER. How say you by the *French* lord, monsieur *le Bon*?

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 straight a cap'ring; 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 then to *Fauconbridge*, 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 will come into the court, and swear, that I have a poor penny-worth 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?

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 seal'd under for another.

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: an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

NER. If he should offer to choose, and choose 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 choose 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 obtained 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 I pray God grant 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 *Montferrat*?

POR. Yes, yes, it was *Bassanio*; as I think, so was he called.

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 faint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me. — Come, *Nerissa*: — Sirrah, go before. — Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Venice. A publick Place.

Enter BASSANIO, and SHYLOCK.

SHY. Three thousand ducats, — well.

BAS. Ay, sir, for three months.

SHY. For three months, — well.

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

SHY. *Antonio* shall become bound, — well.

BAS. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

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

BAS. Your answer to that.

SHY. *Antonio* is a good man.

BAS. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

SHY. Ho, 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 argosy 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, failors but men: there be land rats, and water rats, water thieves, and land thieves; I mean, pirats; 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.

BAS. 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 *Antonio*?

BAS. 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 ANTONIO.

BAS. This is signior *Antonio*.

SHY. “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 money 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,”
“ Even 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 !”

BAS. *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 grofs
Of full three thousand ducats : What of that ?
Tubal, a wealthy *Hebrew* of my tribe,
Will furnish me : But, soft ; How many months
Do you desire ? — Rest you fair, good signior ;
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

ANT. *Shylock*, albeit 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.

ANT. 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 ;
Methoughts, you said, you neither lend, nor borrow,
Upon advantage.

ANT. I do never use it.

SHY. When *Jacob* graz'd his uncle *Laban*'s sheep, —
This *Jacob* from our holy *Abraham* was

(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

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

SHY. No, not take interest; not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what *Jacob* did.

When *Laban* and himself were compromis'd,—
That all the eanlings, which were streak'd, and py'd,
Should fall as *Jacob's* hire, the ewes, being rank,
In end of autumn turned to the rams:
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd pil'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 eaning 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.

ANT. This was a venture, fir, that *Jacob* serv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd, and fashion'd, by the hand of heaven.
Was this insert'd to make interest good?
Or is your gold, and silver, ewes, and rams?

SHY. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:—
But note me, signior.

ANT. Mark you this, *Bassanio*,
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.
An evil foul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

SHY. Three thousand ducats,—'tis a good round sum.

Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

ANT. Well, *Shylock*, shall we be beholding to you?

SHY. 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 spet upon my *Jewish* gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine 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 rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold; monies 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 spet on me wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me—dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies.*

ANT. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spet on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; (for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou may'st with better face

Exact the penalty.

SHR. Why, look you, how you storm?
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd we 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.

BAS. Ay, this were kindness.

SHR. 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 pleaseth me.

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

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

ANT. 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 the bond.

SHR. O father *Abraham*, what the christians are;
Whose own hard dealing teaches them 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, profitable neither,

As flesh of muttuns, 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.

ANT. Yes, *Shylock*, I will seal unto this bond.

SHR. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;

Give him direction for this merry bond:

And I will go and purse the ducats straight;

Look to my house, left in the fearful guard

Of an unthrifty knave; and presently

I will be with you.

ANT. Hye thee, gentle Jew. — [*Exit SHYLOCK.*
The Hebrew will turn christian, he grows kind.

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

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

ACT II.

SCENE I. Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Enter Prince of Morocco, and Train, with PORTIA;
Nerissa, and Others, attending.*

MOR. 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 *Phæbus'* 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 choosing:
 But, if my father had not scanted me,
 And hedg'd me by his will, to yield myself
 His wife, who wins me by that means I told you,
 Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair,
 As any comer I have look'd on yet,
 For my affection.

MOR. Even for that I thank you;
 Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
 To try my fortune. By this scymitar,—
 That slew the sophy, and a *Persian* prince,
 That won three fields of sultan *Solyman*,—
 I would o'er-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 *Lychas*, 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;
 And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
 Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
 And die with grieving.

POR. You must take your chance;
 And either not attempt to choose at all,

Or swear, before you choose,—if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd.

MOR. Nor will not; come, bring me unto my chance.

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

MOR. Good fortune then!

To make me blest, or curs'd 'st among men. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II, Venice. A Street.

Enter Launcelot Gobbo, the Clown.

Clo. Certainly, my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master: The fiend 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 heavens; 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,—Launcelot, bough not; bough, says the fiend; bough not, says my conscience: Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: 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 incarnation; 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, his Father, with
a Basket.*

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

Clo. "O heavens, this is my true-begotten father!" "who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel-blind," "knows me not: I will try confusions with him."

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

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

Fat. 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?

Clo. Talk you of young master *Launcelot*?—"Mark" "me now; now will I raise the waters:"—Talk you of young master *Launcelot*?

Fat. No master, fir, but a poor man's son; his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

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

Fat. Your worship's friend, and *Launcelot*, fir.

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

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

Clo. 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 heaven.

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

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

Fat. 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?

Clo. Do you not know me, father?

Fat. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

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

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

Clo. 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.

Fat. I cannot think, you are my son.

Clo. 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.

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

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

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

Clo. 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 not him, 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.

Enter BASSANIO, with a Servant, and other Followers.

Bas. 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.

[to a Follower, who bows, and goes out.]

Clo. To him, father.

Fat. God bless your worship!

Bas. Gramercy; Would'st thou ought with me?

Fa. Here's my son, fir, a poor boy,—

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

Fat. He hath a great infection, fir, as one would say, to serve—

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

Fat. His master and he (saving your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins:

Clo. 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 fruitify unto you.

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

Clo. 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.

Bas. One speak for both;—What would you?

Clo. Serve you, fir.

Fat. That is the very defect of the matter, fir.

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

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

Bas. Thou speak't it well: Go, father, with thy son; Take leave of thy old master, and enquire My lodging out:—give him a livery

More garded than his fellows; see it done.

Cl. Father, in:—I cannot get a service, no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well, if any man in *Italy* have 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. [*Exeunt Clown, and Father.*]

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

Ser. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

GRA. Where is your master?

Ser. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit Servant.*]

GRA. Signior *Bassanio*,—

BAS. *Gratiano!*

GRA. I have a suit to you.

BAS. You have obtain'd it.

GRA. Nay, you must not deny me; I must go With you to *Belmont*.

BAS. 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 show

Something too liberal; — pray thee, take pain
To 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 pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus † with my hat, and sigh, and say amen;
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well study'd in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more.

BAS. Well, we shall see your bearing.

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

BAS. 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.

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

Enter JESSICA, and Clown.

JES. I am 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 him this † letter, do it secretly,
And so farewell; I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.

Clow. 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 deceived: but, adieu;
these foolish drops do something drown my manly spi-
rit; adieu!

JES. Farewel, good *Launcelot.*— [Exit Clown,
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be asham'd 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.

SCENE IV. *The same. A Street.*

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SOLANIO, and
SALERINO.

LOR. Nay, we will sink 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.

SOL. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd;
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

LOR. 'Tis now but four o'clock, we have two hours
To furnish us:—Friend *Launcelot*, what's the news?

Enter Clown, with a Letter.

Clow. An it shall please you to break up this †, it
shall seem to signify.

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, i' faith.

Clo. By your leave, sir.

LOR. Whither go'st thou?

Clo. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to
sup to-night with my new master the christian.

LOR. Hold here, take † this: tell gentle *Jessica*,
I will not fail her; speak it privately; go.—

Gentlemen,

[Exit Clown.

Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?

I am provided of a torch-bearer.

SAL. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

SOL. And so will I.

LOR. Meet me, and *Gratiano*,

At *Gratiano's* lodging some hour hence.

SAL. 'Tis good we do so. [Exeunt SAL. and SOL.

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 readines.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
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 go'st:

Fair *Jessica* shall be my torch-bearer.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V. The same. Before Shylock's Door.

Enter SHYLOCK, and Clown.

SHR. 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!

Clo. Why, *Jessica*!

SHR. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

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

Enter JESSICA.

JES. Call you? What is your will?

SHR. I am bid forth to supper, *Jessica*;

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 money-bags to-night.

Clo. I beseech you, sir, go; my young master doth
expect your reproach:

SHR. So do I his.

Clo. 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 mon-
day last, at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that
year on ash-wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

SHR. What, are there masques?—Hear you me, *Jessica*:
Lock up my doors; And when you hear the drum,
And the vile-squealing 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 shut 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, *firrah*;
Say, I will come.

Clow. I will go before, *fir*.—

Mistress, look out at window, for all this;

There will come a christian by,

Will be worth a *Jewe's*' eye. [Exit Clown.

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

JES. His words were, Farewel, mistress; nothing else.

SHY. The patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and 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, I will return immediately;
Do as I bid you, shut doors after you:
Fast bind, fast find;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [Exit.

JES. Farewel; and if my fortune be not cross,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [Exit.

SCENE VI. *The same.*

Enter GRATIANO, and SALERINO, masqu'd.

GRA. This is the pent-house, under which *Lorenzo*
Desir'd us to make 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,
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 the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? all things that are
Are with more spirit chafed than enjoy'd.
How like a younger, or a prodigal,
The skarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hug'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like a prodigal doth she return;
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Enter LORENZO, masqu'd.

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*:—Ho! who's within?

Enter 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. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witnesses that thou

JES. Here, catch this †casket, it is worth the pains. [art.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed 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 shame?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscure'd.

LOR. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

JES. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

[Exit, from above.

GRA. Now, by my hood, a gentle, and no Jew.

LOR. Bestrow 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 herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.—

Enter JESSICA, below.

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[Exit, with JESSICA, and SALERINO.

Enter ANTONIO.

ANT. Who's there?

GRA. Signior, Antonio?

ANT. Fie, 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 am glad on't; I desire no more delight,
Than to be under sail, and gone to-night. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

Flourish. Enter Prince of Morocco, with PORTIA,
and both their Trains.

POR. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince:—
Now make your choice.

MOR. This first, of gold, who this inscription bears;—
Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
The second, silver, which this promise carries;—
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt;—
Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.—
How shall I know if I do choose the right.

POR. The one of them contains my picture, prince;
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

MOR. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see;
I will survey the inscriptions back again:
What says this leaden casket?
Who chooseth 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 nor give, nor hazard, ought for lead.
What says the silver, with her virgin hue?

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

As much as he deserves,—Pause there, Morocco,

And weigh thy value with an even hand:

If thou be't 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 myself.

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 chooseth 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:

The *Hyrceanian* deserts, and the vasty wilds

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

For princes to come view fair *Portia*:

The watry kingdom, whose ambitious head

Spets 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 heavenly 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
 Lies all within. — Deliver me the key;
 Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

POR. There, take it, prince; and if my form lye there,
 Then I am yours.

MOR. O hell! what have we here?
 A carrion death, within whose empty eye
 There is a written scrowl? 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 tombs do worms enfold.
 Had you been as wise as bold,
 Young in limbs, in judgment old,
 Your answer had not been inscrol'd:
 Fare you well; your suit is cold.*

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 choose me so. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. Venice. A Street.

20 *Guilded timber doe*

Enter SOLANIO, and SALERINO.

SAL. Why, man, I saw *Bassanio* under fail;
With him is *Gratiano* gone along;
And in their ship, I am sure, *Lorenzo* is not.

SOL. 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 fail:
But there the duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola were seen together

Lorenzo and his amorous *Jessica*:
Besides, *Antonio* certify'd the duke,

They were not with *Bassanio* in his ship.

SOL. 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, two 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.

SOL. Let good *Antonio* 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 *Antonio*, when he told me;
And wish'd in silence, that it were not his.

SOL. You were best to tell *Antonio* what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, lest it may grieve him.

SAL. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw *Bassanio* and *Antonio* 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 wondrous sensible

He wrung *Bassanio's* hand, and so they parted.

SOL. 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.*]

SCENE IX. Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter NERISSA, and a Servant.

NER. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain
The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath, [straight;
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish. Enter the Prince of Arragon,

PORTIA, and their Trains.

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

ARR. I am enjoin'd by oath to 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; lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

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

ARR. And so have I address me: Fortune now
To my heart's hope! — Gold, silver, and base lead.
Who chooseth 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 chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
What many men desire, — That many may be meant
Of the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.

I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:

Who chooseth 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! and 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? and how much honour
 Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
 To be new varnish'd? Well, but to my choice:
Who chooseth 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."

ARR. What's here? the portrait of a blinking ideot,
 Presenting me a schedule? I will read it.
 How much unlike art thou to *Portia*?
 How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings?
Who chooseth 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.

ARR. What is here?

*The fire seven times tried this;
 Seven times try'd that judgment is,
 That did never choose amis:
 Some there be, that shadows kis;
 Such have but a shadow's blis:*

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 farewell, sir, you are sped.

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 wroath.

[*Exeunt Arragon, and Train.*]

POR. Thus hath the candle findg'd the moath.—
O these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

NER. The ancient saying is no heresy;—
Hanging, and wiving, goes by destiny.

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

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Where is my lady?

POR. Here; What would my lord?

Ser. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young *Venetian*, one that comes before
To signify the 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-spurrier comes before his lord.

POR. No more, I pray thee; I am half afraid,

Thou wilt 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! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SOLANIO, and SALERINO.

SOL. Now, what news on the *Ryalto*?

SAL. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that *Antonio* hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow seas; the *Goodwins*, 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.

SOL. 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 highway of talk,—that the good *Antonio*, the honest *Antonio*.—O, that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

SAL. Come, the full stop.

SOL. Ha, what sayest thou? Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

SAL. I would it might prove the end of his losses!

SOL. Let me say, amen, betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a *Jew*.—

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, *Shylock*? what news among the merchants?

SHY. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

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

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

SHY. She is damn'd for it.

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

SHY. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

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

SHY. I say, my daughter is my flesh and my 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 *Antonio* have had any loss at sea or no?

SHY. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce shew his head on the *Ryalto*; a beggar, that was 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 courtesy;—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?

SHY. 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, mock'd 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, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled 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, 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.

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

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

Enter TUBAL.

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

[Exeunt SOL. SAL. and Ser.]

SHY. How now, *Tubal*, what news from *Genoa*? hast thou found my daughter?

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

SHY. 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! 'would she

were hear'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 lofs upon lofs! 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; *Antonio*, as I heard in *Genoa*,—

SHY. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

TUB. —hath an argosy cast away, coming from *Tripolis*.

SHY. I thank God, I thank God:—Is it true, is it true?

TUB. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

SHY. I thank thee, good *Tubal*;—Good news, good news! ha, ha!—Where? in *Genoa*?

TUB. Your daughter spent in *Genoa*, as I heard, one night fourscore ducats.

SHY. 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 *Antonio's* creditors in my company to *Venice*, that swear he cannot choose but break.

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

TUB. One of them shewed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

SHY. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, *Tubal*: it was my turquoise; I had it of *Leab*, when I was a bat-

chelor: I would not have given it for a wildernes of monkies.

TUB. But *Antonio* is certainly undone.

SHR. Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, *Tubal*, 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, *Tubal*, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good *Tubal*; at our synagogue, *Tubal*. [*Exeunt, severally.*]

SCENE II. Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter BASSANIO, and PORTIA; GRATIANO, NERISSA, and Train. Caskets set out.

POR. I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two,
 Before you hazard; for, in choosing 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 yourself,
 Hate counfels 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 to choose right, but then I am 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. Bestrow your eyes,
 They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me;
 One half of me is yours, the other yours,—
 Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
 And so all yours: O, these naughty times
 Put bars between the owners and their rights;

And so, though yours, not yours,— Prove it not so!
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I speak too long; but 'tis to piece the time,
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

BAS. Let me choose;

For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

POR. Upon the rack, *Bassanio*? then confess
What treason there is mingl'd with your love.

BAS. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the 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.

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

POR. Well then, confess, and live.

BAS. 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 lock'd 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 proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And watry death-bed for him: He may win;
And what is musick then? then musick is
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 pay'd 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 o'the exploit. Go, *Hercules*;
 Live thou, I live: with much much more dismay
 I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

*Musick; the whilst Bassanio comments
 on the Caskets to himself.*

SONG.

1. V. *Tell me, where is fancy bred,
 or in the heart, or in the head?
 how begot, how nourished?*

reply, reply.

2. V. *It is engender'd in the eyes,
 with gazing fed; and fancy dies
 in the cradle where it lies:*

*Let us all ring fancy's knell;
 I'll begin it,—Ding dong, bell.*

all. Ding dong, bell.

BAS. 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 blefs it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the greffinefs with fair ornament?
There is no vice fo fimple, but affumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as falfe
As ftairs of fand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of *Hercules*, and frowning *Mars*;
Who, inward fearch'd, have livers white as milk?
And thefe affume but valour's excrement,
To render them redouted. Look on beauty,
And you fhall fee 'tis purchaf'd by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteft that wear moft of it:
So are thofe cripted fnaky golden locks,
Which make fuch wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon fupposed fairnefs, often known
To be the dowry of a fecond head,
The fcull that bred them in the fepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the gilded fhore
To a moft dangerous fea; the beauteous fcarf
Veiling an *Indian* beauty; in a word,
The feeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wifeft. Therefore, 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 threaten'ft than doft promise ought,
Thy plainnefs moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I; Joy be the confequence!

POR. How all the other paffions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd defpair,
And fhuddering fear, and green-ey'd jealousy.

O love, be moderate, allay thy extasy,
 In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess;
 I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
 For fear I surfeit!

BAS. Ha! 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 sunder such sweet friends: Here in her hairs
 The painter plays the spider; and hath woven
 A golden mesh to entrap 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 power to steal both his,
 And leave itself unfurnish'd: Yet, look, 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 choose not by the view,
 Chance as fair, and choose 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 blis,
 Turn you where your lady is,
 And claim her with a loving kis.*

A gentle scrowl;—Fair lady, by your leave;
 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, still gazing, in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
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.

POB. You see me, lord *Bassanio*, where I stand,
Such as I am: though, for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebl'd twenty times myself;
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, unpractic'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this, in that
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, 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 myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord; I give them with this † ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it preface the ruin of your love,

And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

BAS. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
 Only my blood speaks to you in my veins:
 And there is such confusion in my powers,
 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,
 Exprest, and not exprest: 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,
 Even at that time I may be marry'd too.

BAS. 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
 No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
 Your fortune stood upon the caskets 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,
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.

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

GRA. Yes, 'faith, my lord. [riage.

BAS. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your mar-

GRA. We'll play with them, the first boy, for a thou-
sand ducats.

NER. What, and stake down? [down.—

GRA. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake
But who comes here? *Lorenzo*, and his infidel?
What, and my old *Venetian* friend, *Salerio*?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALERINO.

BAS. *Lorenzo*, and *Salerio*, 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 countrymen,
Sweet *Portia*, welcome.

POR. So do I, my lord;
They are entirely welcome.

LOR. I thank your honour:—For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with *Salerio* by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

SAL. I did, my lord;
And I have reason for it. Signior *Antonio*
Commends him to you. [delivering a Letter.

BAS. 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 show you his estate.

GRA Nerissa, cheer yon' stranger, bid her welcome.—
Your hand, *Salerio*; 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 *Jafons*, we have won the fleece.

SAL. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.

POR. There are some shrowd contents in yon' same pa-
That steals the colour from *Bassanio's* cheek: [per,
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 yourself,
And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

BAS. O sweet *Portia*,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st 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 myself 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 myself 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, *Salerio*?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From *Tripolis*, from *Mexico*, and *England*,
From *Lisbon*, *Barbary*, and *India*,
And not one vessel scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

SAL. Not one, my lord.

Besides, it should appear, that, if he had
The present money 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 *Tubal*, and to *Chus*, his countrymen,
That he would rather have *Antonio's* flesh,
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor *Antonio*.

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

BAS. 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*?

BAS 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
 Should lose a hair through *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 lye by *Portia's* side
 With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
 'To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
 When it is pay'd, bring your true friend along:
 My maid *Nerissa*, and myself, meantime,
 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.

Bas. [reads,] *Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, 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 clear'd between 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.

BAS. 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,
 Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Venice. *A Street.*

*Enter SHYLOCK, SOLANIO, ANTONIO,
and Jailor.*

SHY. Jailor, look to him;—Tell not me of mercy;
This is the fool that lent out money gratis;—
Jailor, look to him.

ANT. Hear me yet, good *Shylock*.

SHY. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond;
I have 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 jailor, 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.*

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

ANT. Let him alone;

I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
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.

SOL. I am sure, the duke

Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

ANT. The duke cannot deny the course of law,
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in *Venice*: if it be deny'd,
'Twill 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, jailor, on:—Pray God, *Bassanio* come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA,
and a Servant.

LOR. Madam, 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 show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
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 for doing good,
Nor shall not now. for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an egal 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 bestow'd,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty?
This comes too near the praising of myself;
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 toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by *Nerissa* here,
Until 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 myself.
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* LORENZO, and JESSICA.

Now, *Balthazar*, [to the Servant.
As I have ever found thee honest, true,

So let me find thee still: Take this same † letter,
 And use thou all the endeavour of a man,
 In speed to *Padua*; see thou render this
 Into my cousin's hands, doctor *Bellario*;
 And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
 Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
 Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
 Which trades to *Venice*:—waste no time in words,
 But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

Ser. 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.

NER. Shall they see us?

POR. They shall, *Nerissa*; but in such a habit,
 That they shall think we are accomplished
 With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
 When we are both accouter'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 fought 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 have discontinu'd school
 Above a twelve-month:—I have within my mind
 A thousand raw tricks of these bragging jacks,

Which I will practice.

NER. Why, 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.

SCENE V. The same. A Garden.

Enter JESSICA, and the Clown.

Clo. Yes, truly: for, look you, the sins of the father are to be lay'd 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 o'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?

Clo. 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.

Clo. Truly, then I fear you are damn'd both by father and mother: thus when I shun *Scylla*, your father, I fall into *Charybdis*, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

JES. I shall be fav'd by my husband; he hath made me a christian.

Clo. 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 money.

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 heaven, because I am a *Jew's* daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting *Jews* to christians, you raise the price of pork.

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

Clo. It is much, that the *Moor* should be more than 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 only but parrats. — Go in, firrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Clo. That is done, fir; they have all stomachs.

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

Clo. That is done too, fir; only, cover is the word.

LOR. Will you cover then, fir?

Clo. Not so, fir, 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.

Clo. 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 Clown.]

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 tricky word Defy the matter. How cheer'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 mean it, it Is reason he should never come to heaven. Why, if two gods should play some heavenly 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 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.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Venice. *A Court of Justice.*

Enter, in State, the Duke, Magnificoes, Officers of the Court, &c. and seat themselves; then, Enter ANTONIO, guarded, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALERINO, Solanio, and Others.

Duk. What, is Antonio here?

ANT. Ready, so please your grace.

Duk. I am 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 qualify
His rigorous 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 suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

DUK. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

SAL. He is ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duk. 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 loose 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 huddl'd 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 courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, *Jew*.

SHR. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy sabaoth 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 choose 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 troubl'd with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it ban'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'the nose,

Cannot contain their urine; for affection,
 Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
 Of what it likes, or loaths: Now for your answer:
 As there's no firm reason to be render'd,
 Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
 Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
 Why he, a woolen bagpipe; 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?

BAS. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
 To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

SHY. I am not bound to please thee with my answers.

BAS. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

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

BAS. Every offence is not a hate at first. [twice?]

SHY. What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee

ANT. I pray you, think you question with the *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 heaven;
 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.

BAS. For thy three thousand ducats here is † six.

SHY. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

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

SHY. 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 use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them; Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs,
Why sweat they under burthens, let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
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, is 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?

Duk. Upon my power, 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*.

Duk. Bring us the letters; Call the messenger.

BAS. 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 soonest to the ground, and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, *Bassanio*,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, habited like a Clerk.

Duk. Came you from *Padua*, from *Bellario*?

NER. From both, my lord: *Bellario* greets your grace.
[*presenting a Letter.*]

BAS. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

SHY. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

GRA. Not on thy foal, but on thy soul, harsh *Jew*,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen: but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

SHY. 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,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd and ravenous.

SHY. '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 fail
To cureless ruin. — I stand here for law.

Duk. This letter from *Bellario* 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.

Duk. With all my heart:—some three or four of you,
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—
Meantime, the court shall hear *Bellario's* letter.

[giving it to a Clerk.

CLERK. [*reads.*] Your grace shall understand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome, his name is *Balthasar*: I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and *Antonio* the merchant: we turn'd o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, better'd 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 reverend 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.

Duk. You hear the learn'd *Bellario*, what he writes;
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter PORTIA, for *Balthasar*.

Give me your hand: Came you from old *Bellario*?

POR. I did, my lord.

Duk. You are welcome: take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

POR. I am informed throughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the *Jew*?

Duk. 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?

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 heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
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 power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth fit 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*,
Though 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 prayer 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 money?

BAS. 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,
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 power 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 I do honour thee!

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

SHY. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here † it is.

POR. *Shylock*, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

SHY. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
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 money; bid me tear the bond.

SHY. When it is pay'd according to the tenour.
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge,
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most found; 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.

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 balance here, to weigh
The flesh?

SHY. I have them ready.

POR. Have by some surgeon, *Shylock*, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do 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 shows herself 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 wrinkl'd 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.

BAS. *Antonio*, I am marry'd to a wife,

Which is as dear to me as life itself;

But life itself, 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 power 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 have a daughter;"

"Would any of the stock of *Barrabas*"

"Had been her husband, rather than a christian!"

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. [pare.

SHY. Most learned judge!—A sentence; come, pre-

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:

Take then 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*.

[ge!

GRA. O upright judge!—Mark, *Jew*;—O learned judge!

SHY. Is that the law?

POR. Thyself shalt see the act:

For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,

Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

[ge.

GRA. O learned judge!—Mark, *Jew*; a learned judge!

SHY. I take his offer then; pay the bond thrice,

And let the christian go.

BAS. Here is the money.

POR. Soft;

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 it 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 do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—
Thou dy'st, and all thy goods are confiscate.

GRA. A second *Daniel*, a *Daniel*, *Jew*!
Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.

POR. Why doth the *Jew* pause? take thy forfeiture.

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

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

POR. He hath refus'd it in the open court;
He shall have merely 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 have barely 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 incur'd
The danger formerly by me rehear'd.

Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke. [self:

GRA. Beg that thou may'st have leave to hang thy-
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.

Duk. That thou shalt 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*.

SHR. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:
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, and all the court,
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.

Duk. 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.

Duk. Get thee gone, but do it.

GRA In christ'ning shalt thou have two god-fathers;
Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[Exit SHYLOCK.

Duk. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

POR. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon;
I must away this night toward *Padua*,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duk. I am sorry, that your leisure serves you not.—
Antonio, gratify this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[Exeunt Duke, and Court.

BAS. 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 pay'd, that is well satisfy'd,
 And I, delivering you, am satisfy'd,
 And therein do account myself well pay'd;
 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.

BAS. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further;
 Take some remembrance of us, as 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.

BAS. This ring, good sir, — alas, it is a trifle;
 I will not shame myself to give you this.

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

BAS. There's more depends on this, than on 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.

BAS. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
 And, when she put it on, she made me vow,
 That I would neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

POR. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
 An if your wife be not a mad-woman,
 And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,

She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[*Exeunt* POR. and NER.]

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

BAS. Go, *Gratiano*, run and over-take him,
Give him the †ring; and bring him, if thou canst,
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*.

SCENE II. *The same. Street before the Court.*

Enter PORTIA, and NERISSA.

POR. Enquire the Jew's house out, give him this †
And let him sign it; we'll away to-night, [*deed*,
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'er-ta'en:
My lord *Bassanio*, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this †ring; and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

POR. That cannot be:
His 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,”

“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 fir, will you shew me to this house?

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE, Belmont. *Avenue to Portia's House.*

Enter LORENZO, and JESSICA.

LOR. 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 figh'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 dismay'd away.

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

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

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 shrow,
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 a Servant.

LOR. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Ser. A friend. [friend?

LOR. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you,

Ser. *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?

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

LOR. He is not, nor we have not 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 Clown.

Cl. Sola, sola, wo ha ho, sola, sola!

LOR. Who calls?

Cl. Sola! Did you see master *Lorenzo*, and mistress
Lorenza? sola, sola!

LOR. Leave hollowing, man; here.

Clo. Sola! where, where?

LOR. Here.

Clo. Tell him, there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news; my master will be here ere morning. [Exit Clo.]

LOR. Sweet love, let's in, and there expect their coming. And yet no matter; Why should we go in? — My good friend *Stephano*, signify, I pray you, Within the house, your mistress is at hand; And bring your musick forth into the air. — [Exit Ser.] 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 heaven Is thick inlay'd with pattens 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 cherubins: Such harmony is in immortal souls; But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it. —

Enter Musick, and Domesticks of Portia.

Come, ho, and wake *Diana* with a hymn; With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear, And draw her home with musick. [Musick plays.]

JES. I am never merry, when I hear sweet musick.

LOR. The reason is, your spirits are attentive: For do but note a wild and wanton herd, Or race of youthful and unhandl'd colts, Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,

o morning sweet love. *Loren*. Let's in,

Which is the hot condition of their blood ;
If they but hear perchance 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.

POB. 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.

POB. 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 itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Musick ! hark.

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

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

NER. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

POB. 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 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 *Endymion*,
And would not be awak'd. [*observing Lor and Jes.*

LOR. That is the voice, [*rising. Musick ceases.*
Or I am much deceiv'd, of *Portia*.

POR. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

LOR. Dear lady, welcome home.

POR. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
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 signify their coming.

POR. Go in, *Nerissa*,
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence; —
Nor you, *Lorenzo*, — *Jessica*, nor you. [*Trumpet.*

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, ANTONIO, GRATIANO,
and their Followers.

BAS. We should hold day with the *Antipodes*,
If yqu 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 for me;
But, God fort all! You are welcome home, my lord.

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

POR. You should in all sence be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

ANT. No more than I am well acquitted of.

POR. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy. [wrong;

GRA. [to Ner.] By yonder moon, I swear you do me
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
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 posy was,
For all the world, like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*

NER. What talk you of the posy, 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:
Though 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 his 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 thyself, the judge's clerk;
 A prating boy, that beg'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 so 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.

BAS. "Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,"
 "And swear, I lost the ring defending it."

GRA. My lord *Bassanio* gave his ring away
 Unto the judge that beg'd it, and, indeed,
 Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
 That took some pains in writing, he beg'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.

BAS. 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, [to Gratiano.]
 'Till I again see mine.

BAS. 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 contain 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.

BAS. No, by my honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And beg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;
Even he that had held up 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 courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it: Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have beg'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 mine 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 the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

POR. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.

BAS. *Portia*, forgive me this enforced wrong;
 And, in the hearing of these many friends,
 I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
 Wherein I see myself,—

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

BAS. 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 wealth;
 Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
 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.

BAS. By heaven, 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, [*to Bas.*] 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 but even now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house.— *Antonio*, 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.

BAS. 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.

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

ANT. Sweet lady, you have given 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 am sure, you are not satisfy'd
Of these events at full: Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

GRA. Let it be so; The first inter'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,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So fore, as keeping safe *Nerissa's* ring.

[*Exeunt.*]

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Persons represented.

Duke, living in Exile:

his Brother, Usurper of his Dominions.

Jaques, a Humorist; } Followers of the
Amiens, and } banish'd Duke:
another Lord, }

Foresters, two, } Followers of the same.
Pages, two, }

Lords of the Usurper's Court, two:

le Beau, attending the same:

Charles, his Wrestler:

Clown, waiting on the Princesses.

Oliver, Jaques, } Brothers; Sons of a
and Orlando, } Sir Rowland de Boys:

Adam and Dennis, Servants to Oliver.

Corin, and Silvius, Shepherds.

Sir Oliver Mar-text, a Vicar.

William, a country fellow.

a Person presenting Hymen.

Rosalind, Daughter to the banish'd Duke.

Celia, Daughter to the Usurper.

Phebe, a Shepherdesse.

Audrey, a country Wench.

Attendants upon the Dukes, and Hymen.

*Scene, Oliver's House; the Usurper's Court; and different
Parts of the Forest of Arden.*

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Orchard of Oliver's House.

Enter ORLANDO, and ADAM.

ORL. As I remember, *Adam*, it was upon this my father bequeathed me by will but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charg'd 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 hir'd: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance

‡ this fashion bequeathed

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, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter OLIVER.

ADA. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

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

OLI. Now, fir! what make you here?

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

OLI. What mar you then, fir?

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

OLI. Marry, fir, be better employ'd, and be nought a while.

ORL. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

OLI. Know you where you are, fir?

ORL. O, fir, very well: here in your orchard.

OLI. Know you before whom, fir?

ORL. Ay, better than he I am before knows me. I know, you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me: The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess, your com-

ing before me is nearer to his revenue.

OLI. What, boy,—

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

OLI. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

ORL. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of fir *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 thyself.

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

OLI. Let me go, I say.

ORL. 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 trained me 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, fir, get you in: I will not long be troubl'd with you: you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

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

OLI. Get you with him, you old dog.

ADA. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.— God be with my old master,

he would not have spoke such a word!

[*Exeunt ORLANDO, and ADAM.*

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

Enter DENNIS.

DEN. Calls your worship?

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

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

OLI. Call him in. [*Exit DENNIS.*] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

CHA. Good morrow to your worship.

OLI. Good monsieur *Charles!* — what's the new news at the new court?

CHA. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished 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 banished with her father?

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

OLI. Where will the old duke live?

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

OLI. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

CHA. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother *Orlando* hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall: To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well: your brother is but young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be loth to foil him, as I must, for my 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 underhand means labour'd to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, *Charles*,—it is the stubbornest young fellow of *France*; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou did'st 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!

OLI. Farewel, good *Charles*. — [*Exit CHA.*] Now will I stir this gamester: I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than 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.*]

SCENE II. Lawn before the Palace.

Enter ROSALIND, and CELIA.

CEL. I pray thee, *Rosalind*, sweet my coz', be merry.

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

CEL. Herein, I see, thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy banished fa-

ther, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou had'st 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.

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

CEL. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet *Rose*, my dear *Rose*, be merry.

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

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

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

CEL. Let us sit and mock the good huswife, 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-favour'dly.

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?—Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

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

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

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

CEL. Were you made the messenger?

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

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

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

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

Ros. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

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

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

Clo. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; But

if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

CEL. Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'st?

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

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

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

CEL. By my troth, thou say'st true: for since the little wit, that fools have, was silenc'd, the little foolery, that wise men have, makes a great shew.—Here comes *monseigneur le Beau*.

Enter le BEU.

ROS. With his mouth full of news.

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

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

CEL. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.—*Bon jour*, *monseigneur le Beau*: What's the news?

le B. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

CEL. Sport? Of what colour?

le B. 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 lay'd on with a trowel.

Clo. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

ROS. Thou losest thy old smell.

le B. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the fight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

le B. 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 bury'd.

le B. There comes an old man, and his three sons,—

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

le B. 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 B. The eldest of the three wrestl'd 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 B. Why, this that I speak of.

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

CEL. Or I, I promise thee.

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

le B. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to per-

form it.

CEL. Yonder, sure, they are coming: Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke junior, attended; ORLANDO,
CHARLES, and Others.

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

ROS. Is yonder the man?

le B. Even he, madam.

CEL. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

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

ROS. Ay, my liege; so please you give us leave.

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

CEL. Call him hither, good monsieur *le Beau*.

D. j. Do so; I'll not be by.

le B. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

ORL. I attend them with all respect and duty.

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

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

CEL. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years: You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with our eyes, or knew

¹⁶ the man: ²² Princess calls. ³² your eyes,—your judgement,

yourself with our judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprize. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

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

ORL. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

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

CEL. And mine, to eek out hers.

Ros. Fare you well: Pray heaven, I be deceiv'd in you!

CEL. Your heart's desires be with you!

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

ORL. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Dj. 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.

ORL. You mean to mock me after; you should not

have mock'd me before: but come your ways.

[*They wrestle.*]

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

CEL. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg.

ROS. O excellent young man!

CEL. If I had a thunder-bolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [Shout. *Charles is thrown.*]

D. j. No more, no more.

ORL. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breath'd.

D. j. How dost thou, *Charles*?

le B. He cannot speak, my lord.

D. j. Bear him away. [*CHA. is born off.*] What is thy name, young man?

ORL. *Orlando*, my liege; the youngest son of sir *Rowland de Boys*.

D. j. 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.

[*Exeunt Duke junior, Train, and le BEU.*]

CEL. Were I my father, coz', would I do this?

ORL. I am more proud to be sir *Rowland's* son, His youngest son;—and would not change that calling, To be adopted heir to *Frederick*.

ROS. My father lov'd sir *Rowland* as his soul, And all the world was of my father's mind: Had I before known this young man his son,

I should have given 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 promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

ROS. Gentleman, [*presenting a Chain from her Neck.*]
Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune;
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.—
Shall we go, coz'?

CEL. Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

ORL. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that, which here stands up,
Is but a quintaine, a meer lifeless block.

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

CEL. Will you go, coz'?

ROS. Have with you:—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND, and CELIA.*]

ORL. What passion hangs these weights upon my
tongue?

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

Re-enter le BEU.

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

le B. Good fir, 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.

ORL. I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this;—
Which of the two was daughter of the duke,
That here were at the wrestling?

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

ORL. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.

[Exit le BEU.]

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother:—
But heavenly *Rosalind!*

[Exit.]

SCENE III. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CELIA, and ROSALIND.

CEL. Why, cousin; why, *Rosalind*;—*Cupid* have mer-

5 then I to 8 here was at 10 the taller is

cy!—Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

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

Ros. Then there were two cousins lay'd up; when the one should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad without any.

CEL. But is all this for your father?

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

CEL. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

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

CEL. Hem them away.

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

CEL. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

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

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

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

CEL. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chace, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not *Orlando*.

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

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

Enter Duke, attended.

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

CEL. With his eyes full of anger.

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

Ros. Me, uncle?

D. j. You, cousin:

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

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine 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.

D. j. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:—
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me, whereon the likelyhood depends.

D. j. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

Ros. So was I, when your highness took his dukedom;

So was I, when your highness banish'd him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,

What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

CEL. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

D. j. Ay, *Celia*; we stay'd 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 coupl'd and inseperable.

D. j. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,
When she is gone: then open not thy lips;
Firm and 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.

D. j. You are a fool:—You, niece, provide yourself;
If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke, and Attendants.*]

CEL. O my poor *Rosalind*! whither 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
Hath banish'd me his daughter?

ROS. That he hath not.

CEL. No? hath not? *Rosalind* lacks then the love
Which teacheth me that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No; let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me, how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not seek to take your charge upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, 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 myself 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 it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtelass upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and in my heart
Lye there what hidden woman's fear there will)
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside;
As many other manish cowards have,

That do out-face 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*.

ROS. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

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

[*Exeunt*.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Forest.*

*Enter Duke senior, AMIENS, Lords,
and Foresters.*

D. s. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of *Adam*,
The seasons' difference; as, the icy 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,—
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 stile.

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

I. L. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy *Jaques* grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my lord of *Amiens*, and myself,
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd 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
Cour'd one another down his innocent nose

In piteous chace: and thus the hairy fool,
 Much marked of the melancholy *Jaques*,
 Stood on the extreamest verge of the swift brook,
 Augmenting it with tears.

D. J. But what said *Jaques*?
 Did he not moralize this spectacle?

I. L. O, yes, into a thousand similies.
 First, for his weeping in the needful 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 greasy citizens;
 'Tis just the fashion: *Wherefore do you look*
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
 Thus most invectively he pierceth through
 The body of the country, city, court,
 Yea, and of this our life: swearing, that we
 Are meer usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
 To fright the animals, and kill them up,
 In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

D. J. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

AMI. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
 Upon the sobbing deer.

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

I. L. I'll bring you to him straight.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Duke junior, Lords, and other Attendants.

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

2. L. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'er-heard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the finewy *Charles*;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

D. j. Send to his brother's, 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. [Exit.

SCENE III. *Before Oliver's House.*

Enter ORLANDO, and ADAM, meeting.

ORL. Who's there?

ADA. What, my young master? — O my gentle master,
O my sweet master, o you memory

14 *Hesperia*

Of old fir *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?
 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 sanctify'd and holy traitors to you:
 O what a world is this, when what is comely
 Envenoms him that bears it!

ORL. Why, what's the matter?

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

ORL. Why, whither, *Adam,* would'st thou have me go?

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

ORL. What, would'st thou have me go and beg my
 food?

Or, with a base and boist'rous 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.

ADA. 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 lye 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;
Though 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 not 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.

ORL. O 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 settl'd low content.

ADA. 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 IV. *The Forest.*

*Enter ROSALIND in Boy's Cloaths, CELIA dress'd
 like a Shepherdess, and Clown.*

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

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

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

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

Clo. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you: yet I should bear no cross, if I did bear you; for, I think, you have no money in your purse.

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

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

Enter CORIN, and SILVIUS,
talking.

ROS. Ay, Be so, good *Touchstone*:—Look you, Who
comes here? [to Celia.]

A young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

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 canst not guess;
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As sure I think did never man love so)
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

COR. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

SIL. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily:
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not broke from company,
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd:—O *Phebe*, *Phebe*, *Phebe*!

[Exit SILVIUS.]

ROS. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine 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 o' 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 mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

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

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

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

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

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

Clo. Hola; you, clown!

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

COR. Who calls?

Clo. Your betters, fir.

COR. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say:—

Good even to you, friend.

COR. And to you, gentle fir, and to you all.

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

COR. Fair fir, 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 shear the fleeces that I graze;
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little reckes to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheep-cote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

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

COR. That young swain that you saw here but ere-while,

That little cares for buying any thing.

ROS. I pray thee, if it 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 V. *The same.*

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and Others.

S O N G.

AMI. *Under the greenwood tree
who loves to lye with me,*

*and tune his merry note
unto the sweet bird's throat,
come hither, come hither, come hither;*

Cho.

*here shall we see
no enemy,*

but winter and rough weather.

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

AMI. It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.

JAC. I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more: I can suck melancholy out of a fong, as a weasel sucks eggs: More, I pr'ythee, more.

AMI. My voice is rugged; I know, I cannot please you.

JAC. I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing: Come, more; another stanza; Call you 'em stanza's?

AMI. What you will, monsieur Jaques.

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

AMI. More at your request, than to please myself.

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

AMI. Well, I'll end the fong.—Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree:—he hath been all this day to look you.

JAC. 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 heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

S O N G.

AMI. *Who doth ambition shun,
and loves to live i'the sun,
seeking the food he eats,
and pleas'd with what he gets,
come hither, come hither, come hither;*

Cho.

here shall he see &c

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

AMI. And I'll sing it.

JAC. Thus it goes:

*If it do come to pass,
that any man turn ass,
leaving his wealth and ease,
a stubborn will to please,
duc-dame, duc-dame, duc-dame;*

*here shall he see
gro's fools as he,
an if he will come to me.*

AMI. What's that duc-dame?

JAC. '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. [Exit.]

SCENE VI. *The Same.*

Enter ORLANDO, and ADAM.

ADA. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for

food! Here lye I down, and measure out my grave.
Farewel, kind master.

ORL. Why, how now, *Adam!* no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little: If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake, be comfortable; hold death a while at the arm's end: I will be here with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: but if thou dyest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou look'st cheerly: and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou lyest in the bleak air: Come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good *Adam!* [*Exit, bearing him off.*]

SCENE VII. The same.

*Tables set out. Enter Duke senior, AMIENS,
Lords, and Others.*

D. f. I think, he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can no where find him like a man.

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

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

Enter JAQUES.

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

D. f. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company,
And cannot have't? What, you look merrily!

JAC. A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i'the forest,
A motley fool,—a miserable world!—

As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who lay'd him down, and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.

Good morrow, fool, quoth I: *No, sir,* quoth he,
Call me not fool, 'till heaven hath sent me fortune:

And then he drew a dial from his poke;

And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,

Says, very wisely, *It is ten o'clock:*

Thus we may see, quoth he, *how the world wags:*

'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine;

And after one hour more, 'twill be a 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 chanticler,

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.

D. f. What fool is this?

JAC. 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 bisquet

After a voyage,—he hath strange places cram'd

With observation, the which he vents

In mangl'd forms:—O, that I were a fool!

I am ambitious for a motley coat.

D. f. Thou shalt have one.

JAC. It is my only suit;
 Provided, that you weed your better judgments
 Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
 That I am wise. I must have liberty
 Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
 To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
 And they that are most gauled with my folly,
 They most must laugh: And why, sir, must they so?
 The why is plain as way to parish church:
 He, that 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 squand'ring glances of the fool.
 Invest me in my motley; give me leave
 To speak my mind, and I will through and through
 Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
 If they will patiently receive my medicine.

D. f. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou would'st do.

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

D. f. Most mischeivous foul sin, in chiding sin:
 For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
 As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
 And all the embossed sores, and headed evils,
 That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
 Would'st thou disgorge into the general world.

JAC. 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 suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; How, what then? Let me see wherein
My speech 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 his Sword drawn.

ORL. Forbear, and eat no more.

JAC. Why, I have eat none yet.

ORL. Nor shalt not, 'till necessity be serv'd.

JAC. Of what kind should this cock come of?

D. f. 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?

ORL. 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.

JAC. An you will not be answer'd with reason, I
must die.

D. f. What would you have? Your gentleness shall
force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.

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

D. f. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

ORL. 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 sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pity'd;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

D. f. True is it, that we have seen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And sat 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.

ORL. 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,—
Opprest with two weak evils, age, and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.

D. f. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste 'till you return.

ORL. I thank ye; and be blest for your good comfort!
[Exit ORLANDO.]

D. *f.* Thou see'st, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

JAC. 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's eyebrow: 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 canon's mouth: And then, the justice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk 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.

Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.

D. f. Welcome: Set down your venerable burthen,
And let him feed.

ORL. I thank you most for him.

ADA. So had you need,
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

D. f. 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.

I. St.

AMI. 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,
although thy breath be rude.

Cho.

Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly:
most friendship is feigning, most loving meer jolly:
then, heigh, ho, the holly!
this life is most jolly.

II. St.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
that dost not bite so nigh
as benefits forgot:
though thou the waters warp,
thy sting is not so sharp
as friend rememb' red not.

Cho.

Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the &c.

D. f. If that you were the good fir *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 am the duke,
That lov'd your father: The residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy master is:—
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Duke junior, OLIVER, Lords, and Others.

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

OLI. O, that your highness knew my heart in this:
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

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

SCENE II. *The Forest.*

Enter ORLANDO, with a Paper.

ORL. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
 [fixing it to a Tree.

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

COR. No more, but that I know, the more one sick-
 neth, the worse at ease he is: and that he that wants mo-

ney, 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, *Or. Touchstone:* those that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Clo. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

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

Clo. Why, do not your courtier's 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 founder instance ; come.

COR. And they are often tar'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. Most shallow man ! Thou worm's 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 bawd to a bell-weather ; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds ; I cannot see else how thou should'st scape.

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

*Enter ROSALIND, with a Paper,
reading.*

ROS. *From the east to western Inde,
No jewel is like Rosalind.*

*Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest limn'd,
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the face of Rosalind.*

Clo. I'll rime 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:—

*If a hart do 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 sourest rind;
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.*

This is the very false gallop of verses; Why do you infect yourself with them?

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' the 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 Paper.

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sifter, reading; stand aside.

CEL. *Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopl'd? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show.
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age.
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence' end,
Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read, to know
The 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 cheek, but not her heart;
Cleopatra's majesty;
Atalanta's better part;
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd.*

*Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.*

Ros. O most gentle *Jupiter*, what a tedious homily of love have you weary'd 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.

Clb. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable ré-treat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scripage. [Exeunt CORIN, and Clown.]

CEL. Did'st 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 did'st thou hear, without wond'ring how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees?

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

CEL. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

CEL. Ay, and a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

CEL. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to

meet· but mountains may be remov'd with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

CEL. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pray thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

CEL. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all hooping!

Ros. Od's my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, that I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a south-sea-off discovery. I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and speak apace: I would thou could'st stammer, that thou might'st pour this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I 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 fend more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

CEL. It is young *Orlando*; that tript 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 *Gargantua'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 wresl'd?

CEL. It is as easy to count atomies, 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 drop'd acorn.

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

CEL. Give me audience, good madam.

ROS. Proceed.

CEL. There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

ROS. Though 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 hart.

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; Slink by, and note him. [*retiring.*]

JAC. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

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

JAC. God be wi'you; let's meet as little as we can.

ORL. I do desire we may be better strangers.

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

ORL. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favour'dly.

JAC. *Rosalind* is your love's name?

ORL. Yes, just.

JAC. I do not like her name.

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

JAC. What stature is she of?

ORL. Just as high as my heart.

JAC. You are full of pretty answers: Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and con'd them out of rings?

ORL. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have study'd your questions.

JAC. You have a nimble wit; i think, 'twas made of *Atalanta's* heels. Will you sit down with me; and we two will rail against our mistrefs, the world, and all our misery.

ORL. I will chide no breather in the world, but myself; against whom I know most faults.

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

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

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

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

JAC. There I shall see mine own figure.

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

JAC. I will tarry no longer with you: farewell, good signior love.

ORL. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good monsieur melancholy.

[*Exit* JAQUES.]

Ros. "I will speak to him [*to* Cel.] like a faucy"
"lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with"
"him." Do you hear, forester? [advances.]

ORL. Very well; What would you?

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

ORL. 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 sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

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

Ros. By no means, fir; 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.

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

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage and the day it is so-

lemniz'd: if the interim be but a fe'night, time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

ORL. Who ambles time withal?

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

ORL. 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.

ORL. Who 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.

ORL. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

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

ORL. Are you native of this place?

ROS. As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindl'd.

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

ROS. I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an in-land man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and 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.

ORL. Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he lay'd 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.

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

ROS. No; I will not cast away my physick, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving *Rosalind* on their barks; hangs odes upon hauthorns, 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.

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

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

ORL. What were his marks?

ROS. 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 shoe unty'd, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-de-vice in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

ORL. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe

I love.

Ros. 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?

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

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rimes speak?

ORL. Neither rime nor reason can express how much.

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

ORL. 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 woo me: At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I 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 mo-

nastick: 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.

ORL. 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 cote, and woo me.

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

ROS. Go with me to it, and I'll shew it you: and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live: Will you go?

ORL. With all my heart, good youth.

ROS. Nay, you must call me *Rosalind*:—Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same.*

*Enter Clown, and AUDREY; JAQUES
at a Distance, observing them.*

Clo. Come apace, good *Audrey*; I will fetch up your goats, *Audrey*: And how, *Audrey*? am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

AUD. Your features! (Lord warrant us!) what features?

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

JACQ. "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 reck'ning 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 coupl'd to beauty, is to have honey a sauce 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; slut-tishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have been with sir *Oliver Mar-text*, the vicar of the next village; who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

JAQ. "I would fain see this meeting".

AUD. Well, the gods give us joy!

Clo. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what

though? 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 marry'd man more honourable than the bare brow of a batchelor: and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes fir *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 chapel?

Sr. O. Is there none here to give the woman?

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

Sr. O. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

JAC. Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

Clo. Good even, good Mr. *What d'ye call't*: How do you, fir? 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, fir:—Nay, pray be cover'd.

JAC. Will you be marry'd, motley?

Clo. As the ox hath his bough, fir, the horse his curb, and the faulcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

JAC. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be marry'd under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what

27 his bow fir

marriage is: this fellow † will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Clo. “I am not in the mind but I were better to”
 “be marry’d of him than of another: for he is not like”
 “to marry me well; and not being well marry’d, 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 marry’d, or we must live in bawdry.—
 Farewel, 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.

[*Exeunt* *JAQUES*, *Clown*, and *AUDREY*.]

Sr. O. ’Tis no matter; ne’er a fantastical knave of them
 all shall flout me out of my calling. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *The same.*

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

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

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

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

Ros. Do you think so?

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

Ros. Not true in love?

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

Ros. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

CEL. *Was* is not *is*: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reck'nings: He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him: He ask'd 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 traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side,

breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides: — Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

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

CEL. Well, and what of him?

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

Ros. O, let us remove;

The sight of lovers feedeth those in love: —

Come, bring us to this sight; and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. The same. Another Part of it.

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 the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbl'd neck,
But first begs pardon; Will you sterner be
Than he that eyes, and lives by, bloody drops?

*Enter CELIA and ROSALIND, at a Distance,
Corin leading them.*

PHE. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.

Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye :
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes,—that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,—
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, o, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now shew the wound mine eye hath 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 to any.

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? [*advancing.*] Who might
be your mother,

That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,
(As, by my faith, I see no more in you

Than without candle may go dark to bed)
 Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
 Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
 I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
 Of nature's sale-work:—Od's 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 makes the world full of ill-favour'd children:
 'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
 And out of you she sees herself more proper
 Than any of her lineaments can show her.—
 But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,
 And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
 For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—
 Sell when you can, you are not for all markets:
 Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer;
 Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
 So, take her to thee, shepherd; fare you well!

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

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

PHE. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not: If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by:—

Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard:—
Come, sister:—Shepherdes, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.—

Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt Ros. CEL. and Cor.*]

PHE. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might;—
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

SIL. Sweet *Phebe*,—

PHE. Ha! What say'st thou, *Silvius*?

SIL. Sweet *Phebe*, pity me.

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

SIL. Wherever 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. [while?

PHE. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me ere-

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, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy; Yet he talks well;
But what care I for words? Yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.

It is a pretty youth; Not very pretty:
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:

He'll make a proper man: The best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.

He is not tall; yet for his years he's tall:

His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:

There was a pretty redness in his lip;

A little riper and more lusty red

Than that mixt in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingl'd 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 remember'd, 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. *Phoebe*, 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, passing short:
Go with me, *Silvius*.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter *JACQUES*, *CELIA*, and *ROSALIND*.

JAC. I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say, you are a melancholy fellow.

JAC. 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.

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

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

JAC. 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.

6 him, and passing

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

JAC. 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.

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

JAC. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse.

[*Exit JACQUES.*

Ros. 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.

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

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love? He that will divide a minute 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 clap'd him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

ORL. Pardon me, dear *Rosalind*.

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

ORL. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though 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.

ORL. What's that?

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

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

ROS. And I am your *Rosalind*.

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

ROS. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent:—What would you say to me now, an I were your very very *Rosalind*.

ORL. I would kifs, before I spoke.

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

ORL. How if the kifs be deny'd?

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

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

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

ORL. What, of my suit?

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

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

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

ORL. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, 'faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man dy'd 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, though *Hero* had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him 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 dy'd from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

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

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a 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.

ORL. Then love me, *Rosalind*.

Ros. Yes, 'faith, will I; fridays, and saturdays, and all.

ORL. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

ORL. What sayest thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

ORL. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and mar-

ry us:—Give me your hand, *Orlando*:—What do you say, sister?

ORL. 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*?

ORL. I will.

ROS. Ay, but when?

ORL. Why, now; as fast as she can marry us.

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

ORL. 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.

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

ROS. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possess'd her?

ORL. 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-fangl'd 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 thou art inclin'd to sleep.

ORL. But will my *Rosalind* do so?

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

ORL. O, but she is wise.

ROS. 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, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

ORL. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—*Wit, whither wilt?*

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

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

ROS. 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 herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

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

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

ORL. I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

ROS. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours won me: 'tis but one cast away; and so,—come, death: Two o'clock is your hour?

ORL. Ay, sweet *Rosalind*.

ROS. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one

minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetic 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.

ORL. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my *Rosalind*: So, adieu.

ROS. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try: Adieu.

[*Exit ORLANDO.*]

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

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

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

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

CEL. And I'll sleep.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter JAQUES, and Others, Foresters.

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

1. *F.* Sir, it was I.

JAC. 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?

2. *F.* Yes, sir.

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

S O N G.

1. *V.* *What shall he have, that kill'd the deer?*

2. *V.* *His leather skin, and horns to wear.*

1. *V.* *Then sing him home:—*

both.

*Take thou no scorn
to wear the horn, the lusty horn;
it was a crest ere thou wast born:—*

1. *V.* *Thy father's father wore it;*

2. *V.* *And thy father bore it:—*

cho.

*The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
is not a thing to laugh to scorn.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter ROSALIND, and CELIA.

ROS. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and how much *Orlando* comes?

CEL. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubl'd 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: [*gives a Letter.*]

I know not the contents; but, as I guess,
By the stern brow, and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenure; pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless' messenger.

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

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

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd 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 boist'rous 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.
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. *Why, thy godhead lay'd apart,*
War'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
 endur'd. 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 SILVIUS.]

Enter OLIVER.

OLI. Good morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you know, Where, in the purlieus of this forest, stands A sheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees? [tom,

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

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

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

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

ROS. I am: What must we understand by this?

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

CEL. I pray you, tell it.

OLI. When last the young *Orlando* parted from you, He left a promise to return again Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,

Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
 Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
 And, mark, what object did present itself!
 Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
 And high top bald with dry antiquity,
 A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
 Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
 A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
 Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
 The op'ning of his mouth; but suddenly,
 Seeing *Orlando*, it unlink'd itself,
 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 battle to the lioness,

Who quickly fell before him ; in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.

CEL. Are you his brother ?

ROS. Was it you he rescu'd ?

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

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

ROS. But, for the bloody napkin ?

OLI. By and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd :
As how I came into that desert place ;

+ + + + + + + + + + + + + + + +
+ +

In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array, and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love ;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There 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, *Ganimes*? Sweet *Ganimes*?

OLI. Many will swoon, when they do look on blood.

CEL. There is more in it; — Cousin *Ganimed!*

OLI. Look, he recovers.

ROS. I would, I were at home.

CEL. We'll lead you thither: —

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

OLI. Be of good cheer, youth: You a man? you lack a man's heart.

ROS. I do so, I confess it. Ah, fir, a body would think this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. — Heigh ho!

OLI. This was not counterfeit; there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

ROS. Counterfeit, I assure you.

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

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

CEL. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards: — Good fir, 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.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter Clown, and AUDREY.

Cl. 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 fir *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.

WIL. Good ev'n, *Audrey*.

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

WIL. And good ev'n to you, fir.

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

WIL. Five and twenty, fir.

Clo. A ripe age: Is thy name, *William*?

WIL. *William*, fir.

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

WIL. Ay, fir, I thank God.

Clo. *Thank God*; A good answer: Art rich?

WIL. 'Faith, fir, so so.

Clo. *So so*; 'Tis good, very good, very excellent good:—and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

WIL. Ay, fir, I have a pretty wit.

Clo. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying; The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool. The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning there-

by, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

WIL. I do, fir.

Cl. Give me your hand: Art thou learned?

WIL. No, fir.

Cl. Then learn this of me; To have, is to have: For it is a figure in rhetorick, that drink, being pour'd out of a cup into a glafs, 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.

WIL. Which he, fir?

Cl. He, fir, that must marry this woman: Therefore, you clown, abandon, — which is in the vulgar, leave, — the society, — which in the boorish is, company, — of this female, — which in the common is, woman, — which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, dyest; 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*.

WIL. God rest you merry, fir. [Exit WILLIAM.

Enter CORIN.

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

Cl. Trip, *Audrey*, trip, *Audrey*; — I attend, I attend. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter ORLANDO, and OLIVER.

ORL. 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.

ORL. 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.

[*Exit OLIVER.*

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

ORL. It is my arm.

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

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

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

ORL. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are: Nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the 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.

ORL. They shall be marry'd to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, o, how bitter a thing it is, to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

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

ORL. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I speak to some purpose) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, inasmuch, I say, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, convers'd 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*, shall you marry her: I know into what straits 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.

ORL. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

ROS. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician: Therefore put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be marry'd to-morrow, you shall; and to *Rosalind*, if you will. Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Enter SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

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

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

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

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

PHE. And I for *Ganymed*:

ORL. And I for *Rosalind*:

ROS. And I for no woman.

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

PHE. And I for *Ganymed*:

ORL. And I for *Rosalind*:

ROS. And I for no woman.

SIL. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance;—

And so am I for *Phebe*:

PHE. And so am I for *Ganymed*:

ORL. And so am I for *Rosalind*:

ROS. And so am I for no woman.

PHE. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
[*to Ros.*]

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

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

ROS. Who do you speak to, *why blame you me to love you?*

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

ROS. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of *Irish* wolves against the moon.— I will help you, [*to Sil.*] if I can:— I would love you, [*to Phe.*] if I could.— To-morrow meet me all together. I will marry you, [*to Phe.*] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be marry'd to-morrow:— I will satisfy you, [*to Or.*] if ever I satisfy'd man, and you shall be marry'd to-morrow:— I will content you, [*to Sil.*] if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be marry'd to-morrow.— As you [*to Or.*] love *Rosalind*, meet;— As you [*to Sil.*] 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.

ORL. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Same.*

Enter Clown, and AUDREY.

Clo. To-morrow is the joyful day, *Audrey*; to-morrow will we be marry'd.

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. *P.* Well met, honest gentleman.

Cl. By my troth, well met: Come, fit, fit, and a song.

2. *P.* We are for you; fit i'the middle.

1. *P.* 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. *P.* P'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

S O N G.

I. St.

*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.*

II. St.

*Between the acres of the rye,
with a hey, and a ho, &c.
these pretty country folks would lye
in the spring time, &c.*

III. St.

*The carol they began that hour,
with a hey, and a ho, &c.*

2¹ the one'y pretty rang time; 31 v. *Note.*

*how that a life was but a flower
in the spring time, &c.*

IV. St.

*And therefore take the present time,
with a hey, and a ho, &c.*

*For love is crowned with the prime
in the spring time, &c.*

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

1. *P.* You are deceiv'd, fir; 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 be wi'you; and God mend your voices.—Come, *Audrey*. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *The same.*

*Enter Duke senior, and his Followers, ORLANDO,
JAQUES, Oliver, and Celia.*

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

ORL. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear their hope, and know their fear.

*Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and
PHEBE.*

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

You say, if I bring in your *Rosalind*,
You will bestow her on *Orlando* here?

D. f. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring
her?

23 feare they hope, and know they feare.

ORL. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

ROS. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

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

ROS. But, if you do refuse to marry me,

You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

PHE. So is the bargain.

ROS. You say, that you'll have *Phebe*, if she will?

SIL. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

ROS. I have 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 refuse me:— and from hence I go,

To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND, and Celia.*

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

ORL. 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.

JAC. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these
couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of
very strange beasts, which in all tongues are call'd fools.

Clb. Salutation and greeting to you all.

¶ Keepe you your

JAC. 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.

Cl. 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 tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

JAC. And how was that ta'en up?

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

JAC. How seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

D. s. I like him very well.

Cl. 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.

D. s. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Cl. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

JAC. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel upon the seventh cause?

Cl. 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 disabl'd 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 ly'd: this is call'd, The counter-check quarrelsome: and so to The lie circumstantial, and The lie direct.

JAC. 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.

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

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

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

D. s. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and un-

der the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Re-enter ROSALIND, and Celia, in their proper Dress; Ros. led by a Person presenting HYMEN. Still Musick.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
when earthly things made even
atone together
Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
yea, brought her hither;
that thou might'st join her hand with his,
whose heart within his bosom is.

Ros. To you I give myself, [*to D. f.*] for I am yours.—
To you I give myself, [*to Orl.*] for I am yours.

D. f. If there be truth in fight, you are my daughter.

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

PHE. If fight and shape be true,
Why then,—my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:—
I'll have no husband, if you be not he:—
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands,
To join in *Hymen's* bands,
If truth holds true contents.

You and you [*to Orl. and Ros.*] no cross shall part;

You and you [*to Oli. and Cel.*] are heart in heart:—

You [*to Phe.*] to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord:—

You and you [*to Clo. and Aud.*] are sure together,

As the winter and foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves 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!*

D. f. O my dearniece, [*to Cel.*] welcome thou art to me;
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree. [mine;

PHE. I will not eat my word, [*to Sil.*] now thou art
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter Jaques de Boys.

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,

31 to him againe

I do engage my life.

D. f. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one, his lands withheld; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-faln dignity,
And fall into our rustick revelry:—
Play, musick;—and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the 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?

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 D. f.*] to your former honour I bequeath;
Your patience, and your virtue, well deserves it:—
You [*to Orl.*] to a love that your true faith doth merit:—
You [*to Oli.*] to your land, and love, and great allies:—
You [*to Sil.*] to a long and well deserved bed;—
And you [*to Clo.*] to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victual'd.—So to your pleasures;
I am for other than for dancing measures.

D. f. Stay, Jaques, stay.

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

D. f. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

[*A Dance.*

EPILOGUE.

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

[*Exeunt.*

17 please you:

The
TAMING
of the
SHREW.

Persons represented.

Sly, a drunken Tinker :
a Lord; his Page;
two Huntsmen; four Servants;
a Player; Hostess; Tapster; } *Persons in the Induction.*

Baptista, a Paduan Gentleman.

Vincentio, a rich Merchant of Pisa.

Gremio, an old Gentleman, Suitor to Bianca:

Hortensio, his Rival, marry'd afterwards to the Widow.

Lucentio, Son to Vincentio:

Tranio, and Biondello, his Servants.

Petruchio, a country Gentleman, Suitor to Catherine:

Grumio, and Curtis, his Servants:

five other Servants. a Pedant; Taylor;

Haberdasher; Servant to Baptista.

Catherine, and } *Daughters to Baptista.*
Bianca,

Widow, Mistress to Hortensio.

Other Attendants, Guests, Players, &c.

*Scene, sometimes in Padua; sometimes at
Petruchio's Country-House.*

The
TAMING of the SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I. *A Hedge-Alehouse.*
SLY upon a Bench before it; Hostess
standing by him.

SLY. I'll pheeze you, in faith.

Hof. 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, *paucas pallabris*; let the world slide: *Sessa!*

Hof. You will not pay for the glassees you have burst?

SLY. No, not a deniere: Go by, *Jeronimy*;—Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Hof. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the third-borough. [Exit.

SLY. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly. [falls from off his Bench, and sleeps.

Horns.

*Enter a Lord, from hunting; Huntsmen,
and Servants, with him.*

Lor. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hound
Leech Merriman,—the poor cur is imboft,— [nds:
 And couple *Clo-wder* 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.

1. *H.* Why, *Belman* is as good as he, my lord;
 He cry'd upon it at the meereft los,
 And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
 Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lor. 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.

1. *H.* I will, my lord.

Lor. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he
 breath?

2. *H.* He breaths, my lord: Were he not warm'd with
 ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lor. 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:
 What think you,—if he were convey'd to bed,
 Wrap'd 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. *H.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2. *H.* It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

Lor. Even as a flattering 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 in 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 heavenly 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, the third a diaper,
And say,—Will't please your lordship cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a costly fruit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him, that he hath been lunatick;
And, when he says—he's poor, say—that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle firs;
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

1. H. My lord, I warrant you, we will play our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lor Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
And each one to his office, when he wakes.—

[*Exeunt Some with SLY. Trumpet heard.*

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:—

[*Exit Servant.*

Belike, some noble gentleman; that means,

Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

Re-enter Servant.

How now? who is't?

Ser. An't please your honour, players,
That come to offer service to your lordship.

Lor. Bid them come near.—

Enter certain Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Pla. We thank your honour.

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

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

Lor. 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.

1. P. I think, 'twas *Soto* that your honour means.

Lor. '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.

1. P. Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antick in the world.

Lor. Go, firrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one;

Let them want nothing that my house affords. —

[*Exeunt* Servant, and Players.

Sirrah, go you to *Bartholomew* my page,

[*to another Servant.*

And see him dress'd 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 courtesy;
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 over-joy'd
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who for this seven years hath esteemed him
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 haste thou canst;
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.— [Exit Serv.
I know, the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, 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 grow into extreams. [Exeunt.]

*SCENE II. A stately Room in the Lord's House:
 In it a Stage, and other Appurtenances, for the Play:
 and, in another Part, a Bed; SLY, in a rich Night-dress,
 sitting on it; surrounded by Servants, bearing Apparel, Bason,
 Ewer, &c. a Side-board being by. Enter, at lower
 End, the Lord, himself habited like a
 Servant.*

SLY. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1. *S.* Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2. *S.* Will't please your honour taste of these con-
 serves?

3. *S.* 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.

Lor. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!
 O, 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
Christopher Sly, old *Sly's* son of *Burton* heath; by birth
 a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation

a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker?
Ask *Marrian Hacket*, the fat ale-wife of *Wincot*, if she
know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the
score for sheer ale, score me up for the lying 'st knave in
christendom. What, I am not bestraught: Here's—

3. *S.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2. *S.* O, this is it that makes your servants droop.

Lor. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your
house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

O, 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 heard within.*]

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 trim'd up for *Semiramis*.

Say, thou wilt walk; we will bestow the ground:

Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trap'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. *S.* Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as
swift

As breathed stags, ay, fleetier than the roe.

[*aight*]

2. *S.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee str-

Adonis, painted by a running brook;
 And *Citherea* all in fedges hid;
 Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
 Even as the waving fedges play with wind.

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

3. *S.* 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.

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

1. *S.* And 'till the tears, that she hath shed for thee,
 Like envious floods, o'er-run her lovely face,
 She was the fairest creature in the world;
 And yet she is inferior to none.

Sir. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
 Or do I dream? or have I dream'd 'till now?
 I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
 I smell sweet favours, and I feel soft things:—
 Upon my life, I am a lord indeed;
 And not a tinker, nor *Christophero Sly*.—
 Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
 And once again a pot o' the smallest ale.

2. *S.* Will't please your mightiness to wash your
 hands? [*presenting the Ewer, &c.*]
 O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
 O, 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.

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

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

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

3. *S.* Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid;
Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,—
As *Stephen Sly*, and old *John Naps* of Greece,
And *Peter Turf*, and *Henry Pimpernel*;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

SLR. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

all. Amen.

SLR. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter Page as a Lady, attended.

Pag. How fares my noble lord?

SLR. Marry, I fare well;

For here is cheer enough. Where is my wife?

Pag. Here, noble lord; What is thy will with her?

SLR. Are you my wife, and will not call me—husband?

My men should call me—lord, I am your good-man.

Pag. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband,
I am your wife in all obedience.

SLR. I know it well:—What must I call her?

Lor. Madam.

SLR. *Al'ce* madam, or *Joan* madam?

Lor. Madam, and nothing else; so lords call ladies.

SLR. Madam wife, they say,—that I have dream'd
And slept about some fifteen year or more.

Pag. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me;
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

SLR. 'Tis much;—Servants, leave me and her alone:—
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed:

Pag. 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,
On peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope, this reason stands for my excuse.

SLR. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long.
But I would be loth to fall into my dreams again; I
will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the
blood.

Enter another Servant.

4. S. Your honour's players, hearing your amend-
ment,

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.

SLR. Marry, I will let them play't — Is not a com-
monty
A christmas gambol, or a tumbling trick?

Pag. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

SLY. What household stuff?

Pag. It is a kind of history. [side,

SLY. Well, we'll see't: Come, madam wife, sit by my
And let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger.

[seating her for the Play.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Padua. A publick Place.

Enter LUCENTIO, and TRANIO.

Luc. *Tranio*, since—for the great desire I had
To see fair *Padua*, nursery of arts,—
I am arriv'd in fruitful *Lombardy*,
The pleasant garden of great *Italy*;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breath, and happ'ly institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being; and my father first,
A merchant of great traffick through the world,
Vincentio, come of the *Bentivolii*.
Lucentio his son, brought up in *Florence*,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, *Tranio*, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue 'specially to be atchiev'd.
Tell me thy mind: for I have *Pisa* left,

14 arriv'd for fruit— 25 *Vincentio's* 24 *Vincentio's* sonne

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. *Mi perdonate*, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to *Aristotle's* checks,
As *Ovid* be an outcast quite abjur'd:
Talk logick with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk;
Musick, and poesy, 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 readines;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends as time in *Padua* shall beget.
But stay a while; What company is this?

TRA. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

Enter, at a Distance, BAPTISTA;

*CATHERINE, and BIANCA, his Daughters; GREMIO,
and HORTENSIO, Suitors to Bianca.*

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 *Catherina*,
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?

CAT. I pray you, sir, [*to Bap.*] is it your will and pleasure,
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

HOR. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates
for you,

Unless you were of gentler milder mold.

CAT. P'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 should be,
To comb your noddle with a three-leg'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! [*ward;*"]

TRA. "Hush, master! here is some good pastime to—
"That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward."

LUC. "But in the other's silence do I see"
"Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety."

"Peace, *Tranio*." [*fill.*"]

TRA. "Why, well said, master; mum, and gaze your

BAP. Well, 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.

CAT. A pretty peat! 'tis best,
Put finger in the eye,—an she knew why.

BIA. 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 myself. [ak.]

LUC. "Hark, *Tranio!* thou may'st hear *Minerva* spe-

HOR. Signior *Baptista*, will you be so strange?

Sorry am I, that our good will effects

Bianca's grief.

GRE. Why, will you mew her up,
 Signior *Baptista*, for this fiend of hell,
 And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

BAP. Content ye, gentlemen; I am resolv'd:—

Go in, *Bianca*.— [Exit *BIANCA*.]

And for I know she taketh most delight
 In musick, instruments, and poetry,
 Schoolmasters 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.—*Catherina*, you may stay;
 For I have more to commune with *Bianca*.

[Exit *BAPTISTA*.]

CAT. Why, and, I trust, I may go too, May I not?
 What, shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike,
 I knew not what to take, and what to leave? ha!

[Exit *CATHERINE*.]

GRE. You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts are
 so good, here's none will hold you.— Their love is not
 so great, *Hortensio*, but we may blow our nails together,
 and fast it fairly out; our cake's dough 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. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd parly, 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*, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be marry'd to hell?

HOR. Tush, *Gremio!* though 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 faults, and money enough.

GRE. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipt at the high cros every morning.

HOR. 'Faith, as you say, there's 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 woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on. [*Exeunt GRE. and HOR.*]

TRA. I pray, sir, tell me, — [*advancing.*] Is it possible, That love should of a sudden take such hold?

LUC. O, *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 the 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 have touch'd you, nought remains but so, — *Redime te captum quam queas minimo.*

LUC. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents; The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's found.

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; [*Shaking him.*] If you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:—
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,
That, 'till the father rid 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 schoolmasters to 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 schoolmaster,
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. *Bassia*, 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 mean man of *Pisa* —
 'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so: — *Tranio*, at once
 Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat, and cloak:

[*exchanging Cloaths with him.*]

When *Biondello* comes, he waits on thee;
 But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

TRA. So had you need. Sith it your pleasure is,
 And I am ty'd to be obedient;
 (For so your father charg'd me at our parting;
Be serviceable to my son, quoth he, —
 Although, 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, to atchieve that maid
 Whose sudden fight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue: — *Sirrah*, where have you been?

BIO. Where have I been? Nay, how now, where are
 you?

Master, has my fellow *Tranio* stoln your cloaths?
 Or you stoln 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 countenance 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?

BIO. Ay, fir, ne'er a whit.

LUC. And not a jot of *Tranio* in your mouth;
Tranio is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

BIO. The better for him; 'Would, I were so too!

TRA. So would I, i'faith, boy, to have the next wish
after,—

That *Lucentio* indeed had *Baptista's* youngest daughter.
But, firrah,—not for my sake, but your master's,—I ad-
vise you,

Use your manners discreetly in all kind of company:
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 thyself execute;—

To make one among these wooers: If thou ask me why,—
Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.

[*Exeunt.*]

I. S. My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.

SLY. Yes, by faint *Anne*, do I. A good matter, surely;
Comes there any more of it?

PAG. My lord, 'tis but begun.

SLY. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady;
'Would, it were done!

SCENE II. *The same. Before Hortensio's House.*

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 his house:—
Here, firrah *Grumio*; knock, I say.

GRU. Knock, fir!

Whom should I knock, fir? Is there any man
That has rebus'd your worship?

PET. Villain, I say,
Knock me here soundly.

GRU. Knock you here, fir? Why, fir,
What am I, fir, that I should knock you here, fir?

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, firrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it;
I'll try how you can *sol, fa,* and sing it.

[rings him by the Ears.]

GRU. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

PET. Now knock when I bid you: firrah! 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 bene venuto,*
Molto honorato signior mio Petruchio.—

Rise, *Grumio*, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

GRU. Nay, 'tis no matter, fir, what he 'leges in *Latin.*
—If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his ser-
vice, —Look you, fir,—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 bad the rascal knock upon your gate, And could not get him for my heart to do it.

GRU. Knock at the gate?—O heavens!— 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*? [world,

PET. Such wind as scatters young men through the To seek their fortunes farther than at home, Where small experience grows. But, in a few, Signior *Hortensio*, thus it stands with me:—*Antonio*, my father, is deceas'd; And I have thrust myself into this maze, Happ'ly to wive, and thrive, as best I may: Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home, And so am come abroad to see the world.

HOR. *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 we,
 Few words suffice: and, therefore, if thou 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 throwd
 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, though she have as many diseases
 as two and fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so
 money comes withal.

HOR. *Petruchio*, since we are slept 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 (as 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, though 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, *Catherina Minola*;
Renown'd in *Padua* for her scolding tongue.

PET. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well:—
I will not sleep, *Hortensio*, 'till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,—
Unless you will accompany me thither.

GRU. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O'my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him: She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so: why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his 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* keep my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful *Bianca*;
And her withholds from me, and other more,
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:
Supposing it a thing impossible,
(For those defects I have before rehear'd)
That ever *Catherina* will be woo'd,
Therefore this order hath *Baptista* ta'en;—
That none shall have access unto *Bianca*,
'Till *Catherine* the curst have got a husband.

GRU. Catherine 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 schoolmaster
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 myself.

*Enter, on the opposite Side, GREMIO; LUCENTIO
with him, with Books under his Arm.*

GRU. Here's no knavery. See; to beguile the old folks,
how the young folks lay their heads together!—Master,
master, look about you:—Who goes there? ha.

HOR. Peace, *Grumio*; 'tis the rival of my love:—
Petruchio, stand we by a little while.

GRU. A proper stripling, and an amorous!

[they retire.]

GRE. O, very well; I have perus'd the note.

[giving it back.]

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. Here, † take your papers too,

And let me have them very well perfum'd;

For she is sweeter than perfume itself,

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 assur'd,—

As firmly as yourself were still in place:

Yea, and (perhaps) with more successful words
Than you,— unless you were a scholar, sir.

GRE. O this learning! what a thing it is!

GRU. O this woodcock! what an ass it is!

PET. Peace, firrah.

HOR. *Grumio*, mum.—God save you, signior *Gremio*!

[*advancing.*

GRE. You are well met, signior *Hortensio*. Trow you
Whither I am going? To *Baptista Minola*.

I promis'd him, to enquire carefully

About a schoolmaster 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 poetry,

And other books,—good ones, I warrant ye.

HOR. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman,

Hath promis'd me to help me to another,

A fine musician to instruct our mistress;

So shall I no whit be behind in duty

To fair *Bianca*, so belov'd of me.

GRE. Belov'd of me, and that my deeds shall prove.

GRU. “—and that his bags shall prove.”

HOR. *Gremio*, 'tis now no time to vent our love:

Listen to me, and, if you speak me fair,

I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.

Here † is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,

Upon agreement from us to his liking,

Will undertake to woo curst *Catherine*;

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;

‡ *Gre.* And you † help one to

If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

GRE. No, say'st me so, friend? Pray, what countryman?

PET. Born in *Verona*, old *Antonio's* son:

My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

GRE. 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 woo this wild-cat?

PET. Will I live?

GRU. "Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her."

PET. Why came I hither, but to that intent?

Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?

Have I not in my time heard lions roar?

Have I not heard the sea, puft up with winds,

Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?

Have I not heard great ordinance in the field,

And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?

Have I not in a pitched battle heard

Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clangue?

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;

That gives not half so great a blow to the ear,

As will a chefnut in a farmer's fire?

Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.

GRU. "For he fears none."

GRE. *Hortensio*, hark!

This gentleman is happily arriv'd,

My mind presumes, for his own good, and ours.

HOR. I promis'd, we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

GRE. And so we will; provided, that he win her.

GRU. "I would, I were as sure of a good dinner."

Enter TRANIO, brave; 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*? [mean?

GRE. He that has the two fair daughters? is't he you

TRA. Even he, fir.

GRE. Hark you, fir; You mean not her to—

TRA. Perhaps, him and her, fir; What have you to do?

PET. Not her that chides, fir, at any hand, I pray.

TRA. I love no chiders, fir:—*Biondello*, let's away.

LUC. "Well begun, *Tranio*."

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, fir, is it any offence? [hence.

GRE. No; if, without more words, you will get you

TRA. Why, fir, I pray you, 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 is 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,

Though *Paris* came, in hope to speed alone.

GRE. What, 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 ask you this;—
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 harken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors;
And will not promise her to any man,
Until her elder sister first be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.

TRA. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me amongst the rest;
An 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,—gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.

TRA. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
Please ye we may convive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;
And do as adversaries do in law,—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

GRU. O excellent motion!— Fellows, let's be gone.

HOR. The motion's good indeed, and be it so;—

Petruchio, I'll be your *ben venuto*. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same. A Room in Baptista's House.*

Enter CATHERINA, and BIANCA, her Hands
bound.

BIA. Good sifter, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: but for these other gawds,—
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
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.

CAT. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

BIA. Believe me, sifter, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

CAT. Minion thou ly'st; Is't not *Hortensio*?

BIA. If you affect him, sifter, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

CAT. O then, belike, you fancy riches more;
You will have *Gremio* to keep you fair.

BIA. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while:

I pr'ythee sifter, *Kate*, unty my hands. [so.]

CAT. If that be jest, [*striking her.*] then all the rest was

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?

CAT. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[*flies after Bianca.*

BAP. What, in my sight?—[*stopping her.*] *Bianca*, get thee in. [Exit *BIANCA.*

CAT. 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 fit and weep,
'Till I can find occasion of revenge. [Exit *CATHERINE.*

BAP. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO, and Lucentio;

PETRUCHIO, *with Hortensio as a Musician;*
and TRANIO, *with Biondello attending, bearing*
a Lute and Books.

GRE. Good morrow, neighbour *Baptista*.

BAP. Good morrow, neighbour *Gremio*:—God save you, gentlemen!

PET. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd—*Catherina*, fair, and virtuous?

BAP. I have a daughter, sir, call'd—*Catherina*.

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 myself 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,
I do present you with a man of mine,

[presenting Hortensio.

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 *Catherine*,—this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more 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 as 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:
Baccare! you are marvelous forward, sir.

PET. O, pardon me, signior *Gremio*; I would fain be
doing. [ing.—

GRE. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your woo-
Neighbour, [to Baptista.

33 wooing neighbours :

This is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it:
 And,—to expresse the like kindness myself,
 That have been more beholding to you than any,—
 ¶ freely give unto you this young scholar,

[*presenting* Lucentio.

That hath been long studying at *Rheims*; as cunning
 In *Latin*, *Greek*, and other languages,
 As the other in musick, and the mathematicks:
 His name is *Cambio*; pray, accept his service.

BAP. A thousand thanks, good signior *Gremio*:—
 Welcome, good *Cambio*.—But, gentle sir, [to *Tra.*
 Methinks, you walk here like a stranger; May I
 Be bold to know the cause too of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own;
 That, being a stranger in this city here,
 Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
 Unto *Bianca*, fair, and virtuous.
 Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
 In the preferment of the eldest sister:
 This liberty is all that I request,—
 That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
 I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
 And free access and favour as the rest.
 And, toward the education of your daughters,
 I here bestow † a simple instrument,
 And this † small packet of *Greek* and *Latin* books:
 [*giving the Lute, and Books.*

If you accept them, then their worth is great.

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're very welcome, sir.—

† More kinde'y beholding 7 Greeke, Latine 13 be so bold

Take you † the lute,—and you † the set of books,—
You shall go see your pupils presently.—
Hola, within there!—

Enter a Servant.

—Sirrah, shew these gentlemen
To my two daughters; and then tell them both,
These are their tutors; bid them use them well.—

[Exit Servant, with Luc. and Hor. Bio. follows.]

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 yourselves.

PET. Signior *Baptista*, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.

You knew my father well; and, in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:
Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

BAP. After my death, the one half of my lands;
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

PET. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her for
Her widowhood,—be it that she survive me,—
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let 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 do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
† Though little fire grows great with little wind

Yet extream gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

BAP. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

PET. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-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. [an?]

BAP. What, will my daughter prove a good musici-

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 these, quoth she? I'll fume with them:

And, with that word, she strook 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 study'd 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:

O, how I long to have some chat with her! [confited]

BAP. Well, go with me, [to *HOR.*] and be not so dif-
Proceed in practise with my younger daughter;

She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
Signior *Petruchio*, will you go with us;
Or shall I send my daughter *Kate* to you?

PET. I pray you, do; I will attend her here, —

[*Exeunt* BAP. GRE. TRA. and HOR.]

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say, that she rail; why, then I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say—she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though 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 marry'd:—
But here she comes; and now, *Petruchio*, speak.

Enter CATHERINE.

Good morrow, *Kate*; for that's your name, I hear.

CAT. Well have you heard, but something hard of
hearing;

They call me—*Catherine*, 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)

Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife. [hither,

CAT. Mov'd! in good time: Let him that mov'd you
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.

PET. Why, what's a moveable?

CAT. A joint-stool.

PET. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

CAT. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

PET. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

CAT. No such jade, fir, as you, if me you mean.

PET. Alas, good *Kate*! I will not burthen thee:
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

CAT. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

PET. Should be? should buz.

CAT. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

PET. O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

CAT. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.

PET. Come, come, you wasp; i'faith, you are too angry.

CAT. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

PET. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

CAT. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

PET. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?
In his tail.

CAT. In his tail! in his tongue.

PET. In his tongue? whose tongue?

CAT. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell. [again,

PET. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come
Good *Kate*; I am a gentleman.

CAT. That I'll try.

[striking him.

PET. I swear, I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

CAT. 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*? o, put
Me in thy books.

CAT. What is your crest? a coxcomb?

PET. A comblefs cock, so *Kate* will be my hen.

CAT. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.

PET. Nay, come, *Kate*, come; you must not look so four.

CAT. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

PET. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not four.

CAT. There is, there is.

PET. Then shew it me.

CAT. Had I a glafs, I would.

PET. What, you mean my face.

CAT. Well aim'd of such a young one.

PET. Now, by saint *George*, I am too young for you.

CAT. Yet you are wither'd.

PET. 'Tis with cares.

CAT. I care not.

PET. Nay, hear you, *Kate*: in sooth, you 'scape not so.

CAT. 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 sullen,
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 askance,

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 does the world report, that *Kate* doth limp?

O fland'rous world! *Kate* like the hazle twig
Is frait, 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.

CAT. 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.

CAT. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

PET. It is extempore from my mother-wit.

CAT. A witty mother! witness else her son.

PET. Am I not wise?

CAT. Yes; keep you warm.

PET. Marry, so I mean, sweet *Catherine*, in thy bed:
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms;—Your father hath consented,
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, *Kate*, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light,—whereby I see thy beauty;
Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,—
Thou must be marry'd to no man but me:
For I am he am born to tame you, *Kate*;
And bring you from a wild *Kate* to a *Kate*
Conformable, as other household *Kates*.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.

Here comes your father; never make denial,
I must and will have *Catherine* to my wife.

BAP. Now, signior *Petruchio*; how speed
You with my daughter?

PET. How but well, sir? how but well?

It were impossible, I should speed amifs. [dumps?]

BAP. Why, how now, daughter *Catherine*? in your

CAT. Call you me—daughter? now I promise you,
You have shew'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatick;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing *Jack*,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

PET. Father, 'tis thus,—yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amifs 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 *Grizelde*,
And *Roman Lucrece* for her chastity:
And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

CAT. I'll see thee hang'd o'Sunday first.

GRE. Hark, *Petruchio*!

She says, she'll see thee hang'd o'Sunday first.

TRA. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our
part.

PET. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself;
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: O, 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.
O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,
How tame, when men and women are alone,

A meacock wretch can make the curfesteſt ſhrew.—
 Give me thy hand, *Kate*; I will unto *Venice*,
 To buy apparel 'gainſt the wedding-day:—
 Provide the feaſt, father, and bid the gueſts;
 I will be ſure, my *Catherine* ſhall be fine.

BAP. I know not what to ſay: but give me 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 kiſs me, *Kate*, we will be marry'd o'ſunday.

[*Exeunt CAT. and PET.*]

GRE. Was ever match clapt up ſo ſuddenly?

BAP. 'Faith, gentlemen, now 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 *Bianca* more
 Than words can witneſs, or your thoughts can gueſs.

GRE. Youngling, thou canſt not love ſo dear as I.

TRA. Grey-beard, thy love doth freeze.

GRE. But thine doth fry.

Skipper, ſtand back; 'tis age, that nourifheth.

TRA. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourifheth.

BAP. Content you, gentlemen; I will compound this
 friſe:

'Tis deeds, must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have *Bianca's* love.—And, first, to you;
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 stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras counterpanes,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linnen, *Turky* 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,
Six-score fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am strook 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!—
My land amounts but to so much in all,

¹⁰ counterpoints ¹³ Vallens ¹⁴ belongs ³² not to

That she shall have; besides an argosy,
That now is lying in *Marseilles'* road:—
What, have I choak'd you with an argosy?

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, whate'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-vy'd.

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,
I am thus resolv'd:—On sunday next, you know,
My daughter *Catherine* is to be marry'd:
Now, on the sunday following, shall *Bianca*
Be bride to you, *Lucentio*, 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.*]

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.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Another Room.*

Enter *LUCENTIO*, and *BIANCA*, conversing;
to them, *HORTENSIO*.

Luc. Fidler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister *Catherine* welcom'd you withal?

Hor. She is a *Shrew*; but, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in musick we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Prepost'rous 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, when I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bia. 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 ty'd to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:—

3 Must get 25 while I

Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

HOR. You'll leave his lecture, when I am in tune?

[to Bia. taking up his Lute.

LUC. That will be never;—tune your instrument.

BIA. Where left we last? [fitting to a Table with Luc.

LUC. Here, madam:— [shewing a Book.

Hic ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;

Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

BIA. Construe them.

LUC. *Hic ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

HOR. Madam, my instrument's in tune.

BIA. Let's hear:—

[Hor. plays.

O, fie! the treble jars.

LUC. Spit in the hole, man,
And tune again.

BIA. Now let me see if I can construe it.

Hic ibat Simois, I know you not;—*hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he 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 forward is our pedant!”

“Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:”

“*Pedacule*, I'll watch you better yet.”

BIA. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

[seeing Hor. listen.

LUC. Mistrust it not; for, sure, *Æacides*
Was *Ajax*,—call'd so from his grandfather.

BIA. 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:— [rising.

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

HOR. You may go walk, [to Luc.] and give me leave
a while;

My lessons make no musick in three parts.

LUC. “Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,
[retiring.

“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. [gives a Paper.

BIA. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

HOR. Yet read the gamut of *Hortensio*.

BIA. Gamut I am, the ground of all accord, [reads.

A re, to plead *Hortensio's* passion;

B me, Bianca, take him for thy lord,

C faut, that loves with all affection:

D sol re, one cliff, not two notes have I;

E la mi, show me pity, or I die.

Call you this—gamut? tut! I like it not:

Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. 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.

BIA. Farewel, sweet masters both; I must be gone.

[Exeunt Ser. and BIA.]

LUC. 'Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.

[Exit LUCENTIO.]

HOR. But I have cause to pry into this pedant;
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love:—
Yet if thy thoughts, *Bianca*, be so humble,
To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,
Seize thee, that list; If once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. *[Exit.]*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. Court before the House.*

*Enter BAPTISTA, Gremio, TRANIO, CATHERINE,
Bianca, and Attendants; LUCENTIO, and
Hortensio among them.*

BAP. Signior *Lucentio*, [*to Tra*] this is the 'pointed day
That *Catherine* and *Petruchio* should be marry'd,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law:
What will be said? what mockery will it be,—
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What says *Lucentio* to this shame of ours?

CAT. 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 bares;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor *Catherine*;
And say,—*Lo! there is mad Petruchio's wife,*
If it would please him come and marry her.

TRA. Patience, good *Catherine*, and *Baptista* too;
Upon my life, *Petruchio* means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

CAT. 'Would, *Catherine* had never seen him though!
[*Exit, weeping: is follow'd by Bianca, Gremio,*
Hortensio, and Others.]

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 temper.

Enter BIONDELLO, hastily.

BIO. Master, master! [*to Tra.*] news, old news, and
such news as you never heard of!

BAP. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

BIO. Why, is it not news, to hear of *Petruchio's* co-

BAP. Is he come? [ming?]

BIO. Why, no, sir.

BAP. What then?

BIO. He is coming.

BAP. When will he be here?

BIO. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

TRA. But say, what be thine old news?

BIO. 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 buckl'd, 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; troubl'd with the lampasses, infected with the fashions, full of wind-galls, sped with spavins, ray'd with the yellows, past cure of the vives, stark spoil'd with the flaggers, begnawn with the bots; sway'd in the back, and shoulder-shotten; near-leg'd before, and with a half-check'd bit, and a head-stall of sheep's-leather; which, being restrain'd to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots: one girth 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 pack-thread.

BAP. Who comes with him?

BIO. O, sir, his lacquey, 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 prick'd in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a christian foot-boy, or a gentleman's lacquey. [ion;—

TRA. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion:—
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparel'd.

BAP. I am glad, he's come though, howsoe'er he comes.

BIO. Why, sir, he comes not.

BAP. Didst thou not say, he comes?

BIO. Who? that *Petruchio* came?

BAP. Ay, that *Petruchio* came.

BIO. No, sir; I say, that his horse comes, with him
On his back.

BAP. Why, that's all one.

BIO. Nay, by saint *Jamy*; I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO, and his Man Grumio,
oddly habited both.

PET. Come, where be these gallants here? who's at

BAP. You are welcome, sir. [home?

PET. And yet I come not well.

BAP. And yet you halt not.

TRA. Not so well apparel'd
As I could wish you were.

PET. Tut! 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 wond'rous 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 yourself?

PET. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear;
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word:
Though, in some part, enforced to digress;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfi'd 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 have done
with words;

To me she's marry'd, not unto my cloaths:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for myself.
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?

[*Exeunt PET. Gru. and Bro.*]

TRA. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

BAP. I'll after him, and see the event of this.

[*Exeunt BAP. and Attendants. Tranio follows;
but is beckon'd back by Lucentio, who converses
a while apart.*]

TRA. But to her love, sir, 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 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 schoolmaster
Doth watch *Bianca's* steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say—no,
I'll keep mine own despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:—
We'll over-reach the grey-beard, *Gremio*;
The narrow-prying father, *Minola*;
The quaint musician, amorous *Licio*;
All for my master's sake, *Lucentio*.—

Re-enter GREMIO, laughing.

Nota, 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. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

GRE. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

GRE. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

I'll tell you, sir *Lucentio*; When the priest
Should ask—if *Catherine* should be his wife,
Ay, by gogs-wouns, 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. Trembl'd, 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 he had been aboard,

Carousing to his mates after a storm:

Quafft off the muscadel, and threw the sops

All in the sexton's face; having no other reason,—

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,

And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.

This done, he took the bride about the neck;

And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,

That, at the parting, all the church did eccho.

I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;

And after me, I know, the rout is coming:

Such a mad marriage never was before!

Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play.

[*Musick.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, and CATHERINE, as
marry'd; BAPTISTA, GRUMIO, Hortensio,
BIANCA, and Train.

PET. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pa-
I know, you think to dine with me to-day, [ins:

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 would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

TRA. Let us entreat you stay 'till after dinner.

PET. It may not be.

GRE. Let me entreat you, sir.

PET. It cannot be.

CAT. Let me entreat you then.

PET. I am content.

CAT. Are you content to stay?

PET. I am content, you shall entreat me stay;

But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

CAT. Now, if you love me, stay.

PET. *Grumio*, my horses.

GRU. Ay, sir, they be ready;

The oats have eaten up the horses.

CAT. Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;

No, nor to-morrow, nor 'till I please myself.

The door is open, sir, there lies your way,

You may be jogging while your boots are green;

For me, I'll not be gone 'till please myself:—

'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.

CAT. 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.

CAT. 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,
Carowze full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourselves;
But for my bonny *Kate*, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household-stuff, my field, my barn, my stable,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I'll bring mine 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.

[*Exit, hurrying CATHERINE out; GRUMIO,*
with his Sword drawn, bringing up the Rear.

BAP. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones. [ing.

GRE. Went they not quickly, I should die with laugh-

TRA. Of all mad matches, never was the like!—

Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

BIA. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

GRE. I warrant him, *Petruchio* is Kated.

BAP. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bride-
groom wants

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*.—Come, gentlemen; let's go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SLY. Sim, *When will the fool come again?*

I. S. *Anon, my lord.*

SLY. *Give's some more drink here!—where's the tapster?*

—*Here, Sim,*

Eat some of these things. [giving him some Conservees.

I. S. *So I do, my lord.*

SLY. *Here, Sim, I drink to thee.*

[drinks.]

SCENE II. *A Hall in Petruchio's Country-House.*

Enter GRUMIO, halting.

GRU. Fie, fie, on all tir'd jades! on all mad masters!
and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever
man so 'wray'd? was ever man so weary? I am sent be-
fore to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm
them. Now, were not I 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 myself; for, considering the weather, a taller
man than I will take cold. *Hola, ho! Curtis!*

Enter CURTIS.

CUR. Who is that, calls so coldly?

GRU. A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou may'st
slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run
but my head and my neck. A fire, good *Curtis.*

² you shall supply

CUR. Is my master and his wife coming, *Grumio*?

GRU. O, ay, *Curtis*, ay: and therefore, fire, fire; cast on no water.

CUR. 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 thyself, fellow *Curtis*.

CUR. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

GRU. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress? whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

CUR. I prythee, 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.

CUR. There's fire ready; And therefore, good *Grumio*, the news? [thou wilt.

GRU. Why, *Jack*, boy! ho, boy! and as much news as

CUR. Come, you are so full of coney-catching:—

GRU. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extrem cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trim'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, the carpets lay'd, and every thing in order?

CUR. All ready; And therefore, I pray thee, news?

GRU. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and

mistress fall'n out.

CUR. How?

GRU. Out of their saddles into the dirt; And thereby hangs a tale.

CUR. Let's ha't, good *Grumio*.

GRU. Lend thine ear.

CUR. Here.

GRU. There. [cuffing him.]

CUR. 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 list'n-ing. Now I begin:—*Inprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:—

CUR. Both on one horse?

GRU. What's that to thee?

CUR. Why, a horse.

GRU. Tell thou the tale: But, hadst thou not cross'd me, thou shouldst have heard, how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst 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 stumbl'd; 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.

CUR. By this reck'ning, 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, Sugar-sop*, and the rest: let their heads be slickly

comb'd, their blue coats brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knot: let them curt'sy with their left legs; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horsetail, 'till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

CUR. They are.

GRU. Call them forth.

CUR. Do you hear, ho! [*calling.*] you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

GRU. Why, she hath a face of her own.

CUR. Who knows not that?

GRU. Thou, it seems; that call'st for company to countenance her.

CUR. I call them forth to credit her.

GRU. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

1. *S.* Welcome home, *Grumio*.

2. *S.* How now, *Grumio*?

3. *S.* What, *Grumio*!

4. *S.* Fellow *Grumio*!

1. *S.* 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?

1. *S.* 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 CATHERINE.

PET. Where be these knaves? What, no man at the To hold my stirrop, nor to take my horse! [*door,* Where is *Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?*—

Ser. Here, here, sir;

Here, sir.

[*crowding round him.*

PET. Here, fir! here, fir! here, fir! here, fir!—
 You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!
 What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—
 Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

GRU. Here, fir; as foolish as I was before. [udge!

PET. You peasant swain! you whorson malt-horse dr—
 Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
 And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

GRU. Nathaniel's coat, fir, was not fully made,
 And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the 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 some of the Servants. Gloth lay'd.

Where is the life that late I led, say they:— [sings.

Where are those villains?— Sit down, Kate, and wel—
 come.— [sits to Table.

Soud, foud, foud, foud!— [wiping himself.

Re-enter Servants; with Supper.

Why when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.—

Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When?—

It was the friar of orders gray, [sings.

as he forth walked on his way:— [awry:

Out, out, you rogue! [to the Servant.] you pluck my foot

Take that, [striking him.] and mend the plucking of the
 other.—

Be merry, Kate:—Some water here; what ho!—

Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:— [Exit Ser.

One, *Kate*, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—
Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?—

[*Water presented.*]

Come, *Kate*, and wash, and welcome heartily:—

[*Servant lets the Ewer fall.*]

You whorson villain! will you let it fall? [*strikes him.*]

CAT. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

PET. A whorson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!—
Come, *Kate*, sit down; I know, you have a stomach.

[*seats her by him.*]

Will you give thanks, sweet *Kate*; or else shall I?—

What is this? mutton?

I. S. Ay.

PET. Who brought it?

I. S. I.

PET. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the rest o' 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;

[*throwing all at them.*]

You heedless jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves!

What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

CAT. 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 ourselves, ourselves are cholerick,—

Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.

Be patient; to-morrow't shall be mended,

And, for this night, we'll fast for company:—
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[Exit, leading out CAT. CUR. follows.]

1. S. [*advancing.*] Peter, didst ever see the like?

5. S. He kills her
In her own humour.

Re-ent.r CURTIS.

GRU. Where is he?

CUR. 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.*]

Re-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 she 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, another way the sheets:—
Ay, and, amid this hurly, I intend,
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.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Padua. Before Baptista's House.

Enter LUCENTIO, and BIANCA, courting; and, on
 the opposite Side, TRANIO, and HORTENSIO.

TRA. Is't possible, friend *Licio*, that *Bianca*
 Doth fancy any other but *Lucentio*?

I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

HOR. To satisfy you, sir, in what I have said,
 Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

[they retire.

LUC. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

BIA. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.

LUC. I read that I profess, the art to love.

BIA. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

LUC. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my
 heart.

[court apart.

HOR. Marry, quick proceeders!—Tell me now, I pray,
 [advancing.

You that durst swear your mistress fair *Bianca*
 Lov'd none i'the world so well as her *Lucentio*?

TRA. Despightful love! unconstant womankind!—
 I tell thee, *Licio*, this is wonderful.

15 that mistress *Bianca* 18 Sir, to satisfy you
 27 v. Note. 30 Lov'd me in 31 Tra. Oh des—

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, though she would entreat:
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.

HOR. 'Would, all the world, but he, had quite for-
sworn!

For me,—that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be marry'd to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass; which hath 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*, [passing to the other Side.] blest
you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!

16 flatter'd them withall 18 marry with her

Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;
And have forsworn you, with *Hortensio*. [me?

BIA. *Tranio*, you jest; But have you both forsworn

TRA. Mistress, we have.

LUC. Then we are rid of *Licio*.

TRA. I'faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

BIA. God give him joy!

TRA. Ay, and he'll tame her.

BIA. He says so, *Tranio*.

TRA. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming school.

BIA. 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.

BIO. O, master, master, I have watch'd so long
That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spy'd
An ancient engle coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

TRA. What is he, *Biondello*?

BIO. Master, a *mercantante*, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

LUC. What of him, *Tranio*?

TRA. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem *Vincentio*;
And give assurance to *Baptista Minola*,
As if he were the right *Vincentio*.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt LUC. and BIA.*

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, fir!

TRA. And you, fir! 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*, fir?—marry now, God forbid!—
And come to *Padua*, careless of your life?

Ped. My life, fir! 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 stay'd 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, fir, it is worse for me than so;

For I have bills for money by exchange

From *Florence*, and must here deliver them.

TRA. Well, fir, to do you courtesy herein,

This will I do, and this I will advise you;—

First, tell me, have you ever been at *Pisa*?

Ped. Ay, fir, 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, fir; and, sooth to say,

In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you. [one.]

Bio. "As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all

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 fir *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, fir;—so shall you stay,
 'Till you have done your business in the city:
 If this be court'fy, fir, accept of it.

Ped. O, fir, 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 dower in marriage
 'Twixt me and one *Baptista's* daughter here:
 In all these circumstances I'll instruct you.
 Go with me, fir, to cloath you as becomes you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. A Room in Petruchio's House.

Enter GRUMIO, CATHERINE following.

GRU. No, no, forsooth; I dare not for my life.

CAT. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:

What, did he marry me to famish me?
 Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
 Upon entreaty, have a present alms;
 If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
 But I,—who never knew how to entreat,
 Nor never needed that I should entreat,—

Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which spites me more than all these wrongs,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should 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?

CAT. 'Tis passing good; I pr'ythee, let me have it.

GRU. I fear, it is too phlegmatick a meat:—

How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?

CAT. I like it well; good *Grumio*, fetch it me.

GRU. I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis cholerick.

What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?

CAT. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

GRU. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

CAT. 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*.

CAT. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

GRU. Why, then the mustard ~~now~~ without the beef.

CAT. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,

[*beating 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 with a Dish of Meat;

HORTENSIO with him.

PET. How fares my *Kate*? What, sweeting, all amorst?

HOR. Mistress, what cheer?

CAT. I'faith, as cold as can be.

PET. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am,
[*Setting his Dish upon a Table.*

To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:
I am sure, sweet *Kate*, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not;
And all my pains is sorted to no proof:—
Here, take away this dish.

CAT. I pray you, let it stand.

PET. The poorest service is repay'd with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

CAT. I thank you, sir.

HOR. Signior *Petruchio*, fie! you are to blame:—
Come, mistress *Kate*, I'll bear you company.

[*Sits to Table along with her.*

PET. "Eat it up all, *Hortensio*, if thou lov'st me."—
How much good do't 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 bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.

[*Cat. and Hor. rise.*

What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his rustling treasure —

Enter Tailor with a Gown.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir? Pa?

Hab. Here is the cap † your worship did bespeak.

PET. Why, this was molded 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.

CAT. 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,"

CAT. 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, 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 uttermost, as I please, in words.

PET. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pye:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

CAT. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

PET. Thy gown? why, ay:—come, tailor, let us see't.

[*Tailor lays forth the Gown.*]

O, mercy, God! what masking stuff is here!
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slash, and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:—
Why, what, o'devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

HOR. "I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown."

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.

PET. Marry, and did; but, if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, fir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

CAT. 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.

Tai. She says, your worship means to make a pup-
pet of her. [ead, thou thimble;

PET. O monstrous arrogance!—Thou ly'ft, thou thr-
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'ft!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast mar'd her gown.

Tai. 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.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

GRU. Marry, fir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

GRU. Thou hast fac'd many things.

Tai. 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 ly'st.

Tai. 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.

Tai. Inprimis, a loose-body'd gown: [reading.

GRU. Master, if ever I said—loose-body'd gown, sow me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bot-
tom of brown thread: I said, a gown.

PET. Proceed.

Tai. With a small compass cape;

GRU. I confes the cape.

Tai. With a trunk sleeve;

GRU. I confes two sleeves.

Tai. 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 a-
gain; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little
finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true, that I say; an I had thee in place
where, thou should'st know it.

GRU. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give
me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

HOR. God-a-mercy, *Grumio!* then he shall have no
odds.

PET. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

GRU. You are i' th' right, sir; 'tis for my mistress.

PET. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

GRU. Villain, not for thy life: Take up my mistress'
gown for thy master's use!

PET. Why, fir, what's your conceit in that?

GRU. O, fir, the conceit is deeper than you think for: Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use! O, fie, fie, fie!

PET. "*Hortensio*, say, thou'lt see the tailor pay'd:"—
Go, take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

HOR. "Tailor, 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* Tailor.

PET. Well, come, my *Kate*; we will unto your father—
Even in these honest mean habiliments; [er's,

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?

O, 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 afoot.—

Let's see; I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,

And well we may come there by dinner-time.

CAT. I dare assure you, fir, 'tis almost two;
And 'twill be supper-time, ere you come there.

PET. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse:
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let't alone:
I will not go to-day; or, ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

HOR. Why, so! this gallant will command the sun.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Padua. Before Baptista's House.

Enter TRANIO; and the Pedant, booted, and
drest like Vincentio.

TRA. Sir, This is the house; Please it you, that I call?

Ped. Ay, sir; What else? and, but I be deceiv'd;
Signior *Baptista* may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in *Genoa*:—

TRA. Where you were lodgers at the *Pegasus*.
'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you: But, sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good, that he were school'd.

TRA. Fear you not him.—
Sirrah *Biondello*,

Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you;
Imagine 'twere the right *Vincentio*.

BIO. Tut! fear not me.

TRA. But hast thou done thy errand to *Baptista*?

BIO. I told him, that your father was at *Venice*;
And that you look'd for him this day in *Padua*.

TRA. Thou'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that † to drink.
Here comes *Baptista*:—set your countenance, sir.—

Enter BAPTISTA, and LUCENTIO.

4 day, and ere 12 Sirs, 16 Where we were

Signior *Baptista*, you are happily met:—

Sir,

[*to the Pedant.*]

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 bestow'd:
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 dower,
The match is made, and all is done with me,
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

TRA. I thank you, sir: Where then do you know best,
We be affy'd; 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 hark'ning still;
And, hapily, 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 happened;—
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.

TRA. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.—
Signior *Baptista*, shall I lead the way?
Come, sir; one mess is like to be your cheer;
We'll better it in *Pisa*.

BAP. I follow you. [Exeunt TRA. Ped. and BAP.]

BIO. *Cambio*,— [calling *Lucentio* back.]

LUC. What say'st thou, *Biondello*?

BIO. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

LUC. *Biondello*, what of that?

BIO. 'Faith, nothing; But h'as left me here behind,
to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

LUC. I pray thee, moralize them.

BIO. Then thus. *Baptista* is safe, talking with the
deceiving father of a deceitful son.

18 *Bion*, I pray 21 v. *Note*.

Luc. And what of him? [supper.

Bio. His daughter is to be brought by you to the

Luc. And then?—

Bio. The old priest at faint *Luke's* church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bio. I cannot tell; except, while they are busy'd about a counterfeit assurance, take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*: to the church take the priest, clerk, 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. [going.

Luc. Hear'st thou, *Biondello*?

Bio. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench marry'd 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 faint *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.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A publick Road.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, CATHERINE, and HORTENSIO.

PET. Come on, o' God's name; once more toward our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

CAT. The moon! the sun; it is not moon-light now.

PET. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.

CAT. I know, it is the sun that shines so bright.

PET. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
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."

CAT. 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.

CAT. I know, it is the moon.

PET. Nay, then, you lie; it is the blessed sun.

CAT. 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, sir, for *Catherine*.

HOR. "*Petruchio*, go thy ways, the field is won."

PET. Well, forward, forward:—thus the bowl should
run,

And not unluckily against the bias.—

But soft; some company is coming here.—

Enter VINCENTIO, journeying.

Good morrow, gentle mistress: Whither away?—

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,

21 be so for 22 where away

As those two eyes become that heavenly face? —
 Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee: —
 Sweet *Kate*, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

HOR. " 'A will make the man mad, to make a wo-"
 " man of him." [eet,

CAT. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sw-
 Whither away; or where is thy abode?
 Happy the parents of so fair a child;
 Happier the man, whom favourable stars
 Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!

PET. Why, how now, *Kate*! I hope, thou art not mad:
 This is a man, old, wrinkl'd, faded, wither'd;
 And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

CAT. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
 That have been so bedazzl'd 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 grand-fire; and, withal, make
 known
 Which way thou travel'st: if along with us,
 We shall be joyful of thy company.

VIN. Fair sir, — and you my merry mistress here, —
 That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me;
 My name is call'd — *Vincentio*, dwelling — *Pisa*:
 And bound I am to *Padua*; there to visit
 A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

PET. What is his name?

VIN. *Lucentio*, gentle sir.

PET. Happily met; the happier for thy son,
 And now by law, as well as reverend age,
 I may entitle thee — my loving father;

The sister to my wife, this † gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath marry'd: — Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd; she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualify'd 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.

PET. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt CAT. PET. and VIN.*

HOR. Well, sir *Petruchio*, this has put me in heart:—
Have to my widow; and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught *Hortensio* be untoward. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. Padua. Before *Tranio's House*.

Enter *BIONDELLO*, with *LUCENTIO* and *Bianca*, hastily;

GREMIO is seen ent'ring, behind.

BIO. 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. [*Exit, with Bianca.*

BIO. Nay, 'faith, I'll see the church o'your back; and
then come back to my master's as soon as I can. [*Exit.*

GRE. I marvel, *Cambio* comes not all this while.

Enter *PETRUCHIO*, *CATHERINE*, *VINCENTIO*,
and *Attendants*.

PET. Sir, here's the door, this † is *Lucentio's* house,

My father's bears more toward the market place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, fir.

VIN. You shall not choose but drink before you go;
I think, I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

[*Noise within. Vin. knocks.*

GRE. They're busy within, you were best knock louder.
[*knocks again.*

Enter Pedant, above, at a Window.

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down
the gate?

VIN. Is signior *Lucentio* within, fir?

Ped. He's within, fir, 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 yourself; he shall
need none, so long as I live.

PET. Nay, I told you, your son was well belov'd in
Padua.—Do you hear, fir,—to leave frivolous circum-
stances,—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 ly'st; his father is come from—" *Man-
tua*," and here looking out at the window.

VIN. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, fir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

PET. Why, how now, gentleman! [*to Vin.*] why, this
is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain; I believe, 'a means to
cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

BIO. I have seen them in the church together; God

send 'em good shipping!—But who is here? [*drawing backward.*] mine old master *Vincentio*? now we're undone and brought to nothing.

VIN. Come hither, crack-hemp. [*seeing Biondello.*]

BIO. I hope, I may choose, fir.

VIN. Come hither, you rogue; What, have you forgot me?

BIO. Forgot you? no, fir: 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*?

BIO. What, my worshipful old master? yes, marry, fir; see, where he looks out of the window.

VIN. Is't so, indeed? [*beats Biondello.*]

BIO. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit, crying out.*]

Ped. Help, son! help, signior *Baptista*!

[*Exit, from above.*]

PET. Pr'ythee, *Kate*, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*draws her aside.*]

Re-enter Pedant, below; TRANIO,

BAPTISTA, and Servants.

TRA. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

VIN. What am I, fir? nay, what are you, fir?—O immortal gods! [*surveying him.*] O fine villain! A filken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat!—O, I'm undone, I'm undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

TRA. How now! what's the matter now?

BAP. What, is the man lunatick?

TRA. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your

habit, but your words shew you a madman: Why, fir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

VIN. Thy father?—O villain!—he's a sail-maker in *Bergamo*.

BAP. You mistake, fir; you mistake, fir: Pray, what do you think is his name?

VIN. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is—*Tranio*.

Ped. Away, away, mad afs! his name is, *Lucentio*; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me signior *Vincentio*.

VIN. *Lucentio!*—o, he hath murther'd his master!—Lay hold on him, I charge you in the duke's name:—O my son, my son!—tell me, thou villain, where is my son *Lucentio*?

TRA. Call forth an officer:—[*Enter One with an Officer.*] carry this mad knave to the jail:—father *Baptista*, I charge you, see that he be forth-coming.

VIN. Carry me to the jail!

GRE. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

BAP. Talk not, signior *Gremio*; I say, he shall go to prison.

GRE. Take heed, signior *Baptista*, lest you be coney-catch'd in this business; I dare swear, this is the right *Vincentio*.

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'ft.

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.

VIN. Thus strangers may be hal'd and abus'd:—O monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO,
and BIANCA.

BIO. O, we are spoil'd, and—Yonder he is; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

LUC. Pardon, sweet father. [kneels to Vin.]

VIN. Lives my sweet son?

[BIO. TRA. and Ped. run off.]

BIA. Pardon, dear father. [kneels to Bap.]

BAP. How hast thou offended?—

Where is *Lucentio*?

LUC. Here's *Lucentio*,

Right son unto the right *Vincentio*;

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,

While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.

GRE. Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!

VIN. Where is that damned villain, *Tranio*,

That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

BAP. Why, tell me, is not this my *Cambio*?

BIA. *Cambio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*?

LUC. Love wrought these miracles. *Bianca's* love
Made me exchange my state with *Tranio*,

While he did bear my countenance in the town;

And happily I have arriv'd at last

Unto the wish'd haven of my bliss:—

What *Tranio* did, myself enforc'd him to;

Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

VIN. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent
me to the jail.

BAP. But do you hear, sir? [to Luc.] have you marry'd 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 for this villany.

[Exit VIN.

BAP. And I, to found the depth of this knavery.

[Exit BAP.

LUC. Look not pale, *Bianca*; thy father will not frown.

[Exeunt LUC. and BIA.

GRE. My cake is dough: But I'll in among the rest;
Out of hope of all, — but my share of the feast.

[Exit GRE.

CAT. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

PET. First kifs me, *Kate*, and we will.

CAT. What, in the midst of the street?

PET. What, art thou asham'd of me?

CAT. No, fir; (God forbid!) but asham'd to kifs.

PET. Why, then let's home again: — Come, firrah,
let's away.

CAT. Nay, I'll give thee a kifs: [*kisses him.*] now
pray thee, love, stay.

PET. Is not this well? — Come, my sweet *Kate*;
Better once than never, for never too late. [Exeunt.

Lor. *Who's within there?* — [seeing *Sly* asleep.

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.

1. S. It shall be done, my lord: — Come, help to bear him
hence. [Exeunt Ser. with *Sly*.

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in the House.*

Musick. A Banquet set out. Enter BAPTISTA,

VINCENTIO, GREMIO, *Pedant*, &c. PETRUCHIO,
and CATHERINE; LUCENTIO, and BIANCA;
HORTENSIO, and Widow: TRANIO, Grumio,
BIONDELLO, and Others, attending.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.—
My fair *Bianca*, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-fame kindness welcome thine:—
Brother *Petruchio*,—sister *Catherina*,—
And thou, *Hortensio*, with thy loving widow,—
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house;
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer: Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

[*Company sit to Table.*]

PET. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat.

BAP. *Padua* affords this kindness, son *Petruchio*.

PET. *Padua* affords nothing but what is kind.

HOR. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

PET. Now, for my life, *Hortensio* fears his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afraid.

PET. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense;
I mean, *Hortensio* is afraid of you.

Wid. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.

PET. Roundly reply'd.

CAT. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him:—

PET. Conceive by me!—

How likes *Hortensio* that?

HOR. My widow says,
Thus she conceives her tale.

PET. Very well mended.—

Kiss him for that, good widow.

CAT. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round :
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubl'd with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe :
And now you know my meaning.

CAT. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

CAT. 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 is my office.

PET. Spoke like an officer :—

Ha' to thee, lad.

[*drinks to him.*]

BAP. And how likes *Gremio* these quick-witted folks?

GRE. Believe me, sir, they but heads well together.

BIA. ~~How!~~ head, and but? an hasty-witted body
Would say, your head and but were head and horn.

VIN. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

BIA. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll sleep a-
gain.

PET. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jest or two.

BIA. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your bow :— [*rising.*
You're welcome all. [*Exit; CAT. and Wid. follow.*

PET. She hath prevented me.—Here, signior *Tranio*,
[*filling.*

This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;

Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd. [*drinks.*]

TRA. O, fir, *Lucentio* slipt me like his grey-hound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

PET. A good swift simile,—but something curriish.

TRA. 'Tis well, fir, that you hunted for yourself;
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

BAP. Oh ho, *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.

LUC. I thank thee for that gird, good *Tranio*.

HOR. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

PET. 'A 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 out-right.

BAP. Now, in good sadness, son *Petruchio*,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

PET. Well, I say—no: and therefore, for assurance,
Please you, let's each one send unto his wife;
And he, whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

HOR. Content; The 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.—Here, where are you?
Go, *Biondello*, bid your mistress come to me.

BIO. I go.

BAP. Son, I will be your half, *Bianca* comes.

[*Exit.*]

LUC. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself. —

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

BIO. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

PET. How! she is busy, and she 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, a better.

HOR. Sirrah *Biondello*, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit BIO.*

PET. Oh ho, entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.

HOR. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated. —

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife?

BIO. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand,
She will not come; she bids you come to her.

PET. Worse and worse;
She will not come! o vile, intolerable,
Not to be endur'd! — ~~Here~~, sirrah *Grumio*,
Go to your mistress; say, I command her come to me.
[*Exit GRU.*

HOR. I know her answer.

PET. What?

HOR. That she will not.

PET. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter CATHERINE.

BAP. Now, by my holidam, here comes *Catherina*!

CAT. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

PET. Where is your sister, and *Hortensio's* wife?

CAT. They sit conferring by the parlor fire.

PET. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swindge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[Exit CATHERINE.]

LUC. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

HOR. And so it is; I wonder, what it bodes.

PET. Marry, peace it bodes, 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 of obedience.—

Re-enter CATHERINE, with BIANCA,
and the Widow.

See, where she comes; and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—

Catherine, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[Cat. pulls off her Cap, and throws it down.]

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause a sigh,
'Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

BIA. 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 a hundred crowns since supper-time.

¹⁰ An awfull ¹⁹ vertue and obe— ³² Hath cost me five

BIA. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

PET. *Catherine*, I charge thee, tell these head-strong women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.

PET. Come on, I say; and first begin--

Wid. She shall not.

PET. I say, she shall;—and first begin with her.

CAT. Fie, fie! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow;
[to the Widow.]

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 troubl'd,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign 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,
Whilst 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, fullen, sour,

5 your 7 begin with her.

And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—
I am ashamed, that women are so simple,
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;
But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown:
But now, I see, our lances are but straws;
Our strength is weak, our weakness past compare,—
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
Then vail 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. [pulls her to him, and kisses her.

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:— [rising.

We three are marry'd, but you two are sped.

'Twas I one the wager, though you hit the white;

And, being a winner, God give you good night!

[Exit, leading out CATHERINE.

HOR. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst shrow.

LUC. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd
so. [Exeunt Omnes.]

SCENE III. The Alehouse.

SLY upon his Bench, as before; Tapster
at the Door.

SLY. [waking.] 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? [rouzing him.]

SLY. Who's this? tapster?—o, I have had the bravest
dream that ever thou heard'st 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. [Exeunt.]







