



Accessions

*151.377*

Shelf No.

*G.4023.10*

*Barton Library. Vol. 4.*

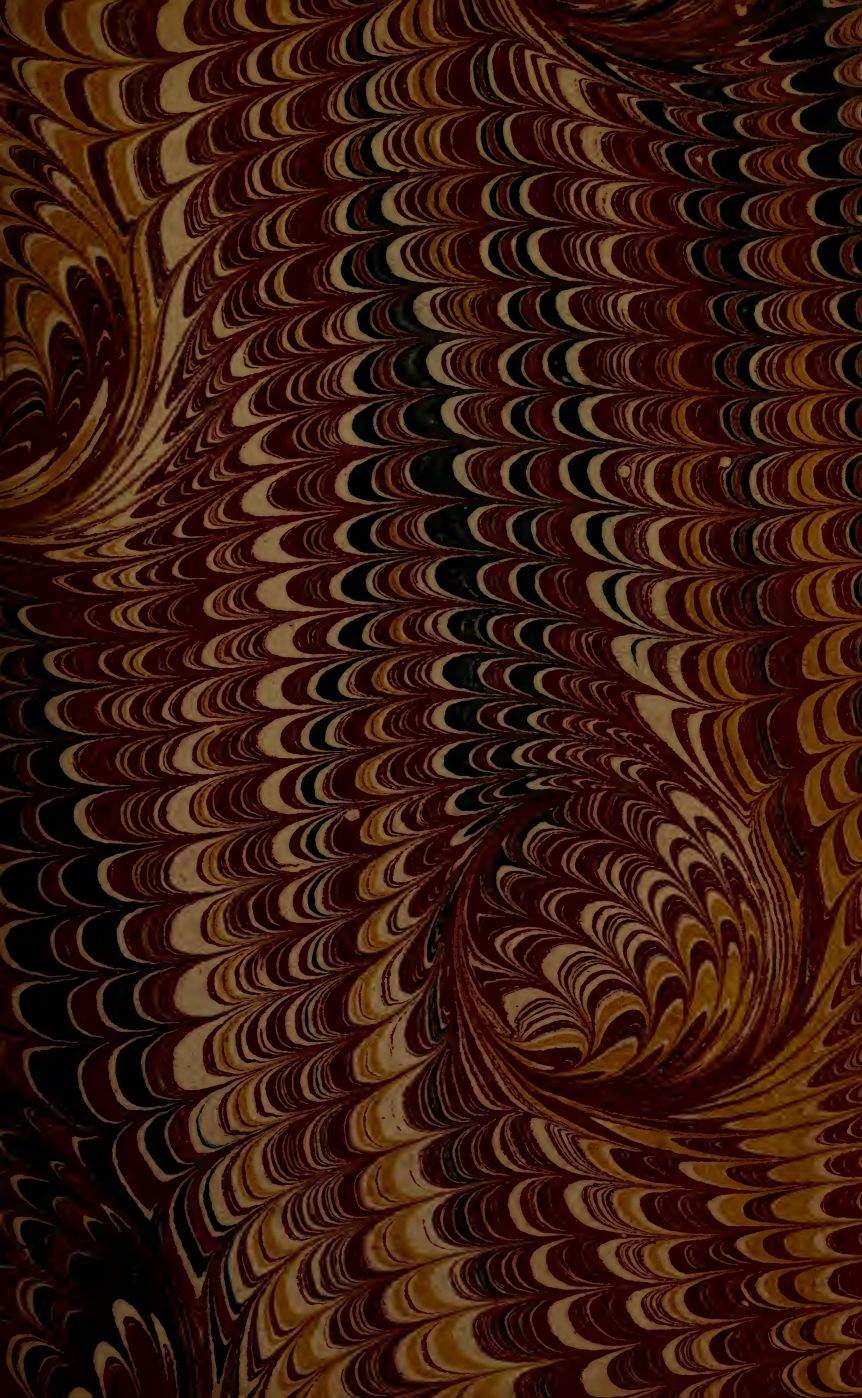


*Thomas Pennant Barton.*

**Boston Public Library.**

*Received, May, 1873.*

*Not to be taken from the Library!*











The  
W O R K S  
of  
SHAKESPEARE,

*Volume the fourth :*

*containing,*

*All's well, that ends well ;  
Twelfth-night, or, What you will ;  
The Winter's Tale ;  
Macbeth.*

L O N D O N :

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

G. 4023

-10

V. 4

W O R N

151.377

May, 1873

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1873

1873

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
LIBRARY  
540 EAST 57TH STREET  
CHICAGO, ILL.

1873

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



*A L L ' S W E L L ,*

*that*

*E N D S W E L L .*

*Persons represented.*

*King of France.*

*Duke of Florence.*

*Bertram, Count of Rosillion.*

*Lafeu, a humourous old Lord.*

*Parolles, Follower of Bertram.*

*Lords, two, } Frenchmen; Volunteers in  
Gentlemen, two, } the Duke of Florence's Service.  
two Florentine Soldiers.*

*Lords of the French Court, six:*

*Gentlemen of the same, two.*

*Lavatch, a Clown; } Domesticks of  
Page, Steward, Servant, } Count Bertram.*

*Countess, Mother to Bertram:*

*Helena, her Gentlewoman.*

*an old Widow of Florence:*

*Diana, Daughter }  
Mariana, Neighbour } to the Widow.*

*Lords, and other Attendants, Guards, Officers,  
Soldiers, &c. French and Florentine.*

*Scene, dispers'd; at Rosillion, Paris,  
Florence, and Marseilles.*

ALL'S WELL, THAT ENDS WELL.

---

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rosillion. *A Room in the Count's Palace.*  
*Enter BERTRAM, Countess, HELENA, and LAFEU.*

*Cou.* In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

[*to Lafeu, presenting her Son.*

*BER.* And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command; to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

*LAF.* You shall find of the king a husband, madam;— you, sir, a father: He, that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than slack it where there is such abundance.

*Cou.* What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

*LAF.* He hath abandon'd his physicians, madam: under whose practises he hath persecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the process, but only the losing of hope by time.

“ then lack

*Cou.* This young gentlewoman [*showing Helena.*] had a father, (O, that *bad!* how sad a passage 'tis!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretch'd so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think, it would be the death of the king's disease.

*LAF.* How call'd you the man you speak of, madam?

*Cou.* He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: *Gerard de Narbon.*

*LAF.* He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly, and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have liv'd still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

*BER.* What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

*LAF.* A fistula, my lord.

*BER.* I heard not of it before.

*LAF.* I would it were not notorious. — Was this gentlewoman the daughter of *Gerard de Narbon*?

*Cou.* His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my o'er-looking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer: for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for her simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

*LAF.* Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

*Cou.* 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never ap-



proaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. — No more of this, *Helena*, go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than have it.

*HEL.* I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

*LAF.* Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

*COU.* If the living be not enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

*BER.* Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

*LAF.* How understand we that?

*COU.* Be thou blest, *Bertram!* and succeed thy father In manners, as in shape! thy blood, and virtue, Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few, Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy Rather in power, than use; and keep thy friend Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence, But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will, That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down, Fall on thy head! Farewel. — My lord *Lafew*, 'Tis an unseason'd courtier, good my lord, Advise him you.

*LAF.* He cannot want the best, That shall attend his love.

*COU.* Heaven blefs him! — Farewel, *Bertram.* [*Exit.*

*BER.* The best wishes, that can be forg'd in your thoughts, [*to Helena.*] be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

*LAF.* Farewel, pretty lady: You must hold the credit of your father. [*Exeunt BERTRAM, and LAFEU.*

*HEL.* O, were that all! I think not on my father;  
 And these great tears grace his remembrance more,  
 Than those I shed for him. What was he like?  
 I have forgot him: my imagination  
 Carries no favour in it, but of *Bertram*.  
 I am undone; there is no living, none,  
 If *Bertram* be away. It were all one,  
 That I should love a bright particular star,  
 And think to wed it, he is so above me:  
 In his bright radiance and collateral light  
 Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.  
 The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:  
 The hind, that would be mated by the lion,  
 Must dye for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,  
 To see him every hour; to sit and draw  
 His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,  
 In our heart's table; heart, too capable  
 Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:  
 But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy  
 Must sanctify his relicks. Who comes here?

*Enter PAROLLES.*

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;  
 And yet I know him a notorious liar,  
 Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;  
 Yet these fixt evils fit so fit in him,  
 That they take place, when virtue's steely bones  
 Looks bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we see  
 Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

*PAR.* Save you, fair queen.

*HEL.* And you, monarch.

*PAR.* No.

*HEL.* And no.

*PAR.* Are you meditating on virginity?

*HEL.* Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you; let me ask you a question: Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

*PAR.* Keep him out.

*HEL.* But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant, in the defence yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

*PAR.* There is none; man, setting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

*HEL.* Bless our poor virginity from underminers, and blowers up! — Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

*PAR.* Virginity being blown down, man will quicker be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politick in the common-wealth of nature, to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got, 'till virginity was first lost. That, you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion; away with't.

*HEL.* I will stand for't a little, though therefore I dye a virgin.

*PAR.* There's little can be said in't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He, that hangs himself, is a virgin: virginity murders itself; and should be bury'd in highways, out of all sanctify'd limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a

cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding it's own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon: Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by't: Out with't: within ten years it will make itself ten, which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse: Away with't.

*HEL.* How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

*PAR.* Let me see: Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly futed, but unfuteable: just like the brooch, and the tooth-pick, which wear not now. Your date is better in your pye, and your porridge, than in your cheek: And your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our *French* wither'd pears; it looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear: it was formerly better; marry, yet 'tis a wither'd pear: Will you any thing with it?

*HEL.* Not my virginity yet. You're for the court:  
 There shall your master have a thousand loves,  
 A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,  
 A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,  
 A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,  
 A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;  
 His humble ambition, proud humility,  
 His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,  
 His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world



Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,  
That blinking *Cupid* goffips. Now shall he —  
I know not what he shall: God fend him well!  
The court's a learning place; and he is one —

*PAR.* What one, i'faith?

*HEL.* That I wish well. 'Tis pity.

*PAR.* What's pity?

*HEL.* That wishing well had not a body in't,  
Which might be felt: that we, the poorer born,  
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,  
Might with effects of them follow our friends,  
And shew what we alone must think; which never  
Returns us thanks.

*Enter a Page.*

*Pag.* Monsieur *Parolles*, my lord calls for you.

*PAR.* Little *Helen*, farewell: if I can remember thee,  
I will think of thee at court.

*HEL.* Monsieur *Parolles*, you were born under a charitable star.

*PAR.* Under *Mars* I.

*HEL.* I especially think, under *Mars*.

*PAR.* Why under *Mars*?

*HEL.* The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under *Mars*.

*PAR.* When he was predominant.

*HEL.* When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

*PAR.* Why think you so?

*HEL.* You go so much backward, when you fight.

*PAR.* That's for advantage.

*HEL.* So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: But the composition, that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like

the wear well.

*PAR.* I am so full of businesse, I cannot answer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou dyest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away; farewell: When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell. [*Exeunt PAROLLES, and Page.*]

*HEL.* Our remedies oft in ourselves do lye,  
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky  
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull  
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.  
What power is it, which mounts my love so high;  
Which makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?  
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings  
To join like likes, and kifs like native things.  
Impossible be strange attempts, to those  
That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose,  
What hath been cannot be: Who ever strove  
To shew her merit, that did miss her love?  
The king's disease — my project may deceive me,  
But my intents are fixt, and will not leave me. [*Exit.*]

*SCENE II. Paris. A Room in the King's Palace.*

*Enter the King of France, with Letters;*

*Lords, and divers other, attending.*

*Kin.* The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears;  
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue  
A braving war.

1. *L.* So 'tis reported, fir.

*Kin.* Nay, 'tis most credible; we here † receive it  
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin *Austria*,  
With caution, that the *Florentine* will move us  
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend  
Prejudicates the business, and would seem  
To have us make denial.

1. *L.* His love, and wisdom,  
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead  
For amplest credence.

*Kin.* He hath arm'd our answer,  
And *Florence* is deny'd before he comes:  
Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to see  
The *Tuscan* service, freely have they leave  
To stand on either part.

2. *L.* It well may serve  
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick  
For breathing, and exploit.

*Kin.* What's he comes here?

*Enter BERTRAM, with Lafeu, Parolles,  
and Others.*

1. *L.* It is the count *Rosillion*, my good lord,  
Young *Bertram*.

*Kin.* Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;  
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,  
Hath well compos'd thee; Thy father's moral parts  
May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to *Paris*.

*BER.* My thanks, and duty, are your majesty's.

*Kin.* I would I had that corporal soundness now,  
As when thy father, and myself, in friendship,  
First try'd our soldiership! He did look far  
Into the service of the time, and was

Discipl'd of the bravest : he lasted long ;  
 But on us both did haggish age steal on,  
 And wore us out of act. It much repairs me,  
 To talk of your good father : In his youth  
 He had the wit, which I can well observe  
 To-day in our young lords ; but they may jest,  
 'Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,  
 Ere they can hide their levity in honour,  
 So like a courtier : no contempt nor bitterness  
 Were in him, pride or sharpness ; if they were,  
 His equal had awak'd them ; and his honour,  
 Clock to itself, knew the true minute when  
 Exception bid him speak, and, at this time,  
 His tongue obey'd it's hand : who were below him,  
 He us'd as creatures of another place ;  
 And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,  
 Making them proud of his humility,  
 In their poor praise he humbl'd : Such a man  
 Might be a copy to these younger times ;  
 Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now  
 But goes backward.

*BER.* His good remembrance, sir,  
 Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb ;  
 So his approof lives not in epitaph,  
 As in your royal speech.

*Kin.* 'Would I were with him ! He would always say,  
 (Methinks, I hear him now ; his plausible words  
 He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,  
 To grow there, and to bear) *Let me not live,* —  
 Thus his good melancholy oft began,  
 On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,  
 When it was out, — *let me not live,* quoth he,

<sup>10</sup> in his pride,    <sup>14</sup> obey'd his hand.

<sup>24</sup> in approof lives not his    <sup>30</sup> This



*After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff  
Of younger spirits; whose apprehensive senses  
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are  
Meer fathers of their garments; whose constancies  
Expire before their fashions: This he wish'd;  
I, after him, do after him wish too,  
Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,  
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,  
To give some labourer room.*

2. L. You are lov'd, fir;

They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

*Kin.* I fill a place, I know't. — How long is't, count,  
Since the physician at your father's dy'd?  
He was much fam'd.

*BER.* Some six months since, my lord.

*Kin.* If he were living, I would try him yet; —  
Lend me an arm; — the rest have worn me out  
With several applications: nature and sickness  
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;  
My son's no dearer.

*BER.* Thank your majesty.

[*Exeunt.*]

---

**SCENE III.** *Rosillion. A Room in the Count's Palace.*

*Enter Countess, and Steward; Clown behind.*

*Cou.* I will now hear what you say of this gentlewoman.

*Ste.* Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

*Cou.* What does this knave here? Get you gone, firrah:

9 Labourers 25 say you

The complaints, I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my slowness, that I do not: for, I know, you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

*Clo.* 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, that I am a poor fellow:

*Cou.* Well, sir.

*Clo.* No, madam, 'tis not so well, that I am poor; though many of the rich are damn'd: But if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, *Isbel* the woman and I will do as we may.

*Cou.* Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

*Clo.* I do beg your good will in this case.

*Cou.* In what case?

*Clo.* In *Isbel's* case, and mine own. Service is no heritage: and, I think, I shall never have the blessing of God, 'till I have issue o' my body; for, they say, bearns are blessings.

*Cou.* Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

*Clo.* My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go, that the devil drives.

*Cou.* Is this all your worship's reason?

*Clo.* 'Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

*Cou.* May the world know them?

*Clo.* I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

*Cou.* Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

*Clo.* I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

*Cou.* Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

*Clo.* You're shallow, madam; e'en great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am weary of. He, that eares my land, spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop: if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge: He, that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he, that cherishes my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he, that loves my flesh and blood, is my friend: *ergo*, he, that kisses my wife, is my friend: If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young *Charbon* the puritan, and old *Poyfam* the papist, howsom'ere their hearts are fever'd in religion, their heads are both one, they may jowl horns together like any deer i' the herd.

*Cou.* Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

*Clo.* A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:

For I the ballad will repeat,  
which men full true shall find;  
Your marriage comes by destiny,  
your cuckoo sings by kind.

*Cou.* Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

*Ste.* May it please you, madam, that he bid *Helen* come to you; of her I am to speak.

*Cou.* Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would speak with her; *Helen* I mean.

*Clo.* *Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,* [*singing.*  
*why the Grecians sacked Troy?*

*Fond done, fond done! for Paris, he,*  
*was this king Priam's joy.*

<sup>2</sup> Madam in great    <sup>31</sup> done, fond

*With that she sighed as she stood,  
With that, &c.*

*and gave this sentence then;  
Among nine bad if one be good,  
Among, &c.*

*there's yet one good in ten.*

*Cou.* What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, firrah.

*Clo.* One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song: 'Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe woman, if I were the parson: One in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but or every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

*Cou.* You'll be gone, fir knave, and do as I command you?

*Clo.* That man should be at a woman's command, and yet no hurt done! Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.—I am going, forsooth; the business is, for *Helen* to come hither.

[*Exit Clown.*]

*Cou.* Well, now.

*Ste.* I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman intirely.

*Cou.* 'Faith, I do: her father bequeath'd her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her, than is pay'd; and more shall be pay'd her, than she'll demand.

*Ste.* Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wish'd me : alone she was, and did communicate to herself, her own words to her own ears ; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son : Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates ; Love, no god, that should not extend his might, only where qualities were level ; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surpriz'd in the first assault, without rescue, or ransom afterward : This she deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in : which I held my duty, speedily to acquaint you withal ; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

*Cou.* You have discharg'd this honestly ; keep it to yourself : many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt : Pray you, leave me : stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care : I will speak with you further anon.

[*Exit Steward.*

*Enter HELENA.*

*Cou.* Even so it was with me, when I was young ;  
 If we are nature's, these are ours ; this thorn  
 Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong ;  
 Our blood to us, this to our blood is born ;  
 It is the show, and seal, of nature's truth,  
 When love's strong passion is impress in youth :  
 By our remembrances of days foregone,  
 Such were our faults, — O, then we thought them none.

<sup>8</sup> that would    <sup>11</sup> without rescue in the first  
 assault    <sup>26</sup> If ever we    <sup>32</sup> or then

Her eye is sick on't ; I observe her now.

*HEL.* What is your pleasure, madam ?

*Cou.* You know, *Helen*,

I am a mother to you.

*HEL.* Mine honourable mistress.

*Cou.* Nay, a mother ;

Why not a mother ? When I said, a mother,  
Methought, you saw a serpent : What's in mother,  
That you start at it ? I say, I am your mother ;

And put you in the catalogue of those,  
That were enwomb'd mine : 'Tis often seen,  
Adoption strives with nature ; and choice breeds  
A native slip to us from foreign seeds :

You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,  
Yet I express to you a mother's care : —

God's mercy, maiden ! does it curd thy blood,  
To say, I am thy mother ? What's the matter,  
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,  
The many-colour'd *Iris*, rounds thine eye ?

Why ? that you are my daughter ?

*HEL.* "That I am not."

*Cou.* I say, I am your mother.

*HEL.* Pardon, madam ;

The count *Rofillion* cannot be my brother :  
I am from humble, he from honour'd name ;  
No note upon my parents, his all noble :  
My master, my dear lord he is ; and I  
His servant live, and will his vassal dye :  
He must not be my brother.

*Cou.* Nor I your mother.

*HEL.* You are my mother, madam, —<sup>s</sup>Would you were,  
So that my lord your son were not my brother ! —



Indeed, my mother : Or, were you both our mothers,  
I'd care no more for't than I do for heaven,  
So I were not his sifter : Can't no other,  
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother ?

*Cou.* Yes, *Helen*, you might be my daughter-in-law ;  
God shield, you mean it not ! daughter, and mother,  
So strive upon your pulse : What, pale again ?  
My fear hath catch'd your fondness : Now I see  
The mystery of your loneliness, and find  
Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 'tis gross,  
You love my son ; invention is ashamed,  
Against the proclamation of thy passion,  
To say, thou dost not : therefore tell me true ;  
But tell me then, 'tis so : for, look, thy cheeks  
Confess it, one to the other ; and thine eyes  
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,  
That in their kind they speak it ; only sin,  
And hellish obstinacy tye thy tongue,  
'That truth should be suspected : Speak, is't so ?  
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue ;  
If it be not, forswear't : howe'er, I charge thee,  
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,  
To tell me truly,

*HEL.* Good madam, pardon me !

*Cou.* Do you love my son ?

*HEL.* Your pardon, noble mistress !

*Cou.* Love you my son ?

*HEL.* Do not you love him, madam ?

*Cou.* Go not about ; my love hath in't a bond,  
Whereof the world takes note : come, come, disclose  
The state of your affection ; for your passions  
Have to the full appeach'd.



*HEL.* Then I confefs,  
 Here † on my knee, before high heaven, and you,  
 That, before you, and next unto high heaven,  
 I love your fon : —  
 My friends were poor, but honeſt ; ſo's my love :  
 Be not offended ; for it hurts not him,  
 That he is lov'd of me : I follow him not  
 By any token of preſumptuous ſuit ;  
 Nor would I have him, 'till I do deſerve him ;  
 Yet never know, how that deſert ſhould be :  
 I know, I love in vain, ſtrive againſt hope ;  
 Yet, in this captious and intenable ſieve,  
 I ſtill pour in the waters of my love,  
 And lack not to loſe ſtill : thus, *Indian* like,  
 Religious in mine error, I adore  
 The ſun, that looks upon his worſhiper,  
 But knows of him no more. My deareſt madam,  
 Let not your hate encounter with my love,  
 For loving where you do : but, if yourſelf,  
 Whoſe aged honour cites a virtuous youth,  
 Did ever, in ſo true a flame of liking,  
 Wiſh chaſtly, and love dearly, that your *Dian*  
 Was both herſelf and love ; o then, give pity  
 To her, whoſe ſtate is ſuch, that cannot chooſe  
 But lend, and give, where ſhe is ſure to loſe ;  
 That ſeeks not to find that, her ſearch implies,  
 But, riddle like, lives ſweetly where ſhe dies.

*Cou.* Had you not lately an intent, ſpeak truly,  
 To go to *Paris* ?

*HEL.* Madam, I had.

*Cou.* Whereſore ?  
 Tell true.

*HEL.* I will tell you true; by grace itself, I swear.  
You know, my father left me some prescriptions,  
Of rare, and prov'd effects, such as his reading,  
And manifest experience, had collected  
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me  
In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,  
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were  
More than they were in note: among't the rest,  
There is a remedy, approv'd; set down,  
To cure the desperate languishings, whereof  
The king is render'd lost.

*Cou.* This was your motive  
For *Paris*, was it, speak?

*HEL.* My lord your son made me to think of this;  
Else *Paris*, and the med'cine, and the king,  
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,  
Haply, been absent then.

*Cou.* But think you, *Helen*,  
If you should tender your supposed aid,  
He would receive it? He and his physicians  
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,  
They, that they cannot help; How shall they credit  
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,  
Embowel'd of their doctrine, have left off  
The danger to itself?

*HEL.* There's something hints,  
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest  
Of his profession, that his good receipt  
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctify'd  
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honour  
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture  
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,

By such a day, and hour.

*Cou.* Dost thou believe't ?

*HEL.* Ay, madam, knowingly.

*Cou.* Why, *Helen*, thou shalt have my leave, and love,  
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings  
To those of mine in court ; I'll stay at home,  
And pray God's blessing unto thy attempt :  
Be gone to-morrow ; and be sure of this,  
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss. [*Exeunt.*]

---

## ACT II.

SCENE I. Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

*Flourish.* Enter King, attended ; divers young  
Lords, taking leave for the Florentine War ;

BERTRAM, and PAROLLES.

*Kin.* Farewel, young lords ; these warlike principles  
Do not throw from you :—and you, my lords, farewel :—  
Share the advice betwixt you ; if both gain all,  
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,  
And is enough for both.

*1. L.* 'Tis our hope, fir,  
After well-enter'd soldiers, to return  
And find your grace in health.

*Kin.* No, no, it cannot be ; and yet my heart  
Will not confess, he owes the malady  
That doth my life besiege. Farewel, young lords ;  
Whether I live, or dye, be you the sons  
Of worthy *Frenchmen* : let higher *Italy*  
(Those bated, that inherit but the fall  
Of the last monarchy) see, that you come

Not to woo honour, but to wed it ; when  
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,  
That fame may cry you loud : I say, farewell.

1. L. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty !

Kin. Those girls of *Italy*, take heed of them ;  
They say, our *French* lack language to deny,  
If they demand : beware of being captives,  
Before you serve.

1. 2. Our hearts receive your warnings.

Kin. Farewel.—Come hither to me.

[retires to a Couch ; Attendants leading him.]

1. L. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us !

PAR. 'Tis not his fault ; the spark—

2. L. O, 'tis brave wars !

PAR. Most admirable : I have seen those wars.

BER. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with ;  
*Too young*, and *the next year*, and *'tis too early*.

PAR. An thy mind stand to't, boy, steal away bravely.

BER. I shall stay here the fore-horse to a smock,  
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,  
'Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn,  
But one to dance with. By heaven, I'll steal away.

1. L. There's honour in the theft.

PAR. Commit it, count.

2. L. I am your accessory ; and so farewell.

BER. I grow to you, and our parting is a torture.

1. L. Farewel, captain.

2. L. Sweet monsieur *Parolles*,—

PAR. Noble heroes, my sword and yours [*measuring  
Swords with them.*] are kin. Good sparks and lustrous,  
a word, good metals : You shall find, in the regiment  
of the *Spinii*, one captain *Spurio*, with his cicatrice, an

emblem of war, here on his finifter cheek ; it was this very fword intrench'd it : fay to him, I live ; and obferve his reports for me.

1. *L.* We fhall, noble captain.

*PAR.* *Mars* doat on you for his novices ! [*Exeunt Lords.*  
What will you do ? [*to Bertram.*

*BER.* Stay, the king, — [*feeing him rife.*

*PAR.* Use a more fpacious ceremony to the noble lords ; you have refrain'd yourfelf within the lift of too cold an adieu : be more expreffive to them ; for they wear themfelves in the cap of the time, there do mufter true gate, eat, fpeak, and move under the influence of the moft receiv'd ftar ; and, though the devil lead the measure, fuch are to be followed : after them, and take a more dilated farewel.

*BER.* And I will do fo.

*PAR.* Worthy fellows ; and like to prove moft finewy fword-men. [*Exeunt BERTRAM, and PAROLLES.*

*Enter LAFEU, haftily.*

*LAF.* Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings !

*Kin.* I'll fee thee to ftand up.

*LAF.* Then here's a man

Stands, that has brought his pardon. I would, you Had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy ; and That, at my bidding, you could fo ftand up.

*Kin.* I would, I had ; fo I had broke thy pate, And ask'd thee mercy for't.

*LAF.* Good faith, acrofs.

But, my good lord, 'tis thus ; Will you be cur'd Of your infirmity ?

*Kin.* No.

*LAF.* O, will you eat

No grapes, my royal fox? yes, but you will,  
My noble grapes, an if my royal fox  
Could reach them: I have seen a medicine,  
That's able to breath life into a stone;  
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary  
With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple touch  
Is powerful to araise king *Pepin*, nay,  
And give great *Charlemain* a pen in his hand,  
To write to her a love-line.

*Kin.* What her is this?

*LAF.* Why, doctor she: My lord, there's one arriv'd,  
If you will see her, — now, by my faith and honour,  
If seriously I may convey my thoughts  
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke  
With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession,  
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more  
Than I dare blame my weaknes: Will you see her,  
(For that is her demand) and know her business?  
That done, laugh well at me.

*Kin.* Now, good *Lafeu*,  
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee  
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,  
By wond'ring how thou took'st it.

*LAF.* Nay, I'll fit you,  
And not be all day neither. [Exit LAFEU.]

*Kin.* Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

*LAF.* [entering] Nay, come your ways.

*Re-enter LAFEU, with HELENA.*

*Kin.* This haste hath wings indeed.

*LAF.* Nay, come your ways;  
This is his majesty, say your mind to him:  
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors



His majesty seldom fears : I am *Cressid's* uncle,  
That dare leave two together ; fare you well.

[*Exit LAFEU. Attendants retire.*

*Kin.* Now, fair one, does your business follow us ?

*HEL.* Ay, my good lord. *Gerard de Narbon* was my  
In what he did profess, well found. [father ;

*Kin.* I knew him.

*HEL.* The rather will I spare my praises towards him ;  
Knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death  
Many receipts he gave me ; chiefly one,  
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,  
And of his old experience the only darling,  
He bad me store up, as a triple eye,  
Safer than mine own two ; more dear I have so :  
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd  
With that malignant cause wherein the honour  
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,  
I come to tender it, and my appliance,  
With all bound humbleness.

*Kin.* We thank you, maiden ;  
But may not be so credulous of cure, —  
When our most learned doctors leave us ; and  
The congregated colledge have concluded,  
That labouring art can never ransom nature  
From her inaidable estate, — I say, we must not  
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,  
To prostitute our past-cure malady  
To émpiricks ; or to dissever so  
Our great self and our credit, to esteem  
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

*HEL.* My duty then shall pay me for my pains :  
I will no more enforce mine office on you ;



Humbly intreating from your royal thoughts  
A modest one, to bear me back again.

*Kin.* I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful:  
Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give,  
As one near death to those that wish him live:  
But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part;  
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

*HEL.* What I can do, can do no hurt to try,  
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy:  
He that of greatest works is finisher,  
Oft does them by the weakest minister:  
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,  
When judges have been babes; great floods have flown  
From simple sources; and great seas have dry'd,  
When miracles have by the greatest been deny'd.  
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there  
Where most it promises; and oft it hits,  
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

*Kin.* I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;  
Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be pay'd:  
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

*HEL.* Inspired merit so by breath is bar'd:  
It is not so with him, that all things knows,  
As 'tis with us, that square our guesses by shows:  
But most it is presumption in us, when  
The help of heaven we count the act of men.  
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;  
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment:  
I am not an imposture, that proclaim  
Myself against the level of mine aim;  
But know I think, and think I know most sure,  
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

*Kin.* Art thou so confident? Within what space  
Hop'st thou my cure?

*HEL.* The great'st grace lending grace,  
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring  
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;  
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp  
Moist *Hesperus* hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;  
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass  
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;  
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,  
Health shall live free, and sickness freely dye.

*Kin.* Upon thy certainty and confidence,  
What dar'st thou venture?

*HEL.* Tax of impudence,  
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,  
Traduc'd by odious ballads, my maiden's name  
Sear'd otherwise; or, worse to worst extended,  
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

*Kin.* Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak;  
His powerful sound, within an organ weak:  
And what impossibility would slay  
In common sense, sense saves another way:  
Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate  
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate;  
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all  
That happiness, and prime, can happy call:  
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate  
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.  
Sweet practiser, thy physick I will try;  
That ministers thine own death, if I dye.

*HEL.* If I break time, or flinch in property  
Of what I spoke, unpity'd let me dye;

And well deserv'd : Not helping, death's my fee ;  
But, if I help, what do you promise me ?

*Kin.* Make thy demand.

*HEL.* But will you make it even ?

*Kin.* Ay, by my sceptor, and my hopes of heaven.

*HEL.* Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,  
What husband in thy power I will command :  
Exempted be from me the arrogance,  
To choose from forth the royal blood of *France* ;  
My low and humble name to propagate  
With any branch or image of thy state :  
But such a one, thy vassal ; whom I know  
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

*Kin.* Here is my hand ; the premises observ'd,  
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd :  
So make the choice of thy own time ; for I,  
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.  
More should I question thee, and more I must ;  
Though, more to know, could not be more to trust ;  
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on, — But rest  
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest. —  
Give me some help here, ho ! — If thou proceed  
As hig has word, my deed shall match thy deed. [*Exeunt.*]

---

SCENE II. Rosillion. *A Room in the Count's Palace.*

*Enter Countess, and Clown.*

*Cou.* Come on, sir, I shall now put you to the height  
of your breeding.

*Clo.* I will shew myself highly fed, and lowly taught :  
I know, my business is but to the court.

*Cou.* But to the court ! Why, what place make you  
special, when you put off that with such contempt ?

5 of helps.

But to the court ?

*Clo.* Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court : he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap ; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court : but, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

*Cou.* Marry, that's a bountiful answer, that fits all questions.

*Clo.* It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks ; the pin buttock, the quatch buttock, the brawn buttock, or any buttock.

*Cou.* Will your answer serve fit to all questions ?

*Clo.* As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your *French* crown for your taffety punk, as *Tib's* rush for *Tom's* fore-finger, as a pancake for shrove-tuesday, a morris for may-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the frier's mouth ; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

*Cou.* Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions ?

*Clo.* From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

*Cou.* It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

*Clo.* But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it : here it is, and all that belongs to't : Ask me, if I am a courtier ; it shall do you no harm to learn.

*Cou.* To be young again, if we could : — I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer.

I pray you, fir, are you a courtier ?

*Clo.* O lord, fir, — There's a simple putting off: more, more, a hundred of them.

*Cou.* Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

*Clo.* O lord, fir, — Thick, thick, spare not me.

*Cou.* I think, fir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

*Clo.* O lord, fir, — Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

*Cou.* You were lately whipt, fir, as I think.

*Clo.* O lord, fir, — Spare not me.

*Cou.* Do you cry, *o lord, fir*, at your whipping, and *spare not me* ? Indeed, your *o lord, fir*, is very sequent to your whipping ; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

*Clo.* I ne'er had worfe luck in my life in my *o lord, fir* : I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

*Cou.* I play the noble huswife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

*Clo.* O lord, fir, — Why, there't serves well again.

*Cou.* An end, fir, to your busines : Give *Helen* † this, And urge her to a present answer back : Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son ; This is not much.

*Clo.* Not much commendation to them. [me ?

*Cou.* Not much employment for you : You understand

*Clo.* Most fruitfully ; I am there before my legs.

*Cou.* Hasten you again. [Exeunt severally.

---

SCENE III. Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

*Enter LAFEU, BERTRAM, and PAROLLES.*

*LAF.* They say, miracles are past ; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern, and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we



make trifles of terrors ; enconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

*PAR.* Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.

*BER.* And so 'tis.

*LAF.* To be relinquish'd of the artists, —

*PAR.* So I say ; both of *Galen*, and *Paracelsus*.

*LAF.* Of all the learned and authentic fellows, —

*PAR.* Right, so I say.

*LAF.* That gave him out incurable, —

*PAR.* Why, there 'tis ; so say I too.

*LAF.* Not to be help'd.

*PAR.* Right ; as 'twere, a man assur'd of a —

*LAF.* Uncertain life, and sure death.

*PAR.* Just, you say well ; so would I have said.

*LAF.* I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

*PAR.* It is, indeed : if you will have it in shewing, you shall read it in — What do you call there ? —

*LAF.* A shewing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

*PAR.* That's it, I would have said ; the very same.

*LAF.* Why, your dolphin is not lustier : 'fore me, I speak in respect —

*PAR.* Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it ; and he's of a most facinerosus spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the —

*LAF.* Very hand of heaven, —

*PAR.* Ay, so I say.

*LAF.* In a most weak —

*PAR.* And debile minister, great power, great transcendence : which should, indeed, give us a further use



to be made, than alone the recovery of the king ; as,  
to be —

*LAF.* Generally thankful.

*PAR.* I would have said it ; you say well : Here comes  
the king.

*Enter King, HELENA, and Attendants.*

*LAF.* Lustigh, as the *Dutchman* says : I'll like a maid  
the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head : why, he's  
able to lead her a corrantio.

*PAR.* *Mort du vinaigre !* is not this *Helen* ?

*LAF.* 'Fore God, I think so.

*Kin.* Go, call before me all the lords in court. —

*[Exeunt some Attendants.]*

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side ;  
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense  
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive  
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,  
Which but attends thy naming.

*Enter several Lords.*

Fair maid, send forth thine eye : this youthful parcel  
Of noble batchelors stand at my bestowing,  
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice  
I have to use : thy frank election make ;  
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

*HEL.* To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress

*[coming from her Seat, and addressing herself to the Lords.]*  
Fall, when love please ; — marry, to each but one !

*LAF.* I'd give bay curtal, and his furniture,  
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',  
And writ as little beard.

*Kin.* Peruse them well :  
Not one of those, but had a noble father.

*HEL.* Gentlemen,  
Heaven hath, through me, restor'd the king to health.

*Lor.* We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

*HEL.* I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,  
That, I protest, I simply am a maid:—

Please it your majesty, I have done already:

The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,

*We blush, that thou should'st choose, but be refus'd;*

*Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever,*

*We'll ne'er come there again.*

*Kin.* Make choice; and, see,  
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

*HEL.* Now, *Dian*, from thy altar do I fly;

And to imperial love, that god most high,

Do my sighs stream. — Sir, will you hear my suit?

1. *L.* And grant it.

*HEL.* Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.

*LAF.* I had rather be in this choice, than throw  
ames-ace for my life. [fair eyes,

*HEL.* The honour, sir, [to 2<sup>d</sup> L.] that flames in your  
Before I speak, too threat'ningly replies:

Love make your fortunes twenty times above

Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2. *L.* No better, if you please.

*HEL.* My wish receive,  
Which great love grant! and so I take my leave.

*LAF.* Do all they deny her? An they were sons of  
mine, I'd have them whipt; or I would send them to  
the *Turk*, to make eunuchs of. [take;

*HEL.* Be not afraid [to 3<sup>d</sup> L.] that I your hand should  
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:

Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed

Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

LAF. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her: sure, they are bastards of the *English*; the *French* ne'er got them. [too good.

HEL. You are too young, [to 4<sup>th</sup> L.] too happy, and To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4. L. Fair one, I think not so.

LAF. There's one grape yet.

PAR. I am sure, thy father drunk wine.

LAF. But, if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

HEL. I dare not say, I take you; [to Ber.] but I give Me, and my service, ever whilst I live, Into your guiding power.— This is the man. [wife.

KIN. Why then, young *Bertram*, take her, she's thy

BER. My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your highness, In such a business give me leave to use The help of mine own eyes.

KIN. Know'st thou not, *Bertram*, What she has done for me?

BER. Yes, my good lord; But never hope to know why I should marry her. [bed.

KIN. Thou know'st, she has rais'd me from my sickly

BER. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down Must answer for your raising? I know her well; She had her breeding at my father's charge, A poor physician's daughter: ~~She~~ my wife? Disdain rather corrupt me ever!

KIN. 'Tis

But title thou disdain'st in her; the which I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods, Alike of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,

Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off  
 In differences so mighty: If she be  
 All that is virtuous, save what thou dislike'st,  
 A poor physician's daughter, thou dislike'st  
 Of virtue for the name: but do not so:  
 From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,  
 The place is dignify'd by the doer's deed:  
 Where great addition swells, and virtue none,  
 It is a drop'sy'd honour: good alone  
 Is good, without a name; vileness is so;  
 The property by what it is should go,  
 Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;  
 In these to nature she's immediate heir;  
 And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,  
 Which challenges itself as honour's born,  
 And is not like the fire: Honours best thrive,  
 When rather from our acts we them derive,  
 Than our fore-goers: the meer word's a slave,  
 Debauch'd on every tomb, on every grave,  
 A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,  
 Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb  
 Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?  
 If thou can'st like this creature as a maid,  
 I can create the rest: virtue, and she,  
 Is her own dower; honour, and wealth, from me.

*BER.* I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't. [choose.

*Kin.* Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou should'st strive to

*HEL.* That you are well restor'd, my lord, I am glad;  
 Let the rest go.

*Kin.* My honour's at the stake; which to defend,  
 I must produce my power: Here, † take her hand,  
 Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;

† stands 6 whence ver- 30 to defeat

That dost in vile misprision shackle up  
My love, and her desert ; that canst not dream,  
We, poizing us in her defective scale,  
Shall weigh thee to the beam ; that wilt not know,  
It is in us to plant thine honour, where  
We please to have it grow : Check thy contempt :  
Obey our will, which travels in thy good :  
Believe not thy disdain, but presently  
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,  
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims :  
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,  
Into the staggers, and the careless lapse,  
Of youth and ignorance ; both my revenge, and hate,  
Loosing upon thee in the name of justice,  
Without all terms of pity : Speak ; thine answer.

*BER.* Pardon, my gracious lord ; for I submit  
My fancy to your eyes : When I consider,  
What great creation, and what dole of honour,  
Flies where you bid it, I find, that she, which late  
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now  
The praised of the king ; who, so ennobl'd,  
Is, as 'twere, born so.

*Kin.* Take her by the hand ;  
And tell her, she is thine : to whom I promise  
A counterpoize ; if not to thy estate,  
A balance more repleat.

*BER.* I take her hand.

*Kin.* Good fortune, and the favour of the king,  
Smile upon this contract : whose ceremony  
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,  
And be perform'd to-night ; the solemn feast  
Shall more attend upon the coming space,



Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,  
Thy love's to me religious ; else, does err.

[*Exeunt King, BERTRAM, HELENA, Lords, and Att.*]

*LAF.* Do you hear, monsieur ? a word with you.

*PAR.* Your pleasure, sir ?

*LAF.* Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

*PAR.* Recantation ? My lord ? my master ?

*LAF.* Ay ; Is it not a language, I speak ?

*PAR.* A most harsh one ; and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master ?

*LAF.* Are you companion to the count *Rosillion* ?

*PAR.* To any count ; to all counts ; to what is man.

*LAF.* To what is count's man ; count's master is of another stile.

*PAR.* You are too old, sir ; let it satisfy you ; you are too old.

*LAF.* I must tell thee, firrah, I write man ; to which title age cannot bring thee.

*PAR.* What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

*LAF.* I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow ; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel ; it might pass : yet the scarfs, and the banners, about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burthen. I have now found thee ; when I lose thee again, I care not : yet art thou good for nothing but taking up ; and that thou'rt scarce worth.

*PAR.* Had'st thou not the priviledge of antiquity upon thee, —

*LAF.* Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial ; which if — Lord have mercy on



thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

*PAR.* My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

*LAF.* Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

*PAR.* I have not, my lord, deserv'd it.

*LAF.* Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

*PAR.* Well, I shall be wiser.

*LAF.* E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o'the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge; that I may say, in the default, he is a man I know.

*PAR.* My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

*LAF.* I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.

[*Exit LAFEU.*

*PAR.* Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scarvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord. Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord: I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of— I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

*Re-exter LAFEU.*

*LAF.* Sirrah, your lord and master's marry'd, there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

*PAR.* I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: He is my good

lord; he, whom I serve above, is my master.

*LAF.* Who? God?

*PAR.* Ay, fir.

*LAF.* The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o'this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee: I think, thou wast created for men to breath themselves upon thee.

*PAR.* This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

*LAF.* Go to, fir; you were beaten in *Italy* for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords, and honourable personages, than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit LAFEU.*]

*PAR.* Good, very good; it is so then: Good, very good; let it be conceal'd a while.

*Enter BERTRAM.*

*BER.* Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

*PAR.* What's the matter, sweet heart?

*BER.* Although before the solemn priest I have sworn, I will not bed her.

*PAR.* What, what, sweet heart?

*BER.* O my *Parolles*, they have marry'd me: —  
I'll to the *Tujcan* wars, and never bed her.

*PAR.* *France* is a dog-hole, and it no more merits  
The tread of a man's foot: to the wars! [*port is,*]

*BER.* There's letters from my mother; what the im-  
I know not yet.

*PAR.* Ay, that would be known: To the wars, my boy,  
He wears his honour in a box unseen, [to the wars!  
That hugs his kickfy-wickfy here at home;  
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,  
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet  
Of *Mars's* fiery steed: To other regions!  
*France* is a stable; we that dwell in't, jades;  
Therefore, to the war!

*BER.* It shall be so; I'll fend her to my house,  
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,  
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king  
That which I durst not speak: his present gift  
Shall furnish me to those *Italian* fields,  
Where noble fellows strike: War is no strife,  
To the dark house, and the detested wife.

*PAR.* Will this capriccio hold in thee, art sure?

*BER.* Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.  
I'll fend her straight away; To-morrow  
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow. [hard;

*PAR.* Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it. 'Tis  
A young man, marry'd, is a man that's mar'd:  
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:  
The king has done you wrong; but, hush! 'tis so. [*Ex.*

---

*SCENE IV. The same. Another Room in the same.*

*Enter HELENA, and Clown.*

*HEL.* My mother greets me kindly; Is she well?

*Clo.* She is not well; but yet she has her health:  
she's very merry; but yet she is not well: but, thanks  
be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i'the world;  
but yet she is not well.

*HEL.* If she be very well, what does she ail, that

she's not very well? [things.

*Clo.* Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two

*HEL.* What two things?

*Clo.* One, that she's not in heaven, Whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, From whence God send her quickly!

*Enter PAROLLES.*

*PAR.* Bless you, my fortunate lady!

*HEL.* I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

*PAR.* You had my prayers to lead them on; and, to keep them on, have them still. — O, my knave! How does my old lady?

*Clo.* So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

*PAR.* Why, I say nothing.

*Clo.* Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

*PAR.* Away, thou'rt a knave.

*Clo.* You should have said, sir, before a knave thou'rt a knave; that is, before me thou'rt a knave: this had been truth, sir.

*PAR.* Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

*Clo.* Did you find me in yourself, sir; or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the encrease of laughter.

*PAR.* A good knave, i'faith, and well fed. — Madam, my lord will go away to-night;

A very ferious busines calls on him.  
The great prerogative and right of love,  
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;  
But puts it off on a compell'd restraint:  
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets;  
Which they distill now in the curbed time,  
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,  
And pleasure drown the brim.

*HEL.* What's his will else?

*PAR.* That you will take your instant leave o'the king,  
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,  
Strengthen'd with what apology you think  
May make it probable need.

*HEL.* What more commands he?

*PAR.* That, having this obtain'd, you presently  
Attend his further pleasure.

*HEL.* In every thing  
I wait upon his will.

*PAR.* I shall report it so.

*HEL.* I pray you. — Come, firrah.

[*Exeunt.*]

---

*SCENE V. The same. Another Room in the same.*

*Enter LAFEU, and BERTRAM.*

*LAF.* But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him a  
soldier.

*BER.* Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

*LAF.* You have it from his own deliverance.

*BER.* And by other warranted testimony.

*LAF.* Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark  
for a bunting.

*BER.* I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in  
knowledge, and accordingly valiant.



*LAF.* I have then sin'd against his experience, and transgress'd against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent: Here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I will pursue the amity.

*Enter PAROLLES.*

*PAR.* These things shall be done, sir. [to Ber.

*LAF.* I pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

*PAR.* Sir?

*LAF.* O, I know him well: ay, sir; he, sir, 's a good workman, a very good tailor.

*BER.* "Is she gone to the king?"

*PAR.* "She is."

*BER.* "Will she away to-night?"

*PAR.* "As you'll have her."

*BER.* "I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,"  
 "Given order for our horses; and to-night,"  
 "When I should take possession of the bride, —"  
 "And, ere I do begin, —"

*LAF.* A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten. — God save you, captain.

*BER.* Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

*PAR.* I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

*LAF.* You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leapt into the custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.



*BER.* It may be, you have mistaken him, my lord.

*LAF.* And shall do so ever, though I took him at's prayers. Fare you well, my lord : and believe this of me, There can be no kernel in this light nut ; the soul of this man is his cloaths : trust him not in matter of heavy consequence ; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. — Farewel, monsieur : I have spoken better of you, than you have or will deserve at my hand ; but we must do good against evil. [*Exit LAFEU.*]

*PAR.* An idle lord, I swear.

*BER.* I think so.

*PAR.* Why, do you not know him ?

*BER.* Yes, I do know him well ; and common speech Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

*Enter HELENA.*

*HEL.* I have, sir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave For present parting ; only, he desires Some private speech with you.

*BER.* I shall obey his will.

You must not marvel, *Helen*, at my course,  
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does  
The ministration and required office  
On my particular : prepar'd I was not  
For such a business ; therefore am I found  
So much unsettl'd : This drives me to entreat you,  
That presently you take your way for home ;  
And rather muse, than ask, why I entreat you :  
For my respects are better than they seem ;  
And my appointments have in them a need,  
Greater than shews itself, at the first view,  
To you that know them not. This † to my mother :

'Twill be two days, ere I shall see you ; so  
I leave you to your wisdom.

*HEL.* Sir, I can nothing say,  
But that I am your most obedient servant :

*BER.* Come, come, no more of that.

*HEL.* And ever shall  
With true observance seek to eke out that,  
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd  
To equal my great fortune.

*BER.* Let that go :

My haste is very great : Farewel ; hye home.

*HEL.* Pray, sir, your pardon.

*BER.* Well, what would you say ?

*HEL.* I am not worthy of the wealth I owe ;  
Nor dare I say, 'tis mine ; and yet it is ;  
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal  
What law does vouch mine own.

*BER.* What would you have ? [deed :

*HEL.* Something ; and scarce so much : nothing, in-  
I would not tell you what I would : 'Faith, yes ;  
Strangers, and foes, do sunder, and not kifs.

*BER.* I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

*HEL.* I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

*BER.* Where are my other men, monsieur ? — Farewel.

[*Exit HELENA.*

Go thou toward home ; where I will never come,  
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum : —  
Away, and for our flight.

*PAR.* Bravely, coragio ! [ *Exeunt.*

### ACT III.

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

*Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, attended;  
two French Lords, and Others.*

*Duk.* So that, from point to point, now have you heard  
The fundamental reasons of this war ;  
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,  
And more thirsts after.

1. *L.* Holy seems the quarrel  
Upon your grace's part ; but black and fearful  
On the opposer's.

*Duk.* Therefore we marvel much, our cousin *France*  
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom  
Against our borrowing prayers.

1. *L.* Good my lord,  
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,  
But like a common and an outward man,  
That the great figure of a council frames  
By self-unable notion : therefore dare not  
Say what I think of it ; since I have found  
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail,  
As often as I guess'd.

*Duk.* Be it his pleasure.

2. *L.* But I am sure, the younger of our nation,  
That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,  
Come here for physick.

*Duk.* Welcome shall they be ;  
And all the honours, that can fly from us,  
Shall on them settle : You know your places well ;  
When better fall, for your avails they fell.  
To-morrow to the field.

[*Exeunt.*]

---

 SCENE II. Rosillion. *A Room in the Count's Palace.*

*Enter Countess, and Clown.*

*Cou.* It hath happen'd all as I would have had it, save, that he comes not along with her.

*Clo.* By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

*Cou.* By what observance, I pray you ?

*Clo.* Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing ; mend the ruff, and sing ; ask questions, and sing ; pick his teeth, and sing : I know a man, that had this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a song.

*Cou.* Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. *[opening the Letter.*

*Clo.* I have no mind to *Isbel*, since I was at court : our old ling, and our *Isbels*, o'the country, are nothing like your old ling, and your *Isbels* o' the court : the brains of my *Cupid's* knock'd out ; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

*Cou.* What have we here ?

*Clo.* E'en that you have there. *[Exit Clown.*

*Cou.* *[reads.]* *I have sent you a daughter-in-law : she hath recovered the king, and undone me : I have wedded her, not bedded her ; and sworn to make the not eternal. You shall hear, I am run away ; know it, before the report come : if there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.*

*Your unfortunate son,* Bertram.

This is not well, rash and unbridl'd boy,  
To fly the favours of so good a king ;  
To pluck his indignation on thy head,  
By the misprising of a maid too virtuous

For the contempt of empire.

*Re-enter Clown.*

*Clo.* O, madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

*Cou.* What is the matter?

*Clo.* Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be kill'd so soon as I thought he would.

*Cou.* Why should he be kill'd?

*Clo.* So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come, will tell you more: for my part, I only hear, your son was run away. *[Exit Clown.*

*Enter HELENA, and two Gentlemen.*

2. G. Save you, good madam.

*HEL.* Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

1. G. Do not say so.

*Cou.* Think upon patience.—Pray you, gentlemen,—I have felt so many quirks of joy, and grief,  
That the first face of neither, on the start,  
Can woman me unto't, —where is my son, I pray you?

1. G. Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of *Florence*:  
We met him thitherward; for thence we came,  
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,  
Thither we bend again.

*HEL.* Look on his letter, madam, here's † my passport.

*[reads.]* *When thou can'st get the ring upon my finger,  
which never shall come off, and shew me a child be-  
gotten of thy body, that I am father to, then call me  
husband: but in such a then I write a never.*

This is a dreadful sentence.

*Cou.* Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1. *G.* Ay, madam;

And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

*Cou.* I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer;  
If thou engross'est all the griefs are thine,  
Thou rob'st me of a moiety: He was my son;  
But I do wash his name out of my blood,  
And thou art all my child. — Towards *Florence* is he?

1. *G.* Ay, madam.

*Cou.* And to be a soldier?

1. *G.* Such is his noble purpose: and, believe't,  
The duke will lay upon him all the honour  
That good convenience claims.

*Cou.* Return you thither?

2. *G.* Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

*HEL.* [*reads.*] 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in  
*France.* — 'Tis bitter.

*Cou.* Find you that there?

*HEL.* Ay, madam.

2. *G.* 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, which  
His heart was not consenting to.

*Cou.* Nothing in *France*, until he have no wife!  
There's nothing here, that is too good for him,  
But only she; and she deserves a lord,  
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,  
And call her hourly mistress. — Who was with him?

2. *G.* A servant only, and a gentleman  
Which I have sometime known.

*Cou.* *Parolles*, was't not?

2. *G.* Ay, my good lady, he.

*Cou.* A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness:  
My son corrupts a well-derived nature



With his inducement.

2. G. ~~Why~~, indeed, good lady,  
The fellow has a deal of that, too much,  
Which holds him much to have.

Cou. You're welcome, gentlemen.  
I will intreat you, when you see my son,  
To tell him, that his sword can never win  
The honour that he loses : more I'll intreat you  
Written to bear along.

1. G. We serve you, madam,  
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Cou. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.  
Will you draw near ? [Exeunt Cou. and Gen.]

HEL. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.  
Nothing in *France*, until he has no wife !  
Thou shalt have none, *Rosillon*, none in *France*,  
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord, is't I  
That chace thee from thy country, and expose  
Those tender limbs of thine to the event  
Of the none-sparing war ? and is it I  
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou  
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark  
Of smoky muskets ? O you leaden messengers,  
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,  
Fly with false aim ; pierce the still-moving air,  
That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord !  
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there ;  
Whoever charges on his forward breast,  
I am the caitiff that do hold him to't ;  
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause  
His death was so effected : better 'twere,  
I met the ravin lion when he roar'd

25 move the still-piercing

With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere,  
 That all the miseries, which nature owes,  
 Were mine at once: No, come thou home, *Rosillion*,  
 Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,  
 As oft it loses all; I will be gone;  
 My being here it is, that holds thee hence;  
 Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although  
 The air of paradise did fan the house,  
 And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;  
 That pitiful rumour may report my flight,  
 To console thine ear. Come, night; end, day;  
 For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [*Exit.*]

*SCENE III.* Florence. *Before the Duke's Palace.*

*Flourish.* Enter the Duke of Florence, BERTRAM,  
 Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and Others.

*Duk.* The general of our horse thou art; and we,  
 Great in our hope, lay our best love, and credence,  
 Upon thy promising fortune.

*BER.* Sir, it is  
 A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet  
 We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,  
 To the extream edge of hazard.

*Duk.* Then go thou forth;  
 And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,  
 As thy auspicious mistress!

*BER.* This very day,  
 Great *Mars*, I put myself into thy file:  
 Make me but like my thoughts; and I shall prove  
 A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*]

*SCENE IV.* *Rosillion. A Room in the Count's Palace.*

*Enter Countess, and Steward.*

*Cou.* Alas! and would you take the letter of her? Might you not know, she would do as she has done, By sending me a letter? Read it again.

*Ste.* *I am saint Jacques' pilgrim, thither gone;*  
*Ambitious love hath so in me offended,*  
*That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,*  
*With sainted vow my faults to have amended.*  
*Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war,*  
*My dearest master, your dear son, may bye;*  
*Bless him at home in peace; whilst I, from far,*  
*His name with zealous fervour sanctify:*  
*His taken labours bid him me forgive;*  
*I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth*  
*From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,*  
*Where death and danger dog the heels of worth:*  
*He is too good and fair for death, and me;*  
*Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.*

*Cou.* Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!—  
*Rinaldo*, you ne'er lack'd advice so much,  
As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,  
I could have well diverted her intents,  
Which thus she hath prevented.

*Ste.* Pardon me, madam:  
If I had given you this at over-night,  
She might have been o'er-ta'en; and yet she writes,  
Pursuit would be but vain.

*Cou.* What angel shall  
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,  
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,  
And loves to grant, relieve him from the wrath  
Of greatest justice.— Write, write, *Rinaldo*,

To this unworthy husband of his wife ;  
 Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,  
 That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,  
 Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.  
 Dispatch the most convenient messenger : —  
 When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,  
 He will return ; and hope I may, that she,  
 Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,  
 Led hither by pure love : which of them both  
 Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense  
 To make distinction : — Provide this messenger : —  
 My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak ;  
 Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak. [*Ex.*]

*SCENE V. Without the Walls of Florence.*

*Tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow of Florence,*

*DIANA her Daughter, MARIANA,  
 and other Citizens.*

*Wid.* Nay, come ; for if they do approach the city,  
 we shall lose all the fight.

*DIA.* They say, the *French* count has done most ho-  
 nourable service.

*Wid.* It is reported, that he has taken their greatest  
 commander ; and that with his own hand he slew the  
 duke's brother. [*Tucket.*] We have lost our labour ; they  
 are gone a contrary way : hark ! you may know by their  
 trumpets.

*MAR.* Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves  
 with the report of it. — Well, *Diana*, take heed of this  
*French* earl : the honour of a maid is her name ; and no  
 legacy is so rich as honesty,

*Wid.* I have told my neighbour, how you have been

solicited by a gentleman his companion.

*MAR.* I know that knave; hang him! one *Parolles*: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl. — Beware of them, *Diana*; their promises, inticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been seduc'd by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shews in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to advise you further; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

*DIA.* You shall not need to fear me.

*Enter HELENA, habited like a Pilgrim.*

*Wid.* I hope so. Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lye at my house: thither they send one another: I'll question her. —

God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

*HEL.* To saint *Jaques le grand*.

Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

*Wid.* At the saint *Francis* here beside the port.

*HEL.* Is this the way?

*Wid.* Ay, marry, is it. — Hark you! [*Tucket.*]

They come this way: — If you will tarry, pilgrim,  
But 'till the troops come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;

The rather, for, I think, I know your hostels

As ample as myself.

*HEL.* Is it yourself?

*Wid.* If you shall please so, pilgrim.

*HEL.* I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.



*Wid.* You came, I think, from *France*?

*HEL.* I did so.

*Wid.* Here you shall see a countryman of yours,  
That has done worthy service.

*HEL.* His name, I pray you?

*DIA.* The count *Rosillion*; Know you such a one?

*HEL.* But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him;  
His face I know not.

*DIA.* Whatsoe'er he is,  
He's bravely taken here. He stole from *France*,  
As 'tis reported, for the king had marry'd him  
Against his liking: Think you, it is so?

*HEL.* Ay, surely, meer the truth; I know his lady.

*DIA.* There is a gentleman that serves the count,  
Reports but coarsely of her.

*HEL.* What's his name?

*DIA.* Monsieur *Parolles*.

*HEL.* O, I believe with him,  
In argument of praise, or to the worth  
Of the great count himself, she is too mean  
To have her name repeated; all her deserving  
Is a reserved honesty, and that  
I have not heard examin'd.

*DIA.* Alas, poor lady!  
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife  
Of a detesting lord.

*Wid.* Ay, right:— Good creature! wherefoe'er she is,  
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do her  
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

*HEL.* How do you mean?  
May be, the amorous count sollicit's her  
In the unlawful purpose.



*Wid.* He does, indeed ;  
And brokes with all that can in such a suit  
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid :  
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard  
In honestest defence.

*MAR.* The gods forbid else !

*Enter, with Drum and Colours, marching, the  
Florentine Army, BERTRAM, and PAROLLES.*

*Wid.* So, now they come : —

That is † *Antonio*, the duke's eldest son ;

That † *Escalus*.

*HEL.* Which is the *Frenchman* ?

*DIA.* He ;

That, † with the plume : 'tis a most gallant fellow ;

I would, he lov'd his wife : if he were honest,

He were much goodlier : Is't not a handsome gentleman ?

*HEL.* I like him well ? [knave,

*DIA.* 'Tis pity, he's not honest : Yond's † that same  
That leads him to these paces ; were I his lady,  
I'd poison that vile rascal.

*HEL.* Which is he ? [lancholy ?

*DIA.* That jack-an-apes with scarfs : Why is he me-

*HEL.* Perchance, he's hurt i'the battle.

*PAR.* Lose our drum ! well. [has spy'd us.

*MAR.* He's shrewdly vex'd at something : Look, he

*Wid.* Marry, hang you ! [Parolles bows to them.

*MAR.* and your courtesy, for a ring-carrier !

[*Exeunt Army, BER. PAR. &c.*

*Wid.* The troop is past : Come, pilgrim, I will bring  
Where you shall host : of enjoin'd penitents [you  
'There's four, or five, to great saint *Jaques* bound,  
Already at my house.

*HEL.* I humbly thank you :  
 Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,  
 To eat with us to-night, the charge, and thanking,  
 Shall be for me ; and, to requite you further,  
 I will bestow some precepts on this virgin,  
 Worthy the note.

*MAR. DIA.* We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*]

*SCENE VI. Camp under Florence.*

*Enter BERTRAM, and the two Lords.*

2. *L.* Nay, good my lord, put him to't ; let him have his way.

1. *L.* If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

2. *L.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

*BER.* Do you think, I am so far deceiv'd in him ?

2. *L.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

1. *L.* It were fit you knew him ; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at some great and trusty business, in a main danger, fail you.

*BER.* I would, I knew in what particular action to try him.

1. *L.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do. I, with a troop of *Florentines*, will suddenly surprize him ; such I will have, whom, I am sure, he

knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hood-wink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carry'd into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents: Be but your lordship present at his examination; if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

2. *L.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem for't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of oar will be melted, if you give him not *John Drum's* entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

*Enter PAROLLES.*

1. *L.* "O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the"  
"honour of his design; let him fetch off his drum in"  
"any hand."  
[to Bertram.

*BER.* How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

1. *L.* A pox on't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

*PAR.* But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum so lost! — There was excellent command to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers.

1. *L.* That was not to be blam'd in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that *Cæsar* himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

*BER.* Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success.

some dishonour we had, in the loss of that drum ; but it is not to be recover'd.

*PAR.* It might have been recover'd.

*BER.* It might ; but it is not now.

*PAR.* It is to be recover'd : but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum, or another, or *hic jacet*.

*BER.* Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize, and go on ; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit : if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

*PAR.* By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

*BER.* But you must not now slumber in it.

*PAR.* I'll about it this evening : and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

*BER.* May I be bold to acquaint his grace, you are gone about it ?

*PAR.* I know not what the success will be, my lord ; but the attempt I vow.

*BER.* I know, thou'rt valiant ; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewel.

*PAR.* I love not many words. [Exit *PAROLLES*.]

*2. L.* No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord ? that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be

done ; damns himself to do, and dares better be damn'd than to do't.

1. *L.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do : certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and, for a week, escape a great deal of discoveries ; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

*BER.* Why, do you think ; that he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto ?

2. *L.* None in the world ; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies : but we have almost imboss'd him, you shall see his fall to-night ; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

1. *L.* We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him : he was first smok'd by the old lord *Lafcu* : when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him ; which you shall see this very night. I must go look my twigs, he shall be caught.

*BER.* Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1. *L.* As't please your lordship : I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

*BER.* Now will I lead you to the house, and shew you The las I spoke of.

2. *L.* But, you say, she's honest.

*BER.* That's all the fault : I spoke with her but once, And found her wondrous cold ; but I sent to her, By this same coxcomb that we have i'the wind, Tokens, and letters, which she did re-send ; And this is all I have done : She's a fair creature ; Will you go see her ?

2. *L.* With all my heart, my lord. [*Exeunt.*



SCENE VII. Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

*Enter HELENA, and Widow.*

HEL. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,  
I know not how I shall assure you further,  
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,  
Nothing acquainted with these businessses;  
And would not put my reputation now  
In any staining act.

HEL. Nor would I wish you.  
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband;  
And, what to your sworn counsel I have spoken  
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,  
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,  
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you;  
For you have shew'd me that, which well approves  
You are great in fortune.

HEL. Take this † purse of gold,  
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,  
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,  
When I have found it. The count he woos your daughter,  
Lays down his amorous siege before her beauty,  
Resolves to carry her; let her, in fine, consent,  
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it,  
Now his important blood will nought deny  
That she'll demand: A ring the county wears,  
That downward hath succeeded in his house,  
From son to son, some four or five descents  
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds  
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,



To buy his will it would not seem too dear,  
Howe'er repented after.

*Wid.* Now I see  
The bottom of your purpose.

*HEL.* You see it lawful then : It is no more,  
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,  
Desires this ring ; appoints him an encounter ;  
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,  
Herself most chaffly absent : after this,  
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns  
To what is past already.

*Wid.* I have yielded :  
Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,  
That time, and place, with this deceit so lawful  
May prove coherent. Every night he comes  
With musicks of all sorts, and songs compos'd  
To her unworthiness : it nothing steads us,  
To chide him from our eaves ; for he persists,  
As if his life lay on't.

*HEL.* Why then, to-night  
Let us assay our plot ; which, if it speed,  
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,  
And lawful meaning in a lawful act ;  
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact :  
But let's about it.

[*Exeunt.*]

---

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Without the Florentine Camp.*

*Enter first Lord, and Soldiers, to their Ambush.*

1. *L.* He can come no other way but by this hedge'

corner : When you fall upon him, speak what terrible language you will ; though you understand it not yourselves, no matter : for we must not seem to understand him ; unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1. *S.* Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1. *L.* Art not acquainted with him ? knows he not thy voice ?

1. *S.* No, fir, I warrant you.

1. *L.* But what linsy-wolsfy hast thou to speak to us again ?

1. *S.* E'en such as you speak to me.

1. *L.* He must think us some band of strangers i'the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages ; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another ; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose : chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho ! here he comes ; to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

*Enter PAROLLES.*

*PAR.* Ten o'clock : within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say, I have done ? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it : They begin to smoke me ; and disgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door. I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy ; but my heart hath the fear of *Mars* before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1. *L.* " This is the first truth that e'er thine own " tongue was guilty of. "

*PAR.* What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say, I got them in exploit: Yet slight ones will not carry it; they will say, Came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give; Wherefore? what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of *Bajazet's* mute, if you prattle me into these perils.

*I. L.* "Is it possible, he should know what he is,"  
"and be that he is?"

*PAR.* I would, the cutting of my garments would serve the turn; or the breaking of my *Spanish* sword.

*I. L.* "We cannot afford you so."

*PAR.* Or the baring of my beard; and to say, it was in stratagem.

*I. L.* "'Twould not do."

*PAR.* Or to drown my cloaths, and say, I was stript:

*I. L.* "Hardly serve."

*PAR.* Though I swore, I leap'd from the window of the citadel —

*I. L.* "How deep?"

*PAR.* Thirty fathom.

*I. L.* "Three great oaths would scarce make that"  
"be believed."

*PAR.* I would, I had any drum of the enemies'; I would swear, I recover'd it.

*I. L.* "You shall hear one anon."

*PAR.* A drum now of the enemies'!

[*Alarum within. Ambush rush upon Parolles;*

*I. L.* *Threcca mevousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

*Sol.* Cargo, cargo, willianda par corbo, cargo.

[bind, and blindfold him.]

*PAR.* O, ransom, ransom : Do not hide mine eyes.

*I. S.* *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

*PAR.* I know, you are the *Muskos'* regiment,  
And I shall lose my life for want of language :  
If there be here *German*, or *Dane*, low *Dutch*,  
*Italian*, *French*, let him speak to me, I'll  
Discover that which shall undo the *Florentine*.

*I. S.* *Boskos vauvado* : —

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue : —  
*Kereybonto* : — Sir,  
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards  
Are at thy bosom.

*PAR.* Oh, oh!

*I. S.* Pray, pray, pray. —

*Manca revanta dulce.*

*I. L.* *Osceorbi dulcos volivorco.*

*I. S.* The general is content to spare thee yet ;  
And, hood-winkt as thou art, will lead thee on,  
To gather from thee : haply, thou may'it inform  
Something to save thy life.

*PAR.* O, let me live,  
And all the secrets of our camp I'll shew,  
Their force, their purposes : nay, I'll speak that  
Which you will wonder at.

*I. S.* But wilt thou faithfully ?

*PAR.* If I do not, damn me.

*I. S.* *Acordo linta.* —

Come on, thou art granted space.

[Exit, with PAROLLES guarded.]

*I. L.* Go, tell the count *Rosillion*, and my brother,

We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muff'd  
'Till we do hear from them.

2. *S.* Captain, I will.

1. *L.* He will betray us all unto ourselves ; —  
Inform 'em too of that.

2. *S.* So I will, Sir.

1. *L.* 'Till then I'll keep him dark, and safely lock'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

---

SCENE II. Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

*Enter BERTRAM, and DIANA.*

*BER.* They told me, that your name was *Fontibell.*

*DIA.* No, my good lord, *Diana.*

*BER.* Titl'd, goddess ;

And worth it, with addition. But, fair soul,  
In your fine frame hath love no quality ?  
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,  
You are no maiden, but a monument :  
When you are dead, you should be such a one  
As you are now, for you are cold and stern ;  
And now you should be as your mother was,  
When your sweet self was got.

*DIA.* She then was honest.

*BER.* So should you be.

*DIA.* No :

My mother did but duty ; such, my lord,  
As you owe to your wife.

*BER.* No more of that ;

I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows :  
I was compell'd to her ; but I love thee  
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever  
Do thee all rights of service.

‡ Informe on that

*DIA.* Ay, so you serve us,  
 'Till we serve you : but when you have our roses,  
 You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,  
 And mock us with our bareness.

*BER.* How have I sworn ?

*DIA.* 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth ;  
 But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.  
 What is not holy, that we swear not by,  
 But take the Highest to witness : Then, pray you, tell me,  
 If I should swear by *Jove's* great attributes,  
 I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,  
 When I did love you ill ? this has no holding,  
 To swear by him whom I protest to love,  
 That I will work against him : Therefore, your oaths  
 Are words, and poor conditions ; but unseal'd ;  
 At least, in my opinion.

*BER.* Change it, change it ;  
 Be not so holy-cruel : love is holy ;  
 And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,  
 'That you do charge men with : Stand no more off,  
 But give thyself unto my sick desire,  
 Who then recovers : say, thou art mine, and ever  
 My love, as it begins, shall so persevere.

*DIA.* I see, that men make hopes in such affairs,  
 That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that † ring.

*BER.* I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power  
 To give it from me.

*DIA.* Will you not, my lord ?

*BER.* It is an honour 'longing to our house,  
 Bequeathed down from many ancestors ;  
 Which were the greatest obloquy i'the world  
 In me to lose.

<sup>21</sup> desires, <sup>24</sup> make rope's in such a scarre,



*DIA.* Mine honour's such a ring :  
My chaffity's the jewel of our house,  
Bequeathed down from many ancestors ;  
Which were the greatest obloquy i'the world  
In me to lose : Thus your own proper wisdom  
Brings in the champion honour on my part,  
Against your vain assault.

*BER.* Here, take my † ring :  
My house, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,  
And I'll be bid by thee. [window ;

*DIA.* When midnight comes, knock at my chamber  
I'll order take, my mother shall not hear.  
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,  
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,  
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me :  
My reasons are most strong ; and you shall know them,  
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd :  
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put  
Another ring ; that, what in time proceeds,  
May token to the future our past deeds.  
Adieu, 'till then ; then, fail not : You have won  
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

*BER.* A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing thee.  
[Exit BERTRAM.

*DIA.* For which live long to thank both heaven and  
You may so in the end. — [me !  
My mother told me just how he would woo,  
As if she sat in his heart ; she says, all men  
Have the like oaths : he had sworn to marry me,  
When his wife's dead ; therefore I'll lye with him,  
When I am bury'd : Since men are so braid,  
Marry that will, I live and dye a maid :

31 Since Frenchmen are

Only, in this disguise, I think't no fin  
To cozen him, that would unjustly win.

[*Exit.*]

*SCENE III. The Florentine Camp.*

*Enter the two Lords; Soldiers, behind, attending.*

1. *L.* You have not given him his mother's letter?

2. *L.* I have deliver'd it an hour since: there is something in't, that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he chang'd almost into another man.

1. *L.* He has much worthy blame lay'd upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

2. *L.* Especially, he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tun'd his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1. *L.* When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2. *L.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in *Florence*, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1. *L.* Now God delay our rebellion; as we are ourselves, what things are we!

2. *L.* Meerly our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, ere they attain to their abhorr'd ends; so he, that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'er-flows himself.

1. *L.* Is it not most damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

2. *L.* Not 'till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1. *L.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his companion anatomiz'd; that he might take a measure of his own judgment, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

2. *L.* We will not meddle with him, till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1. *L.* In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

2. *L.* I hear, there is an overture of peace.

1. *L.* Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2. *L.* What will count *Rebellion* do then? will he travel higher, or return again into *France*?

1. *L.* I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2. *L.* Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1. *L.* Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house; her pretence, a pilgrimage to saint *Jaques le grand*; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony she accomplish'd: and, there residing, through the tenderness of her nature, became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2. *L.* How is this justify'd?

1. *L.* The stronger part of it, by her own letters; which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say, is come, was faithfully confirm'd by the rector of the place.

2. *L.* Hath the count all this intelligence?

1. *L.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point for

point, to the full arming of the verity.

2. *L.* I am heartily forry, that he'll be glad of this.

1. *L.* How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

2. *L.* And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears! the great dignity, that his valour hath here acquir'd for him, shall at home be encounter'd with a shame as ample.

1. *L.* The web of our life is of a mingl'd yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whip'd them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues. —

*Enter a Servant.*

How now! where's your master?

*Ser.* He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship will next morning for *France*. The duke hath offer'd him letters of commendations to the king.

2. *L.* They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

*Enter BERTRAM.*

1. *L.* They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness: Here's his lordship now. — How now, my lord? is't not after midnight?

*BER.* I have to-night dispatch'd sixteen busineses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have conge'd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; bury'd a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertain'd my convoy; and, between these main parcels of dispatch, effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

<sup>1</sup> point from point    <sup>22</sup> *Ber.* They    <sup>30</sup> affected

2. *L.* If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

*BER.* I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter: But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? — Come, bring forth this counterfeit medal; — h'as deceiv'd me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

2. *L.* Bring him forth: — [*Exeunt Soldiers.*] ha's fat i'the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

*BER.* No matter; his heels have deserv'd it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

2. *L.* I have told your lordship already; the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood; He weeps, like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confess'd himself to *Morgan*, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks; And what, think you, he hath confess'd?

*BER.* Nothing of me, has he?

2. *L.* His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face; if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

*Re-enter Soldiers, with PAROLLES, and first Soldier.*

*BER.* A plague upon him! muff'd! he can say nothing of me.

1. *L.* Hush! hoodman comes. — *Porto tartarossa.*

1. *S.* He calls for the tortures; What will you say without 'em?

*PAR.* I will confess what I know without constraint; if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

1. *S.* *Bosko chimurco.*



1. *L.* *Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

1. *S.* You are a merciful general: — Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

*PAR.* And truly, as I hope to live.

1. *S.* *First demand of him, how many horse the duke is strong.* What say you to that?

*PAR.* Five or six thousand; but very weak and un-  
serviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the com-  
manders very poor rogues; upon my reputation and  
credit, and as I hope to live.

1. *S.* Shall I set down your answer so?

*PAR.* Do; I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which  
way you will. [is this?]

*BER.* "All's one to him: — What a past-saving slave

1. *L.* "You're deceiv'd, my lord; this is monsieur"  
"Parolles, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase)"  
"that had the whole theorique of war in the knot of"  
"his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger."

2. *L.* "I will never trust a man again, for keeping"  
"his sword clean; nor believe he can have every thing"  
"in him, by wearing his apparel neatly."

1. *S.* Well, that's set down.

*PAR.* Five or six thousand horse, I said, — I will say  
true, — or thereabouts, set down, — for I'll speak truth.

1. *L.* "He's very near the truth in this."

*BER.* "But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature"  
"he delivers it."

*PAR.* Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1. *S.* Well, that's set down.

*PAR.* I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth, the  
rogues are marvelous poor.

1. *S.* *Demand of him of what strength they are of foot.*



What say you to that ?

*PAR.* By my troth, fir, if I were to live but this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: *Spurio* a hundred and fifty, *Sebastian* so many, *Corambus* so many, *Jaques* so many; *Guiltian*, *Cosmo*, *Lodowick*, and *Gratii*, two hundred fifty each; mine own company, *Chitopher*, *Vaumont*, *Bentii*, two hundred fifty each: so that the muster file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

*BER.* "What shall be done to him?"

*I. L.* "Nothing, but let him have thanks.—Demand" "of him my conditions, and what credit I have with" "the duke."

*I. S.* Well, that's set down. *You shall demand of him, whether one captain Dumaine be i'the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks, it were not possible with well-weighing sums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt.* What say you to this? what do you know of it?

*PAR.* I beseech you, let me answer to the particulars of the interrogatory; demand them singly.

*I. S.* Do you know this captain *Dumaine*?

*PAR.* I know him: he was a botcher's prentice in *Paris*, from whence he was whip'd for getting the sheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him, nay.

*BER.* "Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though" "I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls."

*I. S.* Well, is this captain in the duke of *Florence's* camp?

*PAR.* Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

*I. L.* "Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of"  
"your lordship anon."

*I. S.* What is his reputation with the duke?

*PAR.* The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day, to turn him out o'the band: I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

*I. S.* Marry, we'll search.

*PAR.* In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

*I. S.* Here 'tis; here's a paper; Shall I read it to you?

*PAR.* I do not know, if it be it, or no.

*BER.* "Our interpreter does it well."

*I. L.* "Excellently."

*I. S.* Dian, *the count's a fool, and full of gold,* —

*PAR.* That is not the duke's letter, fir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in *Florence*, one *Diana*, to take heed of the allurement of one count *Rofillion*, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish: I pray you, fir, put it up again.

*I. S.* Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

*PAR.* My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

*BER.* "Damnable! both sides rogue." [take it;

*I. S.* *When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and  
After he scores, he never pays the score:*

*Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it;  
He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before;*

And say, a soldier, Dian, told thee this,  
Men are to mell with, boys are but to kiss :  
For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,  
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.  
Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

Parolles.

BER. "He shall be whip'd through the army, with"  
"this rime in his forehead."

2. L. "This is your devoted friend, fir, the manifold"  
"linguist, and the armipotent soldier."

BER. "I could endure any thing before but a cat,"  
"and now he's a cat to me."

1. S. I perceive, fir, by our general's looks, we shall  
be fain to hang you.

PAR. My life, fir, in any case : not that I am afraid  
to dye ; but that, my offences being many, I would re-  
pent out the remainder of nature : let me live, fir, in a  
dungeon, i'the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

1. S. We'll see what may be done, so you confesse  
freely ; therefore, once more to this captain *Dumaine* :  
You have answer'd to his reputation with the duke, and  
to his valour ; What is his honesty ?

PAR. He will steal, fir, an egg out of a cloister ; for  
rapes and ravishments he parallels *Nessus* : he professes  
not keeping of oaths ; in breaking them, he is stronger  
than *Hercules* : he will lye, fir, with such volubility,  
that you would think truth were a fool : drunkenness  
is his best virtue ; for he will be swine-drunk ; and in  
his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-cloaths  
about him ; but they know his conditions, and lay him  
in straw. I have but little more to say, fir, of his ho-  
nesty : he has every thing, that an honest man should

<sup>2</sup> are not to <sup>13</sup> by your

not have ; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1. L. "I begin to love him for this."

BER. "For this description of thine honesty? A pox" "upon him for me! he's more and more a cat."

1. S. What say you to his expertness in war?

PAR. 'Faith, sir, h'as led the drum before the *English* tragedians, — to belye him, I will not, — and more of his soldieriship I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be an officer at a place there called *Mile-end*, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1. L. "He hath out-villain'd villany so far, that" "the rarity redeems him."

BER. "A pox on him! he's a cat still."

1. S. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

PAR. Sir, for a *quart-d'ecu* he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the intail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession in it perpetually.

1. S. What's his brother, the other captain *Dumaine*?

2. L. "Why does he ask him of me?"

1. S. What's he?

PAR. E'en a crow o'the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: In a retreat he out-runs any lacquey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1. S. If your life be saved, will you undertake to

betray the *Florentine* ?

*PAR.* Ay, and the captain of his horse, count *Rosillion*.

1. *S.* I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

*PAR.* "I'll no more drumming ; A plague of all"  
"drums ! Only to seem to deserve well, and to be-"  
"guile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the"  
"count, have I run into this danger : Yet who would"  
"have suspected an ambush where I was taken ?"

1. *S.* There is no remedy, fir, but you must dye : the general says, you, that have so traiterously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use ; therefore you must dye : — Come, headsman, off with his head.

*PAR.* O lord, fir ; let me live, or let me see my death !

1. *S.* That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends :

[*unbinding him,*

So, look about you ; Know you any here ?

*BER.* Good morrow, noble captain.

2. *L.* God bless you, captain *Parolles*.

1. *L.* God save you, noble captain.

2. *L.* Captain, what greeting will you to my lord *Lafeu* ? I am for *France*.

1. *L.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to *Diana* in behalf of the count *Rosillion* ? an I were not a very coward, I'd compell it of you ; but fare you well.

[*Exeunt BERTRAM, Lords, &c.*

1. *S.* You are undone, captain ; all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

*PAR.* Who cannot be crush'd with a plot ?



1. S. If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir, I am for *France* too; we shall speak of you there. [Exit.]

PAR. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great, 'Twould burst at this: Captain I'll be no more; But I will eat, and drink, and sleep, as soft As captain shall: simply the thing I am Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart, Let him fear this; for it will come to pass, That every braggart shall be found an ass. Rust, sword; cool, blushes! and, *Parolles*, live, Safest in shame; being fool'd, by foolery thrive! There's place, and means, for every man alive. I'll after them. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA.

HEL. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd One of the greatest in the christian world [you, Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne, 'tis needful, Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel: Time was, I did him a desired office, Dear almost as his life; which gratitude Through flinty *Tartar's* bosom would peep forth, And answer, thanks: I duly am inform'd, His grace is at *Marseilles*; to which place We have convenient convoy. You must know, I am supposed dead: the army breaking, My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding, And by the leave of my good lord the king,



We'll be, before our welcome.

*Wid.* Gentle madam,  
You never had a servant, to whose trust  
Your business was more welcome.

*HEL.* Nor you, mistress,  
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour  
To recompence your love : doubt not, but heaven  
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,  
As it hath fated her to be my motive  
And helper to a husband. But o strange men,  
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,  
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts  
Defiles the pitchy night ! so lust doth play  
With what it loaths, for that which is away :  
But more of this hereafter : — You, *Diana*,  
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer  
Something in my behalf.

*DIA.* Let death and honesty  
Go with your impositions, I am yours  
Upon your will to suffer.

*HEL.* Yet, I pray you,  
But with the word : the time will bring on summer,  
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,  
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away ;  
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us :  
All's well, that ends well : still the fine's the crown ;  
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*]

---

*SCENE V.* Rosillion. *A Room in the Count's Palace.*

*Enter Countess, LAFEU, and Clown.*

*LAF.* No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffeta fellow there ; whose villanous saffron would have

made all the unbak'd and dowy youth of a nation in his colour : your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour ; and your son here at home, more advanc'd by the king, than by that red-tail'd humble-bee I speak of.

*Cou.* I would, I had not known him ; it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman, that ever nature had praise for creating : if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

*LAF.* 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady : we may pick a thousand fallets, ere we light on such another herb.

*Cl.* Indeed, fir, she was the sweet marjoram of the fallet ; or, rather, the herb of grace.

*LAF.* They are not fallet-herbs, you knave, they are nose-herbs.

*Cl.* I am no great *Nebuchadnezzar*, fir, I have not much skill in grafs.

*LAF.* Whether dost thou profess thyself ; a knave, or a fool ?

*Cl.* A fool, fir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

*LAF.* Your distinction ?

*Cl.* I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

*LAF.* So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

*Cl.* And I would give his wife my bauble, fir, to do her service.

*LAF.* I will subscribe for thee ; thou art both knave and fool.

*Cl.* At your service.

*LAF.* No, no, no.

*Clo.* Why, fir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

*LAF.* Who's that? a *Frenchman*?

*Clo.* 'Faith, fir, he has an *English* name; but his phisnomy is more honour'd in *France*, than there.

*LAF.* What prince is that?

*Clo.* The black prince, fir; alias, the prince of dark-ness; alias, the devil.

*LAF.* Hold thee, there's my † purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talk'ft of, serve him still.

*Clo.* I am a wood-land fellow, fir, that always lov'd a great fire; and the master, I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, for he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in his court; I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may, but the many will be too chill and tender; and they'll be for the flow'ry way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

*LAF.* Go thy ways, I begin to be aweary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well look'd to, without any tricks.

*Clo.* If I put any tricks upon 'em, fir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [Exit Clown.]

*LAF.* A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.

*Cou.* So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his fauciness; and,

5 English maine, 6 more hotter in 15 but sure he

indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

*LAF.* I like him well; 'tis not amiss: and I was about to tell you, Since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king, my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promis'd me to do it; and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

*Cou.* With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

*LAF.* His highness comes post from *Marseilles*, of as able body as when he number'd thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in such intelligence hath seldom fail'd.

*Cou.* It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I dye. I have letters, that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship, to remain with me 'till they meet together.

*LAF.* Madam, I was thinking, with what manners I might safely be admitted.

*Cou.* You need but plead your honourable priviledge.

*LAF.* Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

*Re-enter Clown.*

*Clo.* O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a scar under't, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

*LAF.* A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour : so, belike, is that.

*Clo.* But it is your carbinado'd face.

*LAF.* Let us go see your son, I pray you ; I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

*Clo.* 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

---

---

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *Marseilles. A Street.*

*Enter HELENA, Widow, and Diana,  
with two Attendants.*

*HEL.* But this exceeding posting, day and night,  
Must wear your spirits low : we cannot help it ;  
But, since you have made the days and nights as one,  
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,  
Be bold, you do so grow in my requital,  
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time ;

*Enter a Gentleman.*

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,  
If he would spend his power. — God save you, sir.

*Gen.* And you.

*HEL.* Sir, I have seen you in the court of *France.*

*Gen.* I have been sometimes there.

*HEL.* I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen  
From the report that goes upon your goodness ;  
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,  
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to  
The use of your own virtues, for the which

I shall continue thankful.

*Gen.* What's your will?

*HEL.* That it will please you  
To give this † poor petition to the king;  
And aid me with that store of power you have,  
To come into his presence.

*Gen.* The king's not here.

*HEL.* Not here, fir?

*Gen.* Not, indeed:

He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste  
Than is his use.

*Wid.* Lord, how we lose our pains!

*HEL.* All's well, that ends well, yet;  
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit. —  
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

*Gen.* Marry, as I take it, to *Rosillion*;  
Whither I am going.

*HEL.* I do beseech you, fir,  
Since you are like to see the king before me,  
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;  
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,  
But rather make you thank your pains for it:  
I will come after you, with what good speed  
Our means will make us means.

*Gen.* This I'll do for you.

*HEL.* And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,  
Whate'er falls more. — We must to horse again; —  
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

*SCENE II.* *Rosillion. Inner-Court of the Palace.*

*Enter Clown, PAROLLES following.*

*PAR.* Good Mr. *Lavatch*, give my lord *Lafeu* this let-



ter : I have ere now, fir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher cloaths ; but I am now, fir, muddy'd in fortune's moat, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

*Clo.* Truly, fortune's displeasure is but fluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of : I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

*PAR.* Nay, you need not to stop your nose, fir ; I spake but by a metaphor.

*Clo.* Indeed, fir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose ; or against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

*PAR.* Pray you, fir, deliver me this paper.

*Clo.* Foh ! pr'ythee, stand away ; A paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman ! Look, here

*Enter LAFEU.*

he comes himself. — Here is a pur of fortune's, fir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a milk-cat) that has fallen into the unclean fish-pond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddy'd withal : Pray you, fir, use the carp as you may ; for he looks like a poor, decay'd, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my similies of comfort, and leave him to your lordship.

[*Exit Clown.*

*PAR.* My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

*LAF.* And what would you have me to do ? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her ? There's a † *quart-d'ecu*

for you: Let the justices make you and fortune friends ;  
I am for other businefs.

*PAR.* I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

*LAF.* You beg a single penny more : come, you shall  
ha't ; save your word.

*PAR.* My name, my good lord, is *Parolles*.

*LAF.* You beg more than word then. — Cox' my pas-  
sion ! give me your hand : How does your drum ?

*PAR.* O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

*LAF.* Was I, insooth ? and I was the first that lost thee.

*PAR.* It lies on you, my lord, to bring me in some  
grace, for you did bring me out.

*LAF.* Out upon thee, knave ! dost thou put upon  
me at once both the office of God and the devil ? one  
brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. —  
[*Trumpet.*] The king's coming, I know by his trum-  
pets. — Sirrah, inquire further after me ; I had talk of  
you last night : though you are a fool, and a knave, you  
shall eat ; go to, follow.

*PAR.* I praise God for you.

[*Exeunt.*]

*SCENE III.* *The same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

*Flourish.* Enter King, Countess, *LAFEU*,  
*Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.*

*Kin.* We lost a jewel of her ; and our esteem  
Was made much poorer by it : but your son,  
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know  
Her estimation home.

*Cou.* 'Tis past, my liege :  
And I beseech your majesty to make it  
Natural rebellion, done i'the blaze of youth ;  
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,

O'er-bears it, and burns on.

*Kin.* My honour'd lady,  
I have forgiven, and forgotten, all :  
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,  
And watch'd the time to shoot.

*LAF.* This I must say, —  
But first I beg my pardon, — The young lord  
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,  
Offence of mighty note ; but to himself  
The greatest wrong of all : he lost a wife,  
Whose beauty did astonish the survey  
Of richest eyes ; whose words all ears took captive ;  
Whose dear perfection, hearts, that scorn'd to serve,  
Humbly call'd mistress.

*Kin.* Praising what is lost  
Makes the remembrance dear. — Well, call him hither ; —  
We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill  
All repetition : — Let him not ask our pardon ;  
The nature of his great offence is dead,  
And deeper than oblivion we do bury  
The incensing reliques of it : let him approach,  
A stranger, no offender ; and inform him,  
So 'tis our will he should.

*Gen.* I shall, my liege. [Exit Gentleman.

*Kin.* What says he to your daughter ? have you spoke ?

*LAF.* All that he is hath reference to your highness.

*Kin.* Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent  
That set him high in fame. [me,

*Enter BERTRAM.*

*LAF.* He looks well on't.

*Kin.* I am not a day of season,  
But thou may'st see a sunshine and a hail

In me at once : But to the brightest beams  
 Distracted clouds give way ; so stand thou forth,  
 The time is fair again.

*BER.* My high-repented blames,  
 Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

*Kin.* All is whole ;  
 Not one word more of the consumed time.  
 Let's take the instant by the forward top ;  
 For we are old, and on our quick'ft decrees  
 The inaudible and noiseless foot of time  
 Steals, ere we can effect them : You remember  
 The daughter of this lord ?

*BER.* Admiringly, my liege ; At the first sight  
 I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart  
 Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue :  
 Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,  
 Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,  
 Which warp'd the line of every other favour ;  
 Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stoln ;  
 Extended, or contracted, all proportions,  
 To a most hideous object : Thence it came,  
 That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,  
 Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye  
 The dust that did offend it.

*Kin.* Well excus'd :  
 That thou did'st love her, strikes some scores away  
 From the great compt : But love, that comes too late,  
 Like a remorseful pardon slowly carry'd,  
 To the great sencer turns a four offence,  
 Crying, That's good that's gone : our own rash faults  
 Make trivial price of serious things we have,  
 Not knowing them, until we know their grave :

Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,  
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust :  
Our own love waking cries to see what's done,  
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.  
Be this sweet *Helen's* knell, and now forget her.  
Send forth your amorous token for fair *Maudlin* :  
The main consents are had ; — and here we'll stay,  
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

*Cou.* Which, better than the first, o dear heaven, blefs !  
Or, ere they meet, in me, o nature, cease !

*LAF.* Come on, my son, in whom my house's name  
Must be digested, give a favour from you,  
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,  
That she may quickly come. By my old beard,  
[receiving a Ring from Bertram.

And every hair that's on't, *Helen*, that's dead,  
Was a sweet creature ; such a ring as this,  
The last that e'er she took her leave at court,  
I saw upon her finger.

*BER.* Her's it was not.

*Kin.* Now, pray you, let me see it ; for mine eye,  
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't. —  
This ring was mine ; and, when I gave it *Helen*,  
I bad her, if her fortunes ever stood  
Necessity'd to help, that by this token  
I would relieve her : Had you that craft, to 'reave her  
Of what should stead her most ?

*BER.* My gracious soveraign,  
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,  
The ring was never her's.

*Cou.* Son, on my life,  
I have seen her wear it ; and she reckon'd it



At her life's rate.

*LAF.* I am sure, I saw her wear it.

*BER.* You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it :  
In *Florence* was it from a casement thrown me,  
Wrapt in a paper, which contain'd the name  
Of her that threw it : noble she was, and thought  
I stood untag'd ; but when I had subscrib'd  
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,  
I could not answer in that course of honour  
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,  
In heavy satisfaction, and would never  
Receive the ring again.

*Kin. Plutus* himself,  
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,  
Hath not in nature's mystery more science  
Than I have in this ring : 'twas mine, 'twas *Helen's*,  
Whoever gave it you : Then, if you know  
That you are well acquainted with yourself,  
Confess 'twas her's, and by what rough enforcement  
You got it from her : she call'd the saints to surety,  
That she would never put it from her finger,  
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,  
Where you have never come, or sent it us  
Upon her great disaster.

*BER.* She never saw it.

*Kin.* Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour ;  
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,  
Which I should fain shut out : If it should prove  
That thou art so inhuman, — 'twill not prove so ; —  
And yet I know not : thou did'st hate her deadly,  
And she is dead ; which nothing, but to close  
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,



More than to see this ring. — Take him away. —

[Guards seize Bertram.]

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,  
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,  
Having vainly fear'd too little. — Away with him ; —  
We'll sift this matter further.

BER. If you shall prove  
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy  
Prove that I husbanded her bed in *Florence*,  
Where yet she never was. [Exit, guarded.]

Enter a Gentleman.

Kin. I am wrapt in dismal thinkings.

Gen. Gracious sovereign,  
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not ;  
Here's a † petition from a *Florentine*,  
Who hath, for four or five removes, come short  
To tender it herself. I undertook it,  
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech  
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,  
Is here attending : her business looks in her  
With an importing visage ; and she told me,  
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern  
Your highness with herself.

Kin. [reads.] Upon his many protestations to marry me,  
when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won  
me. Now is the count Rosillion a widower ; his vows  
are forfeited to me, and my honours pay'd to him. He  
stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow  
him to his country for justice : Grant it me, o king, in  
you it best lies ; otherwise, a seducer flourishes, and a  
poor maid is undone.

Diana Capulet.

*LAF.* I'll buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this. I'll none of him.

*Kin.* The heavens have thought well on thee, *Lafeu*,  
To bring forth this discovery.— Seek these suitors:—  
Go, speedily, and bring again the count.—

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*]

I am afeard, the life of *Helen*, lady,  
Was foully snatch'd.

*Cou.* Now, justice on the doers!

*Re-enter BERTRAM, guarded.*

*Kin.* I wonder, sir, wives are such monsters to you;  
And that you fly them, as you swear to them;  
Yet you desire to marry.— What woman's that?

*Enter Widow, and DIANA.*

*DIA.* I am, my lord, a wretched *Florentine*,  
Derived from the ancient *Capulet*;  
My suit, as I do understand, you know,  
And therefore know how far I may be pity'd.

*Wid.* I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour  
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,  
And both shall cease, without your remedy. [women?]

*Kin.* Come hither, count; *Say*, do you know these

*BER.* My lord, I neither can, nor will, deny  
But that I know them: Do they charge me further?

*DIA.* Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

*BER.* She's none of mine, my lord.

*DIA.* If you shall marry,  
You give away this hand, and that is mine;  
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;  
You give away myself, which is known mine;  
For I by vow am so embody'd yours,  
That she, which marries you, must marry me,

Either both, or none.

*LAF.* Your reputation [*to Ber.*] comes too short for my daughter, you are no husband for her.

*BER.* My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature, Whom sometime I have laugh'd with : let your highness Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour, Than for to think that I would sink it here.

*Kin.* Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend, 'Till your deeds gain them ; Fairer prove your honour, Than in my thought it lies !

*DIA.* *Exit*, good my lord, Ask him upon his oath, if he does think He had not my virginity.

*Kin.* What say'st thou to her ?

*BER.* She's impudent, my lord ; And was a common gamester to the camp.

*DIA.* He does me wrong, my lord ; if I were so, He might have bought me at a common price : Do not believe him : O, behold this † ring, Whose high respect, and rich validity, Did lack a parallel ; yet, for all that, He gave it to a commoner o'the camp, If I be one.

*Cou.* He blushes, and 'tis it : Of six preceding ancestors, that jem, Confer'd by testament to the sequent issue, Hath it been ow'd, and worn. This is his wife ; That ring's a thousand proofs.

*Kin.* Methought, you said, You saw one here in court could witness it.

*DIA.* I did, my lord, but loth am to produce So bad an instrument ; his name's *Parolles*.

*LAF.* I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

*Kin.* Find him, and bring him hither.

*BER.* What of him ?

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,  
With all the spots o'the world tax'd and debosh'd ;  
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth :  
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,  
That will speak any thing ?

*Kin.* She hath that ring of yours.

*BER.* I think, she has : certain it is, I lik'd her,  
And boarded her i'the wanton way of youth :  
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,  
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,  
As all impediments in fancy's course  
Are motives of more fancy ; and, in fine,  
Her insuit coming with her modern grace,  
Subdu'd me to her rate : she got the ring ;  
And I had that, which any inferior might  
At market-price have bought.

*DIA.* I must be patient ;  
You that turn'd off a first so noble wife,  
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,  
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband)  
Send for your ring, I will return it home,  
And give me mine again.

*BER.* I have it not.

*Kin.* What ring was yours, I pray you ?

*DIA.* Sir, much like  
The same upon your finger.

*Kin.* Know you this ring ? this ring was his of late.

*DIA.* And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

*Kin.* The story then goes false, you threw it him

Out of a casement.

*DIA.* I have spoke the truth.

*Enter PAROLLES.*

*BER.* My lord, I do confess, the ring was hers.

*Kin.* You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.—  
Is this the man you speak of ?

*DIA.* Ay, my lord. [you,

*Kin.* Now tell me, firrah, but tell me true, I charge  
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,  
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off)  
By him, and by this woman here, what know you ?

*PAR.* So please your majesty, my master hath been an  
honourable gentleman ; tricks he hath had in him, which  
gentlemen have : [woman ?

*Kin.* Come, come, to the purpose ; Did he love this

*PAR.* 'Faith, fir, he did love her ; But how ?

*Kin.* How, I pray you ? [man.

*PAR.* He did love her, fir, as a gentleman loves a wo-

*Kin.* How is that ?

*PAR.* He lov'd her, fir, and lov'd her not.

*Kin.* As thou art a knave, and no knave : — What an  
equivocal companion is this ? [mand.

*PAR.* I am a poor man, and at your majesty's com-

*LAF.* He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

*DIA.* Do you know, he promis'd me marriage ?

*PAR.* 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

*Kin.* But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st ?

*PAR.* Yes, so please your majesty : I did go between  
them, as I said ; but more, than that he lov'd her, —  
for, indeed, he was mad for her ; and talk'd of *Satan*,  
and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what : yet  
I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew



of their going to bed ; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things which would derive me ill will to speak of, therefore I will not speak what I know.

*Kin.* Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say, they are marry'd : But thou art too fine in thy evidence ; therefore stand aside. —

This ring, you say, was yours ?

*DIA.* Ay, my good lord.

*Kin.* Where did you buy it ? or who gave it you ?

*DIA.* It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

*Kin.* Who lent it you ?

*DIA.* It was not lent me neither.

*Kin.* Where did you find it then ?

*DIA.* I found it not.

*Kin.* If it were yours by none of all these ways, How could you give it him ?

*DIA.* I never gave it him.

*LAF.* This woman's an easy glove, my lord ; she goes off and on at pleasure.

*Kin.* This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

*DIA.* It might be yours, or hers, for ought I know.

*Kin.* Take her away, I do not like her now ;

To prison with her : and away with him. —

Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring, Thou dy'st within this hour.

*DIA.* I'll never tell you,

*Kin.* Take her away.

*DIA.* I'll put in bail, my liege.

*Kin.* I think thee now some common customer.

*DIA.* By *Jove*, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

*Kin.* Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while ?



*DIA.* Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty :  
He knows, I am no maid, and he'll swear to't :  
I'll swear, I am a maid, and he knows not.  
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life ;  
I am either maid, or else this † old man's wife.

*Kin.* She does abuse our ears, — to prison with her.

*DIA.* Good mother, fetch my bail. — Stay, royal sir ;  
[*Exit* Widow.]

The jeweller, that owes the ring, is sent for,  
And he shall surety me. But for this † lord,  
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,  
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him :  
He knows himself, my bed he hath defil'd ;  
And, at that time, he got his wife with child :  
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick ;  
So there's my riddle, One, that's dead, is quick,  
And now behold the meaning.

*Re-enter* Widow, *with* HELENA.

*Kin.* Is there no exorcist,  
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes ?  
Is't real, that I see ?

*HEL.* No, my good lord ;  
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,  
The name, and not the thing.

*BER.* Both, both ; O, pardon !

*HEL.* O my good lord, when I was like this maid,  
I found you wondrous kind. There is your † ring ;  
[*receiving it of* Diana.]

And, look you, here's † your letter ; This it says,  
*When from my finger you can get this ring,*  
*And are by me with child, — This is done ;*  
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won ?

31 And is by

*BER.* If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,  
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

*HEL.* If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,  
Deadly divorce step between me and you! —  
O my dear mother, do I see you living?

*LAF.* Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon: —  
Good *Tom Drum*, lend me a handkerchief: So, I thank  
thee; wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee: Let  
thy court'fies alone, they are scurvy ones.

*Kin.* Let us from point to point this story know,  
To make the even truth in pleasure flow: —  
If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,  
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;  
For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid,  
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid. —  
Of that, and all the progress, more and less,  
Resolvedly more leisure shall express:  
All yet seems well; and, if it end so meet,  
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

*advancing,*

*The king's a beggar, now the play is done:  
All is well ended, if this suit be won,  
That you express content; which we will pay  
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:  
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;  
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.*

---

*TWELFTH-NIGHT,*

*or,*

*WHAT YOU WILL.*

*Persons represented.*

Orfino, *Duke of Illyria.*  
Sebastian, *a young Gentleman :*  
Antonio, *a Sea-captain, his Friend.*  
Sea-captain, *Friend to Viola.*  
Valentine, } *Gentlemen attending the Duke.*  
Curio, }  
Sir Toby Belch.  
Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.  
Malvolio, }  
Fabian, } *Domesticks of Olivia.*  
Clown, }  
Priest, }  
Servant, }  
*two Officers of Justice.*

Olivia, *a noble Heiress :*  
Maria, *her Gentlewoman.*  
Viola, *Sister to Sebastian.*

*Attendants upon the Duke, and Olivia ;  
Musicians, Sailors, &c.*

*Scene, a City of Illyria, Residence of the  
Duke ; and the Sea-coast near it.*

TWELFTH-NIGHT, or, WHAT YOU WILL.

---

ACT I.

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

*Enter Duke, CURIO, and Others;*

*Musick attending.*

*Duk.* If musick be the food of love, play on,  
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,  
The appetite may sicken, and so dye. —  
That strain again; it had a dying fall:  
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,  
That breaths upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing, and giving odour. — Enough; no more;

*[Musick ceases.]*

'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.  
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou;  
That, notwithstanding thy capacity  
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,  
Of what validity and pitch soever,  
But falls into abatement and low price,  
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,  
That it alone is high fantastical.

*CUR.* Will you go hunt, my lord ?

*Duk.* What, *Curio* ?

*CUR.* The hart.

*Duk.* Why, so I do, the noblest that I have :  
O, when mine eyes did see *Olivia* first,  
(Methought, she purg'd the air of pestilence)  
That instant was I turn'd into a hart ;  
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,  
E'er since pursue me. — How now ? what news from her ?

*Enter VALENTINE.*

*VAL.* So please my lord. I might not be admitted,  
But from her hand-maid do return this answer :  
The element itself, 'till seven years hence,  
Shall not behold her face at ample view ;  
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,  
And water once a day her chamber's round  
With eye-offending brine : all this, to season  
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh,  
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

*Duk.* O, she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,  
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,  
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft  
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else  
That live in her ! when liver, brain, and heart,  
These sovereign thrones, are all supply'd, and fill'd,  
(Her sweet perfection) with one self-same king ! —  
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers ;  
Love-thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with bowers.

*SCENE II. The Sea-coast.*

*Enter VIOLA, Captain, and Sailors.*

*VIOL.* What country, friends, is this ?



Cap. This is *Illyria*, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in *Illyria*?

My brother he is in *Elyzium*.

Perchance, he is not drown'd :—What think you, sailors?

Cap. It is perchance, that you yourself were sav'd. [be.

Vio. O my poor brother!—and so, perchance, may he

Cap. True, madam : and, to comfort you with chance,  
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,  
When you, and this poor number sav'd with you,  
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,  
Most provident in peril, bind himself  
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)  
To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea ;  
Where, like *Arion* on the dolphin's back,  
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,  
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's † gold :  
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,  
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,  
The like of him. Know'st thou this country ?

Cap. Ay, madam, well ; for I was bred and born  
Not three hours travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here ?

Cap. A noble duke in nature,  
As in his name.

Vio. What is his name ?

Cap. *Orsino*.

Vio. *Orsino* ! I have heard my father name him :  
He was a batchelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late :  
For but a month ago I went from hence ;  
And then 'twas fresh in murmur, (as, you know,

What great ones do, the less will prattle of)  
That he did seek the love of fair *Olivia*.

*Vio.* What's she?

*Cap.* A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count  
That dy'd some twelve-month since; then leaving her  
In the protection of his son, her brother,  
Who shortly also dy'd: for whose dear love,  
They say, she hath abjur'd the company,  
And fight, of men.

*Vio.* O, that I serv'd that lady;  
And might not be deliver'd to the world,  
'Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,  
What my estate is!

*Cap.* That were hard to compass;  
Because she will admit no kind of suit,  
No, not the duke's.

*Vio.* There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;  
And, though that nature with a beauteous wall  
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee  
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits  
With this thy fair and outward character.  
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,  
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid  
For such disguise as, haply, shall become  
The form of my intent: I'll serve this duke,  
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,  
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,  
And speak to him in many sorts of musick,  
That will allow me very worth his service.  
What else may hap, to time I will commit;  
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

*Cap.* Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:

When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!

*VIO.* I thank thee: Lead me on. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *A Room in Olivia's House.*

*Enter Sir TOBY, and MARIA.*

*Sir T.* What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure, care's an enemy to life.

*MAR.* By my troth, fir *Toby*, you must come in earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

*Sir T.* Why, let her except, before excepted.

*MAR.* Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

*Sir T.* Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these cloaths are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

*MAR.* That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight, that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

*Sir T.* Who? fir *Andrew Ague-cheek*?

*MAR.* Ay, he.

*Sir T.* He's as tall a man as any's in *Illyria*.

*MAR.* What's that to the purpose?

*Sir T.* Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

*MAR.* Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

*Sir T.* Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o'the viol-de-gambo, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts

of nature.

*MAR.* He hath, indeed, almost natural: for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

*Sir T.* By this hand, they are scoundrels, and subtractors, that say so of him. Who are they?

*MAR.* They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

*Sir T.* With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink to her, as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in *Illyria*: he's a coward, and a coystril, that will not drink to my niece, 'till his brains turn o'the toe like a parish top. What, wench? *Castiliano volto*; for here comes fir *Andrew Ague-face*.

*Enter Sir ANDREW.*

*Sir A.* Sir *Toby Belch*! how now, fir *Toby Belch*?

*Sir T.* Sweet fir *Andrew*!

*Sir A.* Bless you, fair shrew.

*MAR.* And you too, fir.

*Sir T.* Accost, fir *Andrew*, accost.

*Sir A.* What's that?

*Sir T.* My niece's chamber-maid. [ance.

*Sir A.* Good mistress *Accost*, I desire better acquaint-

*MAR.* My name is *Mary*, fir.

*Sir A.* Good mistress *Mary Accost*, —

*Sir T.* You mistake, knight: accost, is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

*Sir A.* By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

*MAR.* Fare you well, gentlemen.

*Sir T.* An thou let part so, fir *Andrew*, 'would thou might'st never draw sword again.

*Sir A.* An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again; Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

*MAR.* Sir, I have not you by the hand.

*Sir A.* Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

*MAR.* Now, fir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery bar, and let it drink. [phor?

*Sir A.* Wherefore, sweet heart? what's your meta-

*MAR.* It's dry, fir.

*Sir A.* Why, I think so; I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

*MAR.* A dry jest, fir.

*Sir A.* Are you full of them?

*MAR.* Ay, fir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[Exit *MARIA*.

*Sir T.* O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary; When did I see thee so put down?

*Sir A.* Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down: Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a christian, or an ordinary man, has: but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

*Sir T.* No question.

*Sir A.* An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, fir *Toby*.

*Sir T.* *Pourquoy*, my dear knight?

*Sir A.* What is *pourquoy*? do, or not do? I would I had bestow'd that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but fol-



low'd the arts !

*Sir T.* Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

*Sir A.* Why, would that have mended my hair ?

*Sir T.* Past question ; for, thou see'st, it will not curl by nature.

*Sir A.* But it becomes me well enough, does't not ?

*Sir T.* Excellent ; it hangs like flax on a distaff : and I hope to see a huswife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

*Sir A.* 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, sir *Toby* : your niece will not be seen ; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me ; the count himself, here hard by, woes her.

*Sir T.* She'll none of the count ; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit ; I have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in't, man.

*Sir A.* I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o'th' strangest mind i'the world ; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

*Sir T.* Art thou good at these kickshaws, knight ?

*Sir A.* As any man in *Illyria*, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters ; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

*Sir T.* What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight ?

*Sir A.* 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

*Sir T.* And I can cut the mutton to't.

*Sir A.* And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in *Illyria*.

*Sir T.* Wherefore are these things hid ? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them ? are they like to take dust, like mistress *Mall's* picture ? Why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a co-



ranto ? my very walk should be a jig ; I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean ; is it a world to hide virtues in ? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.

*Sir A.* Ay 'tis strong ; and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stocking. Shall we set about some revels ?

*Sir T.* What shall we do else ? were we not born under *Taurus* ?

*Sir A.* *Taurus* ? that's sides, and heart.

*Sir T.* No, sir ; it is legs, and thighs. Let me see thee caper : † ha ! higher : † ha, ha ! excellent ! [*Exeunt.*]

---

SCENE IV. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in Man's Attire.*

*VAL.* If the duke continue these favours towards you, *Cesario*, you are like to be much advanc'd ; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

*VIOL.* You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love : Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours ?

*VAL.* No, believe me.

*VIOL.* I thank you. Here comes the count.

*Enter Duke, attended.*

*Duk.* Who saw *Cesario*, ho ?

*VIOL.* On your attendance, my lord ; here.

*Duk.* Stand you a while aloof.—*Cesario*,  
Thou know'st no less but all ; I have unclasp'd  
To thee the book even of my secret soul :  
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her ;

7 dam'd-colour'd stocke,

Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors,  
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow,  
'Till thou have audience.

*Vio.* Sure, my noble lord,  
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow  
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

*Duk.* Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,  
Rather than make unprofited return.

*Vio.* Say, I do speak with her, my lord; What then?

*Duk.* O, then, unfold the passion of my love,  
Surprize her with discourse of my dear faith:  
It shall become thee well, to act my woes;  
She will attend it better in thy youth,  
Than in a nuntio of more grave aspect.

*Vio.* I think not so, my lord.

*Duk.* Dear lad, believe it;  
For they shall yet belye thy happy years,  
That say, thou art a man: *Diana's* lip  
Is not more smooth, and rubious; thy small pipe  
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill, and sound,  
And all is semblative a woman's part.  
I know, thy constellation is right apt  
For this affair: — Some four, or five, attend him;  
All, if you will; for I myself am best,  
When least in company: — Prosper well in this,  
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,  
To call his fortunes thine.

*Vio.* I'll do my best,  
To woo your lady: — “yet, a barful strife;”  
“Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.” [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *A Room in Olivia's House.*

Enter MARIA, and Clown.

MAR. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips, so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he, that is well hang'd in this world, needs to fear no colours.

MAR. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

MAR. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good mistress Mary?

MAR. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom, that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

MAR. Yet you will be hang'd, for being so long absent, or be turn'd away; Is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

MAR. You are resolute then?

Clo. Not so neither; but I am resolv'd on two points.

MAR. That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if fir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

MAR. Peace, you rogue, no more o'that; here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [Exit.]

Enter OLIVIA, attended, and MALVOLIO.

Clo. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling!

Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: For what says *Quinapalus*? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit. — God bless thee, lady.

*OLI.* Take the fool away.

*Clo.* Do you not hear, fellows? take away the lady.

*OLI.* Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

*Clo.* Two faults, madona, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself, if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him: Any thing, that's mended, is but patch'd: virtue, that transgresses, is but patch'd with sin; and sin, that amends, is but patch'd with virtue: if that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, What remedy? as there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower: — The lady bad take away the fool; therefore I say again, take her away.

*OLI.* Sir, I bad them take away you.

*Clo.* Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, *cucullus non facit monachum*: that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madona, give me leave to prove you a fool.

*OLI.* Can you do it?

*Clo.* Dexteriously, good madona.

*OLI.* Make your proof.

*Clo.* I must catechize you for it, madona; Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

*OLI.* Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

*Clo.* Good madona, why mourn'st thou?

*OLI.* Good fool, for my brother's death.

*Clo.* I think, his soul is in hell, madona.

*OLI.* I know, his soul is in heaven, fool.

*Clo.* The more fool you, madona, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. — Take away the fool, gentlemen.

*OLI.* What think you of this fool, *Malvolio*? doth he not mend?

*MAL.* Yes; and shall do, 'till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

*Clo.* God fend you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better encreasing your folly! Sir *Toby* will be sworn, that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two-pence, that you are no fool.

*OLI.* How say you to that, *Malvolio*?

*MAL.* I marvel, your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone: Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh, and minister occasion to him, he is gag'd. I protest, I take these wise men, that crowd so at these set kind of fools, to be no better than the fools' zanies.

*OLI.* O, you are sick of self-love, *Malvolio*, and taste with a distemper'd appetite: to be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets: There is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.



*Clo.* Now *Mercury* indue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools!

*Re-enter MARIA.*

*MAR.* Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

*OLI.* From the count *Orsino*, is it?

*MAR.* I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

*OLI.* Who of my people hold him in delay?

*MAR.* Sir *Toby*, madam, your kinsman.

*OLI.* Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman; Fye on him! [*Exit MARIA.*] Go you, *Malvolio*: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit MALVOLIO.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

*Clo.* Thou hast spoke for us, madona, as if thy eldest son should be a fool: whose scull *Jove* cram with brains, for here comes one of thy kin has a most weak *pia mater*.

*Enter Sir TOBY.*

*OLI.* By mine honour, half drunk. — What is he at the gate, cousin?

*Sir T.* A gentleman.

*OLI.* A gentleman? What gentleman?

*Sir T.* 'Tis a gentleman: — [*hiccup.*] A plague of these pickle-herring! — How now, sot?

*Clo.* Good sir *Toby*, —

*OLI.* Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy? [gate.]

*Sir T.* Letchery? I defy lechery: There's one at the

*OLI.* Ay, marry; what is he?



*Sir T.* Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit Sir TOBY.*

*OLI.* What's a drunken man like, fool?

*Clo.* Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

*OLI.* Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him fit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd: go, look after him.

*Clo.* He is but mad yet, madona; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit Clown.*

*Re-enter MALVOLIO.*

*MAL.* Madam, yon' young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him, you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him, you were asleep; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he is fortify'd against any denial.

*OLI.* Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

*MAL.* He has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

*OLI.* What kind o'man is he?

*MAL.* Why, of man kind.

*OLI.* What manner of man?

*MAL.* Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you, or no.

*OLI.* Of what personage, and years, is he?

*MAL.* Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him

e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewdly; one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

*OLI.* Let him approach : Call in my gentlewoman.

*MAL.* Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [Exit.

*Re-enter MARIA.*

*OLI.* Give me my veil : come, throw it o'er my face; We'll once more hear *Orsino's* embassy.

*Enter VIOLA.*

*VIOL.* The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

*OLI.* Speak to me, I shall answer for her; Your will?

*VIOL.* Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty, — I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her : I would be loth to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well pen'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

*OLI.* Whence came you, sir?

*VIOL.* I can say little more than I have study'd, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

*OLI.* Are you a comedian?

*VIOL.* No, my profound heart : and yet, (by the very phangs of malice, I swear) I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

*OLI.* If I do not usurp myself, I am.

*VIOL.* Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission : I will on with my speech

\* him in standing

in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

OLI. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

VIO. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

OLI. It is the more like to be feign'd; I pray you, keep it in. I heard, you were saucy at my gates; and allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

MAR. Will you hoist fail, sir? here lies your way.

VIO. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady; tell me your mind, I am a messenger.

OLI. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

VIO. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

OLI. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

VIO. The rudeness, that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to your ears, divinity; to any others, prophanation.

OLI. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exeunt MARIA, and Attendants.*] Now, sir, what is your text?

VIO. Most sweet lady, —

OLI. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

VIO. In *Orsino's* bosom.

OLI. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

VIO. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

OLI. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

VIO. Good madam, let me see your face.

OLI. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, [*unveiling*] and shew you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: Is't not well done?

VIO. Excellently done, if God did all.

OLI. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

VIO. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand lay'd on:

Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,

If you will lead these graces to the grave,

And leave the world no copy.

OLI. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: It shall be inventory'd; and every particle, and utensil, label'd to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

VIO. I see you what you are: you are too proud; But, if you were the devil, you are fair.

My lord and master loves you; O, such love

Could be but recompenc'd, though you were crown'd

The non-pareil of beauty.

OLI. How does he love me ?

VIO. With adorations, with fertil tears,  
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire. [him :

OLI. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love  
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,  
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth ;  
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,  
And, in dimension and the shape of nature,  
A gracious person : but yet I cannot love him ;  
He might have took his answer long ago.

VIO. If I did love you in my master's flame,  
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,  
In your denial I would find no sense,  
I would not understand it.

OLI. Why, what would you ?

VIO. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,  
And call upon my soul within the house ;  
Write loyal canzons of contemned love,  
And sing them loud even in the dead of night ;  
Hollow your name to the reverberate hills,  
And make the babling gossip of the air  
Cry out, *Olivia* ! o, you should not rest  
Between the elements of air and earth,  
But you should pity me.

OLI. You might do much : What is your parentage ?

VIO. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :  
I am a gentleman.

OLI. Get you to your lord ;  
I cannot love him : let him send no more ;  
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,  
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well :



I thank you for your pains : spend this † for me.

*VIOL.* I am no fee'd post, lady ; keep your purse ;  
My master, not myself, lacks recompence.  
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love ;  
And let your fervour, like my master's, be  
Plac'd in contempt ! Farewel, fair cruelty.

[*Exit VIOLA.*

*OLI.* What is your parentage ? —  
Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :  
I am a gentleman. — I'll be sworn, thou art ;  
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,  
Do give thee five-fold blazon : Not too fast ; soft ;  
Unless the master were the man. How now ?  
Even so quickly may one catch the plague ?  
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,  
With an invisible and subtle stealth,  
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be. —  
What, ho ! *Malvolio !*

*Re-enter MALVOLIO.*

*MAL.* Here, madam, at your service.

*OLI.* Run after that same peevish messenger,  
The county's man : he left this † ring behind him,  
Would I, or not ; tell him, I'll none of it.  
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,  
Nor hold him up with hopes ; I am not for him :  
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,  
I'll give him reasons for't. Hye thee, *Malvolio.*

*MAL.* Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*

*OLI.* I do I know not what ; and fear to find  
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.  
Fate, shew thy force : Ourselves we do not owe ;  
What is decreed, must be ; And be this so !

[*Exit.*



---

---

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Sea-coast.*

Enter SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO.

ANT. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not, that I go with you?

SEB. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone: it were a bad recompence for your love, to lay any of them on you.

ANT. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

SEB. No, 'footh, sir; my determinate voyage is meer extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself: You must know of me then, *Antonio*, my name is *Sebastian*, which I call'd *Rodorigo*; my father was that *Sebastian* of *Messaline*, whom I know, you have heard of: he left behind him, myself, and a sister, both born in an hour; If the heavens had been pleas'd, would we had so ended! but you, sir, alter'd that; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

ANT. Alas, the day!

SEB. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembl'd me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder, over-far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly pub-

lish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drown'd already, fir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

*ANT.* Pardon me, fir, your bad entertainment.

*SEB.* O good *Antonio*, forgive me your trouble.

*ANT.* If you will not murther me for my love, let me be your servant.

*SEB.* If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that, upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count *Orsino's* court: farewel. [*Exit.*

*ANT.* The gentleness of all the gods go with thee! — I have many enemies in *Orsino's* court, Else would I very shortly see thee there: But, come what may, I do adore thee so, That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II. *A Street.*

*Enter VIOLA, MALVOLIO following.*

*MAL.* Were not you even now with the countess *Olivia*?

*VIO.* Even now, fir; on a moderate pace I have since arriv'd but hither.

*MAL.* She returns this ring to you, fir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come

again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it, sir.

VIO. She took the ring of me, I'll none of it.

MAL. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so return'd: if it be worth stooping for, there † it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [Exit MALVOLIO.

VIO. I left no ring with her: What means this lady? Fortune forbid, my out-side have not charm'd her!

She made good view of me; indeed, so much, That, sure, methought, her eyes had lost her tongue, For she did speak in starts distractedly.

She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion Invites me in this churlish messenger.

None of my lord's ring? why, he sent her none.

I am the man; If it be so, (as 'tis)

Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,

Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

How easy is it, for the proper false

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we;

For, such as we are made, e'en such we be.

How will this sadge? My master loves her dearly;

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;

And she, mistaken, seems to doat on me:

What will become of this? As I am man,

My state is desperate for my master's love;

As I am woman, now, alas the day!

What thriftless sighs shall poor *Olivia* breath?

O time, thou must untangle this, not I;

It is too hard a knot for me to untie.

[Exit.

<sup>2</sup> it so. <sup>23</sup> made, if such

SCENE III. *A Room in Olivia's House.**Enter Sir TOBY, and Sir ANDREW.*

*Sir T.* Approach, fir *Andrew*: not to be a bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*, thou know'st, —

*Sir A.* Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

*Sir T.* A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfill'd can: To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

*Sir A.* 'Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

*Sir T.* Thou'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. — *Maria*, I say, — a sloop of wine!

*Enter Clown.*

*Sir A.* Here comes the fool, i'faith.

*Cl.* How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three.

*Sir T.* Welcome, afs. Now let's have a catch.

*Sir A.* By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg; and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. — In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* passing the equinoctial of *Queubus*; 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee six-pence for thy leman; Had'st it?

*Cl.* I did impeticos thy gratility; for *Malvolio's* nose is no whip-stock, my lady has a white hand, and the *Myrmidons* are no bottle-ale-houses.

Sir A. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir T. Come on; there is six-pence † for you: let's have a song.

Sir A. There's a testril † of me too: if one knight give a—

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir T. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir A. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

S O N G.

Clo. *O mistress mine, where are you roaming?  
o, stay and hear; your true-love's coming,  
that can sing both high and low:  
trip no farther, pretty sweetening;  
journeys end in lovers' meeting,  
every wise man's son doth know.*

Sir A. Excellent good, i'faith.

Sir T. Good, good.

St. II.

Clo. *What is love? 'tis not hereafter;  
present mirth hath present laughter;  
what's to come, is still unsure:  
in delay there lies no plenty;  
then come kiss me, sweet, and twenty,  
youth's a stuff will not endure.*

Sir A. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir T. A contagious breath.

Sir A. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir T. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.  
But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we



rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three fowls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

*Sir A.* An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

*Clo.* By'r-lady, fir, and some dogs will catch well.

*Sir A.* Most certain: Let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

*Clo.* Hold thy peace, thou knave, knight? I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight.

*Sir A.* 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

*Clo.* I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

*Sir A.* Good, i'faith! Come, begin. [*Catch sung.*

*Enter MARIA.*

*MAR.* What a catterwawling do you keep here? If my lady have not call'd up her steward *Malvolio*, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

*Sir T.* My lady's a *Cataian*, we are politicians; *Malvolio's* a *Peg o' Ramsey*, and *Three merry men be we.* Am not I confanguinous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-vally! lady! — *There dwelt a man in Babylon,* — lady, lady!

*Clo.* Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

*Sir A.* Ay, he does well enough, if he be dispos'd, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

*Sir T.* O, the *twelfth day of December,* —

*MAR.* For the love o' God, peace.

*Enter MALVOLIO.*

*MAL.* My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an ale-house of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers'



catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice ? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you ?

*Sir T.* We did keep time, fir, in our catches. Sneck-up!

*MAL.* *Sir Toby*, I must be round with you. My lady bad me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders: If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

*Sir T.* Farewel, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

*MAR.* Nay, good fir *Toby*.

*Clo.* His eyes do show his days are almost done.

*MAL.* Is't even so?

*Sir T.* But I will never dye,

*Clo.* *Sir Toby*, there you lye.

*MAL.* This is much credit to you.

*Sir T.* Shall I bid him go?

*Clo.* What an if you do?

*Sir T.* Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

*Clo.* O, no, no, no, no, you dare not.

*Sir T.* Out o'tune, fir, ye lye. — Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

*Clo.* Yes, by faint *Anne*; and ginger shall be hot i'the mouth too.

*Sir T.* Thou'rt i'the right. — Go, fir, rub your chain with crums: — A stoop of wine, *Maria*.

*MAL.* Mistress *Mary*, if you priz'd my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand.

[Exit MALVOLIO.]

*MAR.* Go, shake your ears.

*Sir A.* 'Twere as good a deed, as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

*Sir T.* Do't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

*MAR.* Sweet sir *Toby*, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur *Malvolio*, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nay-word, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lye strait in my bed: I know, I can do it.

*Sir T.* Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

*MAR.* Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan:

*Sir A.* O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

*Sir T.* What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

*Sir A.* I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

*MAR.* The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser; an affection'd ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so cram'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith, that all, that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

*Sir T.* What wilt thou do?

*MAR.* I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expreffure of his

eye, forehead, and complection, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

*Sir T.* Excellent! I smell a device.

*Sir A.* I ha't in my nose too.

*Sir T.* He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.

*MAR.* My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

*Sir A.* And your horse now would make him an afs.

*MAR.* Afs—I doubt not.

*Sir A.* O, 'twill be admirable.

*MAR.* Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it: For this night, to bed, and dream on the event: Farewel. [Exit.

*Sir T.* Good night, *Penthesilea*.

*Sir A.* Before me, she's a good wench.

*Sir T.* She's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me; What o'that?

*Sir A.* I was ador'd once too.

*Sir T.* Let's to bed, knight: Thou hadst need send for more money.

*Sir A.* If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

*Sir T.* Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i'the end, call me, cut.

*Sir A.* If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

*Sir T.* Come, come; I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too

late to go to bed now : come, knight, come, knight.

*SCENE IV. A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter Duke, VIOLA, CURIO, and Others.*

*Duk.* Give me some musick : — Now, good-morrow,  
Now, good *Cesario*, but that piece of song, [friends : —  
That old and antick song we heard last night :  
Methought, it did relieve my passion much ;  
More than light airs, and recollected terms,  
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times : —  
Come, but one verse.

*CUR.* He is not here, so please your lordship, that  
should sing it.

*Duk.* Who was it ?

*CUR.* *Feste*, the jester, my lord ; a fool, that the lady  
*Olivia's* father took much delight in : he is about the  
house.

*Duk.* So, seek him out, — and play the tune the while. —

[*Exit CURIO. Musick.*

Come hither, boy ; If ever thou shalt love,  
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me :  
For, such as I am, all true lovers are ;  
Unstay'd and skittish in all motions else,  
Save, in the constant image of the creature  
That is belov'd. How dost thou like this tune ?

*VIOL.* It gives a very echo to the seat  
Where love is thron'd.

*Duk.* Thou dost speak masterly :  
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye  
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves ;  
Hath it not, boy ?

*VIOL.* A little, by your favour.

*Duk.* What kind of woman is't.

*Vio.* Of your complexion.

*Duk.* She is not worth thee then. What years, i'faith?

*Vio.* About your years, my lord.

*Duk.* Too old, by heaven; Let still the woman take  
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,  
So sways she level in her husband's heart.  
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,  
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,  
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,  
Than women's are.

*Vio.* I think it well, my lord.

*Duk.* Then let thy love be younger than thyself,  
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:  
For women are as roses; whose fair flower,  
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

*Vio.* And so they are: alas, that they are so;  
To dye, even when they to perfection grow!

*Re-enter Curio, with Clown.*

*Duk.* O, fellow, come, the song we had last night:—  
Mark it, *Cesario*; it is old, and plain:  
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,  
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,  
Do use to chant it; it is filly sooth,  
And dallies with the innocence of love,  
Like the old age,

*Clo.* Are you ready, sir?

*Duk.* Ay; pr'ythee, sing.

[*Musick.*

S O N G.

*Clo.* Come away, come away, death,  
and in sad cypress let me be lay'd;  
fly away, fly away, breath;





Prizes not quantity of dirty lands ;  
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,  
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune ;  
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,  
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

*Vio.* But, if she cannot love you, sir ? —

*Duk.* I cannot be so answer'd.

*Vio.* 'Sooth, but you must.

Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,  
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart  
As you have for *Olivia* : you cannot love her ;  
You tell her so ; Must she not then be answer'd ?

*Duk.* There is no woman's fides,  
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion  
As love doth give my heart : no woman's heart  
So big, to hold so much ; they lack retention.  
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite, —  
No motion of the liver, but the palate, —  
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt ;  
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,  
And can digest as much : make no compare  
Between that love a woman can bear me,  
And that I owe *Olivia*.

*Vio.* Ay, but I know, —

*Duk.* What dost thou know ?

*Vio.* Too well what love women to men may owe :  
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.  
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,  
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,  
I should your lordship :

*Duk.* And what's her history ?

*Vio.* A blank, my lord : She never told her love,

But let concealment, like a worm i'the bud,  
 Feed on her damask cheek : she pin'd in thought ;  
 And, with a green and yellow melancholy,  
 She sat like patience on a monument,  
 Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed ?  
 We men may say more, swear more : but, indeed,  
 Our shews are more than will ; for still we prove  
 Much in our vows, but little in our love.

*Duk.* But dy'd thy sifter of her love, my boy ?

*Vio.* I am all the daughters of my father's house,  
 And all the brothers too ; — and yet I know not : —  
 Sir, shall I to this lady ?

*Duk.* Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste : give her this † jewel ; say,  
 My love can give no place, bide no denay. [Exeunt.

*SCENE V. Olivia's Garden.*

*Enter Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, and FABIAN.*

*Sir T.* Come thy ways, signior *Fabian*.

*FAB.* Nay, I'll come ; if I lose a scruple of this sport,  
 let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

*Sir T.* Would'st thou not be glad, to have the niggardly  
 rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame ?

*FAB.* I would exult, man : you know, he brought me  
 out of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

*Sir T.* To anger him, we'll have the bear again ; and  
 we'll fool him black and blue : — Shall we not, fir  
*Andrew ?*

*Sir A.* An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

*Enter MARIA.*

*Sir T.* Here comes the little villain : — How now, my  
 nettle of *India ?*

*MAR.* Get ye all three into the box-tree : *Malvolio's* coming down this walk ; he has been yonder i'the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half hour : observe him, for the love of mockery ; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting. [*Men hide themselves.*] Lye thou there ; [*throws down a Letter.*] for here comes the trout, that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit MARIA.*

*Enter MALVOLIO.*

*MAL.* 'Tis but fortune ; all is fortune. *Maria* once told me, she did affect me ; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complection. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't ?

*Sir T.* " Here's an over-weening rogue ! "

*FAB.* " O, peace ! Contemplation makes a rare tur-  
" key-cock of him ; how he jets under his advanc'd "  
" plumes ! "

*Sir A.* " S'light, I could so beat the rogue : — "

*Sir T.* " Peace, I say. "

*MAL.* To be count *Malvolio* :

*Sir T.* " Ah, rogue ! "

*Sir A.* " Pistol him, pistol him. "

*Sir T.* " Peace, peace. "

*MAL.* There is example for't ; the lady of the *Strachy* marry'd the yeoman of the wardrobe.

*Sir A.* " Fye on him, *Jezebel* ! "

*FAB.* " O, peace ! now he's deeply in ; look, how "  
" imagination blows him. "

*MAL.* Having been three months marry'd to her, fitting in my state, —

*Sir T.* "O for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!"

*MAL.* Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left *Olivia* sleeping:

*Sir T.* "Fire and brimstone!"

*FAB.* "O, peace, peace!"

*MAL.* And then to have the humour of state: and, after a demure travel of regard, — telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs, — to ask for my kinsman *Toby*:

*Sir T.* "Bolts and shackles!"

*FAB.* "O, peace, peace, peace! now, now."

*MAL.* Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel: *Toby* approaches; curtsies there to me:

*Sir T.* "Shall this fellow live?"

*FAB.* "Though our silence be drawn from us with" "cares, yet peace."

*MAL.* I extend my hand to him, † thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of controul;

*Sir T.* "And does not *Toby* take you a blow o'the" "lips then?"

*MAL.* Saying, *Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech;*

*Sir T.* "What, what?"

*MAL.* *You must amend your drunkenness.*

*Sir T.* "Out, scab!"

[plot.]

*FAB.* "Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our

*MAL.* *Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight;*

*Sir A.* "That's me, I warrant you."

*MAL.* One fir Andrew :

*Sir A.* "I knew, 'twas I ; for many do call me fool."

*MAL.* What employment have we here? [*taking up the*

*FAB.* "Now is the woodcock near the gin." [*Letter.*

*Sir T.* "O, peace! and the spirit of humours inti-"  
"mate reading aloud to him!"

*MAL.* By my life, this is my lady's hand : these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's ; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

*Sir A.* "Her C's, her U's, and her T's ; Why that?"

*MAL.* [*reads.*] *To the unknown below'd, this, and my good wishes :* her very phrases ! — By your leave, wax : — Soft ; and the impressure her *Lucrece*, with which she uses to seal : 'tis my lady : To whom should this be ?

[*opes the Letter.*

*FAB.* "This wins him, liver and all."

*MAL.* [*reads.*] *Jove knows, I love :*

*But who ?*

*Lips do not move ;*

*No man must know.*

*No man must know.* What follows ? The numbers alter'd ! *No man must know :* If this should be thee, *Malvalio ?*

*Sir T.* "Marry, hang thee, brock !"

*MAL.* [*reads.*] *I may command where I adore :*

*But silence, like a Lucrece knife,*

*With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore ;*

*M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.*

*FAB.* "A fustian riddle !"

*Sir T.* "Excellent wench, say I."

*MAL.* *M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.* Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

*FAB.* "What a dish of poison has she dress'd him!"

*Sir T.* "And with what wing the stanyel checks"  
"at it!"

*MAL.* *I may command where I adore.* Why, she may command me; I serve her, she is my lady: Why, this is evident to any formal capacity! there is no obstruction in this; — And the end; What should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me, — Softly; *M, O, A, I.*

*Sir T.* "O, ay, make up that: — he is now at a cold"  
"scent."

*FAB.* "*Sowter* will cry upon't; for all this, though"  
"it be as rank as a fox."

*MAL.* *M, — Malvolio; — M, why, that begins my name.*

*FAB.* "Did not I say, he would work it out? the"  
"cur is excellent at faults."

*MAL.* *M, —* But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

*FAB.* "And *O* shall end, I hope."

*Sir T.* "Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry *O*."

*MAL.* And then *I* comes behind.

*FAB.* "Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you"  
"might see more detraction at your heels, than for-"  
"tunes before you."

*MAL.* *M, O, A, I; —* This simulation is not as the former: and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft; here follows prose. [reads.

*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: Some are born great, some atchieve greatness, and some have greatness*



*thrust upon them: thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh: be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings; and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd: I say, remember. Go to: thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewel. She that would alter services with thee,*

*The fortunate-unhappy.*

Day-light, and champion, discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politick authors, I will baffle sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me: She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-garter'd; and in this † she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. *Jove*, and my stars, be praised! Here is yet a post-script.

*Thou can'st not choose but know who I am. If thou entertain'st my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee.*

*Jove*, I thank thee. — I will smile; I will do

every thing that thou wilt have me. [Exit.

*FAB.* I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be pay'd from the Sophy.

*Sir T.* I could marry this wench for this device ;

*Sir A.* So could I too.

*Sir T.* And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

*Sir A.* Nor I neither.

*Enter MARIA.*

*FAB.* Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

*Sir T.* Wilt thou set thy foot o'my neck ?

*Sir A.* Or o'mine either ?

*Sir T.* Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave ?

*Sir A.* I'faith, or I either ?

*Sir T.* Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

*MAR.* Nay, but say true, does it work upon him ?

*Sir T.* Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

*MAR.* If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady : he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors ; and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests ; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unfuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt : if you will see it, follow me.

*Sir T.* To the gates of tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit.

*Sir A.* I'll make one too.

[Exeunt.]

---

---

---

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same.*

*Enter VIOLA, and Clown, meeting.*

*Vio.* Save thee, friend, and thy musick : Dost thou live by the tabor ?

*Cl.* No, fir, I live by the church.

*Vio.* Art thou a churchman ?

*Cl.* No such matter, fir ; I do live by the church : for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

*Vio.* So thou may'st say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him ; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

*Cl.* You have said, fir. — To see this age ! A sentence is but a chev'ril glove to a good wit ; How quickly the wrong side may be turn'd outward !

*Vio.* Nay, that's certain ; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

*Cl.* I would therefore, my sifter had had no name, fir.

*Vio.* Why, man ?

*Cl.* Why, fir, her name's a word ; and to dally with that word, might make my sifter wanton : But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.

*Vio.* Thy reason, man ?

*Cl.* 'Troth, fir, I can yield you none without words ; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

*Vio.* I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and car'st

for nothing.

*Clo.* Not so, fir, I do care for something : but in my conscience, fir, I do not care for you ; if that be to care for nothing, fir, I would it would make you invisible.

*Vio.* Art not thou the lady *Olivia*'s fool ?

*Clo.* No, indeed, fir ; the lady *Olivia* has no folly : she will keep no fool, fir, 'till she be marry'd ; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger : I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

*Vio.* I saw thee late at the count *Orsino*'s.

*Clo.* Foolery, fir, does walk about the orb, like the sun ; it shines every where. I would be sorry, fir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress : I think, I saw your wisdom there.

*Vio.* Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences † for thee.

*Clo.* Now *Jove*, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard !

*Vio.* By my troth, I'll tell thee ; I am almost sick for one ; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within ?

*Clo.* Would not a pair of these have bred, fir ?

*Vio.* Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

*Clo.* I would play lord *Pandarus* of *Phrygia*, fir, to bring a *Cressida* to this *Troilus*.

*Vio.* I understand you, fir, 'tis well beg'd.

*Clo.* The matter, I hope, is not great, fir, begging but a beggar ; *Cressida* was a beggar. My lady is within, fir. I will conster to them, whence you come ; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin : I might say, element ; but the word is over-worn. [*Exit Clown.*

VIO. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool ;  
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit :  
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,  
The quality of persons, and the time ;  
And, like the haggard, check at every feather  
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,  
As full of labour as a wise man's art :  
For folly, that he wisely shews, is fit ;  
But wise men, folly-faln, quite taint their wit.

*Enter Sir TOBY, and Sir ANDREW.*

Sir T. Save you, gentleman.

VIO. And you, sir.

Sir A. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

VIO. *Et vous aussi ; votre serviteur.*

Sir A. I hope, sir, you are ; and I am yours.

Sir T. Will you encounter the house ? my niece is  
desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

VIO. I am bound to your niece, sir ; I mean, she is  
the list of my voyage.

Sir T. Taste your legs, sir, put them to motion.

VIO. My legs do better understand me, sir, than  
I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my  
legs.

Sir T. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

VIO. I will answer you with gate and entrance :  
But we are prevented. —

*Enter OLIVIA, and Maria.*

Most excellent-accomplish'd lady, the heavens rain  
odours on you !

Sir A. "That youth's a rare courtier. Rain odours !" "  
"well."

VIO. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your

own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

*Sir A.* “*Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed: — I’ll get  
“ ’em all three ready.*”

*OLI.* Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to  
my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir T. Sir A. and Maria.*  
Give me your hand, sir.

*VIO.* My duty, madam, and most humble service.

*OLI.* What is your name?

*VIO.* *Cesario* is your servant’s name, fair princess.

*OLI.* My servant, sir! ’Twas never merry world,  
Since lowly feigning was call’d compliment:  
You’re servant to the count *Orsino*, youth.

*VIO.* And he is yours, and his must needs be yours;  
Your servant’s servant is your servant, madam.

*OLI.* For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,  
’Would they were blanks, rather than fill’d with me.

*VIO.* Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts  
On his behalf: —

*OLI.* O, by your leave, I pray you;  
I bad you never speak again of him:  
But, would you undertake another suit,  
I had rather hear you to sollicit that,  
Than musick from the spheres.

*VIO.* Dear lady, —

*OLI.* Nay, give me leave, beseech you: I did send,  
After the last enchantment you did here,  
A ring in chace of you; so did I abuse  
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:  
Under your hard construction must I fit,  
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,  
Which you knew none of yours: What might you think?  
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,



And baited it with all the unmuzzl'd thoughts  
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving  
Enough is shewn; a cyprus, not a bosom,  
Hides my poor heart: So let me hear you speak.

VIO. I pity you.

OLI. That's a degree to love.

VIO. No, not a grize; for 'tis a vulgar proof,  
That very oft we pity enemies.

OLI. Why then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again:  
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!  
If one should be a prey, how much the better  
To fall before the lion, than the wolf? [*Clock strikes.*  
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time. —

Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:  
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,  
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:  
There lies your way, due west.

VIO. Then westward-hoe:

Grace, and good disposition, attend your ladyship!  
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

OLI. Stay:

I pr'ythee, tell me, what thou think'st of me.

VIO. That you do think, you are not what you are.

OLI. If I think so, I think the same of you.

VIO. Then think you right; I am not what I am.

OLI. I would, you were as I would have you be.

VIO. Would it be better, madam, than I am,  
I wish it might; for now I am your fool.

OLI. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful  
In the contempt, and anger, of his lip!  
A murd'rous guilt shews not itself more soon  
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon. —

*Cesario*, by the roses of the spring,  
 By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,  
 I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,  
 Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.  
 Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,  
 For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause :  
 But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter ;  
 Love fought is good, but given unfought is better.

*VIO.* By innocence I swear, and by my youth,  
 I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,  
 And that no woman has ; nor ever none  
 Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.  
 And so adieu, good madam ; never more  
 Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

*OLI.* Yet come again ; for thou, perhaps, may'st move  
 That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [*Exeunt.*]

*SCENE II. A Room in Olivia's House.*

*Enter Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, and FABIAN.*

*Sir A.* No, 'faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

*Sir T.* Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

*FAB.* You must needs yield your reason, sir *Andrew.*

*Sir A.* Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to  
 the count's servingman, than ever she bestow'd upon  
 me ; I saw't i' the orchard.

*Sir T.* Did she see thee the while, old boy ; tell me that ?

*Sir A.* As plain as I see you now.

*FAB.* This was a great argument of love in her to-  
 ward you.

*Sir A.* 'Slight, will you make an afs o' me ?

*FAB.* I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths  
 of judgment and reason.

*Sir T.* And they have been grand-jury-men, since before *Noah* was a sailor.

*FAB.* She did shew favour to the youth in your fight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver: You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness: this was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulk'd: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sail'd into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a *Dutchman's* beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour, or policy.

*Sir A.* An't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a *Brownist*, as a politician.

*Sir T.* Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it: and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

*FAB.* There is no way but this, sir *Andrew*.

*Sir A.* Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

*Sir T.* Go, write it in a martial hand, be curst, and brief: it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lye in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of *Ware* in *England*, fet 'em down, go, about it. Let there be

gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goosepen, no matter: About it.

*Sir A.* Where shall I find you?

*Sir T.* We'll call thee at the *cubiculo*: Go.

[Exit *Sir ANDREW*.]

*FAB.* This is a dear manakin to you, sir *Toby*.

*Sir T.* I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

*FAB.* We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver't.

*Sir T.* Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For *Andrew*, if he were open'd, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest o'the anatomy.

*FAB.* And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter *MARIA*.

*Sir T.* Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

*MAR.* If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into side-fitches, follow me: yon' gull *Malvolio* is turn'd heathen, a very renegado; for there is no christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

*Sir T.* And cross-garter'd?

*MAR.* Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i'the church. I have dog'd him like his murtherer: He does obey every point of the letter that I drop'd to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines, than is in the new map, with the augmentation

of the *Indies* : you have not seen such a thing as 'tis ; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will strike him ; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

*Sir T.* Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [*Exeunt.*]

---

SCENE III. *A Street.*

*Enter* SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO.

SEB. I would not, by my will, have troubl'd you ;  
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,  
I will no further chide you.

ANT. I could not stay behind you ; my desire,  
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth :  
And not all love to see you, (though so much,  
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage)  
But jealousy what might befall your travel,  
Being skilless in these parts ; which to a stranger,  
Unguided, and unfriended, often prove  
Rough and unhospitable : My willing love,  
The rather by these arguments of fear,  
Set forth in your pursuit.

SEB. My kind *Antonio*,  
I can no other answer make, but, thanks,  
And thanks, and ever thanks ; and oft good turns  
Are shuffl'd off with such uncurrent pay :  
But, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,  
You should find better dealing. What's to do ?  
Shall we go see the reliques of this town ?

ANT. To-morrow, sir ; best, first, go see your lodging.

SEB. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night ;  
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes  
With the memorials, and the things of fame,

That do renown this city.

*ANT.* 'Would you'd pardon me ;  
I do not without danger walk these streets :  
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his gallies,  
I did some service ; of such note, indeed,  
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

*SEB.* Belike, you slew great number of his people.

*ANT.* The offence is not of such a bloody nature ;  
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,  
Might well have given us bloody argument.  
It might have since been answer'd, in repaying  
What we took from them ; which, for traffick's sake,  
Most of our city did : only myself stood out :  
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,  
I shall pay dear.

*SEB.* Do not then walk too open.

*ANT.* It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's † my purse :  
In the south suburbs, at the elephant,  
Is best to lodge : I will bespeak our diet,  
While you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge,  
With viewing of the town ; there shall you have me.

*SEB.* Why I your purse ?

*ANT.* Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy  
You have desire to purchase ; and your store,  
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

*SEB.* I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for  
An hour.

*ANT.* To the elephant :

*SEB.* I do remember.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

*SCENE IV.* Olivia's Garden.  
*Enter OLIVIA, and MARIA.*



OLI. I have sent after him : He says, he'll come ;  
How shall I feast him ? what bestow of him ?  
For youth is bought more oft, than beg'd, or borrow'd.  
I speak too loud. —

Where is *Malvolio* ? — he is sad, and civil,  
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes ;—  
Where is *Malvolio* ?

MAR. He's coming, madam ;  
But in very strange manner : he is, sure, possess'd, madam.

OLI. Why, what's the matter ? does he rave ?

MAR. No, madam,  
He does nothing but smile : your ladyship were best  
To have some guard about you, if he come,  
For, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.

OLI. Go, call him hither. — I'm as mad as he,  
If sad and merry madness equal be. —

*Enter MALVOLIO.*

How now, *Malvolio* ?

MAL. Sweet lady, —

[*smiles fantastically.*]

OLI. Smil'st thou ?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

MAL. Sad, lady ? I could be sad : This does make  
some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering ;  
But what of that ? if it please the eye of one, it is  
with me as the very true sonnet has it, *Please one, and*  
*please all.* [with thee ?]

OLI. Why, how dost thou, man ? what is the matter

MAL. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my  
legs : It did come to his hands, and commands shall  
be executed. I think, we do know the sweet *Roman*  
hand.

OLI. Wilt thou go to bed, *Malvolio* ?

*MAL.* To bed? ay, sweet heart; and I'll come to thee.

*OLI.* God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kifs thy hand so oft?

*MAR.* How do you, *Malvolio*? [daws.

*MAL.* At your request? Yes; Nightingales answer

*MAR.* Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

*MAL.* *Be not afraid of greatnes:* 'Twas well writ.

*OLI.* What meanest thou by that, *Malvolio*?

*MAL.* *Some are born great,*—

*OLI.* Ha?

*MAL.* *Some atchieve greatnes,*—

*OLI.* What say'st thou?

*MAL.* *And some have greatnes thrust upon them.*

*OLI.* Heaven restore thee!

*MAL.* *Remember who commended thy yellow stockings;*—

*OLI.* Thy yellow stockings?

*MAL.* *And wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd.*

*OLI.* Cross-garter'd?

*MAL.* *Go to: thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so;*—

*OLI.* Am I made?

*MAL.* *If not, let me see thee a servant still.*

*OLI.* Why, this is very midsummer madnes.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* Madam, the young gentleman of the count *Orsino's* is return'd; I could hardly intreat him back; he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

*OLI.* I'll come to him. [*Exit Ser.*] Good *Maria*, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my cousin *Toby*? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt OLIVIA, and MARIA.*

*MAL.* Oh ho, do you come near me now? no worse man than *sir Toby* to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. *Cast thy humble slough*, says she: *be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state, put thyself into the trick of singularity*: and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some *sir* of note, and so forth. I have lim'd her: but it is *Jove's* doing, and *Jove* make me thankful. And, when she went away now, *Let this fellow be look'd to*: Fellow! not *Malvolio*, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance, — What can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, *Jove*, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

*Re-enter MARIA, with Sir TOBY,  
and FABIAN.*

*Sir T.* Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and *Legion* himself possess'd him, yet I'll speak to him.

*FAB.* Here he is, here he is: — How is't with you, *sir*? how is't with you, man?

*MAL.* Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

*MAR.* Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? — *Sir Toby*, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

*MAL.* Ah, ha, does she so?

*Sir T.* Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. — How do you, *Malvolio*? how is't with you? What, man; defy the devil: confider, he's an enemy to mankind.

*MAL.* Do you know what you say?

*MAR.* La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart. Pray God, he be not bewitch'd!

*FAB.* Carry his water to the wise woman.

*MAR.* Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

*MAL.* How now, mistress?

*MAR.* O lord!

*Sir T.* Pr'ythee, hold thy peace, this is not the way; Do you not see, you move him? let me alone with him.

*FAB.* No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

*Sir T.* Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

*MAL.* Sir?

*Sir T.* Ay, biddy, come with me. What, man; 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with *Satan*: Hang him foul collier?

*MAR.* Get him to say his prayers, good sir *Toby*, get him to pray.

*MAL.* My prayers, minx?

*MAR.* No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

*MAL.* Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter.

[*Exit MALVOLIO.*]

*Sir T.* Is't possible ?

*FAB.* If this were play'd upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

*Sir T.* His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

*MAR.* Nay, pursue him now ; lest the device take air, and taint.

*FAB.* Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

*MAR.* The house will be the quieter.

*Sir T.* Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad ; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, 'till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him : at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of mad-men : But see, but see.

*Enter Sir ANDREW.*

*FAB.* More matter for a *May* morning.

*Sir A.* Here's the † challenge, read it ; I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

*FAB.* Is't so saucy ?

*Sir A.* Ay, is't ? I warrant him : do but read.

*Sir T.* Give me. [*reads.*] *Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow :*

*FAB.* Good, and valiant.

*Sir T.* *Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will shew thee no reason for't.*

*FAB.* A good note : that keeps you from the blow of the law.

*Sir T.* *Thou com'st to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly : but thou ly'st in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

*FAB.* Very brief, and exceeding good senseless.

*Sir T.* I will way-lay thee going home: where if it be thy chance to kill me, —

*FAB.* Good.

*Sir T.* Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.

*FAB.* Still you keep o'the windy side of the law: Good.

*Sir T.* Fare thee well; And God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,

Andrew Ague-cheek.

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll giv't him.

*MAR.* You may have very fit occasion for't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

*Sir T.* Go, sir *Andrew*; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff: so soon as ever thou see'st him, draw; and, as thou draw'st, swear horribly: for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away.

*Sir A.* Nay, let me alone for swearing.

[*Exit Sir ANDREW.*]

*Sir T.* Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding, his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clod-



pole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon *Ague-cheek* a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity: This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

*Enter OLIVIA, and VIOLA.*

*FAB.* Here he comes with your niece: give them way 'till he take leave, and presently after him.

*Sir T.* I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

*[Exeunt Sir TOBY, FABIAN, and MARIA.]*

*OLI.* I have said too much unto a heart of stone,  
And lay'd mine honour too unchary out:  
There's something in me, that reproves my fault;  
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,  
That it but mocks reproof.

*VIOL.* With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,  
Goes on my master's grief.

*OLI.* Here, wear this † jewel for me, 'tis my picture;  
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:  
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.  
What shall you ask of me, that I'll deny;  
That honour, sav'd, may upon asking give?

*VIOL.* Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

*OLI.* How with mine honour may I give him that,  
Which I have given to you?

*VIOL.* I will acquit you.

*OLI.* Well, come again to-morrow: Fare thee well;  
A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell.

*[Exit OLIVIA.]*

*Re-enter Sir TOBY, and FABIAN.*

*Sir T.* Gentleman, God save thee.

*Vio.* And you, sir.

*Sir T.* That defense thou hast, betake thee to't : of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not ; but thy interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end : dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

*Vio.* You mistake, sir, I am sure, no man hath any quarrel to me ; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

*Sir T.* You'll find it otherwise, I assure you : therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard ; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

*Vio.* I pray you, sir, what is he ?

*Sir T.* He is knight, dub'd with unhack'd rapier, and on carpet consideration ; but he is a devil in private brawl : souls and bodies hath he divorc'd three ; and his incensment at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulcher : hob, nob, is his word ; give't, or take't.

*Vio.* I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour ; belike, this is a man of that quirk.

*Sir T.* Sir, no ; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury ; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much

safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

VIO. This is an uncivil, as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir T. I will do so. — Signior *Fabian*, stay you by this gentleman 'till my return. [Exit Sir TOBY.]

VIO. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

FAB. I know, the knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

VIO. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

FAB. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of *Illyria*: Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

VIO. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with sir priest, than sir knight; I care not who knows so much of my mettle.

Re enter Sir TOBY, with Sir ANDREW.

Sir T. Why, man, he's a very devil, I have not seen such a virago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in, with such a mortal motion that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on: They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir A. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

*Sir T.* Ay, but he will not now be pacify'd ; *Fabian* can scarce hold him yonder.

*Sir A.* Plague on't ; an I thought he had been va-  
liant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd  
ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip,  
and I'll give him my horse, grey *Capilet*.

*Sir T.* I'll make the motion : Stand here, make a  
good shew on't ; this shall end without the perdition of  
souls : — “ Marry, I'll ride your horse, as well as I ride ”  
“ you. — I have his horse [*to Fab.*] to take up the quar-”  
“ rel ; I have persuaded him, the youth's a devil.”

*FAB.* “ He is as horribly conceited of him ; and ”  
“ pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.”

*Sir T.* There's no remedy, sir, [*to Vio.*] he will fight  
with you for's oath's sake : marry, he hath better be-  
thought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce  
to be worth talking of : therefore draw, for the sup-  
portance of his vow ; he protests, he will not hurt you.

*VIO.* “ Pray God defend me ! A little thing would ”  
“ make me tell them how much I lack of a man.”

*FAB.* Give ground, if you see him furious.

*Sir T.* Come, sir *Andrew*, there's no remedy ; the gen-  
tleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with  
you ; he cannot by the duello avoid it : but he has pro-  
mis'd me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not  
hurt you. Come on ; to't.

*Sir A.* Pray God, he keeps his oath ! [*draws.*]

*VIO.* I do assure you, [*to Sir And.*] 'tis against my  
will. [*draws.*]

*Enter ANTONIO ; draws, and runs between.*

*ANT.* Put up your sword : — If this young gentleman  
Have done offence, I take the fault on me ;

If you offend him, I for him defy you.

*Sir T.* You, fir? why, what are you?

*ANT.* One, fir, that for his love dares yet do more  
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

*Sir T.* Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

*Enter two Officers.*

*FAB.* O, good fir *Toby*, hold; here come the officers.

*Sir T.* I'll be with you anon. [to Antonio.]

*VIO.* Pray, fir, put your sword up, if you please.

*Sir A.* Marry, will I, fir: and, for that I promis'd  
you, I'll be as good as my word; he will bear you  
easily, and reins well.

1. O. This is the man; do thy office.

2. O. *Antonio*, I arrest thee at the suit  
Of count *Orsino*.

*ANT.* You do mistake me, fir.

1. O. No, fir, no jot; I know your favour well,  
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head: —  
Take him away; he knows, I know him well.

*ANT.* I must obey. — This comes with seeking you:  
But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.

What will you do? Now my necessity  
Makes me to ask you for my purse: It grieves me  
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,  
Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd;  
But be of comfort.

2. O. Come, fir, away.

*ANT.* I must intreat of you  
Some of that money back.

*VIO.* What money, fir?  
For the fair kindness you have shew'd me here,  
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,



Out of my lean and low ability  
 I'll lend you something : my having is not much ;  
 I'll make division of my present with you :  
 Hold, 'There's † half my coffer.

*ANT.* Will you deny me now ?  
 Is't possible, that my deserts to you  
 Can lack persuasion ? Do not tempt my misery,  
 Lest that it make me so unsound a man,  
 As to upbraid you with those kindneses  
 That I have done for you.

*VIO.* I know of none ;  
 Nor know I you by voice, or any feature :  
 I hate ingratitude more in a man,  
 Than lying, vainness, babbling drunkenness,  
 Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption  
 Inhabits our frail blood.

*ANT.* O heavens themselves !

2. O. Come, sir, I pray you, go. [here,

*ANT.* Let me speak a little. This youth, that you see  
 I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death ;  
 Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love, —  
 And to his image, which, methought, did promise  
 Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1. O. What's that to us ? the time goes by ; away.

*ANT.* But, o, how vile an idol proves this god ! —  
 Thou hast, *Sebastian*, done good feature shame. —  
 In nature there's no blemish, but the mind ;  
 None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind :  
 Virtue is beauty ; but the beauteous evil  
 Are empty trunks, o'er-flourish'd by the devil.

1. O. The man grows mad ; away with him,

2. *D.* Come, come, sir.



ANT. Lead me on. [Exeunt Officers with ANT.]

VIO. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,  
That he believes himself; so do not I:  
Prove true, imagination, o, prove true,  
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir T. Come hither, knight, come hither, *Fabian*;  
we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.  
[converse apart.]

VIO. He nam'd *Sebastian*: I my brother know  
Yet living in my glafs; even such, and so,  
In favour was my brother; and he went  
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,  
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,  
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love.

[Exit VIOLA.]

Sir T. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward  
than a hare: his dishonesty appears, in leaving his friend  
here in necessity, and denying him; and for his coward-  
ship, ask *Fabian*.

FAB. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir A. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir T. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir A. An I do not, — [Exit.]

FAB. Come, let's see the event.

Sir T. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. Street before *Olivia's House*.

Enter *SEBASTIAN*, and *Clown*.

[for you?]

Clow. Will you make me believe, that I am not sent

*SEB.* Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow ;  
Let me be clear of thee.

*Clo.* Well held out, i'faith ! No, I do not know you ; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her ; nor your name is not master *Cesar* ; nor this is not my nose neither nothing, that is so, is so.

*SEB.* I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else ;  
Thou know'st not me.

*Clo.* Vent my folly ! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly ! I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney. — I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady ; Shall I vent to her, that thou art coming ?

*SEB.* I pr'ythee, foolish *Greek*, depart from me ;  
There's † money for thee ; if you tarry longer,  
I shall give worse payment.

*Clo.* By my troth, thou hast an open hand : — These wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a good report, after fourteen years purchase.

*Enter Sir ANDREW, Sir TOBY, and Fabian.*

*Sir A.* Now, sir, have I met you again ? there's for you. [striking Sebastian.

*SEB.* Why, there's for thee, and there, and there,  
and there : [striking him again.

Are all the people mad ?

*Sir T.* Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

*Clo.* This will I tell my lady straight : I would not be in some of your coats for two-pence. [Exit Clown.

*Sir T.* Come on, sir ; hold. [holding Sebastian.

*Sir A.* Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to

work with him ; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in *Illyria*: though I strook him first, yet it's no matter for that.

SEB. Let go thy hand.

Sir T. Come, fir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well flesh'd; come on. [now?

SEB. I will be free from thee. What would'st thou  
[wrenches from him, and draws.

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir T. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [draws too.

Enter OLIVIA, hastily.

OLI. Hold, *Toby*; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir T. Madam?

OLI. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,  
Fit for the mountains, and the barbarous caves,  
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight! —  
Be not offended, dear *Cesario*: —

Rudesby, be gone! — I pr'ythee, gentle friend,

[Exeunt Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, and Fabian.

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway  
In this uncivil and unjust extent  
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;  
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks  
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby  
May'st smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go;  
Do not deny: Beshrew his soul for me,  
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

SEB. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?  
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream: —  
Let fancy still my sense in *Lethe* steep;

If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep! [by me!

OLI. Nay, come, I pr'ythee: 'Would thou'dst be rul'd

SEB. Madam, I will.

OLI. O, say so, and so be! [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *A Room in Olivia's House.*

*Enter MARIA, and Clown.*

MAR. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this † gown, and † this beard; make him believe, thou art fir *Topas* the curate; do it quickly: I'll call fir *Toby* the whilst.

[Exit MARIA.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembl'd in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well; nor lean enough, to be thought a good student: but to be said, an honest man, and a good house-keeper, goes as fairly as to say, a graceful man, and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

*Re-enter MARIA, with Sir TOBY.*

Sir T. *Jove* blefs thee, Mr. parson.

Clo. *Bonos dies*, fir *Toby*: for as the old hermit of *Prague*, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of king *Gorboauc*, *That, that is, is*; so I, being Mr. parson, am Mr. parson; For what is that, but that; and is, but is?

Sir T. To him, fir *Topas*.

Clo. What ho, I say, [rapping at an inner Door.]  
Peace in this prison!

Sir T. "The knave counterfeits well; a good knave."

MAL. [within.] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir *Topas* the curate, who comes to visit *Malvolio* the lunatick,

*MAL.* Sir *Topas*, fir *Topas*, good fir *Topas*, go to my lady.

*Cl.* Out, hyperbolical fiend ! how vexest thou this man ? talkest thou nothing but of ladies ?

*Sir T.* " Well said, Mr. parson. "

*MAL.* Sir *Topas*, never was man thus wrong'd ; good fir *Topas*, do not think I am mad ; they have lay'd me here in hideous darknefs.

*Cl.* Fie, thou dishonest *Sathan* ! I call thee by the most modest terms ; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy ; Say'st thou, that house is dark ?

*MAL.* As hell, fir *Topas*.

*Cl.* Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clear stoves toward the south-north are as lustrous as ebony ; and yet complainest thou of obstruction ?

*MAL.* I am not mad, fir *Topas* ; I say to you, this house is dark.

*Cl.* Madman, thou erreft : I say, there is no darknefs, but ignorance ; in which thou art more puzzl'd, than the *Egyptians* in their fog.

*MAL.* I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell ; and I say, there was never man thus abus'd : I am no more mad than you are ; make the trial of it in any constant question.

*Cl.* What is the opinion of *Pythagoras*, concerning wild-fowl ?

*MAL.* That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

*Cl.* What think'st thou of his opinion ?

*MAL.* I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

*Clo.* Fare thee well : Remain thou still in darknes : thou shalt hold the opinion of *Pythagoras*, ere I will allow of thy wits ; and fear to kill a wood-cock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

*MAL.* Sir *Topas*, sir *Topas*, —

*Sir T.* “ My most exquisite sir *Topas* ! ”

*Clo.* “ Nay, I am for all waters. ”

*MAR.* “ Thou might’st have done this without thy ”  
“ beard, and gown ; he sees thee not. ”

*Sir T.* “ To him in thine own voice, and bring me ”  
“ word how thou find’st him : I would, we were well ”  
“ rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently de- ”  
“ liver’d, I would he were ; for I am now so far in of- ”  
“ fence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any ”  
“ safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my ”  
“ chamber. ”

[*Exeunt Sir TOBY, and MARIA.*]

*Clo.* [*sings.*] *Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,*  
*tell me how thy lady does.*

*MAL.* Fool, —

*Clo.* *My lady is unkind, perdy.*

*MAL.* Fool, —

*Clo.* *Alas, why is she so ?*

*MAL.* Fool, I say ; —

*Clo.* *She loves another — Who calls, ha ?*

*MAL.* Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper ; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for’t.

*Clo.* Mr. *Malvolio* ?

*MAL.* Ay, good fool.

*Clo.* Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits ?

*MAL.* Fool, there was never man so notoriously abus’d :



I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

*Clo.* But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

*MAL.* They have here property'd me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

*Clo.* Advise you what you say; the minister is here. — *Malvolio, Malvolio*, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

*MAL.* Sir *Topas*, —

*Clo.* Maintain no words with him, good fellow. — Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b'w'you, good sir *Topas*. — Marry, amen. — I will, sir, I will.

*MAL.* Fool, fool, fool, I say, —

*Clo.* Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

*MAL.* Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in *Iilyria*.

*Clo.* Well-a-day, that you were, sir!

*MAL.* By this hand, I am: good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more, than ever the bearing of letter did.

*Clo.* I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

*MAL.* Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

*Clo.* Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman, 'till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

*MAL.* Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I pry'thee, be gone.

Clo.

*I am gone, fir,  
and anon, fir,  
I'll be with you again,  
in a trice,  
like to the old vice,  
your need to sustain;  
who with dagger of lath,  
in his rage and his wrath,  
cries, ah, ha! to the devil,  
like a mad lad,  
pare thy nails, dad,  
adieu, goodman devil.*

[*singing.*[*Exit.*


---

SCENE III. *Olivia's Garden.*

*Enter SEBASTIAN.*

SEB. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;  
This pearl † she gave me, I do feel't, and see't:  
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,  
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's *Antonio* then?  
I could not find him at the elephant:  
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,  
That he did range the town to seek me out.  
His counsel now might do me golden service:  
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,  
That this may be some error, but no madness;  
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune  
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,  
'That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,  
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me  
To any other trust, but that I am mad,  
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,  
She could not sway her house, command her followers,

Take, and give back, affairs, and their dispatch,  
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,  
As, I perceive, she does : there's something in't,  
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

*Enter OLIVIA, and a Priest.*

OLI. Blame not this haste of mine : If you mean well,  
Now go with me, and with this holy man,  
Into the chantry by : there, before him,  
And underneath that consecrated roof,  
Plight me the full assurance of your faith ;  
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul  
May live at peace : He shall conceal it,  
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note ;  
What time we will our celebration keep  
According to my birth. What do you say ?

SEB. I'll follow this good man, and go with you ;  
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true. [so shine,

OLI. Then lead the way, good father ;—And heavens  
That they may fairly note this act of mine ! [Exeunt.

---

---

ACT V.

SCENE, before Olivia's House.

*Enter Clown, and FABIAN.*

FAB. Now, as thou lov'st me, let me see this letter.

Clow. Good Mr. Fabian, grant me another request.

FAB. Any thing.

Clow. Do not desire to see this † letter.

FAB. This is, to give a dog, and, in recompence,  
desire my dog again.

*Enter Duke, VIOLA, and Attendants.*

*Duk.* Belong you to the lady *Olivia*, friends ?

*Clo.* Ay, fir ; we are some of her trappings. [low.

*Duk.* I know thee well ; How dost thou, my good fel-

*Clo.* Truly, fir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

*Duk.* Just the contrary ; the better for thy friends.

*Clo.* No, fir, the worse.

*Duk.* How can that be ?

*Clo.* Marry, fir, they praise me, and make an ass of me ; now my foes tell me plainly, I am an ass : so that by my foes, fir, I profit in the knowledge of myself ; and by my friends I am abused : so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

*Duk.* Why, this is excellent.

*Clo.* By my troth, fir, no ; though it please you to be one of my friends.

*Duk.* Thou shalt not be the worse for me ; there's † gold.

*Clo.* But that it would be double-dealing, fir, I would you could make it another.

*Duk.* O, you give me ill counsel.

*Clo.* Put your grace in your pocket, fir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

*Duk.* Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a double-dealer ; there's † another.

*Clo.* *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play ; and the old saying is, the third pays for all : the *triplex*, fir, is a good tripping measure ; or the bells of saint *Bennet*, fir, may put you in mind, One, two, three.

*Duk.* You can fool no more money out of me at this throw : if you will let your lady know, I am here to

ſpeak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

*Clo.* Marry, ſir, lullaby to your bounty, 'till I come again. I go, ſir; but I would not have you to think, that my deſire of having is the ſin of covetouſneſs: but, as you ſay, ſir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [Exit Clown.

*Enter ANTONIO, and Officers.*

*Vio.* Here comes the man, ſir, that did reſcue me.

*Duk.* That face of his I do remember well;  
Yet, when I ſaw it laſt, it was beſmear'd,  
As black as *Vulcan*, in the ſmoke of war:  
A baubling veſſel was he captain of,  
For ſhallow draught, and bulk, unprizable;  
With which ſuch ſcathful grapple did he make  
With the moſt noble bottom of our fleet,  
That very envy, and the tongue of loſs,  
Cry'd fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

*1. O.* *Orſino*, this is that *Antonio*,  
That took the *Phœnix*, and her fraught, from *Candy*;  
And this is he that did the *Tiger* board,  
When your young nephew *Titus* loſt his leg:  
Here in the ſtreets, deſp'rate of ſhame, and ſtate,  
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

*Vio.* He ſhew'd me kindneſs, ſir; drew on my ſide;  
But, in concluſion, put ſtrange ſpeech upon me,  
I know not what 'twas, but diſtraction.

*Duk.* Notable pyrate, thou ſalt-water thief,  
What fooliſh boldneſs brought thee to their mercies,  
Whom thou, in terms ſo bloody, and ſo dear,  
Haſt made thine enemies?

*ANT.* *Orſino*, noble ſir,

Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me ;  
*Antonio* never yet was thief, or pyrate,  
 Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,  
*Orsino's* enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither :  
 That most ingrateful boy there, by your side,  
 From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth  
 Did I redeem ; a wreck past hope he was :  
 His life I gave him ; and did thereto add  
 My love, without retention, or restraint,  
 All his in dedication : for his sake  
 Did I expose myself, pure for his love,  
 Into the danger of this adverse town :  
 Drew to defend him, when he was beset :  
 Where being apprehended, his false cunning  
 (Not meaning to partake with me in danger)  
 Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,  
 And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,  
 While one would wink ; deny'd me mine own purse,  
 Which I had recommended to his use  
 Not half an hour before.

*Vio.* How can this be ?

*Duk.* When came he to this town ?

*ANT.* To-day, my lord ; and, for three months before,  
 (No interim, not a minute's vacancy)  
 Both day and night did we keep company.

*Enter OLIVIA, and Attendants.* [earth.—

*Duk.* Here comes the countess ; now heaven walks on  
 But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness :  
 Three months this youth hath tended upon me ;  
 But more of that anon. — Take him aside.

*OLI.* What would my lord, but that he may not have,  
 Wherein *Olivia* may seem serviceable ? —



*Cesario*, you do not keep promise with me.

*Vio*. Madam ?

*Duk*. Gracious *Olivia*, —

*OLI*. What do you say, *Cesario*? — Good my lord, —

*Vio*. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

*OLI*. If it be ought to the old tune, my lord,

It is as flat and fulsome to mine ear,  
As howling after musick.

*Duk*. Still, still so cruel ?

*OLI*. Still so constant, lord.

*Duk*. What, to perverseness ? you uncivil lady,  
To whose ingrate and un auspicious altars  
My soul the faithfull'st off'rings hath breath'd out,  
That e'er devotion tender'd ! What shall I do ? [him.

*OLI*. Even what it please my lord, that shall become

*Duk*. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,  
Like to the *Egyptian* thief, at point of death,  
Kill what I love ; a savage jealousy,  
That sometime favours nobly ? — But hear me this :  
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,  
And that I partly know the instrument  
That screws me from my true place in your favour,  
Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still ;  
But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,  
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,  
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,  
Where he sits crowned in his master's spight. —  
Come, boy, with me ; my thoughts are ripe in mischief :  
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love.

To spite a raven's heart within a dove, [going.

*Vio*. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,  
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would dye. [following.

OLI. Where goes *Cesario*?

VIO. After him I love,

More than I love these eyes, more than my life,

More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife:

If I do feign, you witnesses above,

Punish my life, for tainting of my love!

OLI. Ah me detested! how am I beguil'd!

VIO. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

OLI. Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long? —

Call forth the holy father.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Duk. Come, away.

[*to Viola.*

OLI. Whither, my lord? — *Cesario*, husband, stay.

Duk. Husband?

OLI. Ay, husband; Can he that deny?

Duk. Her husband, firrah?

VIO. No, my lord, not I.

OLI. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,

That makes thee strangle thy propriety:

Fear not, *Cesario*, take thy fortunes up;

Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art,

As great as that thou fear'st. — O, welcome, father!

*Re-enter Attendant, with Priest.*

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence,

Here to unfold (though lately we intended

To keep in darkness, what occasion now

Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know

Hath newly past between this youth and me.

*Pri.* A contract of eternal bond of love,

Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,

Attested by the holy close of lips,

Strengthen'd by enterchangement of your rings;

And all the ceremony of this compact

Seal'd in my function, by my testimony :  
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave  
I have travel'd but two hours.

*Duk.* O thou dissembling cub ! what wilt thou be,  
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case ?  
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,  
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow ?  
Farewel, and take her ; but direct thy feet,  
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

*Vio.* My lord, I do protest, —

*OLI.* O, do not swear ;  
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

*Enter Sir ANDREW, with his Head broke.*

*Sir A.* For the love of God, a surgeon ; send one presently to sir *Toby*.

*OLI.* What's the matter ?

*Sir A.* H'as broke my head across, and h'as given sir *Toby* a bloody coxcomb too : for the love of God, your help : I had rather than forty pound, I were at home.

*OLI.* Who has done this, sir *Andrew* ?

*Sir A.* The count's gentleman, one *Cesario* : we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

*Duk.* My gentleman, *Cesario* ?

*Sir A.* Od's lifelings, here he is : — You broke my head for nothing ; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by sir *Toby*.

*Vio.* Why do you speak to me ? I never hurt you : You drew your sword upon me, without cause ; But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

*Sir A.* If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me ; I think, you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

*Enter Sir TOBY, drunk, led by the Clown.*

Here comes fir *Toby* halting, you shall hear more : but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickl'd you othergates than he did.

*Duk.* How now, gentleman ? how is't with you ?

*Sir T.* That's all one ; h'as hurt me, and there's the end on't. — Sot, did'st see *Dick* surgeon, sot ?

*Clo.* O, he's drunk, fir *Toby*, an hour ago ; his eyes were set at eight i'the morning.

*Sir T.* Then he's a rogue, and a past-measure paynim : I hate a drunken rogue.

*OLI.* Away with him : Who hath made this havock with them ?

*Sir A.* I'll help you, fir *Toby*, because we'll be drest together.

*Sir T.* Will you help an afs-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave ; a thin-fac'd knave, a gull ?

*OLI.* Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt Clown, and some Attendants,*  
with *Sir TOBY*, and *Sir ANDREW*.

*Enter SEBASTIAN.*

*SEB.* I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman ;  
But, had it been the brother of my blood,  
I must have done no less, with wit, and safety.  
You throw a strange regard upon me, and  
By that I do perceive it hath offended you ;  
Pardon, me, sweet one, even for the vows  
We made each other but so late ago.

*Duk.* One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons ;  
A natural perspective, that is, and is not.

*SEB.* *Antonio*, o my dear *Antonio* !  
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,  
Since I have lost thee ?

*ANT.* *Sebastian* are you ?

*SEB.* Fear'st thou that, *Antonio* ?

*ANT.* How have you made division of yourself ? —

An apple, cleft in two, is not more twain  
Than these two creatures. Which is *Sebastian* ?

*OLI.* Most wonderful !

*SEB.* Do I stand there ? I never had a brother :  
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,  
Of here and every where. I had a sister,  
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd : —  
Of charity, what kin are you to me ?

What countryman ? what name ? what parentage ?

*VIO.* Of *Messaline* : *Sebastian* was my father ;  
Such a *Sebastian* was my brother too,  
So went he suited to his watry tomb :  
If spirits can assume both form and suit,  
You come to fright us.

*SEB.* A spirit I am, indeed ;  
But am in that dimension grossly clad,  
Which from the womb I did participate,  
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,  
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,  
As say, Thrice welcome, drowned *Viola*.

*VIO.* My father had a mole upon his brow.

*SEB.* And so had mine.

*VIO.* And dy'd that day when *Viola* from her birth  
Had number'd thirteen years.

*SEB.* O, that record is lively in my soul !  
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,  
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

*VIO.* If nothing lets to make us happy both,  
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,

Do not embrace me, 'till each circumstance  
 Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,  
 That I am *Viola*: which to confirm,  
 I'll bring you to a captain in this town,  
 Where lye my maids weeds; by whose gentle help  
 I was preserv'd, to serve this noble count:  
 All the occurrence of my fortune since  
 Hath been between this lady, and this lord.

*SEB.* So comes it, lady, [*to Oli.*] you have been mistook:  
 But nature to her bias drew in that.  
 You would have been contracted to a maid;  
 Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,  
 You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

*Duk.* Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood. —  
 If this be so, as yet the glass' seems true,  
 I shall have share in this most happy wreck:  
 Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times,  
 Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

*VIO.* And all those sayings will I over-swear;  
 And all those swearings keep as true in soul,  
 As doth that orb'd continent the fire  
 That severs day from night.

*Duk.* Give me thy hand;  
 And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

*VIO.* The captain, that did bring me first on shore,  
 Hath my maids garments: he, upon some action,  
 Is now in durance; at *Malvolio's* suit,  
 A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

*OLI.* He shall enlarge him:—Fetch *Malvolio* hither:—  
 And yet, alas, now I remember me,  
 They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

*Re-enter Clown, with a Letter.*



A most extracting frenzy of mine own  
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his. —  
How does he, firrah?

*Clo.* Truly, madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do: h'as here writ a letter to you, I should have given't you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are deliver'd.

*OLI.* Open't, and read it.

*Clo.* Look then to be well edify'd, when the fool delivers the madman. *By the Lord, madam, —*

*OLI.* How now, art thou mad?

*Clo.* No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow  
*vox.*

*OLI.* Pr'ythee, read i'thy right wits.

*Clo.* So I do, madona; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

*OLI.* Read it you, firrah.

[to Fabian.

*FAB.* [reads.] *By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter, that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.*

*The madly us'd Malvolio.*

*OLI.* Did he write this?

*Clo.* Ay, madam.

*Duk.* This favours not much of distraction.

*OLI.* See him deliver'd, *Fabian*; bring him hither.

[*Exit FABIAN.*]

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,  
To think me as well a sister as a wife,  
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,  
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

*Duk.* Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.—  
Your master quits you: [*to Vio.*] and, for your service  
So much against the mettle of your sex, [done him,  
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,  
And since you call'd me master for so long,  
Here † is my hand; you shall from this time be  
Your master's mistress.

*OLI.* A sister? — you are she.

*Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.*

*Duk.* Is this the madman?

*OLI.* Ay, my lord, this same. —

How now, *Malvolio*?

*MAL.* Madam, you have done me wrong,  
Notorious wrong.

*OLI.* Have I, *Malvolio*? no.

*MAL.* Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that † letter:  
You must not now deny it is your hand,  
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase;  
Or say, 'tis not your seal, not your invention:  
You can say none of this: Well, grant it then,  
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,  
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour;  
Bad me come smiling, and cross-garter'd, to you,  
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown  
Upon sir *Toby*, and the lighter people:

And, acting this in an obedient hope,  
 Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,  
 Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,  
 And made the most notorious geck, and gull,  
 That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why?

OLI. Alas, *Malvolio*, this is not my writing,  
 Though, I confess, much like the character:  
 But, out of question, 'tis *Maria's* hand.  
 And, now I do bethink me, it was she  
 First told me, thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,  
 And in such forms which here were presuppos'd  
 Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:  
 This practice hath most shrewdly past upon thee;  
 But, when we know the grounds, and authors, of it,  
 Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge  
 Of thine own cause.

FAB. Good madam, hear me speak;  
 And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,  
 Taint the condition of this present hour,  
 Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,  
 Most freely I confess, myself, and *Toby*,  
 Set this device against *Malvolio* here,  
 Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts  
 We had conceiv'd against him: *Maria* writ  
 The letter, at fir *Toby's* great importance;  
 In recompence whereof, he hath marry'd her.  
 How with a sportful malice it was follow'd  
 May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;  
 If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,  
 That have on both sides past.

OLI. Alas, poor fool, how have they baff'd thee!

Clo. Why, some are born great, some atchieve great-

*ness, and some have greatness thrown upon them. — I was one, sir, in this interlude, one sir Topas, sir; but that's all one: By the Lord, fool, I am not mad: — But do you remember, madam, Why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gag'd: And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.*

*MAL.* I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you.

[*Exit MALVOLIO.*]

*OLI.* He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

*Duk.* Pursue him, and intreat him to a peace: —

He hath not told us of the captain yet;

When that is known, and golden time convents,

A solemn combination shall be made

Of our dear souls: — Mean time, sweet sister,

We will not part from hence. — *Cesario*, come;

For so you shall be, while you are a man;

But, when in other habits you are seen,

*Orsino's* mistress, and his fancy's queen.

[*Exeunt.*]

### S O N G.

*Clo.* *When that I was and a little tiny boy,  
with hey, ho, the wind, and the rain,  
a foolish thing was but a toy,  
for the rain it raineth every day.*

2.

*But when I came to man's estate,*

*with hey, ho, &c.*

*'gainst knaves, and thieves, men shut their gate,*

*for the rain, &c.*

3.

*But when I came, alas, to wive,*

with hey, ho, &c.  
by swaggering could I never thrive,  
for the rain, &c.

4.

But when I came unto my beds,  
with hey, ho, &c.  
with tofs-pots still had drunken heads,  
for the rain, &c.

5.

A great while ago the world begun,  
with hey, ho, &c.  
but that's all one, our play is done,  
and we'll strive to please you every day.

---

---





*The*

*WINTER'S*

*TALE.*

*Persons represented.*

Leontes, *King of Sicilia* :  
Mamillius, *a young Boy, his Son.*  
Camillo,  
Antigonus, } *Lords* :  
Dion, and }  
Cleomenes, }  
*two other Lords; Gentlemen and*  
*Attendants upon the King, four;*  
*three other Gentlemen; a Mariner;*  
*Prison-keeper, and Officer of a*  
*Court of Justice, Sicilians.*  
Polixenes, *King of Bohemia* :  
Florizel, *his Son.*  
Archidamus, *a Nobleman* :  
Autolicus, *a Rogue* :  
*an old Shepherd; Clown, his Son;*  
*Servant of the Shepherd's, Bohemians.*  
*Time, as Chorus.*

Hermione, *Queen to Leontes* :  
Perdita, *their Daughter.*  
Paulina, *Wife to Antigonus.*  
Emilia, and } *attending the Queen.*  
*two other Ladies,* }  
Mopsa, and Dorcas, *country Wenches.*

*Lords, Ladies, and divers other Attendants;*  
*Satyrs in a Dance; Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.*

*Scene, dispers'd; in Sicilia, and Bohemia.*

The W I N T E R ' S T A L E .

---

ACT I.

SCENE I. Sicilia.

*An Anti-room in Leontes' Palace.*

Enter ARCHIDAMUS, and CAMILLO.

ARC. If you shall chance, *Camillo*, to visit *Bobemia*, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our *Bobemia* and your *Sicilia*.

CAM. I think, this coming summer, the king of *Sicilia* means to pay *Bobemia* the visitation which he justly owes him.

ARC. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justify'd in our loves: for, indeed, —

CAM. Beseech you, —

ARC. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence — in so rare — I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks; that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

*CAM.* You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

*ARC.* Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

*CAM.* *Sicilia* cannot shew himself over-kind to *Bohemia*. They were train'd together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now: Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorney'd, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies: that they have seem'd to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast sea; and embrac'd, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

*ARC.* I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince *Mamillius*; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

*CAM.* I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physicks the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they, that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

*ARC.* Would they else be content to dye?

*CAM.* Yes; if there were no other excuse, why they should desire to live.

*ARC.* If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches 'till he had one. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A Room of State in the same.*

*Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, and young MAMILLIUS; CAMILLO, and Attendants, following.*

POL. Nine changes of the watry star have been  
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne  
Without a burthen: time as long again  
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;  
And yet we should, for perpetuity,  
Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cypher,  
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,  
With one we-thank-you, many thousands more  
That go before it.

LEO. Stay your thanks a while;  
And pay them when you part.

POL. Sir, that's to-morrow.  
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance  
Or breed upon our absence; there may blow  
Some sneaping winds at home, to make us say,  
*This is put forth too tardily*: Besides,  
I have stay'd to tire your royalty.

LEO. We are tougher, brother,  
Than you can put us to't.

POL. No longer stay.

LEO. One sev'n-night longer.

POL. Very sooth, to-morrow.

LEO. We'll part the time between's then; and in that  
I'll no gain-saying.

POL. Prefs me not so, 'beseech you:  
There is no tongue that moves; none, none i'the world,  
So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now, were there

6 hath been    19 that may blow | No sneaping  
21 too truly:    30 'beseech you) so:

Necessity in your request, although  
 'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs  
 Do even drag me homeward : which to hinder,  
 Were, in your love, a whip to me ; my stay,  
 To you a charge, and trouble : to save both,  
 Farewel, our brother.

LEO. Tongue-ty'd, our queen? speak you.

HER. I had thought, fir, to have held my peace, until  
 You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, fir,  
 Charge him too coldly : Tell him, you are sure,  
 All in *Bobemia's* well : this satisfaction  
 The by-gone day proclaim'd ; say this to him,  
 He's beat from his best ward.

LEO. Well said, *Hermione*.

HER. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong :  
 But let him say so then, and let him go ;  
 But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,  
 We'll thwack him hence with distaffs. —  
 Yet of your royal presence [*to Pol.*] I'll adventure  
 The borrow of a week. When at *Bobemia*  
 You take my lord, I'll give you my commission,  
 To let him there a month, behind the gift  
 Prefix'd for his parting : — yet, good deed, *Leontes*,  
 I love thee not a jar o'the clock behind  
 What lady she her lord. — You'll stay ?

POL. No, madam.

HER. Nay, but you will.

POL. I may not, verily.

HER. Verily !

You put me off with limber vows : But I,  
 Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,  
 Should yet say, *Sir, no going*. Verily,



You shall not go ; a lady's verily is  
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet ?  
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,  
Not like a guest ; so you shall pay your fees,  
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you ?  
My prisoner ? or my guest ? by your dread verily,  
One of them you shall be.

POL. Your guest then, madam :  
To be your prisoner, should import offending ;  
Which is for me less easy to commit,  
Than you to punish.

HER. Not your jailer then,  
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you  
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys ;  
You were pretty lordings then.

POL. We were, fair queen,  
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,  
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,  
And to be boy eternal.

HER. Was not my lord  
The verier wag o'the two ?

POL. We were as twin'd lambs, that did frisk i'the sun,  
And bleat the one at the other : what we chang'd,  
Was innocence for innocence ; we knew not  
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd  
That any did : Had we pursu'd that life,  
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd  
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven  
Boldly, *Not guilty* ; th' imposition clear'd,  
Hereditary ours.

HER. By this we gather,  
You have tript since.

*POL.* O my most sacred lady,  
Temptations have since then been born to us : for  
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl ;  
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes  
Of my young play-fellow.

*HER.* Grace to boot !  
Of this make no conclusion ; lest you say,  
Your queen and I are devils : Yet, go on ;  
The offences, we have made you do, we'll answer ;  
If you first sin'd with us, and that with us  
You did continue fault, and that you slip'd not  
With any but with us.

*LEO.* Is he won yet ?

*HER.* He'll stay, my lord.

*LEO.* " At my request, he would not. " —  
*Hermione*, my dear'st, thou never spok'st  
To better purpose.

*HER.* Never ?

*LEO.* Never, but once.

*HER.* What, have I twice said well ? when was't before ;  
I pr'ythee, tell me ? Cram us with praise, and make us  
As fat as tame things : One good deed, dying tongueless,  
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.  
Our praises are our wages : You may ride us  
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere  
With spur we heat an acre. But, to the goal :  
My last good deed was, to entreat his stay ;  
What was my first ? it has an elder sister,  
Or I mistake you ; — O, would her name were *Grace* ! —  
But, once before I spoke to the purpose : When ?  
Nay, let me have't ; I long.

*LEO.* Why, that was when

Three crabbed months had four'd themselves to death,  
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,  
And clepe thyself my love; then didst thou utter,  
*I am yours for ever.*

HER. It is Grace, indeed. —

Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:  
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;  
The other, for some while a friend. [*giving her Hand to Pol.*

LEO. "Too hot, too hot:" [*observing them.*  
"To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods."  
"I have *tremor cordis* on me: my heart dances;"  
"But not for joy, not joy. This entertainment"  
"May a free face put on; derive a liberty"  
"From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,"  
"And well become the agent: 't may, I grant:"  
"But to be padding palms, and pinching fingers,"  
"As now they are; and making practis'd smiles,"  
"As in a looking-glass; and then to sigh, as 'twere"  
"The mort o'the deer; o, that is entertainment,"  
"My bosom likes not, nor my brows." — *Mamillius,*  
Art thou my boy?

MAM. Ay, my good lord.

LEO. I'fecks?

Why, that's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd thy nose? —  
They say, it is a copy out of mine. —  
Come, captain, [*pulling the Boy to him, and wiping him.*  
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:  
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,  
Are all call'd, neat. — "Still virginalling"  
"Upon his palm?" — How now, you wanton calf?  
Art thou my calf?

MAM. Yes, if you will, my lord.

LEO. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I  
 To be full like me : — yet, they say, we are [have,  
 Almost as like as eggs ; women say fo,  
 That will say any thing : But were they false  
 As o'er-dy'd blacks, as wind, as waters ; false  
 As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes  
 No bourn 'twixt his and mine ; yet were it true,  
 To say, this boy were like me. — Come, fir page,  
 Look on me with your welkin eye : Sweet villain !  
 Most dear'st ! my collop ! — Can thy dam ? may't be ?  
 Affection, thy intention stabs to the center :  
 Thou dost make possible things not so held,  
 Communicat'st with dreams, — How can this be ? —  
 With what's unreal ; thou coactive art,  
 And fellow'st nothing : Then, 'tis very credent,  
 Thou may'st co-join with something ; and thou dost ;  
 [And that beyond commission, and I find it ;]  
 And that to the infection of my brains,  
 And hard'ning of my brows.

POL. What means *Sicilia* ?

HER. He something seems unsettl'd.

POL. Now, my lord ?

What cheer ? how is't with you, best brother ?

HER. You look,

As if you held a brow of much distraction :

Are you mov'd, my lord ?

LEO. No, in good earnest, no. —

“How sometimes nature will betray it's folly,”

“It's tenderness ; and make itself a pastime”

“To harder bosoms !” — Looking on the lines

Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil

'Twenty three years ; and saw myself unbreech'd,

In my green velvet coat ; my dagger muzzl'd,  
 Left it should bite it's master, and so prove,  
 As ornament oft does, too dangerous.  
 How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,  
 This squash, this gentleman : — Mine honest friend,  
 Will you take eggs for money ?

MAM. No, my lord, I'll fight. [brother,

LEO. You will ? why, happy man be his dole ! — My  
 Are you so fond of your young prince, as we  
 Do seem to be of ours ?

POL. If at home, sir,  
 He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter :  
 Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy ;  
 My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all :  
 He makes a *July's* day short as *December* ;  
 And, with his varying childness, cures in me  
 Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

LEO. So stands this squire  
 Offic'd with me : We two will walk, my lord,  
 And leave you to your graver steps. — *Hermione*,  
 How thou lov'st us, shew in our brother's welcome ;  
 Let what is dear in *Sicily*, be cheap :  
 Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's  
 Apparent to my heart.

HER. If you would seek us,  
 We are yours i'the garden : Shall's attend you there ?

LEO. To your own bents dispose you : — “ you'll be ”  
 “ Be you beneath the sky : I am angling now, ” [found, ”  
 “ Though you perceive me not how I give line. ”  
 “ Go to, go to ! ” [eying them, as they go out.  
 “ How she holds up the neb, the bill to him ! ”  
 “ And arms her with the boldness of a wife ”



“To her allowing husband! Gone already;” [one.] —  
 “Inch-thick, knee-deep, o’er head and ears a fork’d”

[*Exeunt* QUEEN, POLIXENES, and *Attendants*.]

Go, play, boy, play:—thy mother plays, and I  
 Play too; but so disgrac’d a part, whose issue  
 Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamour  
 Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play.—There have  
 Or I am much deceiv’d, cuckolds ere now; [been,  
 And many a man there is, even at this present,  
 Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,  
 That little thinks she has been sluic’d in his absence,  
 And his pond fish’d by his next neighbour, by  
 Sir *Smile*, his neighbour: nay, there’s comfort in’t;  
 Whiles other men have gates; and those gates open’d,  
 As mine, against their will: should all despair,  
 That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind  
 Would hang themselves. Physick for’t, there is none;  
 It is a bawdy planet, that will strike  
 Where ’tis predominant; and ’tis powerful, think it,  
 From east, west, north, and south: Be it concluded,  
 No barricado for a belly; know’t;  
 It will let in and out the enemy,  
 With bag and baggage: many thousand on’s  
 Have the disease, and feel’t not.—How now, boy?

*MAM.* I am like you, they say.

*LEO.* Why, that’s some comfort.—

What, is *Camillo* there?

*CAM.* Ay, my good lord.

*LEO.* Go, play, *Mamillius*; thou’rt an honest man.—

[*Exit* MAMILLIUS.]

*Camillo*, this great fir will yet stay longer.

*CAM.* You had much ado to make his anchor hold;



When you cast out, it still came home.

LEO. Did'st note it?

CAM. He would not stay at your petitions; made  
His business more material.

LEO. Did'st perceive it? —

They're here with me already; whisp'ring, rounding,  
Sicilia is a *so-forth*: 'Tis far gone,  
When I shall gust it last. — How came't, *Camillo*,  
That he did stay?

CAM. At the good queen's entreaty.

LEO. At the queen's, be't: good, should be pertinent;  
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken  
By any understanding pate but thine? —  
For thy conceit is foaking, will draw in  
More than the common blocks: — Not noted, is't,  
But of the finer natures? by some severals,  
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes,  
Perchance, are to this business purblind: say!

CAM. Business, my lord? I think, most understand  
*Bohemia* stays here longer.

LEO. Ha?

CAM. *Bohemia* stays here longer.

LEO. Ay, but why?

CAM. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties  
Of our most gracious mistress.

LEO. Satisfy

The entreaties of your mistress? satisfy?  
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, *Camillo*,  
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well  
My chamber councils: wherein, priest like, thou  
Hast cleans'd my bosom; I from thee departed  
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been

Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd  
In that which seems so.

*CAM.* Be it forbid, my lord!

*LEO.* To bide upon't; — Thou art not honest: or,  
If thou inclin'ft that way, thou art a coward;  
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining  
From course requir'd: Or else thou must be counted  
A servant, grafted in my serious trust,  
And therein negligent: or else a fool;  
That seeft a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,  
And tak'ft it all for jest.

*CAM.* My gracious lord,  
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;  
In every one of these no man is free,  
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,  
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,  
Sometime puts forth: In your affairs, my lord,  
If ever I were wilful-negligent,  
It was my folly; if induslriously  
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,  
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful  
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,  
Whereof the execution did cry out  
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear  
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,  
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty  
Is never free of. But, 'besech your grace,  
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass  
By it's own visage: if I then deny it,  
'Tis none of mine.

*LEO.* Have not you seen, *Camillo*,  
(But that's past doubt: you have; or your eye-glass

Is thicker than a cuckold's horn) or heard,  
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour  
Cannot be mute) or thought, (for cogitation  
Resides not in that man that does not think't)  
My wife is slippery? if thou wilt, confess;  
Or else be impudently negative  
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought: Then say,  
My wife's a hoby-horse; deserves a name  
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to  
Before her troth-pledge: say't, and justify't.

CAM. I would not be a stander-by, to hear  
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without  
My present vengeance taken: 'Shrew my heart,  
You never spoke what did become you less  
Than this; which to reiterate, were sin  
As deep as that, though true.

LEO. Is whisp'ring nothing?  
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?  
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career  
Of laughter with a sigh; a note infallible  
Of breaking honesty? horsing foot on foot?  
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift;  
Hours, minutes; the noon, midnight; and all eyes  
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs, theirs only,  
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?  
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;  
The covering sky is nothing; *Bohemia* nothing;  
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,  
If this be nothing.

CAM. Good my lord, be cur'd  
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;  
For 'tis most dangerous.

LEO. Say, it be; 'tis true.

CAM. No, no, my lord.

LEO. It is; you lye, you lye :

I say, thou ly'st, *Camillo*, and I hate thee ;  
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave ;  
Or else a hovering temporizer, that  
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,  
Inclining to them both : Were my wife's liver  
Infected as her life, she would not live  
The running of one glafs.

CAM. Who does infect her ?

LEO. Why, he, that wears her like his medal, hanging  
About his neck, *Bobemia* : Who, — if I  
Had servants true about me ; that bare eyes  
To see alike mine honour as their profits,  
Their own particular thrifts, — they would do that  
Which should undo more doing : Ay, and thou,  
His cup-bearer, — whom I, from meaner form,  
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship ; who may'st see  
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,  
How I am gall'd, — thou might'st be-spice a cup,  
To give mine enemy a lasting wink ;  
Which draught to me were cordial.

CAM. Sir, my lord,

I could do this ; and that with no rash potion,  
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work  
Maliciously, like poison : But I cannot  
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,  
So sovereignly being honourable, — [thee.

LEO. Make that thy question, and go rot ! I have lov'd  
Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettl'd,  
To appoint myself in this vexation ? fully

The purity and whiteness of my sheets, —  
Which to preserve, is sleep; which being spotted,  
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps? *Dr would I*  
Give scandal to the blood o'the prince my son,  
Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine,  
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?  
Could man so blench?

*CAM.* I must believe you, sir;  
I do; and will fetch off *Bohemia* for't:  
Provided, that, when he's remov'd, your highness  
Will take again your queen, as yours at first;  
Even for your son's sake; and, thereby, for sealing  
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms  
Known and ally'd to yours.

*LEO.* Thou dost advise me,  
Even so as I mine own course have set down:  
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

*CAM.* My lord,  
Go then; and with a countenance as clear  
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with *Bohemia*,  
And with your queen: I am his cup-bearer;  
If from me he have wholesome beverage,  
Account me not your servant.

*LEO.* This is all:  
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;  
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

*CAM.* I'll do't, my lord.

*LEO.* I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.

[Exit LEONTES.]

*CAM.* O miserable lady! But, for me,  
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner  
Of good *Polixenes*: and my ground to do't



Is the obedience to a master ; one,  
 Who, in rebellion with himself, will have  
 All that are his so too. To do this deed,  
 Promotion follows : If I could find example  
 Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,  
 And flourish'd after, I'd not do't : but since  
 Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment bears not one,  
 Let villany itself forswear't. I must  
 Forsake the court : to do't, or no, is certain  
 To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now !  
 Here comes *Bohemia*.

*Enter POLIXENES.*

*POL.* This is strange ! methinks,  
 My favour here begins to warp. Not speak ? —  
 Good day, *Camillo*.

*CAM.* Hail, most royal sir.

*POL.* What is the news i'the court ?

*CAM.* None rare, my lord.

*POL.* The king hath on him such a countenance,  
 As he had lost some province, and a region,  
 Lov'd as he loves himself : even now I met him  
 With customary compliment ; when he,  
 Wasting his eyes to the contrary, and falling  
 A lip of much contempt, speeds from me ; and  
 So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,  
 That changes thus his manners.

*CAM.* I dare not know, my lord. [not

*POL.* How ! dare not ? do not. Do you know, and dare  
 Be intelligent to me ? 'Tis thereabouts :  
 For, to yourself, what you do know, you must ;  
 And cannot say, you dare not. Good *Camillo*,  
 Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,



Which shews me mine chang'd too : for I must be  
A party in this alteration, finding  
Myself thus alter'd with't.

CAM. There is a sickness,  
Which puts some of us in distemper ; but  
I cannot name the disease : and it is caught  
Of you, that yet are well.

POL. How ! caught of me ?  
Make me not fighted like the basilisk :  
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better  
By my regard, but kill'd none so. *Camillo*, —  
As you are, certain, gentleman ; thereto  
Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no less adorns  
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,  
In whose success we are gentle, — I beseech you,  
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge,  
Thereof to be inform'd ; imprison't not  
In ignorant concealment.

CAM. I may not answer.

POL. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well !  
I must be answer'd. — Dost thou hear, *Camillo* ;  
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man  
Which honour does acknowledge, — whereof the least  
Is not this suit of mine, — that thou declare  
What incidency thou dost guess of harm  
Is creeping toward me ; how far off, how near ;  
Which way to be prevented, if to be ;  
If not, how best to bear it.

CAM. Sir, I will tell you ;  
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him  
That I think honourable : Therefore, mark my counsel ;  
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as

<sup>12</sup> certainly a Gen-

I mean to utter it ; or both yourself and me  
Cry, *loft*, and fo good night.

*POL.* On, good *Camillo*.

*CAM.* I am appointed, fir, to murder you.

*POL.* By whom, *Camillo* ?

*CAM.* By the king.

*POL.* For what ?

*CAM.* He thinks, nay, with all confidence he fwears, —  
As he had feen't, or been an instrument  
To vice you to't, — that you have touch'd his queen  
Forbiddenly.

*POL.* O, then my beft blood turn  
To an infected gelly ; and my name  
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the beft !  
Turn then my freft reputation to  
A favour, that may ftrike the dulleft noftril  
Where I arrive ; and my approach be fhun'd,  
Nay, hated too, worfe than the great'ft infection  
That e'er was heard, or read !

*CAM.* Swear his thought over  
By each particular ftar in heaven, and  
By all their influences, you may as well  
Forbid the fea for to obey the moon,  
As or, by oath, remove, or, counfel, fhake,  
The fabrick of his folly ; whose foundation  
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue  
The ftanding of his body.

*POL.* How fhould this grow ?

*CAM.* I know not : but, I am fure, 'tis fafer to  
Avoid what's grown, than queftion how 'tis born.  
If therefore you dare trust my honefty, —  
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you

Shall bear along impawn'd, — away to-night.  
Your followers I will whisper to the business;  
And will, by twoes, and threes, at several posterns,  
Clear them o'the city: For myself, I'll put  
My fortunes to your service, which are here  
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;  
For, by the honour of my parents, I  
Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,  
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer  
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon  
His execution sworn.

*POL.* I do believe thee:

I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand;  
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall  
Still neighbour mine: My ships are ready, and  
My people did expect my hence departure  
Two days ago. This jealousy  
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,  
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,  
Must it be violent; and, as he does conceive  
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever  
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must  
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er-shades me:  
Good expedition be my friend! Heaven comfort  
The gracious queen! part of his theme, but nothing  
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion. Come, *Camillo*;  
I will respect thee as a father, if  
Thou bear'st my life off hence: let us avoid.

*CAM.* It is in mine authority, to command  
The keys of all the posterns: Please your highness  
To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same.*

*Enter HERMIONE, and Ladies,  
MAMILLIUS with them.*

HER. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,  
'Tis past enduring.

1. L. Come, my gracious lord,  
Shall I be your play-fellow?

MAM. No, I'll none of you.

1. L. Why, my sweet lord?

MAM. You'll kiss me hard; and speak to me,  
As if I were a baby still: — I love  
You better.

2. L. And why so, my lord?

MAM. Not for because  
Your brows are blacker; — yet black brows, they say,  
Become some women best; so that there be not  
Too much hair there, but in a semi-circle,  
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

2. L. Who taught you this?

MAM. I learn'd it out of women's faces. — Pray now  
What colour are your eye-brows?

1. L. Blue, my lord.

MAM. Nay, that's a mock; I have seen a lady's nose  
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

1. L. Hark ye;

The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall  
Present our services to a fine new prince,  
One of these days; and then you'd wanton with us,

If we would have you.

2. L. She is spred of late

Into a goodly bulk ; Good time encounter her ! [now

HER. What wisdom stirs among'st you ? — Come, sir,  
I am for you again : 'Pray you, sit by us,  
And tell us a tale.

MAM. Merry, or sad, shall't be ?

HER. As merry as you will.

MAM. A sad tale's best for winter :

I have one of sprites and goblins.

HER. Let's have that, good sir :

Come on, — sit down, — come on, and do your best  
To fright me with your sprites ; you're powerful at it.

MAM. There was a man, —

HER. Nay, come, sit down ; then on.

MAM. Dwelt by a church-yard ; — I will tell it softly,  
Yon' crickets shall not hear it,

HER. Come on then,

And give't me in mine ear.

*Enter LEONTES ; with ANTIGONUS,  
Lords, and Others.*

LEO. Was he met there ? his train ? *Camillo* with him ?

1. L. Behind the tuft of pines I met them ; never  
Saw I men scour so on their way : I ey'd them  
Even to their ships.

LEO. How blest am I

In my just censure ? in my true opinion ? —

Alack, for lesser knowledge ! how accurst,  
In being so blest ? — There may be in the cup  
A spider steep'd, and one may drink ; depart,  
And yet partake no venom ; for his knowledge  
Is not infected : but if one present

The abhor'd ingredient to his eye, make known  
 How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,  
 With violent hefts : I have drunk, and seen the spider.  
*Camillo* was his help in this, his pander : —  
 There is a plot against my life, my crown ;  
 All's true, that is mistrusted : — that false villain,  
 Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him :  
 He has discover'd my design, and I  
 Remain a pinch'd thing ; yea, a very trick,  
 For them to play at will : — How came the posterns  
 So easily open'd ?

1. *L.* By his great authority ;  
 Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,  
 On your command.

*LEO.* I know't too well. —  
 Give me the boy ; I am glad, you did not nurse him :  
 Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you  
 Have too much blood in him.

*HER.* What is this ? sport ?

*LEO.* Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about her ;  
 Away with him : — and let her sport herself

[*some bear off* *MAMILLIUS.*

With that she's big with ; for 'tis *Polixenes*,  
 Has made thee swell thus.

*HER.* But I'd say, he had not,  
 And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,  
 Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

*LEO.* You, my lords,  
 Look on her, mark her well ; be but about  
 To say, *She is a goodly lady*, and  
 The justice of your hearts will thereto add,  
 'Tis pity, *she's not honest, honourable* :



Praise her but for this her without-door form,  
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech) and straight  
The shrug, the hum, or ha; these petty brands,  
That calumny doth use;— O, I am out,  
That mercy does; for calumny will fear  
Virtue itself:— these shrugs, these hums, and haes,  
When you have said, she's goodly, come between,  
Ere you can say, she's honest: But be't known,  
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,  
She's an adulteress.

*HER.* Should a villain say so,  
The most replenish'd villain in the world,  
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,  
Do but mistake.

*LEO.* You have mistook, my lady,  
*Polixenes* for *Leontes*: O thou thing,  
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,  
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,  
Should a like language use to all degrees,  
And mannerly distinguishment leave out  
Betwixt the prince and beggar!— I have said,  
She's an adulteress; I have said, with whom:  
More, she's a traitor; and *Camillo* is  
A Federary with her; and one that knows  
What she should shame to know herself, that she's  
A bed-swerger, even as bad as those  
That vulgars give bold't titles; ay, and privy  
To this their late escape.

*HER.* No, by my life,  
Privy to none of this: How will this grieve you,  
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that  
You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my lord,

You scarce can right me throughly then, to say  
You did mistake.

LEO. No ; if I do mistake  
In those foundations which I build upon,  
The center is not big enough to bear  
A school-boy's top. — Away with her to prison :  
He, who shall speak for her, is afar-off guilty,  
But that he speaks.

HER. There's some ill planet reigns :  
I must be patient, 'till the heavens look  
With an aspect more favourable. — Good my lords,  
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex  
Commonly are ; the want of which vain dew,  
Perchance, shall dry your pities : but I have  
That honourable grief lodg'd † here, which burns  
Worse than tears drown : 'Beseech you all, my lords,  
With thoughts so qualify'd as your charities  
Shall best instruct you, measure me ; — And so  
The king's will be perform'd. [to the Guard.

LEO. Shall I be heard ? [seeing them delay.

HER. Who is't, that goes with me ? — 'beseech your  
My women may be with me ; for, you see, [highness,  
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools ;  
There is no cause : when you shall know, your mistress  
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,  
As I come out ; this action, I now go on,  
Is for my better grace. — Adieu, my lord :  
I never wish'd to see you sorry ; now,  
I trust, I shall. — My women, come ; you have leave.

LEO. Go, do our bidding ; hence.

[Exeunt Queen, and her Ladies.

1. L. Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

*ANT.* Be certain what you do, fir; lest your justice  
Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,  
Yourself, your queen, your son.

*I. L.* For her, my lord, —

I dare my life lay down, and will do't, fir,  
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless  
I' the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,  
In this which you accuse her.

*ANT.* If it prove

She's otherwise, I'll keep my stable-stand where  
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;  
Than when I feel, and see her, no farther trust her;  
For every inch of woman in the world,  
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,  
If she be.

*LEO.* Hold your peaces.

*I. L.* Good my lord, —

*ANT.* It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:

You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,  
That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the villain,  
I would land-damn him: Be she honour-flaw'd, —  
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;  
The second, and the third, nine, and some five;  
If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,  
I'll geld them all; fourteen they shall not see,  
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;  
And I had rather glib myself, than they  
Should not produce fair issue.

*LEO.* Cease; no more.

You smell this business with a sense as cold  
As is a dead man's nose: but I do see't, and feel't;  
As you feel doing † thus, and see withal

† stables where

The instruments that feel.

*ANT.* If it be so,  
We need no grave to bury honesty ;  
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten  
Of the whole dungy earth.

*LEO.* What, lack I credit ?

*I. L.* I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,  
Upon this ground : and more it would content me  
To have her honour true, than your suspicion ;  
Be blam'd for't how you might.

*LEO.* Why, what need we  
Commune with you of this ? but rather follow  
Our forceful instigation ? Our prerogative  
Calls not your counsels ; but our natural goodness  
Imparts this : which if you (or stupify'd ;  
Or seeming so, in skill) cannot, or will not,  
Relish as truth, like us ; inform yourselves,  
We need no more of your advice : the matter,  
The loss, the gain, the ord'ring on't, is all  
Properly ours.

*ANT.* And I wish, my liege,  
You had only in your silent judgment try'd it,  
Without more overture.

*LEO.* How could that be ?  
Either thou art most ignorant by age,  
Or thou wert born a fool. *Camillo's* flight,  
Added to their familiarity,  
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture ;  
That lack'd fight only, nought for approbation  
But only seeing, all other circumstances  
Made up to the deed) doth push on this proceeding :  
Yet, for a greater confirmation,

(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere  
Most piteous to be wild) I have dispatch'd in post,  
To sacred *Delphos*, to *Apollo's* temple,  
*Cleomenes*, and *Dion*, whom you know  
Of stout sufficiency: now, from the oracle  
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had  
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

1. *L.* Well done, my lord.

*LEO.* Though I am satisfi'd, and need no more  
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle  
Give rest to the minds of others; such as † he,  
Whose ignorant credulity will not  
Come up to the truth: So have we thought it good,  
From our free person she should be confin'd;  
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,  
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;  
We are to speak in publick: for this business  
Will raise us all.

*ANT.* "To laughter, as I take it,"

"If the good truth were known."

[*Exeunt.*]

---

SCENE II. *The same. Outer-Room of a Prison.*

*Enter PAULINA, attended.*

*PAU.* The keeper of the prison, call to him; [*to an Att.*]  
Let him have knowledge who I am. — Good lady!  
No court in *Europe* is too good for thee,  
What dost thou then in prison? — Now, good sir,

*Enter Keeper.*

You know me, do you not?

*Kee.* For a worthy lady,  
And one whom much I honour.

*PAU.* Pray you then,

Conduct me to the queen.

*Kee.* I may not, madam ; to the contrary  
I have express commandment.

*PAU.* Here's ado,  
To lock up honesty and honour from  
The access of gentle visitors ! — Is't lawful,  
Pray you, to see her women ? any of them ?  
*Emilia ?*

*Kee.* So please you, madam,  
To put apart these your attendants, I  
Shall bring *Emilia* forth.

*PAU.* I pray you now,  
Call her : — Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt Att.*

*Kee.* And, madam, I must  
Be present at your conference. [*ado,*

*PAU.* Well, be't so, pr'ythee. [*Exit Kee.*] Here is such  
To make no stain a stain, as passes colouring. —

*Re-enter Keeper, with EMILIA.*

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady ?

*EMI.* As well as one so great, and so forlorn,  
May hold together : On her frights, and griefs,  
(Which never tender lady hath born greater)  
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

*PAU.* A boy ?

*EMI.* A daughter ; and a goodly babe,  
Lusty, and like to live : the queen receives  
Much comfort in't ; says, *My poor prisoner,*  
*I am innocent as you.*

*PAU.* I dare be sworn : —  
These dangerous unsafe lunes i'the king ! beshrew them !  
He must be told on't, and he shall : the office  
Becomes a woman best ; I'll take't upon me :



If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister ;  
And never to my red-look'd anger be  
The trumpet any more : — Pray you, *Emilia*,  
Commend my best obedience to the queen ;  
If she dares trust me with her little babe,  
I'll shew't the king, and undertake to be  
Her advocate to the loud't : We do not know  
How he may soften at the sight o'the child ;  
The silence often of pure innocence  
Persuades, when speaking fails.

*EMI.* Most worthy madam,  
Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,  
That your free undertaking cannot miss  
A thriving issue ; there is no lady living,  
So meet for this great errand : 'Please your ladyship  
To visit the next room, I'll presently  
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer ;  
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design ;  
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,  
Lest she should be deny'd.

*PAU.* Tell her, *Emilia*,  
I'll use that tongue I have : if wit flow from't  
As boldness from my bosom, let't not be doubted  
I shall do good.

*EMI.* Now be you blest for it !  
I'll to the queen : please you, come something nearer.

*Kee.* Madam, if't please the queen to send the babe,  
I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,  
Having no warrant.

*PAU.* You need not fear it, sir :  
This child was prisoner to the womb ; and is,  
By law and process of great nature, thence

Free'd and enfranchis'd: not a party to  
The anger of the king; nor guilty of,  
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

*KEE.* I do believe it.

*PAU.* Do not you fear; upon  
Mine honour, I will stand 'twixt you and danger.

*SCENE III.* *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*ANTIGONUS, and Lords, waiting, and other  
Attendants. Enter LEONTES.*

*LEO.* Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but weakness  
To bear the matter thus; meer weakness, if  
The cause were not in being; part o'the cause,  
She, the adulteress; for the harlot king  
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank  
And level of my brain, plot-proof: but she  
I can hook to me: Say, that she were gone,  
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest  
Might come to me again. — Who's there?

*I. A.* My lord?

[*advancing.*]

*LEO.* How does the boy?

*I. A.* He took good rest to-night; and it is hop'd,  
His sickness is discharg'd.

*LEO.* To see his nobleness!

Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,  
He straight declin'd upon't, droop'd, took it deeply;  
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself;  
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,  
And down-right languish'd. — Leave me solely: go,  
See how he fares. — [*Exit Att.*] Fie, fie! no thought of  
The very thought of my revenges that way [him;  
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty;

In his parties, his alliance, — Let him be,  
Until a time may serve : for present vengeance,  
Take it on her. *Camillo and Polixenes*  
Laugh at me ; make their pastime at my sorrow :  
They should not laugh, if I could reach them ; nor  
Shall she, within my power.

*Enter PAULINA, with a Child.*

*Lor.* You must not enter.

*PAU.* Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me :  
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,  
Than the queen's life ? a gracious innocent soul ;  
More free, than he is jealous.

*ANT.* "That's enough."

2. *A.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night ; commanded,  
None should come at him.

*PAU.* Not so hot, good sir ;  
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you, —  
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh  
At each his needless heavings, — such as you  
Nourish the cause of his awaking : I  
Do come with words as med'cinal as true ;  
Honest as either ; to purge him of that humour,  
That presses him from sleep.

*LEO.* What noise there, ho ?

*PAU.* No noise, my lord ; but needful conference,  
About some gossips for your highness.

*LEO.* How ! —

Away with that audacious lady : — *Antigonus,*  
I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me ;  
I knew, she would.

*ANT.* I told her so, my lord,  
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,

<sup>2</sup>, v. Note,

She should not visit you.

*LEO.* What, can't not rule her ?

*PAU.* From all dishonesty, he can : in this,  
(Unless he take the course that you have done,  
Commit me, for committing honour) trust it,  
He shall not rule me.

*ANT.* La' you now ; you hear !  
When she will take the rein, I let her run ;  
But she'll not stumble.

*PAU.* Good my liege, I come, —  
And, I beseech you, hear me ; who profess  
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,  
Your most obedient counsellor ; yet that dares  
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,  
Than such as most seem yours : — I say, I come  
From your good queen.

*LEO.* Good queen ! [queen ;

*PAU.* Good queen, my lord, good queen ! I say, good  
And would by combat make her good, so were I  
A man, the worst about you.

*LEO.* Force her hence.

*PAU.* Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,  
First hand me : on mine own accord, I'll off ;  
But, first, I'll do my errand. — The good queen  
(For she is good) hath brought you forth a daughter ;  
Here † 'tis ; commends it to your blessing.

*LEO.* Out !

A mankind witch ! — Hence with her, out o'door : —  
A most intelligencing bawd !

*PAU.* Not so :

I am as ignorant in that, as you  
In so intitling me : and no less honest

Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,  
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

LEO. Traitors!

Will you not push her out? give her the bastard: —  
Thou, dotard, — that art woman-tyr'd, unroofed  
By thy dame *Partlet* here, — take up the bastard;  
Take't up, I say; give't to thy croan.

PAU. For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou  
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness  
Which he has put upon't!

LEO. He dreads his wife.

PAU. So, I would, you did; then, 'twere past all doubt,  
You'd call your children yours.

LEO. A nest of traitors!

ANT. I am none, by this good light.

PAU. Nor I; nor any,

But one, that's here; and that's himself: for he  
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,  
His hopeful son's, this babe's, betrays to slander,  
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not  
(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse  
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove  
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,  
As ever oak, or stone, was found.

LEO. A callat,

Of boundless tongue; who late hath beat her husband,  
And now baits me! — This brat is none of mine;  
It is the issue of *Polixenes*:  
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,  
Commit them to the fire.

PAU. It is yours;

And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,  
 So like you, 'tis the worse. — Behold, my lords,  
 Although the † print be little, the whole matter  
 And copy of the father : eye, nose, lip,  
 The trick of 's frown, his forehead ; nay, the vallies,  
 The pretty dimples, of his chin, and cheek ;  
 The very mold and frame of hand, nail, finger : —  
 And, thou, good goddess nature, which hast made it  
 So like to him that got it, if thou hast  
 The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours  
 No yellow in't ; lest she suspect, as he does,  
 Her children not her husband's !

*LEO.* A gross hag ! —

And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,  
 That wilt not stay her tongue.

*ANT.* Hang all the husbands  
 That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself  
 Hardly one subject.

*LEO.* Once more, take her hence.

*PAU.* A most unworthy and unnatural lord  
 Can do no more.

*LEO.* I'll ha' thee burnt.

*PAU.* I care not :

It is an heretick, that makes the fire ;  
 Not she, which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant ;  
 But this most cruel usage of your queen  
 (Not able to produce more accusation  
 Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something favours  
 Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,  
 Yea, scandalous to the world.

*LEO.* On your allegiance,  
 Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,



Where were her life? she durst not call me so,  
If she did know me one. Away with her.

PAU. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.—  
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: *Jove* send her  
A better guiding spirit!—What need these hands?  
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,  
Will never do him good, not one of you.  
So, so:—Farewel; we are gone. [Exit PAULINA.]

LEO. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—  
My child? away with't!—even thou, that hast  
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,  
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;  
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:  
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,  
(And by good testimony) or I'll seize thy life,  
With what thou else call'st thine: If thou refuse,  
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;  
The bastard brains with these my proper hands  
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;  
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

ANT. I did not, sir:  
'These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,  
Can clear me in't.

1. L. We can; my royal liege,  
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

LEO. You're lyars all.

1. L. 'Beseech your highness, give us better credit:  
We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech,  
So to esteem of us: And on our knees we beg,  
(As recompence of our dear services,  
Past, and to come) that you do change this purpose;  
Which being so horrible, so bloody, mast

Lead on to some foul issue : We all kneel.

*LEO.* I am a feather for each wind that blows :  
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel  
And call me father ? better burn it now,  
Than curse it then. But, be it ; let it live.  
It shall not neither : — You, fir, come you hither ;  
You, that have been so tenderly officious,  
With lady *Margery*, your midwife, there,  
To save this bastard's life, — for 'tis a bastard,  
So sure as this † beard's grey, — what will you adventure,  
To save this brat's life.

*ANT.* Any thing, my lord,  
That my ability may undergo,  
And nobleness impose : at least, thus much ;  
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,  
To save the innocent : any thing possible.

*LEO.* It shall be possible : Swear by this † sword,  
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

*ANT.* I will, my lord.

*LEO.* Mark, and perform it, (see'st thou ?) for the fail  
Of any point in't shall not only be  
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife ;  
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,  
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry  
This female bastard hence ; and that thou bear it  
To some remote and desert place, quite out  
Of our dominions ; and that there thou leave it,  
Without more mercy, to it's own protection,  
And favour of the climate : As by strange fortune  
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee, —  
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture, —  
That thou commend it strangely to some place,

Where chance may nurse, or end it: Take it up.

ANT. I swear to do this; though a present death  
Had been more merciful. — Come † on, poor babe:  
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites, and ravens,  
To be thy nurses! wolves, and bears, they say,  
(Casting their savageness aside) have done  
Like offices of pity. — Sir, be prosperous  
In more than this deed does require! — and blessing,  
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,  
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! [*Exit, with the Child.*]

LEO. No, I'll not rear  
Another's issue.

2. A. 'Please your highness, posts,  
From those you sent to the oracle, are come  
An hour since: *Cleomenes*, and *Dion*,  
Being well arriv'd from *Delphos*, are both landed,  
Hasting to the court.

1. L. So please you, sir, their speed  
Hath been beyond account.

LEO. Twenty three days  
They have been absent: 'Tis good speed; foretells,  
The great *Apollo* suddenly will have  
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;  
Summon a session, that we may arraign  
Our most disloyal lady: for, as she hath  
Been publickly accus'd, so shall she have  
A just and open trial. While she lives,  
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me;  
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*]

---

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. A Street in some Town.**Enter CLEOMENES, and DION.*

CLE. The climate's delicate ; the air most sweet ;  
Fertile the foil ; the temple much surpassing  
The common praise it bears.

DIO. I shall report,  
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,  
(Methinks, I so should term them) and the reverence  
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice !  
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly,  
It was i'the offering !

CLE. But, of all, the burst  
And the ear-deaf'ning voice o'the oracle,  
Kin to *Jove's* thunder, so surpriz'd my sense,  
That I was nothing.

DIO. If the event o'the journey  
Prove as successful to the queen, — O, be't so ! —  
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,  
'The use is worth the time on't.

CLE. Great *Apollo*  
'Turn all to the best ! These proclamations,  
So forcing faults upon *Hermione*,  
I little like.

DIO. The violent carriage of it  
Will clear, or end, the business : When the oracle  
(Thus † by *Apollo's* great divine seal'd up)  
Shall the contents discover, something rare,  
Even then, will rush to knowledge. — Go, fresh horses ; —  
And gracious be the issue ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A Court of Justice :*

5 the Isle, 20 time is worth the use 26 v. *Nose.*

*At the upper End, a Throne; Lords, on either Hand, Judges, and other Officers, seated; People attending. Enter LEONTES, and Train of Lords, to his Throne.*

LEO. This session (to our great grief, we pronounce) Even pushes 'gainst our heart: The party try'd, The daughter of a king; our wife; and one Of us too much belov'd. Let us be clear'd Of being tyrannous, since we so openly Proceed in justice; which shall have due course, Even to the guilt, or the purgation, — Produce the prisoner.

*Off.* It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen Appear in person here in court.

*Enter HERMIONE, to the Bar: PAULINA, and Ladies, with her; Officers preceding.*

LEO. Read the indictment.

Tri. Silence!

*Off.* [*reads.*] Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia; and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly lay'd open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

HER. Since what I am to say, must be but that Which contradicts my accusation; and The testimony on my part, no other

But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot me,  
 To say, *Not guilty*: mine integrity,  
 Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,  
 Be so receiv'd. But thus, — If powers divine  
 Behold our human actions, (as they do)  
 I doubt not then, but innocence shall make  
 False accusation blush, and tyranny  
 Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,  
 (Who least will seem to do so) my past life  
 Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,  
 As I am now unhappy; which is more  
 Than history can pattern, though devis'd,  
 And play'd, to take spectators: For behold me, —  
 A fellow of the royal bed, which owe  
 A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,  
 The mother to a hopeful prince, — here standing,  
 To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore  
 Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it  
 As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,  
 'Tis a derivative from me to mine,  
 And only that I stand for. I appeal  
 To your own conscience, sir, before *Polixenes*  
 Came to your court, how I was in your grace,  
 How merited to be so: Since he came,  
 With what encounter so uncurrent have  
 I strain'd, to appear thus? if one jot beyond  
 The bound of honour; or, in act, or will,  
 That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts  
 Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin  
 Cry, fie, upon my grave!

LEO. I ne'er heard yet,  
 That any of these bolder vices wanted



Less impudence to gain-say what they did,  
Than to perform it first.

HER. 'That's true enough ;  
Though 'tis a saying, fir, not due to me.

LEO. You will not own it.

HER. More than mistress of,  
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not  
At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*,  
(With whom I am accus'd) I do confess,  
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd ;  
With such a kind of love, as might become  
A lady like me ; with a love, even such,  
So, and no other, as yourself commanded :  
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me  
Both disobedience and ingratitude,  
To you, and toward your friend ; whose love had spoke,  
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,  
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,  
I know not how it tafts ; though it be dish'd  
For me to try how : all I know of it,  
Is, that *Camillo* was an honest man ;  
And, why he left your court, the gods themselves,  
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

LEO. You knew of his departure, as you know  
What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

HER. Sir, you speak a language that I understand not :  
My life stands in the level of your dreams,  
Which I'll lay down.

LEO. Your actions are my dreams ;  
You had a bastard by *Polixenes*,  
And I but dream'd it : As you were past all shame,  
(Those of your fact are so) so past all truth :

To deny, concerns, more than avails : for as  
 Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,  
 No father owning it, (which is, indeed,  
 More criminal in thee, than it) so thou  
 Shalt feel our justice ; in whose easiest passage,  
 Look for no less than death.

*HER.* Sir, spare your threats ;  
 The bug, which you would fright we with, I seek.  
 To me can life be no commodity :  
 The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,  
 I do give lost ; for I do feel it gone,  
 But know not how it went : My second joy,  
 And first-fruits of my body, from his presence  
 I am bar'd, like one infectious : My third comfort,  
 Star'd most unluckily, is from my breast,  
 The innocent milk in it's most innocent mouth,  
 Hal'd out to murder : Myself on every post  
 Proclaim'd a strumpet, with immodest hatred ;  
 The child-bed privilege deny'd, which 'longs  
 To women of all fashion ; lastly, hurry'd  
 Here to this place, i'the open air, before  
 I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,  
 Tell me what blessings I have here alive,  
 That I should fear to dye ? Therefore, proceed.  
 But yet hear this ; mistake me not ; — No life ;  
 I prize it not a straw : but for mine honour,  
 (Which I would free) if I shall be condemn'd  
 Upon surmizes ; all proofs sleeping else,  
 But what your jealousies awake ; I tell you,  
 'Tis rigour, and not law. — Your honours all,  
 I do refer me to the oracle ;  
*Apollo* be my judge.

• Which to

I. L. This your request  
Is altogether just :—therefore, bring forth,  
And in *Apollo's* name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers.*]

HER. The emperor of *Russia* was my father :  
O, that he were alive, and here beholding  
His daughter's trial ! that he did but see  
The flatness of my misery ; yet with eyes  
Of pity, not revenge !

*Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES,  
and DION, bringing in the Oracle.*

Off. You here shall swear upon this † sword of justice,  
That you, *Cleomenes* and *Dion*, have  
Been both at *Delphos* ; and from thence have brought  
This † seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd  
Of great *Apollo's* priest ; and that, since then,  
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,  
Nor read the secrets in't.

CLE. DIO. All this we swear.

LEO. Break up the seals, and read.

Off. [*reads.*] *Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten ; and the king shall live without an heir, if that, which is lost, be not found.*

Lor. Now blessed be the great *Apollo* !

HER. Praised !

LEO. Hast thou read truth ?

Off. Ay, my lord ; even so  
As it is here set down.

LEO. There is no truth at all i'the oracle :  
The sessions shall proceed ; this is meer falsehood.

*Enter a Gentleman, hastily.*

*Gen.* My lord the king, the king!

*LEO.* What is the business?

*Gen.* O, sir, I shall be hated to report it:  
The prince your son, with meer conceit and fear  
Of the queen's speed, is gone.

*LEO.* How! gone?

*Gen.* Is dead.

*LEO.* *Apollo's* angry; and the heavens themselves  
Do strike at my injustice.— [*Her. faints.*] How now there?

*PAU.* This news is mortal to the queen:— Look down,  
And see what death is doing.

*LEO.* Take her hence:

Her heart is but o'er-charg'd; she will recover.—

[*HER. is born off; PAU. and Ladies follow her.*]

I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—

'Beseech you, tenderly, apply to her

Some remedies for life.— *Apollo*, pardon

My great prophaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—

I'll reconcile me to *Polixenes*;

New-woo my queen; recall the good *Camillo*,

Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:

For, being transported by my jealousies

To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose

*Camillo* for the minister, to poison

My friend *Polixenes*: which had been done,

But that the good mind of *Camillo* tardy'd

My swift command; though I with death, and with

Reward, did threaten and encourage him,

Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,

And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest

Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here;

Which you knew great; and to the certain hazard  
Of all incertainties himself commended,  
No richer than his honour: — How he glisters  
Through my dark rust! and how his piety  
Does my deeds make the blacker!

*Re-enter PAULINA, hastily.*

PAU. Woe the while!

O, cut my lace; left my heart, cracking it,  
Break too!

I. L. What fit is this, good lady?

PAU. What study'd torments, tyrant, hast for me?  
What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying, rather? boiling  
In leads, or oils? what old, or newer, torture  
Must I receive; whose every word deserves  
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny,  
Together working with thy jealousies,  
(Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle  
For girls of nine) o, think what they have done,  
And then run mad indeed; stark mad! for all  
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.  
That thou betray'dst *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing;  
That did but shew thee, of a fool, inconstant,  
And damnable ingrateful: nor was't much,  
Thou would'st have poison'd good *Camillo's* honour,  
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,  
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon  
The casting-forth to crows thy baby daughter  
To be or none, or little; though a devil  
Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:  
Nor is't directly lay'd to thee, the death  
Of the young prince; whose honourable thoughts  
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart.

That could conceive, a gross and foolish fire  
 Blemish'd his gracious dam : this is not, no,  
 Lay'd to thy answer : But the last, — O, lords,  
 When I have said, cry, woe! — the queen, the queen,  
 The sweet'st, dear'st, creature's dead ; and vengeance for't  
 Not dropt down yet.

1. *L.* The higher powers forbid !

*PAU.* I say, she's dead ; I'll swear't : if word, nor oath,  
 Prevail not, go and see : if you can bring  
 Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,  
 Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you  
 As I would do the gods. — But, o, thou tyrant !  
 Do not repent these things ; for they are heavier  
 Than all thy woes can stir : therefore betake thee  
 To nothing but despair : a thousand knees,  
 Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,  
 Upon a barren mountain, and still winter  
 In storm perpetual, could not move the gods  
 To look that way thou wert.

*LEO.* Go on, go on :

Thou canst not speak too much ; I have deserv'd  
 All tongues to talk their bitt'rest.

1. *L.* Say no more ;

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault  
 I' the boldness of your speech.

*PAU.* I am sorry for't ;

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,  
 I do repent : Alas, I have shew'd too much  
 The rashness of a woman : he is touch'd  
 To the noble heart. — What's gone, and what's past help,  
 Should be past grief : Do not receive affliction  
 At my petition, I beseech you ; rather



Let me be punish'd, that have minded you  
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,  
Sir, royal fir, forgive a foolish woman :  
The love I bore your queen, — Lo, fool again ! —  
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children ;  
I'll not remember you of my own lord, .  
Who is lost too : take you your patience to you,  
And I'll say nothing.

LEO. Thou did'st speak but well,  
When most the truth ; which I receive much better,  
Than to be pity'd of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me  
To the dead bodies of my queen, and son :  
One grave shall be for both ; upon them shall  
The causes of their death appear, unto  
Our shame perpetual : Once a day, I'll visit  
The chapel where they lye ; and tears, shed there,  
Shall be my recreation : so long as nature  
Will bear up with this exercise, so long  
I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me  
To these my sorrows.

[*Exeunt.*

---

SCENE III. Bohemia. *Desarts upon the Sea.*

*Enter* ANTIGONUS, *with the Child ; and a Mariner.*

ANT. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd upon  
The desarts of Bohemia ?

Mar. Ay, my lord ; and fear  
We have landed in ill time : the skies look grimly,  
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,  
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,  
And frown upon us.

ANT. Their sacred wills be done ! — Go, get aboard,  
Look to thy bark ; I'll not be long, before

I call upon thee.

*Mar.* Make your best haste; and go not  
Too far i'the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;  
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures  
Of prey, that keep upon't.

*ANT.* Go thou away;  
I'll follow instantly.

*Mar.* I am glad at heart,  
To be so rid o'the business. [Exit Mariner.

*ANT.* Come, poor babe: —  
I have heard, (but not believ'd) the sp'rits o'the dead  
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother  
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream  
So like a waking. To me comes a creature, —  
Sometimes her head on one side, some' another;  
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,  
So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes,  
Like very sanctity, she did approach  
My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me;  
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes  
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon  
Did this break from her: *Good Antigonus, —*  
*Since fate, against thy better disposition,*  
*Hath made thy person for the thrower-out*  
*Of my poor babe, according to thine oath, —*  
*Places remote enough are in Bohemia,*  
*There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe*  
*Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,*  
*I pr'ythee, call't: for this ungentle business,*  
*Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see*  
*Thy wife Paulina more: and so, with shrieks,*  
She melted into air. Affrighted much,

I did in time collect myself ; and thought  
 This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys :  
 Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,  
 I will be squar'd by this. I do believe,  
*Hermione* hath suffer'd death ; and that  
*Apollo* would, this being indeed the issue  
 Of king *Polixenes*, it should here be lay'd,  
 Either for life, or death, upon the earth  
 Of it's right father. — Blossom, speed thee well !  
 There † lye ; and there † thy character : there † these ;  
 Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,  
 And still rest thine. — The storm begins : — Poor wretch,  
 That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd  
 To los, and what may follow ! — Weep I cannot,  
 But my heart bleeds : and most accurst am I,  
 To be by oath enjoin'd to this. — Farewel ! —  
 The day frowns more and more ; thou'rt like to have  
 A lullaby too rough : I never saw  
 The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour ?  
 Well may I get aboard ! This is the chace ;  
 I am gone for ever. [Exit, pursu'd by a Bear.

Enter a Shepherd.

*She.* I would, there were no age between thir-  
 teen and three and twenty ; or that youth would sleep  
 out the rest : for there is nothing in the between but  
 getting wenches with child, wronging the auncientry,  
 stealing, fighting. Hark you now ! Would any but these  
 boil'd brains, of nineteen, and two and twenty, hunt  
 this weather ? They have scar'd away two of my best  
 sheep ; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find, than  
 the master : if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-  
 side, browzing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will !

what have we here? Mercy on's! a barne; a very pretty barne: A boy, or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind door work: they were warmer, that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry 'till my son come; he halloo'd but even now. Whoa, ho hoa!

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* Hilloa, loa!

*She.* What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

*Clo.* I have seen two such fights, by sea, and by land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

*She.* Why, boy, how is it?

*Clo.* I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point: O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes, to see 'em; and then, not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast; and anon swallow'd with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hog'shead. And then for the land-service,—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cry'd to me for help, and said, his name was *Antigonus*, a nobleman: But to make an end of the ship;—To see how the sea flap-dragon'd it: but, first, how the poor souls roar'd, and the sea mock'd them; and how the poor gentleman roar'd, and

the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the sea or the weather.

*She.* 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

*Clo.* Now, now; I have not wink'd since I saw these fights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half din'd on the gentleman; he's at it now.

*She.* 'Would I had been by, to have help'd the old man.

*Clo.* I would you had been by the ship side, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing.

*She.* Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now blefs thyself; thou met'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a fight for thee; look thee, a bearing cloth for a squire's child: Look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see;—It was told me, I should be rich by the fairies: this is some changling:—open't: What's within, boy?

*Clo.* You're a made old man; if the fins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

*She.* This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with't, keep it close; home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go:—Come, good boy, the next way home.

*Clo.* Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst, but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left,

I'll bury it.

*She.* That's a good deed : If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th' sight of him.

*Clo.* Marry, will I ; and you shall help to put him i'th' ground.

*She.* 'Tis a lucky day, boy ; and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt severally.*]

## ACT IV.

*Enter Time, as Chorus.*

I, — that please some, try all ; both joy, and terror,  
of good, and bad ; that make, and unfold, error, —  
now take upon me, in the name of time,  
to use my wings. Impute it not a crime,  
to me, or my swift passage, that I slide  
o'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untry'd  
of that wide gap ; since it is in my power  
to o'er-throw law, and in one self-born hour  
to plant and o'erwhelm custom : Let me pass  
the same I am, ere ancient'st order was,  
or what is now receiv'd : I witness'd to  
the times that brought them in ; so shall I do  
to the freshest things now reigning ; and make stale  
the glist'ring of this present, as my tale  
now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,  
I turn my glass ; and give my scene such growing,  
as you had slept between. *Leontes* leaving  
the effects of his fond jealousies ; so grieving,  
that he shuts up himself ; Imagine me,

<sup>15</sup> makes, and unfolds    <sup>24</sup> witness to



gentle spectators, that I now may be  
 in fair *Bohemia*; and remember well,  
 I mention'd a son o'the king's, which *Florizel*  
 I now name to you; and with speed so pace  
 to speak of *Perdita*, now grown in grace  
 equal with wond'ring: what of her ensues,  
 I list not prophesy; but let time's news  
 be known, when 'tis brought forth: a shepherd's daughter,  
 and what to her adheres, which follows after,  
 is the argument of time: Of this allow,  
 if ever you have spent time worse ere now;  
 if never yet, that time himself doth say,  
 he wishes earnestly, you never may. [Exit.

SCENE I. *The same. A Room in Polixenes' Palace.*  
*Enter POLIXENES, and CAMILLO.*

POL. I pray thee, good *Camillo*, be no more impo-  
 rtunate: 'tis a sickness, denying thee any thing; a death,  
 to grant this.

CAM. It is sixteen years, since I saw my country:  
 though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad,  
 I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent  
 king, my master, hath sent for me: to whose feeling  
 sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'er-ween to think  
 so; which is another spur to my departure.

POL. As thou lov'st me, *Camillo*, wipe not out the  
 rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the need I  
 have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better  
 not to have had thee, than thus to want thee: thou,  
 having made me busineses, which none, without thee,  
 can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute

them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done: which if I have not enough consider'd, (as too much I cannot) to be more thankful to thee, shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country *Sicilia*, pr'y-thee, speak no more: whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen, and children, are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince *Florizel*, my son? kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious; than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

*CAM.* Sir, it is three days, since I saw the prince: What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have, missingly, noted, he is of late much retired from court; and is less frequent to his princely exercises, than formerly he hath appeared.

*POL.* I have considered so much, *Camillo*; and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness: from whom I have this intelligence; That he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that, from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

*CAM.* I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

*POL.* That's likewise part of my intelligence; and, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou

fhalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'y-thee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of *Sicilia*.

*CAM.* I willingly obey your command.

*POL.* My best *Camillo*! We must disguise ourselves.  
[*Exeunt.*]

---

*SCENE II.* *The same. Fields near the Shepherd's.*  
*Enter AUTOLICUS, singing.*

*AUT.* *When daffodils begin to peer, —*  
*with, heigh, the doxy over the dale, —*  
*why, then comes in the sweet o'the year;*  
*for the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.*

*The white sheet bleaching on the hedge, —*  
*with, heigh, the sweet birds, o, how they sing, —*  
*doth set my prugging tooth on edge;*  
*for a quart of ale is a dish for a king.*

*The lark, that tirra-lirra chaunts, —*  
*with, heigh, with, heigh, the thrush and the jay, —*  
*are summer songs for me and my aunts,*  
*while we lye tumbling in the hay.*

I have serv'd prince *Florizel*, and, in my time, wore three-pile; but now I am out of service:

*But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?*

*the pale moon shines by night :  
and, when I wander here and there,  
I then do most go right.*

*If tinkers may have leave to live,  
and bear the sow-skin budget ;  
then my account I well may give,  
and in the stocks avouch it.*

My traffick is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linnen. My father nam'd me, *Autolicus*; who being (as I am) litter'd under *Mercury*, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsider'd trifles: With dye, and drab, I purchas'd this † caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat: Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway: beating, and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize! a prize!

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* Let me see: Every 'leven weather tods; every tod yields pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn;—What comes the wool to?

*Aut.* “If the sprindge hold, the cock's mine.”

*Clo.* I cannot do't without counters. Let me see; What am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? *Three pound of sugar*; [reading out of a Note.] *five pound of currans*; *rice*—What will this sifter of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nose-gays for the shearers: three-man song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means, and bases: but one puritan amongst

them, and he sings psalms to horn-pipes. I must have *saffron*, to colour the warden-pies; *mace*; *dates*, — none; that's out of my note; *nutmegs*, *seven*; a *rase*, or *two*, of *ginger*; — but that I may beg; — *four pound of prunes*, and as many of *raisins o'the sun*.

*Aut.* O, that ever I was born! [*groveling on the Ground.*

*Clo.* I'the name of me, —

*Aut.* O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

*Clo.* Alack, poor soul; thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

*Aut.* O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me, more than the stripes I have receiv'd; which are mighty ones, and millions.

*Clo.* Alas, poor man; a million of beating may come to a great matter.

*Aut.* I am rob'd, sir, and beaten; my money, and apparel, ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

*Clo.* What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

*Aut.* A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

*Clo.* Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he has left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.

*Aut.* O, good sir, tenderly, o!

*Clo.* Alas, poor soul.

*Aut.* O, good sir, softly, good sir: I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

*Clo.* How now? canst stand?

*Aut.* Softly, dear sir; [*picks his Pocket.*] good sir, softly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

*Cl.* Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

*Aut.* No, good sweet fir; no, I beseech you, fir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

*Cl.* What manner of fellow was he that rob'd you?

*Aut.* A fellow, fir, that I have known to go about with trol-madames: I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good fir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipt out of the court.

*Cl.* His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipt out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

*Aut.* Vices I would say, fir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailif; then he compass'd a motion of the prodigal son, and marry'd a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settl'd only in rogue: some call him, *Autolicus*.

*Cl.* Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

*Aut.* Very true, fir; he, fir, he; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

*Cl.* Not a more cowardly rogue in all *Bohemia*; if you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

*Aut.* I must confess to you, fir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.



*Clo.* How do you now ?

*Aut.* Sweet fir, much better than I was ; I can stand, and walk : I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

*Clo.* Shall I bring thee on the way ?

*Aut.* No, good-fac'd fir ; no, sweet fir.

*Clo.* Then fare thee well ; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

*Aut.* Prosper you, sweet fir ! — [*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too : If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrol'd, and my name put in the book of virtue !

[*sings.*

*Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,  
and merrily bend the stile-a :  
a merry heart goes all the day,  
your sad tires in a mile-a.*

[*Exit.*

---

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

*Enter FLORIZEL, and PERDITA.*

*FLO.* These your unusual weeds to each part of you  
Do give a life : no shepherdes ; but *Flora*,  
Peering in *April's* front. This your sheep-shearing  
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,  
And you the queen on't.

*PER.* Sir, my gracious lord,  
To chide at your extreams, it not becomes me ;  
O, pardon, that I name them : your high self,  
The gracious mark o'the land, you have obscur'd  
With a swain's wearing ; and me, poor lowly maid,  
Most goddes-like prank'd up : But that our feasts

In every mefs have folly, and the feeders  
 Digest it with a custom ; I should blufh,  
 To fee you fo attired ; swoon, I think,  
 To fhew myfelf a glafs.

*FLO.* I blefs the time,  
 When my good falcon made her flight acrofs  
 Thy father's ground.

*PER.* Now *Jove* afford you caufe !  
 To me, the difference forges dread ; your greatnefs  
 Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble  
 To think, your father, by fome accident,  
 Should pafs this way, as you did : O the fates !  
 How would he look, to fee his work, fo noble,  
 Vilely bound up ? What would he fay ? Or how  
 Should I, in thefe my borrow'd flaunts, behold  
 The sternnefs of his preſence ?

*FLO.* Apprehend  
 Nothing but jollity. The gods themſelves,  
 Humbling their deities to love, have taken  
 The ſhapes of beaſts upon them : *Jupiter*  
 Became a bull, and bellow'd ; the green *Neptune*  
 A ram, and bleated ; and the fire-rob'd god,  
 Golden *Apollo*, a poor humble ſwain,  
 As I ſeem now : Their transformations  
 Were never for a piece of beauty rarer ;  
 Nor in a way ſo chaſt : ſince my deſires  
 Run not before mine honour ; nor my luſts  
 Burn hotter than my faith.

*PER.* o but, dear fir,  
 Your reſolution cannot hold, when 'tis  
 Oppos'd, as it muſt be, by the power o'the king :  
 One of theſe two muſt be neceſſities,

Which then will speak ; that you must change this pur-  
Or I my life. [pose,

*FLO.* Thou dearest *Perdita*,  
With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not  
The mirth o'the feast : Or I'll be thine, my fair,  
Or not my father's : for I cannot be  
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if  
I be not thine : to this I am most constant,  
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle ;  
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing  
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming :  
Lift up your countenance ; as it were the day  
Of celebration of that nuptial, which  
We two have sworn shall come.

*PER.* O lady fortune,  
Stand you auspicious !

*FLO.* See, your guests approach :  
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,  
And let's be red with mirth.

*Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and  
CAMILLO, disguis'd ; Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS,  
and other Company.*

*She.* Fie, daughter ! when my old wife liv'd, upon  
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook ;  
Both dame, and servant : welcom'd all ; serv'd all :  
Would sing her song, and dance her turn : now here,  
At upper end o'the table ; now, i'the middle ;  
On his shoulder, and his : her face o' fire  
With labour ; and the thing, she took to quench it,  
She would to each one sip : You are retir'd,  
As if you were a feasted one, and not  
The hostess of the meeting : Pray you, bid

These unknown friends to us, welcome ; for it is  
 A way to make us better friends, more known.  
 Come, quench your blushes ; and present yourself  
 That which you are, mistress o'the feast : Come on,  
 And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,  
 As your good flock shall prosper.

*PER.* Welcome, sir !

It is my father's will, I should take on me  
 The hostess-ship o'the day :— You're welcome, sir ! —  
 Give me those † flowers there, *Dorcas*. — Reverend sirs,  
 For you there's rose-mary, and rue ; these keep  
 Seeming, and favour, all the winter long :  
 Grace, and remembrance, be to you both ;  
 And welcome to our shearing !

*POL.* Shepherdes,  
 (A fair one are you) well you fit our ages  
 With flowers of winter.

*PER.* Sir, the year growing ancient, —  
 Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth  
 Of trembling winter, — the fair'st flowers o'the season  
 Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flowers,  
 Which some call, nature's bastards : of that kind  
 Our rustick garden's barren ; and I care not  
 To get slips of them.

*POL.* Wherefore, gentle maiden,  
 Do you neglect them ?

*PER.* For I have heard it said,  
 There is an art, which, in their pideness, shares  
 With great creating nature.

*POL.* Say, there be ;  
 Yet nature is made better by no mean,  
 But nature makes that mean : so, o'er that art,

Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art  
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry  
A gentler scyzen to the wildest stock ;  
And make conceive a bark of baser kind  
By bud of nobler race : This is an art  
Which does mend nature ; change it rather : but  
The art itself is nature.

PER. So it is.

POL. Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers,  
And do not call them, bastards.

PER. I'll not put  
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them :  
No more than, were I painted, I would wish  
This youth † should say, 'twere well ; and only therefore  
Desire to breed by me. — Here's flowers for you ;  
Hot lavender, mints, favory, marjoram ;  
The marigold, that goes to bed wi'the sun,  
And with him rises weeping : these are flowers  
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given  
To men of middle age : You're very welcome.

CAM. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,  
And only live by gazing.

PER. Out, alas !

You'd be so lean, that blasts of *January* [friend,  
Would blow you through and through. — Now, my fair'st  
I would, I had some flowers o'the spring, that might  
Become your time of day ; — and yours, — and yours ; —  
That wear upon your virgin branches yet  
Your maidenheads growing : — O, *Proserpina*,  
For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let'st fall  
From *Dis's* waggon ! early daffodils,  
That come before the swallow dares, and take

The winds of *March* with beauty ; violets, dim,  
 But sweeter than the lids of *Juno's* eyes,  
 Or *Cytherea's* breath ; pale primroses,  
 That dye unmarry'd, ere they can behold  
 Bright *Phœbus* in his strength, a malady  
 Most incident to maids ; bold oxlips, and  
 The crown-imperial ; lillies of all kinds,  
 The flower-de-luce being one ! O, these I lack,  
 To make you garlands of ; and my sweet friend,  
 To strew him o'er and o'er.

*FLO.* What, like a corse ?

*PER.* No, like a bank, for love to lye and play on ;  
 Not like a corse : or if ; not to be bury'd,  
 But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers :  
 Methinks, I play as I have seen them do  
 In whitfun' pastorals : sure, this robe of mine  
 Does change my disposition.

*FLO.* What you do,  
 Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,  
 I'd have you do it ever : when you sing,  
 I'd have you buy and sell so ; so give alms ;  
 Pray so ; and, for the ord'ring your affairs,  
 To sing them too : when you do dance, I wish you  
 A wave o'the sea, that you might ever do  
 Nothing but that ; move still, still so, my fair,  
 And own no other function : Each your doing,  
 So singular in each particular,  
 Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,  
 That all your acts are queens.

*PER.* O *Doricles*,  
 Your praises are too large : but that your youth,  
 And the true blood which peeps so fairly through't,



Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd ;  
With wisdom I might fear, my *Doricles*,  
You woo'd me the false way.

*FLO.* I think, you have  
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose  
To put you to't. — But, come ; our dance, I pray : —  
Your hand, my *Perdita* : so turtles pair,  
That never mean to part.

*PER.* I'll swear for them. [*Musick. Dance forming.*]

*POL.* This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever  
Ran on the green sord : nothing she does, or seems,  
But smacks of something greater than herself ;  
Too noble for this place.

*CAM.* He tells her something,  
That makes her blood look out : Good sooth, she is  
The queen of curds and cream.

*Clo.* Come on, strike up.

*DOR.* *Mopsa* must be your mistress : marry, garlick,  
To mend her kissing with.

*MOP.* Now, in good time ! [ners. —]

*Clo.* Not a word, a word ; we stand upon our man-  
Come, strike up, pipers. [Dance.]

*POL.* Pray, good shepherd, what  
Fair swain is this, which dances with your daughter ?

*She.* They call him, *Doricles* ; he boasts himself  
To have a worthy feeding : but I have it  
Upon his own report, and I believe it ;  
He looks like sooth : He says, he loves my daughter ;  
I think so too ; for never gaz'd the moon  
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,  
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes : and, to be plain,  
I think, there is not half a kiss to choose,

Who loves another best.

*Pol.* She dances featly.

*She.* So she does any thing ; though I report it,  
That should be silent : if young *Doricles*  
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that  
Which he not dreams of.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* O, master, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe ; no, the bag-pipe could not move you : he sings several tunes, faster than you'll tell money ; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens' ears grew to his tunes.

*Clo.* He could never come better : he shall come in : I love a ballad but even too well ; if it be doleful matter, merrily set down ; or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

*Ser.* He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all sizes ; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves : he has the prettiest love-songs for maids ; so without bawdry, which is strange ; with such delicate burthens of, *dil-do's*, and, *fa-dings*, *jump her and thump her* ; and where some stretch mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man* ; puts him off, flights him, with, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*.

*Pol.* This is a brave fellow.

*Clo.* Believe me, thou talk'st of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares ?

*Ser.* He hath ribands of all the colours in the rainbow ; points, more than all the lawyers in *Bo-*

*hemia* can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gros; inkles, caddisses, cambricks, lawns: why, he sings 'em over, as they were gods, or goddeses: you would think, a smock were a she angel; he so chants to the sleeve-band, and the work about the square on't.

*Clo.* Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach singing.

*PER.* Fore-warn him, that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes. [Exit Servant.]

*Clo.* You have of these pedlers, that have more in them than you'd think, sifter.

*PER.* Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

*Enter AUTOLICUS, like a Pedler.*

*AUT.* Lawn, as white as driven snow; [sings.]

cyprus, black as e'er was crow;

gloves, as sweet as damask roses;

masks for faces, and for noses;

bugle bracelet, necklace amber,

perfume for a lady's chamber;

golden quoifs, and stomachers,

for my lads to give their dears;

pins, and poking-sticks of steel,

what maids lack from head to heel:

come, buy of me, come; come, buy; come, buy;

buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:

come, buy.

*Clo.* If I were not in love with *Mopsa*, thou should'st take no money of me; but being enthral'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

*MOP.* I was promis'd them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

*DOR.* He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars.

*MOP.* He hath pay'd you all he promis'd you: may be, he has pay'd you more; which will shame you to give him again.

*Clo.* Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kill-hole, to whistle off these secrets; but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whisp'ring: Clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

*MOP.* I have done. Come, you promis'd me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

*Clo.* Have I not told thee, how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money?

*AUT.* And indeed, fir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

*Clo.* Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

*AUT.* I hope so, fir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

*Clo.* What hast here? ballads?

*MOP.* Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print, or a life; for then we are sure they are true.

*AUT.* Here's † one, to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burthen; and how she long'd to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonado'd.

*MOP.* Is it true, think you?

*AUT.* Very true; and but a month old.

*DOR.* Bless me from marrying a usurer!

*AUT.* Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress

*Tale-porter* ; and five or six honest wives, that were present : Why should I carry lies abroad ?

*MOP.* Pray you now, buy it.

*Clo.* Come on, lay it by : And let's first see more ballads ; we'll buy the other things anon.

*AUT.* Here's another † ballad, Of a fish, that appear'd upon the coast, on we'nsday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fadom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids : it was thought, she was a woman ; and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her : The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

*DOR.* Is it true too, think you ?

*AUT.* Five justices' hands at it ; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

*Clo.* Lay it by too : Another.

*AUT.* This † is a merry ballad ; but a very pretty one.

*MOP.* Let's have some merry ones.

*AUT.* Why, this is a passing merry one ; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man* : there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it ; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

*MOP.* We can both sing it ; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear ; 'tis in three parts.

*DOR.* We had the tune on't a month ago.

*AUT.* I can bear my part ; you must know, 'tis my occupation : have at it with you.

S O N G.

A. *Get you hence, for I must go ;  
where, it fits not you to know.*

D. *Whither ? M. O, whither ? D. Whither ?*



M. *It becomes thy oath full well,  
thou to me thy secrets tell :*

D. *Me too, let me go thither.*

M. *Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill :*

D. *If to either, thou dost ill.*

A. *Neither.* D. *What, neither ?* A. *Neither.*

D. *Thou hast sworn my love to be ;*

M. *Thou hast sworn it more to me :*

*Then, whither go'st ? say, whither ?*

*Clo.* We'll have this song out anon by ourselves :  
My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll  
not trouble them : come, bring away thy pack after me.  
Wenches, I'll buy for you both ; — Pedler, let's have the  
first choice : — Follow me, girls.

*Aut.* " And you shall pay well for 'em."

*Will you buy any tape,* [sings.  
*or lace for your cape,*  
*my dainty duck, my dear-a ;*  
*any silk, any thread,*  
*any toys for your head,*  
*of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a ?*  
*come to the pedler ;*  
*money's a medler,*  
*that doth utter all mens' ware-a.*

[*Exeunt* Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, and AUTOLICUS.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* Master, there is three goat-herds, three shep-  
herds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have  
made themselves all men of hair ; they call themselves,  
saltiers : and they have a dance, which the wenches



fay is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o'the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

*Sbe.* Away, we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already: — I know, fir, we weary you.

*Pol.* You weary those that refresh us: 'pray, let's fee these four three's of herdsmen.

*Ser.* One three of them, by their own report, fir, hath danc'd before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the square.

*Sbe.* Leave your prating; since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in; but quickly now.

*Ser.* Why, they stay at door, fir. [Exit.

*Enter twelve Rusticks, presenting Satyrs.*

*Company seat themselves. Dance, and  
Exeunt Rusticks.*

*Pol.* O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.—

[rising from beside the Shepherd.

“Is it not too far gone? — 'Tis time to part them.—

“He's simple, and tells much.”—How now, fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something, that does take

Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,

And handed love, as you do, I was wont

To load my she with knacks: I would have ranfack'd

The pedler's filken treasury, and have pour'd it

To her acceptance; you have let him go,

And nothing marted with him: If your last

Interpretation should abuse; and call this,

Your lack of love, or bounty; you were straited

For a reply, at least, if you make care

Of happy holding her.

*FLO.* Old fir, I know,  
 She prizes not such trifles as these are :  
 'The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd, and lock'd,  
 Up in my heart ; which I have giv'n already,  
 But not deliver'd. — O, hear me breath my life  
 Before this ancient fir, who, it should seem,  
 Hath sometime lov'd : I take thy hand ; this hand,  
 As soft as dove's down, and as white as it ;  
 Or *Ethiopian's* tooth ; or the fan'd snow,  
 That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

*POL.* What follows this ? —

How prettily the young swain seems to wash  
 The hand, was fair before ! — I have put you out :  
 But, to your protestation ; let me hear  
 What you profess.

*FLO.* Do, and be witness to't.

*POL.* And this † my neighbour too ?

*FLO.* And he, and more  
 Than he, and men ; the earth, the heavens, and all :  
 That, — were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,  
 Thereof most worthy ; were I the fairest youth  
 That ever made eye swerve ; had force, and knowledge,  
 More than was ever man's, — I would not prize them,  
 Without her love : for her, employ them all ;  
 Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,  
 Or to their own perdition.

*POL.* Fairly offer'd.

*CAM.* This shews a sound affection.

*She.* But, my daughter,  
 Say you the like to him ?

*PER.* I cannot speak  
 So well, nothing so well ; no, nor mean better ;

By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out  
The purity of his.

*She.* Take hands, a bargain ; —  
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't :  
I give my daughter to him, and will make  
Her portion equal his.

*FLO.* O, that must be  
I' the virtue of your daughter : one being dead,  
I shall have more than you can dream of yet ;  
Enough then for your wonder : But, come on,  
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

*She.* Come, your hand ; —  
And, daughter, yours.

*POL.* Soft, swain, a while, beseech you ;  
Have you a father ?

*FLO.* I have : But what of him ?

*POL.* Knows he of this ?

*FLO.* He neither does, nor shall.

*POL.* Methinks, a father

Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest  
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more ;  
Is not your father grown incapable  
Of reasonable affairs ? is he not stupid  
With age, and alt'ring rheums ? Can he speak ? hear ?  
Know man from man ? dispute his own estate ?  
Lies he not bed-rid ? and again does nothing,  
But what he did being childish ?

*FLO.* No, good sir ;  
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,  
Than most have of his age.

*POL.* By my white beard,  
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong

Something unfilial: Reason, my son  
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,  
The father (all whose joy is nothing else  
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel  
In such a business.

*FLO.* I yield all this;  
But, for some other reasons, my grave fir,  
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint  
My father of this business.

*POL.* Let him know't.

*FLO.* He shall not.

*POL.* Pr'ythee, let him.

*FLO.* No, he must not.

*She.* Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve  
At knowing of thy choice.

*FLO.* Come, come, he must not:—

Mark our contract.

[*self.*

*POL.* Mark your divorce, young fir, [*discovering him*—  
Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base,  
To be acknowledg'd: Thou a scepter's heir,  
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook!— Thou old traitor,  
I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but  
Shorten thy life one week.— And thou, fresh piece  
Of excellent witch-craft; who, of force, must know  
The royal fool thou cop'dst with;

*She.* O, my heart!

[*made*

*POL.* I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and  
More homely than thy state.— For thee, fond boy,—  
If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh,  
That thou no more shalt see this knack, (as never  
I mean thou shalt) we'll bar thee from succession;  
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,

Far as *Deucalion* off: Mark thou my words;  
Follow us to the court. — Thou, churl, — for this time,  
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee  
From the dead blow of it. — And you, enchantment, —  
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him † too,  
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,  
Unworthy thee, — if ever, henceforth, thou  
These rural latches to his entrance open,  
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,  
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,  
As thou art tender to't. [Exit POLIXENES.]

*PER.* Even here undone!

I was not much afeard: for once, or twice,  
I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,  
The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,  
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but  
Looks on alike. — Wilt please you, sir, be gone?  
I told you, what would come of this: Beseech you,  
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine, —  
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,  
But milk my ewes, and weep.

*CAM.* Why, how now, father?  
Speak, ere thou dy'st.

*She.* I cannot speak, nor think,  
Nor dare to know that which I know. — O, sir,  
You have undone a man of fourscore three,  
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,  
To dye upon the bed my father dy'd,  
To lye close by his honest bones: but now  
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me  
Where no priest shovels-in dust. — O cursed wretch;  
That knew'st this was the prince, and would'st adventure

† Farre than *Deu-* 9 Or hope



To mingle faith with him. — Undone ! undone !  
 If I might dye within this hour, I have liv'd  
 To dye when I desire. [Exit Shepherd.]

*FLO.* Why look you so upon me ?  
 I am but sorry, not afear'd ; delay'd,  
 But nothing alter'd : What I was, I am :  
 More straining on, for plucking back ; not following  
 My leath unwillingly.

*CAM.* Gracious my lord,  
 You know your father's temper : at this time  
 He will allow no speech, — which, I do guefs,  
 You do not purpose to him ; — and as hardly  
 Will he endure your fight as yet, I fear :  
 Then, 'till the fury of his highness settle,  
 Come not before him.

*FLO.* I not purpose it.  
 I think, *Camillo*.

*CAM.* Even he, my lord.

*PER.* How often have I told you, 'twould be thus ?  
 How often said, my dignity would last  
 But 'till 'twere known ?

*FLO.* It cannot fail, but by  
 The violation of my faith ; And then  
 Let nature crush the sides o'the earth together,  
 And mar the seeds within ! Lift up thy looks : —  
 From thy succession wipe me, father ; I  
 Am heir to my affection.

*CAM.* Be advis'd.

*FLO.* I am ; and by my fancy : if my reason  
 Will thereto be obedient, I have reason ;  
 If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,  
 Do bid it welcome.



CAM. This is desp'rate, sir.

FLO. So call it: but it does fulfill my vow;  
I needs must think it honesty. *Camillo*,  
Not for *Bohemia*, nor the pomp that may  
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or  
The close earth wombs, or the profound sea hides  
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath  
To this my fair belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,  
As you have ever been my father's friend,  
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not  
To see him any more) cast your good counsels  
Upon his passion; Let myself, and fortune,  
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,  
And so deliver, — I am put to sea  
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;  
And, most opp'rtune to the need, I have  
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd  
For this design. What course I mean to hold,  
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor  
Concern me the reporting.

CAM. O my lord,  
I would your spirit were easier for advice,  
Or stronger for your need.

FLO. Hark, *Perdita*. — [drawing her aside.  
I'll hear you by and by.

CAM. He's irremoveable,  
Resolv'd for flight: Now were I happy, if  
His going I could frame to serve my turn;  
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;  
Purchase the fight again of dear *Sicilia*,  
And that unhappy king, my master, whom  
I so much thirst to see.

*FLO.* Now, good *Camillo*,  
I am so fraught with curious busines, that  
I leave out ceremony.

*CAM.* Sir, I think,  
You have heard of my poor services, i'the love  
That I have born your father ?

*FLO.* Very nobly  
Have you deserv'd : it is my father's musick,  
To speak your deeds ; not little of his care,  
To have them recompenc'd as thought on.

*CAM.* Well, my lord,  
If you may please to think, I love the king ;  
And, through him, what's nearest to him, which is  
Your gracious self ; embrace but my direction,  
(If your more ponderous and settl'd project  
May suffer alteration) on mine honour,  
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving  
As shall become your highness ; where you may  
Enjoy your mistress ; from the whom, I see,  
There's no disjunction to be made, but by  
(As heavens forefend !) your ruin : Marry her ;  
And, with my best endeavours, in your absence,  
Your discontenting father I'll strive to qualify,  
And bring him up to liking.

*FLO.* How, *Camillo*,  
May this, almost a miracle, be done ?  
That I may call thee, something more than man ;  
And, after that, trust to thee.

*CAM.* Have you thought on  
A place, wheretó you'll go ?

*FLO.* Not any yet :  
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty

To what we wildly do ; so we profess  
Ourselves, to be the slaves of chance, and flies  
Of every wind that blows.

CAM. Then list to me :

This follows, — if you will not change your purpose,  
But undergo this flight ; — Make for *Sicilia* ;  
And there present yourself, and your fair princess,  
(For so, I see, she must be) 'fore *Leontes* ;  
She shall be habited, as it becomes  
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see  
*Leontes*, opening his free arms, and weeping  
His welcomes forth : asks thee, the son, forgiveness,  
As 'twere i'the father's person : kisses the hands  
Of your fresh princess : o'er and o'er divides him  
'Twi'xt his unkindness and his kindness ; the one  
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow,  
Faster than thought, or time.

FLO. Worthy *Camillo*,

What colour for my visitation shall I  
Hold up before him ?

CAM. Sent by the king your father,  
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,  
The manner of your bearing towards him, with  
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,  
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down :  
The which shall point you forth, at every sitting,  
What you must say ; that he shall not perceive,  
But that you have your father's bosom there,  
And speak his very heart.

FLO. I am bound to you :  
There is some sap in this.

CAM. A course more promising

<sup>12</sup> there Soane <sup>26</sup> Sitting

Than a wild dedication of yourselves  
 To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most certain,  
 To miseries enough: no hope to help you;  
 But, as you shake off one, to take another:  
 Nothing so certain, as your anchors; who  
 Do their best office, if they can but stay you  
 Where you'll be loth to be: Besides, you know,  
 Prosperity's the very bond of love;  
 Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together  
 Affliction alters.

*PER.* One of these is true:  
 I think, affliction may subdue the cheek;  
 But not take-in the mind.

*CAM.* Yea, say you so?  
 There shall not, at your father's house, these seven years,  
 Be born another such.

*FLO.* My good *Camillo*,  
 She is as forward of her breeding, as  
 I'the rear of birth.

*CAM.* I cannot say, 'tis pity  
 She lacks instructions; for she seems a mistress  
 To most that teach.

*PER.* Your pardon, sir, for this;  
 I'll blush you thanks.

*FLO.* My prettiest *Perdita*.  
 But, o, the thorns we stand upon! — *Camillo*, —  
 Preserver of my father, now of me;  
 The med'cine of our house, — how shall we do?  
 We are not furnish'd like *Bohemia's* son;  
 Nor shall appear in *Sicily* —

*CAM.* My lord,  
 Fear none of this: I think, you know, my fortunes

Do all lie there: it shall be so my care  
To have you royally appointed, as if  
The scene, you play, were mine. For instance, fir, —  
That you may know, you shall not want, — one word.  
*[they converse apart.]*

*Enter* AUTOLICUS.

*AUT.* Ha, ha! What a fool honesty is? and trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman. I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander, broch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoo-tye, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first; as if my trinkets had been hallow'd, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture; and, what I saw, to my good use, I remember'd. My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes, 'till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinch'd a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing, to geld a cod-piece of a purse; I would have fil'd keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my fir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses: and had not the old man come in, with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son, and scar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

*CAM.* Nay, but my letters by this means being there  
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

FLO. And those that you'll procure from king Le-

CAM. Shall satisfy your father. [ontes,—

PER. Happy be you!

All, that you speak, shews fair.

CAM. Who have we here? — [seeing Autolicus.

We'll make an instrument of this; omit

Nothing, may give us aid. [ing.”

AUT. “If they have overheard me now, why, hang-

CAM. How now, good fellow? Wherefore shak'st thou

Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee. [so?

AUT. I am a poor fellow, sir.

CAM. Why, be so still;

Here's no body will steal that from thee: Yet,

For the out-side of thy poverty, we must

Make an exchange: therefore, discase thee instantly, —

Thou must think, there's a necessity in't, — and change

Garments wi' this gentleman: Though the pennyworth,

On his side, be the worst, yet, hold † thee, there's some

boot. [enough.”

AUT. I am a poor fellow, sir: “I know ye well

CAM. Nay, pr'ythee now, dispatch; the gentleman

'S half flea'd already.

AUT. Are you in earnest, sir?—

“I smell the trick of it.”

FLO. Dispatch, I pr'ythee.

AUT. “Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot”

“With conscience take it.”

CAM. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[Florizel and Autolicus exchange Garments.

Fortunate mistress, — Let my prophesy

Come home to you! — you must retire yourself

Into some covert: take your sweet-heart's hat,



And pluck it o'er your brows ; muffle your face ;  
 Dismantle you ; and, as you can, dislike  
 The truth of your own seeming ; that you may  
 (For I do fear eyes over you) to ship-board  
 Get undescry'd.

PER. I see, the play so lies,  
 That I must bear a part.

CAM. No remedy. —  
 Have you done there ?

FLO. Should I now meet my father,  
 He would not call me son.

CAM. Nay, you shall have no hat : —

[giving it to Perdita.  
 Come, lady, come. — Farewel, my friend.

AUT. Adieu, sir. [retiring.

FLO. O, Perdita, what have we twain forgot ?  
 Pray you, a word. [talking with her aside.

CAM. What I do next, shall be, to tell the king  
 Of this escape, and whither they are bound ;  
 Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail,  
 To force him after : in whose company  
 I shall review Sicilia ; for whose fight  
 I have a woman's longing.

FLO. Fortune speed us ! —  
 Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

CAM. The swifter speed, the better.

[Exeunt FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and CAMILLO.

AUT. I understand the business, I hear it : To have  
 an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is ne-  
 cessary for a cut-purse ; a good nose is requisite also,  
 to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is  
 the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an

exchange had this been, without boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing extempore. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels: If I thought not it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

*Enter Clown, and Shepherd.*

Afide, afide; here is more matter for a hot brain: Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

*Clo.* See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

*She.* Nay, but hear me.

*Clo.* Nay, but hear me.

*She.* Go to then.

*Clo.* She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her: This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

*She.* I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

*Clo.* Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know not how much an ounce.

*Aut.* "Very wisely; puppies!"

*She.* Well; let us to the king: there is that in this † farthel, will make him scratch his beard.

*Aut.* "I know not, what impediment this complaint" "may be to the flight of my master."

*Clo.* Pray heartily, he be at palace.

*Aut.* "Though I am not naturally honest, I am so" "sometimes by chance: Let me pocket up my pedler's † "excrement." — How now, rustiques? whither are you bound?

*She.* To th' palace, an it like your worship.

*Aut.* Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that farthel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

*Clo.* We are but plain fellows, sir.

*Aut.* A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

*Clo.* Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

*She.* Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

*Aut.* Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the court, in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it, the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, to toze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-pe; and one that will either push-on, or pluck-back, thy busi-

39 insinuate, at toaze

nests there : whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

*She.* My business, fir, is to the king.

*AUT.* What advocate hast thou to him ?

*She.* I know not, an't like you.

*Clo.* " Advocate's the court word for a pheasant ; "  
" say, you have none."

*She.* None, fir : I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.

*AUT.* How blessed are we, that are not simple men !  
Yet nature might have made me as these are ;  
Therefore I will not disdain.

*Clo.* " This cannot be but a great courtier."

*She.* " His garments are rich, but he wears them  
" not handsomely,"

*Clo.* " He seems to be the more noble, in being "  
" fantastical : a great man, I'll warrant ; I know, by "  
" the picking on's teeth."

*AUT.* The farthel there ? what's i'th' farthel ? Where-  
fore that box ?

*She.* Sir, there lies such secrets in this farthel, and  
box, which none must know but the king ; and which  
he shall know within this hour, if I may come to th'  
speech of him.

*AUT.* Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

*She.* Why, fir ?

*AUT.* The king is not at the palace ; he is gone aboard  
a new ship, to purge melancholy, and air himself : For,  
if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know,  
the king is full of grief.

*She.* So 'tis said, fir ; about his son, that should have  
marry'd a shepherd's daughter.

*AUT.* If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him

fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

*Cl.* Think you so, sir?

*Aut.* Not he alone shall suffer, what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though remov'd fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be ston'd; but that death is too soft for him, say I: Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

*Cl.* Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

*Aut.* He has a son: who shall be flay'd alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; there stand, 'till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recover'd again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot infusion: then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals; whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the king: being something gently consider'd, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.



*Cl.* "He seems to be of great authority: close"  
 "with him, give him gold; and though authority be"  
 "a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with"  
 "gold: shew the inside of your purse to the outside of"  
 "his hand, and no more ado: Remember, ston'd, and"  
 "flay'd alive."

*She.* An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here † is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn, 'till I bring it you.

*Aut.* After I have done what I promis'd?

*She.* Ay, sir.

*Aut.* Well, give me the moiety: — Are you a party in this business?

*Cl.* In some sort, sir: but, though my case be a pitiful one, I hope, I shall not be flay'd out of it.

*Aut.* O, that's the case of the shepherd's son: Hang him, he'll be made an example.

*Cl.* "Comfort, good comfort: We must to the"  
 "king, and shew our strange fights: he must know,"  
 "'tis none of your daughter, nor my sister; we are"  
 "gone else." — Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is perform'd; and remain, as he says, your pawn, 'till it be brought you.

*Aut.* I will trust you. Walk before toward the seaside; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

*Cl.* We are blest'd in this man, as I may say, even blest'd.

*She.* Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [Exeunt Clown, and Shepherd.

*Aut.* If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune



would not suffer me ; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion ; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good ; Which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement ? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him : if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me, rogue, for being so far officious ; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't : To him will I present them, there may be matter in it.

[*Exit* AUTOLICUS.]

---

*ACT V.*

*SCENE I.* Sicilia. *A Room in Leontes' Palace.*

*Enter* LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA,  
*Lords, and Others.*

CLE. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A faint-like sorrow : no fault could you make,  
Which you have not redeem'd ; indeed, pay'd down  
More penitence, than done trespass : At the last,  
Do, as the heavens have done ; forget your evil ;  
With them, forgive yourself.

LEO. Whilst I remember

Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget  
My blemishes in them ; and so still think of  
The wrong I did myself : which was so much,  
That heirless it hath made my kingdom ; and  
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man

Bred his hopes out of.

*PAU.* True, too true, my lord :  
If, one by one, you wedded all the world ;  
Or, from the all that are, took something good,  
To make a perfect woman ; she, you kill'd,  
Would be unparallel'd.

*LEO.* I think so. Kill'd !  
She I kill'd ! I did so : but thou strik'st me  
Sorely, to say I did ; it is as bitter  
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought : Now, good now,  
Say so but seldom.

*CLE.* Not at all, good lady :  
You might have spoke a thousand things, that would  
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd  
Your kindness better.

*PAU.* You are one of those,  
Would have him wed again.

*DIO.* If you would not so,  
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance  
Of his most sovereign name ; consider little,  
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,  
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour  
Uncertain lookers-on. What were more holy,  
Than to rejoice the former queen ? This will :  
What holier, than, — for royalty's repair,  
For present comfort, and for future good, —  
To bless the bed of majesty again  
With a sweet fellow to't ?

*PAU.* There is none worthy,  
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods  
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes :  
For has not the divine *Apollo* said,

Is't not the tenor of his oracle,  
That king *Leontes* shall not have an heir,  
'Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,  
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,  
As my *Antigonus* to break his grave,  
And come again to me; who, on my life,  
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,  
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,  
Oppose against their wills. — Care not for issue;  
The crown will find an heir: Great *Alexander*  
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor  
Was like to be the best.

LEO. Thou good *Paulina*, —  
Who hast the memory of *Hermione*,  
I know, in honour, — o, that ever I  
Had squar'd me to thy counsel! then, even now,  
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;  
Have taken treasure from her lips, —

PAU. And left them  
More rich, for what they yielded.

LEO. Thou speak'st truth.  
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,  
And better us'd, would make her fainted spirit  
Again possess her corps; and, on this stage,  
Where we offenders now appear, soul-vext  
Begin, *And why to me?*

PAU. Had she such power,  
She had just cause.

LEO. She had; and would incense me  
To murder her I marry'd.

PAU. I should so:  
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you, mark

Her eye ; and tell me, for what dull part in't  
 You chose her : then I'd shriek, that even your ears  
 Should rift to hear me ; and the words that follow'd  
 Should be, *Remember mine.*

*LEO.* Stars, very stars ;  
 And all eyes else, dead coals !— fear thou no wife ;  
 I'll have no wife, *Paulina.*

*PAU.* Will you swear  
 Never to marry, but by my free leave ?

*LEO.* Never, *Paulina* ; so be bless'd my spirit !

*PAU.* Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

*CLE.* You tempt him over-much.

*PAU.* Unless another,  
 As like *Hermione* as is her picture,  
 Affront his eye.

*CLE.* Good madam, —

*PAU.* I have done.

Yet, if my lord will marry, — if you will, sir ;  
 No remedy, but you will ; give me the office,  
 To choose you a queen : she shall not be so young  
 As was your former ; but she shall be such,  
 As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy  
 To see her in your arms.

*LEO.* My true *Paulina*,  
 We shall not marry, 'till thou bid'st us.

*PAU.* That  
 Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath ;  
 Never till then.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Gen.* One that gives out himself prince *Florizel*,  
 Son of *Polixenes*, with his princess, (she  
 The fair'st I have yet beheld) desires access

To your high presence.

LEO. What with him? he comes not  
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,  
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,  
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd  
By need, and accident. What train?

Gen. But few,  
And those but mean.

LEO. His princess, say you, with him?

Gen. Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,  
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

PAU. O *Hermione*,  
As every present time doth boast itself  
Above a better, gone; so must thy grave  
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself  
Have said, and writ so; but your writing now  
Is colder than that theme: *She had not been,*  
*Nor was not to be equal'd*, — thus your verse  
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,  
To say, you have seen a better.

Gen. Pardon, madam:  
The one I have almost forgot; (your pardon)  
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,  
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,  
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal  
Of all professors else; make profelites  
Of who she but bid follow.

PAU. How? not women?

Gen. Women will love her, that she is a woman  
More worth than any man; men, that she is  
The rarest of all women.

LEO. Go, *Cleomenes*;

Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,  
 Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange,  
 [*Exeunt CLEOMENES, Lords, and Gentleman.*]  
 He thus should steal upon us.

*PAU.* Had our prince  
 (Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd  
 Well with this lord; there was not full a month  
 Between their births.

*LEO.* Pr'ythee, no more; cease; thou know'st,  
 He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,  
 When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches  
 Will bring me to consider that, which may  
 Ur-furnish me of reason. — They are come. —

*Re-enter Cleomenes, &c. with  
 FLORIZEL, and PERDITA.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince:  
 For she did print your royal father off,  
 Conceiving you: Were I but twenty one,  
 Your father's image is so hit in you,  
 His very air, that I should call you brother,  
 As I did him; and speak of something, wildly  
 By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome; —  
 And your fair princess, Goddess! — O, alas,  
 I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth  
 Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as  
 You, gracious couple, do! and then I lost  
 (All mine own folly) the society,  
 Amity too, of your brave father; whom,  
 Though bearing misery, I desire my life  
 Once more to look on.

*FLO.* Sir, by his command  
 Have I here touch'd *Sicilia*; and from him



Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,  
Can fend his brother : and, but infirmity  
(Which waits upon worn times) hath something seiz'd  
His wish'd ability, he had himself  
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his  
Measur'd, to look upon you ; whom he loves  
(He bad me say so) more than all the scepters,  
And those that bear them, living.

LEO. O my brother,  
(Good gentleman) the wrongs, I have done thee, stir  
Afresh within me ; and these thy offices,  
So rarely kind, are as interpreters  
Of my behind-hand slackness ! — Welcome hither,  
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too  
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage  
(At least, ungentle) of the dreadful *Neptune*,  
To greet a man, not worth her pains ; much less  
The adventure of her person ?

FLO. Good my lord,  
She came from *Libia*.

LEO. Where the warlike *Smalus*,  
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd ?

FLO. Most royal sir, from thence ; from him, whose  
daughter  
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her : thence  
(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,  
To execute the charge my father gave me,  
For visiting your highness : My best train  
I have from your *Sicilian* shores dismiss'd ;  
Who for *Bobemia* bend, to signify  
Not only my success in *Libia*, sir,  
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety

Here, where we happily are.

LEO. The blessed gods  
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you  
Do climate here ! You have a holy father,  
A graceful gentleman ; against whose person,  
So sacred as it is, I have done sin :  
For which the heavens, taking angry note,  
Have left me issue-less ; and your father's bless'd  
(As he from heaven merits it) with you,  
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,  
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,  
Such goodly things as you ?

*Enter a Lord.*

Lor. Most noble sir,  
That, which I shall report, will bear no credit,  
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,  
*Bohemia* greets you from himself, by me :  
Desires you to attach his son ; who has  
(His dignity and duty both cast off)  
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with  
A shepherd's daughter.

LEO. Where's *Bohemia* ? speak.

Lor. Here in your city ; I now came from him :  
I speak amazedly ; and it becomes  
My marvel, and my message. To your court  
Whiles he was hast'ning, (in the chace, it seems,  
Of this fair couple) meets he on the way  
The father of this seeming lady, and  
Her brother, having both their country quitted  
With this young prince.

FLO. *Camillo* has betray'd me ;  
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now

Endur'd all weathers.

*Lor.* Lay't so, to his charge ;  
He's with the king your father.

*LEO.* Who ? *Camillo* ?

*Lor.* *Camillo*, fir ; I spake with him ; who now  
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I  
Wretches so quake : they kneel, they kiss the earth ;  
Forswear themselves as often as they speak :  
*Bohemia* stops his ears, and threatens them  
With divers deaths in death.

*PER.* O my poor father ! —  
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have  
Our contract celebrated.

*LEO.* You are marry'd ?

*FLO.* We are not, fir, nor are we like to be ;  
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first : —  
The odds for high and low's alike.

*LEO.* My lord,  
Is this the daughter of a king ?

*FLO.* She is,  
When once she is my wife.

*LEO.* That once, I see, by your good father's speed,  
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,  
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,  
Where you were ty'd in duty : and as sorry,  
Your choice is not so rich in worth, as beauty,  
That you might well enjoy her.

*FLO.* Dear, look up :  
Though fortune, visible an enemy,  
Should chafe us, with my father ; power no jot  
Hath she, to change our loves. — 'Beseech you, fir,  
Remember since you ow'd no more to time

Than I do now : with thought of such affections,  
Step forth mine advocate ; at your request,  
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

*LEO.* Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,  
Which he counts but a trifle.

*PAU.* Sir, my liege,  
Your eye hath too much youth in't : not a month  
'Fore your queen dy'd, she was more worth such gazes  
Than what you look on now.

*LEO.* I thought of her,  
Even in these looks I made. — But your petition  
Is yet unanswer'd : I will to your father ;  
Your honour not o'er-thrown by your desires,  
I am friend to them, and you : upon which errand  
I now go toward him ; therefore, follow me,  
And mark what way I make : Come, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

*SCENE II. The same. Before the Palace.*

*Enter AUTOLICUS, and a Gentleman.*

*AUT.* 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation ?

*1. G.* I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it : whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber ; only this, methought, I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

*AUT.* I would most gladly know the issue of it.

*1. G.* I make a broken delivery of the business ; —  
But the changes I perceived in the king, and *Camillo*,  
were very notes of admiration : they seem'd almost, with  
staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes ;

there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they look'd, as they had heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroy'd: A notable passion of wonder appeared in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importance were joy, or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

*Enter another Gentleman.*

Here comes a gentleman, that happily knows more: —  
The news, *Rogero*?

2. *G.* Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is fulfil'd; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

Here comes the lady *Paulina*'s steward, he can deliver you more. — How goes it now, sir? this news (which is call'd true) is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: Has the king found his heir?

3. *G.* Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstances: that, which you hear, you'll swear, you see; there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen *Hermione*'s; her jewel about the neck of it; the letters of *Antigonus*, found with it, which they know to be his character; the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother; the affection of nobleness, which nature shews above her breeding, and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2. *G.* No.

3. *G.* Then have you lost a fight, which was to be

seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that, it seem'd, sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, *O, thy mother, thy mother!* then asks *Bohemia* forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then, again, worries he his daughter, with clipping her: now he thanks the old shepherd; which stands by, like a weather-beaten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter; which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2. G. What, pray you, became of *Antigonus*, that carry'd hence the child?

3. G. Like an old tale still; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that *Paulina* knows.

1. G. What became of his bark, and his followers?

3. G. Wreckt, the same instant of their master's death; and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, o, the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in *Paulina!* She had one eye declin'd, for the loss of her husband; another elevated, that the oracle was ful-



fil'd : She lifted the princess from the earth ; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1. G. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes ; for by such was it acted.

3. G. One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angl'd for mine eyes, (caught the water, though not the fish) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to't, (bravely confess'd, and lamented, by the king) how attentiveness wounded his daughter : 'till, from one sign of colour to another, she did, with an, *alas*, I would fain say, bleed tears ; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there, changed colour ; some swooned, all sorrowed : if all the world could have seen't, the woe had been universal.

1. G. Are they return'd to the court ?

3. G. No : The princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of *Paulina*, — a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd, by that rare *Italian* master, *Julio Romano* ; who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly is he her ape : he so near to *Hermione* hath done *Hermione*, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer : — thither, with all greediness of affection, are they gone ; and there they intend to sup.

2. G. I thought, she had some great matter there in hand ; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of *Hermione*, visited that remov'd

house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1. G. Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt* Gentlemen.

*Aut.* Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him, I heard them talk of a farthel, and I know not what: but he at that time over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remain'd undiscover'd. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.

*Enter* Shepherd, and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

*She.* Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

*Clo.* You are well met, sir: You deny'd to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: See you these cloths? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

*Aut.* I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

*Clo.* Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

*She.* And so have I, boy.

*Clo.* So you have :— but I was a gentleman born before my father : for the king's son took me by the hand, and call'd me, brother ; and then the two kings call'd my father, brother ; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, call'd my father, father ; and so we wept : and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

*She.* We may live, son, to shed many more.

*Clo.* Ay ; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

*Aur.* I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

*She.* Pr'ythee, son, do ; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

*Clo.* Thou wilt amend thy life ?

*Aur.* Ay, an it like your good worship.

*Clo.* Give me thy hand : I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in *Bohemia*.

*She.* You may say it, but not swear it.

*Clo.* Not swear it, now I am a gentleman ? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

*She.* How if it be false, son ?

*Clo.* If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend :— And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk ; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk ; but I'll swear it : and, I would, thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

*Aur.* I will prove so, sir, to my power.

*Clo.* Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow : if I do not wonder, how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. — Hark ! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. — Come, follow us : we'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*

---

*SCENE III. The same. A Chapel in Paulina's House : at upper End, a Nich ; a Curtain before it. Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, Florizel, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, &c.*

*LEO.* O grave and good *Paulina*, the great comfort That I have had of thee !

*PAU.* What, sovereign sir,  
I did not well, I meant well : All my services,  
You have pay'd home : but that you have vouchsaf'd,  
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted  
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit ;  
It is a surplus of your grace, which never  
My life may last to answer.

*LEO.* O *Paulina*,  
We honour you with trouble : But we came  
To see the statue of our queen : your gallery  
Have we pass'd through, not without much content  
In many singularities ; but we saw not  
That which my daughter came to look upon,  
The statue of her mother.

*PAU.* As she liv'd peerless,  
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,  
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,  
Or hand of man hath done ; therefore I keep it  
Lonely, apart : But here it is : prepare

To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever  
Still sleep mock'd death : behold ; and say, 'tis well.

[undraws the Curtain ; HERMIONE is  
seen behind it, in Posture of a Statue.

I like your silence, it the more shews off  
Your wonder : But yet speak ; first, you, my liege,  
Comes it not something near ?

LEO. Her natural posture ! —

Chide me, dear stone ; that I may say, indeed,  
Thou art *Hermione* : or, rather, thou art she,  
In thy not chiding ; for she was as tender,  
As infancy, and grace. — But yet, *Paulina*,  
*Hermione* was not so much wrinkl'd ; nothing  
So aged, as this seems.

POL. O, not by much.

PAU. So much the more our carver's excellence ;  
Which lets go-by some sixteen years, and makes her  
As she liv'd now.

LEO. As now she might have done,  
So much to my good comfort, as it is  
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,  
Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,  
As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her !  
I am asham'd : Does not the stone rebuke me,  
For being more stone than it ? — O, royal piece,  
There's magick in thy majesty ; which has  
My evils conjur'd to remembrance ; and  
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,  
Standing like stone with thee !

PER. And give me leave.

And do not say, 'tis superstition, that  
I kneel, and then implore her blessing. — Lady,

Dear queen, that ended when I but began,  
Give me that hand of yours, to kifs.

*PAU.* O, patience;  
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's  
Not dry. [*flaying Perdita.*

*CAM.* My lord, your sorrow was too fore lay'd on;  
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,  
So many summers dry: scarce any joy  
Did ever so long live; no sorrow, sir,  
But kill'd itself much sooner.

*POL.* Dear my brother,  
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power  
To take off so much grief from you, as he  
Will piece up in himself.

*PAU.* Indeed, my lord,  
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image  
Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is mine)  
I'd not have shew'd it.

*LEO.* Do not draw the curtain.

*PAU.* No longer shall you gaze on't; lest your fancy  
May think anon, it moves.

*LEO.* Let be, let be.  
'Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—  
What was he, that did make it?— See, my lord,  
Would you not deem, it breath'd! and that those veins  
Did verily bear blood?

*POL.* Masterly done:  
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

*LEO.* The fixure of her eye has motion in't,  
And we are mock'd with art.

*PAU.* I'll draw the curtain;  
My lord's almost so far transported, that



He'll think anon, it lives.

*LEO.* O sweet *Paulina*,  
Make me to think so twenty years together;  
No settl'd senses of the world can match  
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

*PAU.* I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stir'd you: but  
I could afflict you farther.

*LEO.* Do, *Paulina*;  
For this affliction has a taste as sweet  
As any cordial comfort.— Still, methinks,  
There is an air comes from her: What fine chizel  
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,  
For I will kiss her.

*PAU.* Good my lord, forbear:  
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;  
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own  
With oily painting: Shall I draw the curtain?

*LEO.* No, not these twenty years.

*PER.* So long could I  
Stand by, a looker-on.

*PAU.* Either forbear,  
Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you  
For more amazement: If you can behold it,  
I'll make the statue move indeed; descend,  
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think,  
(Which I protest against) I am assisted  
By wicked powers.

*LEO.* What you can make her do,  
I am content to look on: what to speak,  
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy  
To make her speak, as move.

*PAU.* It is requir'd,

You do awake your faith : Then, all stand still ;  
Or, those, that think it is unlawful business  
I am about, let them depart.

*LEO.* Proceed ;  
No foot shall stir.

*PAU.* Musick ; awake her : strike. — [Musick.  
'Tis time ; descend ; be stone no more : approach ;  
Strike all that look upon with marvel : Come ;  
I'll fill your grave up : stir ; nay, come away ;  
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him  
Dear life redeems you. — You perceive, she stirs :

[*Hermione comes from her Pedestal.*

Start not ; her actions shall be holy, as,  
You hear, my spell is lawful : do not shun her,  
Until you see her die again ; for then  
You kill her double : Nay, present your hand :  
When she was young, you woo'd her ; now, in age,  
Is she become the suitor ?

*LEO.* O, she's warm !  
If this be magick, let it be an art  
Lawful as eating.

*POL.* She embraces him.

*CAM.* She hangs about his neck ;  
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

*POL.* Ay, and make't manifest where she has liv'd,  
Or how stoln from the dead.

*PAU.* That she is living,  
Were it but told you, should be hooted at  
Like an old tale ; but it appears, she lives,  
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while. —  
Please you to interpose, fair madam ; kneel,  
And pray your mother's blessing : — Turn, good lady ;

Our *Perdita* is found.

*HER.* You gods, look down,  
And from your sacred vials pour your graces  
Upon my daughter's head! — Tell me, mine own,  
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how found  
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I, —  
Knowing by *Paulina*, that the oracle  
Gave hope, thou wast in being, — have preserv'd  
Myself, to see the issue.

*PAU.* There's time enough for that;  
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble  
Your joys with like relation. — Go together,  
You precious winners all; your exultation  
Partake to every one: I, an old turtle,  
Will wing me to some wither'd bough; and there  
My mate, that's never to be found again,  
Lament, 'till I am lost.

*LEO.* O, peace, *Paulina*;  
Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,  
As I by thine a wife: this is a match,  
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine;  
But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her,  
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said many  
A prayer upon her grave: I'll not seek far,  
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee  
An honourable husband: — Come, *Camillo*,  
And take her by the hand: whose worth, and honesty,  
Is richly noted; and here justify'd  
By us, a pair of kings. — Let's from this place. —  
What, look upon my brother? both your pardons,  
That e'er I put between your holy looks  
My ill suspicion. — This † your son-in-law,

And son unto the king ; who, heavens directing,  
Is troth-plight to your daughter. — Good *Paulina*,  
Lead us from hence ; where we may leisurely  
Each one demand, and answer to his part  
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first  
We were dislever'd :   Hastily lead away.   [*Exeunt.*

---

M A C B E T H.

*Persons represented.*

Duncan, *King of Scotland* :

Malcolm, and } *his Sons* :

Donalbain, }

Macbeth, *his Cousin, and*  
*General of his Forces.*

Seyward, *General of the English Forces* :

*young Seyward, his Son.*

Macduff, Banquo, Lenox,

Rosse, Angus, Cathnes, Men- } *Noblemen*

teth, and another Lord,

Fleance, *Son to Banquo.*

*Boy, Son to Macduff.*

Seyton, *an Attendant upon Macbeth.*

*an English Doctor; a Scottish Doctor.*

*a Soldier, a Porter, an old Man,*

*four Attendants, two Messengers,*  
*and three Murtherers, Scotch.*

*Lady Macbeth.*

*Lady Macduff.*

*Gentlewoman, attending Lady Macbeth.*

*Hecate, and three Witches :*

*three Apparitions rais'd by them.*

*Other Witches, and Apparitions;*

*Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

*Scene, dispers'd; in several Parts of Scotland,*  
*and once in England.*



M A C B E T H.

---

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Cross-way.*

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.*

1. *W.* When shall we three meet again  
In thunder, lightning, and in rain?  
2. *W.* When the hurly-burly's done,  
When the battle's lost and won:  
3. *W.* That will be ere th' set of sun.  
1. *W.* Where the place?  
2. *W.* Upon the heath:  
3. *W.* There to meet with great Macbeth.  
1. *W.* I come: — *Grimalkin!*  
*all.* *Padocke* calls: — *Anon.* —  
Fair is foul, and foul is fair:  
Hover through the fog and filthy air.
- 

SCENE II. *A Camp, near Foris.*

*Alarums. Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM,  
Donalbain, LENOX, with Attendants;*

2 Lightning, or in

*a Soldier meeting them.*

*DUN.* What bloody man is that? He can report,  
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt  
The newest state.

*MAL.* This is the ferjeant,  
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought  
'Gainst my captivity: — Hail, hail, brave friend!  
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,  
As thou did'st leave it.

*Sol.* Doubtful it stood;  
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,  
And choak their art. The merciless *Macdonel*  
(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,  
The multiplying villanies of nature  
Do swarm upon him) from the western isles  
Of *Kernes* and *Gallow-glasses* is supply'd;  
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,  
Shew'd like a rebel's whore: But all's too weak:  
For brave *Macbeth*, (well he deserves that name)  
Disdaining fortune, with his brandisht steel,  
Which smok'd with bloody execution,  
(Like valour's minion) carved out his passage,  
'Till he had fac'd the slave:  
And ne'er shook hands, nor bad farewell to him,  
'Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chops,  
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

*DUN.* O valiant cousin, worthy gentleman!

*Sol.* As whence the sun 'gins his reflection  
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;  
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,  
Discomfort wells. Mark, king of *Scotland*, mark:  
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,

<sup>17</sup> Quarry <sup>24</sup> Which nev'r <sup>29</sup> breaking <sup>31</sup> Discomfort swells.

Compell'd these skipping *Kernes* to trust their heels ;  
 But the *Norwegian* lord, surveying vantage,  
 With furbisht arms, and new supplies of men,  
 Began a fresh assault.

*DUN.* Dismay'd not this

Our captains, brave *Macbeth* and *Banquo* ?

*Sol.* Yes ;

As sparrows, eagles ; or the hare, the lion.  
 If I say sooth, I must report they were  
 As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks ;  
 So they doubly redoubl'd strokes on the foe :  
 Except they meant to bath in reeking wounds,  
 Or memorize another *Golgotha*,  
 I cannot tell : —

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

*DUN.* So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds ;  
 They smack of honour both : — Go, get him surgeons.

[*Exeunt Some with the Soldier.*]

But who comes here ?

*Enter ROSSE, and Angus.*

*MAL.* The worthy thane of *Rosse*. [he look,

*LEN.* What haste looks through his eyes ! So should  
 That seems to speak things strange.

*ROS.* God save the king !

*DUN.* Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane ?

*ROS.* From *Fife*, great king ;

Where the *Norwegian* banners flout the sky,  
 And fan our people cold.

*Norway*, himself with numbers terrible,

Assisted by that most disloyal traitor

The thane of *Cawdor*, began a dismal conflict :

'Till that *Bellona's* bridegroom, lapt in proof,

Confronted him with self comparisons,  
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,  
Curbing his lavish spirit: And to conclude,  
The victory fell on us.

*DUN.* Great happiness! [tion :

*Ros.* Now *Sveno*, *Norway's* king, craves composition:  
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,  
'Till he disbursed, at faint *Colme's* hill,  
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

*DUN.* No more that thane of *Caerwodor* shall deceive  
Our bosom interest: — Go, pronounce his present death,  
And with his former title greet *Macbeth*.

*Ros.* I'll see it done.

*DUN.* What he hath lost, noble *Macbeth* hath won.

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III. A Heath.

*Thunder.* Enter the three Witches.

1. *W.* Where hast thou been, sister?

2. *W.* Killing swine.

3. *W.* Sister, where thou?

1. *W.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap, [quoth I:  
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht; Give me,  
*Arcint thee, witch,* the rump-fed ronyon cries.

Her husband's to *Aleppo* gone, master o'the tiger:

But in a five I'll thither sail,

And, like a rat without a tail,

I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2. *W.* I'll give thee a wind.

1. *W.* Thou'rt kind.

3. *W.* And I another.

1. *W.* I myself have all the other;

And the very points they blow,  
 All the quarters that they know  
 I' the ship-man's card.  
 I'll drain him dry as hay :  
 Sleep shall, neither night nor day,  
 Hang upon his pent-house lid ;  
 He shall live a man forbid :  
 Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,  
 Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine :  
 Though his bark cannot be lost,  
 Yet it shall be tempest-toft.  
 Look what I have.

2. *W.* Shew me, shew me.

1. *W.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,  
 Wreckt, as homeward he did come. [ *Drum within.*

3. *W.* A drum, a drum ;  
*Macbeth* doth come.

*all.* The weird sisters, hand in hand,  
 Posters of the sea and land,  
 Thus do go about, about ;  
 Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,  
 And thrice again, to make up nine :  
 Peace, the charm's wound up.

*Enter* MACBETH, and BANQUO, *journeying ;*  
*Soldiers, and Others, at a Distance,*

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

*BAN.* How far is't call'd to *Foris* ? — What are these,  
 So wither'd, and so wild in their attire ;  
 That look not like the inhabitants o'the earth,  
 And yet are on't ? — Live you ? or are you ought  
 That man may question ? You seem to understand me,  
 By each at once her choppy finger laying

† Ports 27 to Soris ?

Upon her skinny lips : You should be women,  
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret  
That you are so.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>*. Speak, if you can ; What are you ?

1. *W*. All-hail, *Macbeth!* hail to thee, thane of *Glamis!*

2. *W*. All-hail, *Macbeth!* hail to thee, thane of *Caawdor!*

3. *W*. All-hail, *Macbeth!* that shalt be king hereafter.

*BAN*. Good sir, why do you start ; and seem to fear  
Things that do sound so fair ? — I'the name of truth,  
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed  
Which outwardly ye shew ? My noble partner  
You greet with present grace, and great prediction  
Of noble having, and of royal hope,  
That he seems rapt withal ; to me you speak not :  
If you can look into the seeds of time,  
And say, which grain will grow, and which will not ;  
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,  
Your favours, nor your hate.

1. *W*. Hail !

2. *W*. Hail !

3. *W*. Hail !

1. *W*. Lesser than *Macbeth*, and greater.

2. *W*. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3. *W*. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none :  
So, all-hail, *Macbeth*, and *Banquo!*

1. 2. *Banquo*, and *Macbeth*, all-hail !

*MAC<sup>b</sup>*. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more :  
By *Sinel's* death, I know, I am thane of *Glamis* ;  
But how of *Caawdor* ? the thane of *Caawdor* lives,  
A prosperous gentleman : and, to be king,  
Stands not within the prospect of belief,  
No more than to be *Caawdor*. Say, from whence



You owe this strange intelligence ? or why  
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way  
With such prophetick greeting ? Speak, I charge you.

[Witches *vanish*.]

*BAN.* The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,  
And these are of them : — Whither are they vanish'd ?

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* Into the air ; and what seem'd corporal, melted,  
As breath into the wind. 'Would they had stay'd !

*BAN.* Were such things here, as we do speak about ?  
Or have we eaten o' the insane root,  
That takes the reason prisoner ?

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* Your children shall be kings.

*BAN.* You shall be king.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* And thane of *Cawdor* too ; Went it not so ?

*BAN.* To the self-same tune, and words. Who's here ?

*Enter ROSSE, and ANGUS.*

*ROS.* The king hath happily receiv'd, *Macbeth*,  
The news of thy success : and when he reads  
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,  
His wonders and his praises do contend,  
Which should be thine, or his : Silenc'd with that,  
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,  
He finds thee in the stout *Norwegian* ranks ;  
Nothing afeard of what thyself did'st make,  
Strange images of death. As thick as hail,  
Came post on post ; and every one did bear  
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,  
And pour'd them down before him.

*ANG.* We are sent,  
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks ;  
Only to herald thee into his fight,  
Not pay thee.

*Ros.* And, for an earnest of a greater honour,  
He bad me, from him, call thee thane of *Cawdor* :  
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane !  
For it is thine.

*BAN.* "What, can the devil speak true?" [me

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* The thane of *Cawdor* lives ; Why do you dress  
In borrow'd robes ?

*ANG.* Who was the thane, lives yet ;  
But under heavy judgment bears that life,  
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was  
Combin'd with *Norway* ; or did line the rebel  
With hidden help and vantage ; or that with both  
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not ;  
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,  
Have overthrown him.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* "*Glamis*, and thane of *Cawdor* :"

"The greatest is behind." — Thanks for your pains. —  
"Do you not hope your children shall be kings,"  
"When those, that gave the thane of *Cawdor* to me,"  
"Promis'd no less to them ?"

*BAN.* "That, trusted home,"  
"Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,"  
"Besides the thane of *Cawdor*. But 'tis strange :"  
"And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,"  
"The instruments of darkness tell us truths ;"  
"Win us with honest trifles, to betray us"  
"In deepest consequence." — Cousins, a word, I pray you.  
[talks with Rosse and Angus apart.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* "Two truths are told,"  
"As happy prologues to the swelling act"  
"Of the imperial theme." — I thank you, gentlemen. —  
"This supernatural soliciting"

"Cannot be ill; cannot be good: If ill,"  
 "Why hath it given me earnest of success,"  
 "Commencing in a truth? I am thane of *Cawdor*:"  
 "If good, why do I yield to that suggestion"  
 "Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,"  
 "And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,"  
 "Against the use of nature? Present fears"  
 "Are less than horrible imaginings:"  
 "My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,"  
 "Shakes so my single state of man, that function"  
 "Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,"  
 "But what is not."

*BAN.* Look, how our partner's rapt. [crown me]"

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* "If chance will have me king, why, chance may  
 "Without my stir."

*BAN.* New honours come upon him  
 Like our strange garments; cleave not to their mold,  
 But with the aid of use.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* "Come, what come may:"

"Time and the hour runs through the roughest day."

*BAN.* Worthy *Macbeth*, we stay upon your leisure.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought  
 With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains  
 Are register'd where every day I turn

The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king. —

"Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,"

"The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak"

"Our free hearts each to other."

*BAN.* "Very gladly,"

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* "Till then, enough." — Come, friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

*SCENE IV. Foris. A Room in the Palace.*  
*Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, Donalbain,*  
*LENOX, and Attendants.*

*DUN.* Is execution done on *Caewdor*? Are not  
 Those in commission yet return'd?

*MAL.* My liege,  
 They are not yet come back. But I have spoke  
 With one that saw him dye: who did report,  
 That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;  
 Implor'd your highness' pardon; and set forth  
 A deep repentance: nothing in his life  
 Became him, like the leaving it; he dy'd  
 As one that had been study'd in his death,  
 To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd  
 As 'twere a careless trifle.

*DUN.* There's no art,  
 To find the mind's construction in the face:  
 He was a gentleman on whom I built  
 An absolute trust. — O worthiest cousin!

*Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, Rosse,*  
*Angus, and Others.*

The sin of my ingratitude even now  
 Was heavy on me: Thou art so far before,  
 That swiftest wing of recompence is slow  
 To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less deserv'd;  
 That the proportion both of thanks and payment  
 Might have been mine: only I have left to say,  
 More is thy due than more than all can pay.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* The service and the loyalty I owe,  
 In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part  
 Is to receive our duties: and our duties

Are to your throne and state, children, and servants ;  
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing  
Safe toward your love and honour.

*DUN.* Welcome hither :

I have begun to plant thee, and will labour  
To make thee full of growing. — Noble *Banquo*,  
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known  
No less to have done so, let me enfold thee,  
And hold thee to my heart.

*BAN.* There if I grow,  
The harvest is your own.

*DUN.* My plenteous joys,  
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves  
In drops of sorrow. — Sons, kinsmen, thanes,  
And you whose places are the nearest, know,  
We will establish our estate upon  
Our eldest, *Malcolm* ; whom we name hereafter,  
The prince of *Cumberland* : which honour must  
Not, unaccompany'd, invest him only,  
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine  
On all deservers. — From hence to *Inverness*,  
And bind us further to you.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you :  
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful  
The hearing of my wife with your approach ;  
So, humbly take my leave.

*DUN.* My worthy *Cawdor* !

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* “ The prince of *Cumberland* ! that is a step, ”  
“ On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap, ”  
“ For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires, ”  
“ Let not light see my black and deep desires : ”  
“ The eye wink at the hand ; yet let that be, ”



“Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.”

[Exit MACBETH.]

DUN. True, worthy *Banquo*; he is full so valiant;  
And in his commendations I am fed;  
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,  
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:  
It is a peerless kinsman. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. Inverness. *A Room in Macbeth's Castle.*

Enter Lady MACBETH, reading.

L. M<sup>b</sup>. \* \* \* \* \* *They met me in the day of  
success: and I have learn'd by the perfectest report, they  
have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I  
burnt in desire to question them further, they made them-  
selves air, into which they vanish'd. Whiles I stood  
rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king,  
who all-hail'd me, thane of Cawdor; by which title  
before these weird sisters saluted me, and refer'd me to  
the coming on of time, with, Hail, king that shalt be.  
This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest  
partner of greatness; that thou mightest not lose the dues  
of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is pro-  
mis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*

*Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be  
What thou art promis'd: Yet do I fear thy nature;  
It is too full o'the milk of human kindness,  
To catch the nearest way: Thou would'st be great,  
Art not without ambition; but without  
The illness should attend it: what thou would'st highly,  
That would'st thou holily; would'st not play false, [mis,  
And yet would'st wrongly win: thou'd'st have, great Gla-  
That which cries, Thus thou must do, if thou have it;*



And that's what rather thou dost fear to do,  
 Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,  
 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear ;  
 And chastise with the valour of my tongue  
 All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
 Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem

*Enter an Attendant.*

To have thee crown'd withal. — What is your tidings ?

*Att.* The king comes here to-night.

*L. M<sup>b</sup>.* Thou'rt mad to say it :

Is not thy master with him ? who, wer't so,  
 Would have inform'd for preparation.

*Att.* So please you, it is true : our thane is coming :  
 One of my fellows had the speed of him ;  
 Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more  
 Than would make up his message.

*L. M<sup>b</sup>.* Give him tending, [hoarse,  
 He brings great news. [*Exit Att.*] The raven himself is  
 That croaks the fatal entrance of *Duncan*  
 Under my battlements. Come, all you spirits,  
 That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here ;  
 And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full  
 Of direst cruelty ! make thick my blood,  
 Stop up the access and passage to remorse ;  
 That no compunctious visitings of nature  
 Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between  
 The effect, and it ! Come to my woman's breasts,  
 And take my milk for gall, you murth'ring ministers,  
 Wherever in your sightless substances  
 You wait on nature's mischief ! Come, thick night,  
 And pall thee in the dunnest smock of hell !  
 That my keen knife see not the wound it makes ;

‡ And that which rather 27 and hit,

Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,  
To cry, *Hold, hold!* — Great *Glamis!* worthy *Cawdor!*

*Enter* MACBETH.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!  
Thy letters have transported me beyond  
This ignorant present time, and I feel now  
The future in the instant.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>*. My dear'st love,  
*Duncan* comes here to-night.

*L. M<sup>b</sup>*. And when goes hence?

*MAC<sup>b</sup>*. To-morrow, as he purposes.

*L. M<sup>b</sup>*. O, never

Shall sun that morrow see.

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men  
May read strange matters: To beguile the time,  
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,  
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,  
But be the serpent under it. He that's coming  
Must be provided for: and you shall put  
This night's great business into my dispatch;  
Which shall to all our nights and days to come  
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>*. We will speak further.

*L. M<sup>b</sup>*. Only look up clear;  
To alter favour ever is to fear:  
Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE VI. *The same. Before the Castle.*

*Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth with Torches. Enter*  
DUNCAN, Malcolm, Donalbain, Macduff, BANQUO,  
Lenox, Ross, Angus, and Attendants.

*DUN*. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air

Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself  
Unto our gentle sense.

*BAN.* This guest of summer,  
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,  
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath  
Smells wooingly here : no jutting frieze,  
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird  
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle :  
Where they most breed, and haunt, I have observ'd,  
The air is delicate.

*Enter Lady MACBETH.*

*DUN.* See, see, our honour'd hostess! —  
The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,  
Which still we thank as love : Herein I teach you,  
How you shall bid god-ild us for your pains,  
And thank us for your trouble.

*L. M<sup>b</sup>.* All our service  
In every point twice done, and then done double,  
Were poor and single business, to contend  
Against those honours deep, and broad, wherewith  
Your majesty loads our house : For those of old,  
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,  
We rest your hermits.

*DUN.* Where's the thane of *Cawdor*?  
We courf'd him at the heels, and had a purpose  
To be his purveyor : but he rides well ;  
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him  
To his home before us : Fair and noble hostess,  
We are your guest to-night.

*L. M<sup>b</sup>.* Your servants ever  
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt ;  
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,

2 fences, 4 Barlet 6 Jutty 9 must

Still to return your own.

*DUN.* Give me your hand :

Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,  
And shall continue our graces towards him.

By your leave, hostess.

[*Exeunt.*]

*SCENE VII. The same. A Room in the Castle.  
Hautboys, Torches. Enter, and pass over, a Sewer, and  
divers Servants, with Dishes and Service; then  
Enter MACBETH.*

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
It were done quickly: If the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,  
With his surcease, success; that but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,  
We'd jump the life to come. But, in these cases,  
We still have judgment here; that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice  
Commends the ingreience of our poison'd chalice  
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:  
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,  
Who should against his murderer shut the door,  
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this *Duncan*  
Hath born his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off:  
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, horf'd

Upon the fightless couriers of the air,  
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
 That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur  
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
 Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,

*Enter Lady MACBETH.*

And falls on the other — How now! What news?

*L. M<sup>b</sup>.* He has almost slept; Why have you left the

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* Hath he ask'd for me? [chamber?

*L. M<sup>b</sup>.* Know you not, he has?

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* We will proceed no further in this business:  
 He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought  
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
 Which would be worn now in their newest goss,  
 Not cast aside so soon.

*L. M<sup>b</sup>.* Was the hope drunk,  
 Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?  
 And wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
 At what it did so freely? From this time,  
 Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid  
 To be the same in thine own act and valour,  
 As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that  
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
 And live a coward in thine own esteem;  
 Letting I-dare-not wait upon I-would,  
 Like the poor cat i'the adage?

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* Pr'ythee, peace:

I dare do all that may become a man;  
 Who dares do more, is none.

*L. M<sup>b</sup>.* What beast was't then,  
 That made you break this enterprize to me?  
 When you durst do it, then you were a man;



And, to be more than what you were, you would  
 Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,  
 Did then adhere, and yet you would make both :  
 They have made themselves ; and that their fitness now  
 Does unmake you. I have given suck ; and know  
 How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me :  
 I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
 Have pluckt my nipple from his boneless gums,  
 And dash't the brains out, had I but so sworn  
 As you have done to this.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>*. If we should fail ?

*L. M<sup>b</sup>*. We fail.

But screw your courage to the sticking place,  
 And we'll not fail. When *Duncan* is asleep,  
 (Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey  
 Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains  
 Will I with wine and wassel so convince,  
 'That memory, the warder of the brain,  
 Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason  
 A limbeck only ; When in swinish sleep  
 Their drenched natures lye, as in a death,  
 What cannot you and I perform upon  
 The unguarded *Duncan* ? what not put upon  
 His spongy officers ; who shall bear the guilt  
 Of our great quell ?

*MAC<sup>b</sup>*. bring forth men-children only ;  
 For thy undaunted mettle should compose  
 Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,  
 When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two  
 Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,  
 That they have don't ?

*L. M<sup>b</sup>*. Who dares receive it other,



As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar  
Upon his death?

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* I am settl'd, and bend up  
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.  
Away, and mock the time with fairest show :  
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

---

## ACT II.

*SCENE I. The same. Court within the Castle.*

*Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE ; Servant  
with a Torch before them.*

*BAN.* How goes the night, boy?

*FLE.* The moon is down ; I have not heard the clock.

*BAN.* And she goes down at twelve.

*FLE.* I take't, 'tis later, sir. [heaven,

*BAN.* Hold, take my sword : — There's husbandry in  
Their candles are all out : — Take thee that † too. —

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,  
And yet I would not sleep : Merciful powers,  
Restrain in me the curst thoughts, that nature  
Gives way to in repose ! — Give me my sword ; —

*Enter MACBETH, and Servant with a Torch.*

Who's there ?

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* A friend.

*BAN.* What, sir, not yet at rest ? The king's a-bed :  
He hath to-night been in unusual pleasure,  
And sent great largesse to your officers :  
This † diamond he greets your wife withal,  
By the name of most kind hostess ; and's shut up  
In measureless content.

29 sent forth great Largesse to your Offices

*MAC<sup>b</sup>*. Being unprepar'd,  
Our will became the servant to defect;  
Which else should free have wrought.

*BAN*. All's very well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:  
To you they have shew'd some truth.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>*. I think not of them:

Yet, when we can intreat an hour to serve,  
We would spend it in some words upon that business,  
If you would grant the time.

*BAN*. At your kind'st leisure.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>*. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,  
It shall make honour for you.

*BAN*. So I lose none,

In seeking to augment it, but still keep  
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,  
I shall be counsel'd.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>*. Good repose, the while!

*BAN*. Thanks, fir; The like to you!

[*Exeunt BANQUO, FLEANCE, and Servant.*]

*MAC<sup>b</sup>*. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,  
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,  
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:  
I have thee not; and yet I see thee still.  
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
As this † which now I draw.

Thou marshal'ft me the way that I was going ;  
 And fuch an instrument I was to use.  
 Mine eyes are made the fools o'the other fenfes,  
 Or elfe worth all the reft : I fee thee ftill ;  
 And on thy blade, and dudgeon, goutts of blood,  
 Which was not fo before. There's no fuch thing :  
 It is the bloody businefs, which informs  
 Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half world  
 Nature feems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
 The curtain'd fleep : now witchcraft celebrates  
 Pale *Hecat's* offerings ; and wither'd murder,  
 Alarum'd by his centinel, the wolf,  
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his ftealthy pace,  
 With *Tarquin's* ravifhing ftrides, towards his defigh  
 Moves like a ghof. Thou fure and firm-fet earth,  
 Hear not my fteps, which way they walk, for fear  
 Thy very ftones prate of my where-about,  
 And take the present horror from the time,  
 Which now fuits with it. While I threat, he lives :  
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*Bell rings.*]

I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me.  
 Hear it not, *Duncan* ; for it is a knell  
 That fummons thee to heaven, or to hell.

[*Exit.*]

---

SCENE II. *The fame.*

*Enter Lady MACBETH.* [me bold ;

*L. M<sup>b</sup>.* That which hath made them drunk, hath made  
 What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire : — Hark !  
 It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man, [—Peace ;  
 Which gives the stern'ft good-night. He is about it :  
 The doors are open ; and the fufteited grooms

<sup>14</sup> fides <sup>15</sup> Thou fowre and <sup>16</sup> which they may walke

Do mock their charge with snores : I have drug'd their  
That death and nature do contend about them, [possets,  
Whether they live, or dye.

*Enter MACBETH.*

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* Who's there ? what, ho !

*L. M<sup>b</sup>.* Alack, I am afraid they have awak'd,  
And 'tis not done ; the attempt, and not the deed,  
Confounds us : — Hark ! — I lay'd their daggers ready,  
He could not misf them. Had he not resembl'd  
My father as he slept, I had don't.—My husband ? [noise?

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* I have done the deed : Didst thou not hear a

*L. M<sup>b</sup>.* I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.  
Did not you speak ?

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* When ?

*L. M<sup>b</sup>.* Now.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* As I descended ?

*L. M<sup>b</sup>.* Ay.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* Hark ! — Who lies i'the second chamber ?

*L. M<sup>b</sup>.* *Donalbain.*

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* This is a sorry fight. [*looking on his Hands.*

*L. M<sup>b</sup>.* A foolish thought, to say a sorry fight. [*murder!*

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cry'd,  
That they did wake each other ; I stood and heard them :  
But they did say their prayers, and address them  
Again to sleep.

*L. M<sup>b</sup>.* There are two lodg'd together.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* One cry'd, *God bless us !* and, *Amen*, the other ;  
As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands,  
Lift'ning their fear. I could not say, *amen*,  
When they did say, *God bless us*.

*L. M<sup>b</sup>.* Consider it not so deeply.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* But wherefore could not I pronounce, *amen* ?

I had most need of blessing, and amen  
Stuck in my throat.

*L. M<sup>b</sup>*. These deeds must not be thought on  
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>*. Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*  
*Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep;*  
*Sleep, that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care,*  
*The death of each day's life, fore labour's bath,*  
*Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,*  
*Chief nourisher in life's feast;—*

*L. M<sup>b</sup>*. What do you mean?

*MAC<sup>b</sup>*. Still it cry'd, *Sleep no more!* to all the house:  
*Glamis hath murder'd Sleep; and therefore Cawdor*  
*Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more.* [thane,

*L. M<sup>b</sup>*. Who was it, that thus cry'd? Why, worthy  
You do unbend your noble strength, to think  
So brain-sickly of things: Go, get some water,  
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.  
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?  
They must lye there: Go, carry them; and smear  
The sleepy grooms with blood.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>*. I'll go no more:  
I am afraid, to think what I have done;  
Look on't again, I dare not.

*L. M<sup>b</sup>*. Infirm of purpose!  
Give me the † daggers: The sleeping, and the dead,  
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,  
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,  
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,  
For it must seem their guilt. [Exit. Knocking within.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>*. Whence is that knocking!  
How is't with me, when every noise appalls me?



What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!  
 Will all great *Neptune's* ocean wash this blood  
 Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather  
 The multitudinous seas incarnadine,  
 Making the green one red.

*Re-enter Lady MACBETH.*

*L. M<sup>b</sup>.* My hands are of your colour; but I shame  
 To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking  
 At the south entry: retire we to our chamber:  
 A little water clears us of this deed:  
 How easy is it then? Your constancy [ing :  
 Hath left you unattended. [*Knock.*] Hark! more knock-  
 Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,  
 And shew us to be watchers: Be not lost  
 So poorly in your thoughts. [myself.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* To know my deed, — 'Twere best not know  
 [Knocking.  
 Wake, *Duncan*, with this knocking: 'Would thou could'st!  
 [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The same.*

*Enter a Porter.*

*Por.* Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were por-  
 ter of hell gate, he should have old turning the key.  
 [*Knock.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there, i'the  
 name of *Belzebub*? Here's a farmer, that hang'd himself  
 on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have nap-  
 kins enough about you, here you'll sweat for't. [*Knock.*]  
 Knock, knock: Who's there, i'the other devil's name?  
 'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both  
 the scales against either scale; who committed treason  
 enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to hea-



ven : o, come in, equivocator. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock, knock : Who's there ? 'Faith, here's an *English* tailor come hither, for stealing out of a *French* hose : come in, tailor ; here you may roast your goose. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock : Never at quiet ! What are you ? But this place is too cold for hell ; I'll devil-porter it no further : I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knock.*] Anon, anon ; I pray you, remember the porter. [*opens.*

*Enter* MACDUFF, and LENOX.

MAC<sup>d</sup>. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, That you do lye so late ?

Por. 'Faith, fir, we were carousing 'till the second cock : and drink, fir, is a great provoker of three things.

MAC<sup>d</sup>. What three things does drink especially provoke ?

Por. Marry, fir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, fir, it provokes, and unprovokes ; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance : Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery : it makes him, and it mars him ; it sets him on, and it takes him off ; it persuades him, and disheartens him ; makes him stand to, and not stand to : in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

MAC<sup>d</sup>. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

Por. That it did, fir, i'the very throat o'me : But I requited him for his lie ; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

MAC<sup>d</sup>. Is thy master stirring ? —

Our knocking has awak'd him ; here he comes.

*Enter MACBETH.*

*LEN.* Good-morrow, noble fir !

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* Good-morrow, both !

*MAC<sup>d</sup>.* Is the king stirring, worthy thane ?

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* Not yet.

*MAC<sup>d</sup>.* He did command me to call timely on him ;  
I have almost slipt the hour.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* I'll bring you to him.

*MAC<sup>d</sup>.* I know, this is a joyful trouble to you ;  
But yet 'tis one.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* The labour we delight in physicks pain.  
This is the door.

*MAC<sup>d</sup>.* I'll make so bold to call,  
For 'tis my limited service.

[*Exit.*

*LEN.* Goes the king hence to-day ?

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* He does : he did appoint so.

*LEN.* The night has been unruly : Where we lay,  
Our chimneys were blown down : and, as they say,  
Lamentings heard i'the air ; strange screams of death ;  
And prophefying, with accents terrible,  
Of dire combustions, and confus'd events,  
New hatch'd to the woeful time : The obscure bird  
Clamour'd the live-long night : some say, the earth  
Was feverous, and did shake.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* 'Twas a rough night.

*LEN.* My young remembrance cannot parallel  
A fellow to it.

*Re-enter MACDUFF, hastily.*

*MAC<sup>d</sup>.* O horror ! horror ! horror ! Tongue, nor heart,  
Cannot conceive, nor name thee !

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* *LEN.* What's the matter ?

*MAC<sup>d</sup>*. Confusion now hath made his master-piece!—  
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
The life o'the building.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>*. What is't you say? the life?

*LEN*. Mean you his majesty?

*MAC<sup>d</sup>*. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight  
With a new *Gorgon*: Do not bid me speak;  
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake, awake!—

[*Exeunt MACBETH, and LENOX.*

Ring the alarum bell: [*to some Servants, who are entering.*

—Murder, and treason!—

*Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!*  
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,  
And look on death itself! up, up, and see  
The great doom's image! *Malcolm! Banquo!*  
As from your graves rise up, and walk like spirits,  
To countenance this horror! [*Bell rings.*

*Enter Lady MACBETH.*

*L. M<sup>b</sup>*. What's the business,  
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley  
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak,—

*MAC<sup>d</sup>*. O gentle lady,  
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:  
The repetition, in a woman's ear,  
Would murder as it fell.—O *Banquo, Banquo,*

*Enter BANQUO, and Others.*

Our royal master's murder'd!

*L. M<sup>b</sup>*. Woe, alas!  
What, in our house?

*BAN*. Too cruel, any where.—  
Dear *Duff*, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,

And say, it is not so.

*Re-enter MACBETH, and LENOX.*

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,  
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,  
There's nothing serious in mortality:  
All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead;  
The wine of life is drawn, and the meer lees  
Is left this vault to brag of.

*Enter MALCOLM, and DONALBAIN.*

*DON.* What is amiss?

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* You are, and do not know't:  
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood  
Is stopt; the very source of it is stopt.

*MAC<sup>d</sup>.* Your royal father's murther'd.

*MAL.* O, by whom?

*LEN.* Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had don't:  
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,  
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found  
Upon their pillows; they star'd, and were distracted,  
As no man's life was to be trusted with them.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* O, yet I do repent me of my fury,  
That I did kill them.

*MAC<sup>d</sup>.* Wherefore did you so? [rious,

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and fu-  
Loyal, and neutral, in a moment? No man:  
The expedition of my violent love  
Out-ran the pauser reason. Here lay *Duncan*,  
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;  
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,  
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murtherers,  
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers  
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: Who could refrain,

That had a heart to love, and in that heart  
 Courage, to make his love known ?

*L. M<sup>b</sup>*. Help me hence, ho ! [ *seeming to faint.*

*MAC<sup>d</sup>*. Look to the lady. [ *gather about her.*

*MAL*. Why do we hold our tongues,  
 That most may claim this argument for ours ?

*DON*. What should be spoken here,  
 Where our fate, hid within an augre hole,  
 May rush, and feize us ? Let's away.  
 Our tears are not yet brew'd.

*MAL*. Nor our strong sorrow  
 Upon the foot of motion.

*BAN*. Look to the lady.—[*L. MACBETH is carry'd out.*  
 And when we have our naked frailties hid,  
 That suffer in exposure, let us meet,  
 And question this most bloody piece of work,  
 To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us :  
 In the great hand of God I stand ; and, thence,  
 Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight  
 Of treasonous malice.

*MAC<sup>d</sup>*. And so do I.

*all*. So all.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>*. Let's briefly put on manly readines,  
 And meet i'the hall together.

*all*. Well contented.

[ *Exeunt MAC<sup>b</sup>. BAN. MAC<sup>d</sup>. LEN. &c.*

*MAL*. What will you do ? Let's not consort with them :  
 To shew an unfelt sorrow, is an office  
 Which the false man does easy : I'll to *England*.

*DON*. To *Ireland*, I ; our separated fortune  
 Shall keep us both the safer : where we are,  
 There's daggers in men's smiles : the near in blood,

The nearer bloody.

*MAL.* This murtherous shaft that's shot,  
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way  
Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;  
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,  
But shift away: There's warrant in that theft,  
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*]

*SCENE IV. The same. Without the Castle.*

*Enter ROSSE, and an old Man.*

*o. m.* Three-score and ten I can remember well:  
Within the volume of which time, I have seen  
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this fore night  
Hath trifl'd former knowings.

*Ros.* Ah, good father,  
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubl'd with man's act,  
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis day,  
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:  
Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,  
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,  
When living light should kiss it?

*o. m.* 'Tis unnatural,  
Even like the deed that's done. On tuesday last,  
A faulcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,  
Was by a mousing owl hawk't at, and kill'd. [*certain*]

*Ros.* And *Duncan's* horses, (a thing most strange, and  
Beauteous, and swift, the minions of their race,  
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,  
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would  
Make war with man.

*o. m.* 'Tis said, they eat each other.

*Ros.* They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,



That look't upon't. Here comes the good *Macduff*: —

*Enter MACDUFF.*

How goes the world, fir, now ?

*MAC<sup>d</sup>.* Why, see you not ? [deed ?

*ROS.* Is't known, who did this more than bloody

*MAC<sup>d</sup>.* Those that *Macbeth* hath slain.

*ROS.* Alas the day !

What good could they pretend ?

*MAC<sup>d</sup>.* They were fuborn'd :

*Malcolm*, and *Donalbain*, the king's two fons,  
Are ftoln away and fled ; which puts upon them  
Suspicion of the deed.

*ROS.* 'Gainft nature ftill :

Thriftlefs ambition, that wilt ravin up  
Thine own life's means ! — Then 'tis moft like,  
The fovereignty will fall upon *Macbeth*.

*MAC<sup>d</sup>.* He is already nam'd ; and gone to *Scone*,  
To be invested.

*ROS.* Where is *Duncan*'s body ?

*MAC<sup>d</sup>.* Carry'd to *Colme-kill* ;

The facred ftore-houfe of his predeceffors,  
And guardian of their bones.

*ROS.* Will you to *Scone* ?

*MAC<sup>d</sup>.* No, coufin, I'll to *Fife*.

*ROS.* Well, I will thither. [Adieu ! —

*MAC<sup>d</sup>.* Well, may you fee things well done there ; —  
Left our old robes fit eafier than our new. [Exit.

*ROS.* Farewel, father.

*o. m.* God's benifon go with you, fir ; and with thofe,  
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes !

[Exeunt feverally.

## ACT III.

SCENE I. Foris. *A Room in the Palace.**Enter BANQUO.*

*BAN.* Thou hast it now, king, *Cawdor, Glamis, all,*  
 As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,  
 Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said,  
 It should not stand in thy posterity;  
 But that myself should be the root, and father  
 Of many kings: If there come truth from them,  
 (As upon thee, *Macbeth*, their speeches shine)  
 Why, by the verities on thee made good,  
 May they not be my oracles as well,  
 And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

*Flourish. Enter MACBETH, as King;  
 Lady MACBETH, Queen; Rosse, Lenox,  
 Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.*

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* Here's our chief guest.

*L. M<sup>b</sup>.* If he had been forgotten,  
 It had been as a gap in our great feast,  
 And all things unbecoming.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,  
 And I'll request your presence.

*BAN.* Lay your highness  
 Command upon me; to the which, my duties  
 Are with a most indissoluble tye  
 For ever knit.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* Ride you this afternoon?

*BAN.* Ay, my good lord.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* We should have else desir'd your good advice

(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)  
 In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.  
 Is't far you ride?

*BAN.* As far, my lord, as will fill up the time  
 'Twi'xt this and supper: go not my horse the better,  
 I must become a borrower of the night,  
 For a dark hour, or twain.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* Fail not our feast.

*BAN.* My lord, I will not.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd  
 In *England*, and in *Ireland*; not confessing  
 Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers  
 With strange invention: But of that to-morrow;  
 When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,  
 Craving us jointly. Hye to horse: Adieu,  
 'Till you return at night. Goes *Fleance* with you?

*BAN.* Ay, my good lord; our time does call upon us.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot:  
 And so I do commend you to their backs.  
 Farewel. —

[*Exit BANQUO.*

Let every man be master of his time  
 'Till seven at night; to make society  
 The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself  
 'Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you. —

[*Exeunt Lady MACBETH, &c.*

Sirrah, a word with you; Attend those men our pleasure?

*Att.* They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* Bring them before us. [*Exit Att.*] To be thus, is  
 But, to be safely thus: — Our fears in *Banquo* [nothing;  
 Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature  
 Reigns that, which would be fear'd: 'Tis much he dares;  
 And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,

He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour  
 To act in safety. There is none, but he,  
 Whose being I do fear : and, under him,  
 My genius is rebuk'd ; as, it is said,  
*Mark Antony's* was by *Cæsar*. He chid the sisters,  
 When first they put the name of king upon me,  
 And bad them speak to him ; then, prophet-like,  
 They hail'd him father to a line of kings :  
 Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,  
 And put a barren scepter in my gripe,  
 Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,  
 No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,  
 For *Banquo's* issue have I fil'd my mind ;  
 For them the gracious *Duncan* have I murder'd ;  
 Put rancours in the vessel of my peace  
 Only for them ; and mine eternal jewel  
 Given to the common enemy of man,  
 To make them kings, the seed of *Banquo* kings :  
 Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,  
 And champion me to the utterance. — Who's there ? —

*Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.*

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call. —

[*Exit Attendant.*

Was it not yesterday we spoke together ?

*Mur.* It was, so please your highness.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches ? Know,  
 That it was he, in the times past, which held you  
 So under fortune ; which, you thought, had been,  
 Our innocent self : this I made good to you  
 In our last conference, past in probation with you ;  
 How you were born in hand ; how crost ; the instruments ;

Who wrought with them; and all things else, that might,  
To half a foul, and to a notion craz'd,  
Say, Thus did *Banquo*.

1. *M.* You made it known to us.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* I did so; and went further, which is now  
Our point of second meeting. Do you find  
Your patience so predominant in your nature,  
That you can let this go? Are you so gospel'd,  
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,  
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,  
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1. *M.* We are men, my liege.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;  
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, spaniels, curs,  
Shocks, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleft  
All by the name of dogs: the valu'd file  
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,  
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one  
According to the gift which bounteous nature  
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive  
Particular addition, from the bill  
That writes them all alike: and so of men.  
Now, if you have a station in the file,  
And not in the worst rank of manhood, say it:  
And I will put that business in your bosoms,  
Whose execution takes your enemy off;  
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,  
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,  
Which in his death were perfect.

2. *M.* I am one, my liege,  
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world  
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what

I do, to spite the world.

1. *M.* And I another,  
So weary'd with disasters, tug'd with fortune,  
That I would set my life on any chance,  
To mend it, or be rid on't.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* Both of you  
Know, *Banquo* was your enemy.

*Mur.* True, my lord.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,  
That every minute of his being thrusts  
Against my near'th of life: And though I could  
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,  
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,  
For certain friends that are both his and mine,  
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall  
Who I myself struck down: and thence it is,  
That I to your assistance do make love;  
Masking the business from the common eye,  
For sundry weighty reasons.

2. *M.* We shall, my lord,  
Perform what you command us.

1. *M.* Though our lives — [at most,

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour,  
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;  
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o'the time,  
The moment on't; for 't must be done to-night,  
And something from the palace; always thought,  
That I require a clearness: And with him,  
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work)  
*Fleance* his son, that keeps him company,  
Whose absence is no less material to me  
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate



Of that dark hour : Resolve yourselves apart ;  
I'll come to you anon.

*Mur.* We are resolv'd, my lord.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* I'll call upon you straight ; abide within.

[*Exeunt* Murderers.]

It is concluded : — *Banquo*, thy foul's flight,  
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Another Room.*

*Enter* Lady MACBETH, and an Attendant.

*L. M<sup>b</sup>.* Is *Banquo* gone from court ?

*Att.* Ay, madam ; but returns again to-night.

*L. M<sup>b</sup>.* Say to the king, I would attend his leisure  
For a few words.

*Att.* Madam, I will. [*Exit* Attendant.]

*L. M<sup>b</sup>.* Nought's had, all's spent,  
Where our desire is got without content :  
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,  
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

*Enter* MACBETH.

How now, my lord ? why do you keep alone,  
Of forriest fancies your companions making ?  
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have dy'd  
With them they think on ? Things without all remedy  
Should be without regard : what's done, is done.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it,  
She'll close, and be herself ; whilst our poor malice  
Remains in danger of her former tooth.  
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,  
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep  
In the affliction of these terrible dreams  
That shake us nightly : Better be with the dead,

Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,  
 Than on the torture of the mind to lye  
 In restless ecstasy. *Duncan* is in his grave ;  
 After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well ;  
 Treason has done his worst : nor steel, nor poison,  
 Malice domestick, foreign levy, nothing,  
 Can touch him further.

*L. M<sup>b</sup>*. Come on ; Gentle my lord,  
 Sleek o'er your rugged looks ; be bright and jovial  
 Among your guests to-night.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>*. So shall I, love ;  
 And so, I pray, be you : let your remembrance  
 Apply to *Banquo* ; present him eminence, both  
 With eye and tongue : Unsafe the while, that we  
 Must lave our honours in these flattering streams ;  
 And make our faces vizards to our hearts,  
 Disguising what they are.

*L. M<sup>b</sup>*. You must leave this.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>*. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife !  
 Thou know'st, that *Banquo*, and his *Fleance*, lives.

*L. M<sup>b</sup>*. But in them nature's copy's not etern.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>*. There's comfort yet, they are assailable ;  
 Then be thou jocund : Ere the bat hath flown  
 His cloister'd flight ; ere, to black *Hecat*'s summons,  
 The shard-born beetle, with his drowsy hums,  
 Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done  
 A deed of dreadful note.

*L. M<sup>b</sup>*. What's to be done ?

*MAC<sup>b</sup>*. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,  
 'Till thou applaud the deed. Come, feeling night,  
 Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day ;  
 And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,

Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond  
 Which keeps me pale ! Light thickens ; and the crow  
 Makes wing to the rooky wood :  
 Good things of day begin to droop and drowse ;  
 While night's black agents to their preys do rouse.  
 Thou marvel'st at my words : but hold thee still ;  
 Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill :  
 So, pr'ythee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

---

SCENE III. *The same. A Park : Gate leading to the  
 Palace. Enter three Murderers.*

1. *M.* But who did bid thee join with us ?

3. *M. Macbeth.*

2. *M.* He needs not our mistrust ; since he delivers  
 Our offices, and what we have to do,  
 To the direction just.

1. *M.* Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day :  
 Now spurs the lated traveller apace,  
 To gain the timely inn ; and near approaches  
 The subject of our watch.

3. *M.* Hark ! I hear horses.

*BAN.* [*within.*] Give us a light there, ho !

2. *M.* 'Tis he ; the rest,  
 That are within the note of expectation,  
 Already are i'the court.

1. *M.* His horses go about.

3. *M.* Almost a mile : but he does usually,  
 So all men do, from hence to the palace-gate  
 Make it their walk.

*Enter BANQUO, and Fleance ;  
 Servant, with a Torch, before them.*

24 2. Then 'tis

2. *M.* "A light, a light!"

3. *M.* "'Tis he."

1. *M.* "Stand to't."

*BAN.* It will be rain to-night.

1. *M.* Let it come down. [*assaulting him.*]

*BAN.* O, treachery!—Fly, good *Fleance*, fly, fly, fly;  
Thou may'st revenge.—O slave!

[*dies.* *Fleance*, and *Servant*, *fly.*]

3. *M.* Who did strike out the light?

1. *M.* Was't not the way?

3. *M.* There's but one down; the son is fled.

2. *M.* We have lost

Best half of our affair.

1. *M.* Well, let's away,

And say how much is done.

[*Exeunt.*]

*SCENE IV.* *The same.* *A Hall of State in the Palace.*

*A Banquet set out. Flourish. Enter MACBETH, Lady MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, Lords, and Attendants.*

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* You know your own degrees, sit down: and first,  
And last, the hearty welcome.

*Lor.* Thanks to your majesty. [*they sit.*]

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* Ourself will mingle with society,  
And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,  
We will require her welcome.

*L. M<sup>b</sup>.* Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;  
For my heart speaks, they are welcome. [*thanks.*—

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* See, they encounter thee with their hearts'  
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i'the mid't:

*Enter first Murderer, to the Door.*

Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure

The table round. — “ There’s blood upon thy face.”

1. *M.* “ ’Tis *Banquo’s* then.”

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* “ ’Tis better thee without, than him within.”

“ Is he dispatch’d ?”

1. *M.* “ My lord, his throat is cut, that I did for him.”

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* “ Thou art the best o’ the cut-throats : Yet he’s  
“ That did the like for *Fleance* : if thou did’st it,” [good,”

“ Thou art the non-pareil.”

1. *M.* “ Most royal sir,”

“ *Fleance* is scap’d.” [perfect ;”

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* “ Then comes my fit again : I had else been  
“ Whole as the marble, founded as the rock ;”

“ As broad, and general, as the casing air :”

“ But now, I am cabin’d, crib’d, confin’d, bound in”

“ To saucy doubts and fears. But *Banquo’s* safe ?”

1. *M.* “ Ay, my good lord : safe in a ditch he bides,”

“ With twenty trenched gashes on his head ;”

“ The least a death to nature.”

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* Thanks for that :” —

“ There the grown serpent lies ; the worm, that’s fled,”

“ Hath nature that in time will venom breed,” [row”

“ No teeth for the present. — Get thee gone ; to-mor-

“ We’ll hear ~~thee~~ ourselves again.” [*Exit* Murderer.

*L. M<sup>b</sup>.* My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer : the feast is sold,

That is not often vouch’d while ’tis a making ;

’Tis given with welcome : to feed, were best at home ;

From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony ;

Meeting were bare without it.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* Sweet remembrancer ! —

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,

And health on both !

LEN. May't please your highness sit ?

*Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's Place.*

MAC<sup>b</sup>. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,  
Were the grac'd person of our *Banquo* present :  
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,  
Than pity for mischance.

ROS. His absence, sir,  
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your highness  
To grace us with your royal company ?

MAC<sup>b</sup>. The table's full. [*Starting.*]

LEN. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

MAC<sup>b</sup>. Where? [*highness?*]

LEN. Here, my good lord. What is't, that moves your

MAC<sup>b</sup>. Which of you have done this ?

LOR. What, my good lord ?

MAC<sup>b</sup>. Thou can'st not say, I did it : never shake  
Thy goary locks at me.

ROS. Gentlemen, rise ; his highness is not well.

L. M<sup>b</sup>. Sit, worthy friends : my lord is often thus,  
And hath been from his youth : pray you, keep feat ;  
The fit is momentary ; upon a thought  
He will again be well : If much you note him,  
You shall offend him, and extend his passion ;  
Feed, and regard him not. — “ Are you a man ? ”

MAC<sup>b</sup>. “ Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that ”  
“ Which might appall the devil. ”

L. M<sup>b</sup>. “ O proper stuff ! ”

“ This is the very painting of your fear : ”

“ This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said, ”

“ Led you to *Duncan*. O, these flaws, and starts, ”

“ (Impostures of true fear) would well become ”

“ A woman's story, at a winter's fire, ”



“ Authoriz’d by her grandam. Shame itself ! ”

“ Why do you make such faces ? When all’s done, ”

“ You look but on a fool. ” [say you ? ]—

*MAC<sup>b</sup>*. “ Pr’ythee, see there ! behold ! look ! lo ! how

“ Why, what care I ? If thou canst nod, speak too. ”—

“ If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send ”

“ Those that we bury back, our monuments ”

“ Shall be the maws of kites. ” [*Ghost vanishes.*]

*L. M<sup>b</sup>*. “ What, quite unman’d in folly ? ”

*MAC<sup>b</sup>*. “ If I stand here, I saw him. ”

*L. M<sup>b</sup>*. “ Fie, for shame ! ” [time, ]

*MAC<sup>b</sup>*. “ Blood hath been shed ere now, i’ the olden

“ Ere human statute purg’d the general weal ; ”

“ Ay, and since too, murders have been perform’d ”

“ Too terrible for the ear : the times have been, ”

“ That, when the brains were out, the man would dye, ”

“ And there an end : but now, they rise again, ”

“ With twenty mortal murders on their crowns, ”

“ And push us from our stools : This is more strange ”

“ Than such a murder is. ”

*L. M<sup>b</sup>*. My worthy lord,

Your noble friends do lack you.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>*. I do forget :—

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends ;

I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing

To those that know me. Come, love and health to all ;

Then I’ll sit down :— Give me some wine, fill full :—

I drink to the general joy of the whole table,

And to our dear friend *Banquo*, whom we miss ;

(’Would he were here ! ) to’ all, and him, we thirst,

And all to all.

*Lor.* Our duties, and the pledge.

*Ghost rises again.*

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* Avant! and quit my fight! let the earth hide  
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold; [thee!  
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes  
Which thou dost glare with.

*L. M<sup>b</sup>.* Think of this, good peers,  
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;  
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* What man dare, I dare:  
Approach thou like the rugged *Russian* bear,  
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the *Hircanian* tiger,  
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves  
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,  
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;  
If trembling I inhibit then, protest me  
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!

[*Ghost vanishes.*

Unreal mockery, hence! — Why, so; being gone,  
I am a man again. — Pray you, sit still. [meeting,

*L. M<sup>b</sup>.* You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good  
With most admir'd disorder.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* Can such things be,  
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,  
Without our special wonder? You make me strange  
Even to the disposition that I owe,  
When now I think you can behold such fights,  
And keep the natural ruby of your cheek,  
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

*Ros.* What fights, my lord? [worfe;

*L. M<sup>b</sup>.* I pray you, speak not; he grows worfe and  
Question enrages him: at once, good night:  
Stand not upon the order of your going,

But go at once.

*LEN.* Good night, and better health,  
Attend his majesty!

*L. M<sup>b</sup>.* A kind good night to all!

[*Exeunt ROSSE, LENOX, Lords, and Attendants.*]

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* It will have blood, they say; Blood will have  
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak; [blood:  
Augurs, that understood relations, have  
By mag-pies, and by choughs, and rooks, brought forth  
The secret'st man of blood. — What is the night?

*L. M<sup>b</sup>.* Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* How say'st thou, that *Macduff* denies his person  
At our great bidding?

*L. M<sup>b</sup>.* Did you send to him, sir?

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* I hear it by the way; but I will send:  
There's not a thane of them, but in his house

I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow  
(Betimes I will) unto the weird sisters:

More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,

By the worst means, the worst: for mine own good,

All causes shall give way; I am in blood

Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,

Returning were as tedious as go o'er:

Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;

Which must be acted, ere they may be scan'd.

*L. M<sup>b</sup>.* You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* Come, we'll to sleep: My strange and self abuse  
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:

We are yet but young in deed.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The Heath.*

*Thunder. Enter, from opposite Sides,*

<sup>8</sup> Augures, and understood <sup>9</sup> Maggot Pyes

<sup>16</sup> a one of <sup>18</sup> (And betimes I will) to the <sup>29</sup> indeed

HECATE, *and the three Witches.*

1. *W.* Why, how now, *Hecat*? you look angrily.

*HEC.* Have I not reason, beldams, as you are,  
 Saucy, and over-bold? How did you dare  
 To trade and traffick with *Macbeth*,  
 In riddles, and affairs of death?  
 And I, the mistress of your charms,  
 The close contriver of all harms,  
 Was never call'd to bear my part,  
 Or shew the glory of our art?  
 And, which is worse, all you have done  
 Hath been but for a weyward son,  
 Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,  
 Loves for his own ends, not for you.  
 But make amends now: Get you gone,  
 And at the pit of *Acheron*  
 Meet me i'the morning; thither he  
 Will come to know his destiny.  
 Your vessels, and your spells, provide,  
 Your charms, and every thing beside:  
 I am for the air; this night I'll spend  
 Unto a dismal, fatal end.  
 Great business must be wrought ere noon:  
 Upon the corner of the moon  
 There hangs a vap'rous drop profound;  
 I'll catch it ere it come to ground:  
 And that, distill'd by magick flights,  
 Shall raise such artificial sprights,  
 As, by the strength of their illusion,  
 Shall draw him on to his confusion:  
 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear  
 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:

And you all know, security  
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

SONG. [*within.*] *Come away, Come away, &c.*

Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,  
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*

*i. W.* Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be back again.  
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Foris. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter LENOX, and another Lord.*

LEN. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,  
Which can interpret farther: only, I say,  
Things have been strangely born: The gracious *Duncan*  
Was pity'd of *Macbeth*: marry, he was dead:  
And the right-valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late;  
(Whom you may say, if it please you, *Fleance* kill'd,  
For *Fleance* fled) Men must not walk too late.  
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous  
It was for *Malcolm*, and for *Donalbain*,  
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!  
How it did grieve *Macbeth*! Did he not straight,  
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,  
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?  
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;  
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,  
To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,  
He has born all things well: and I do think,  
That, had he *Duncan's* sons under his key,  
(As, an't please heaven, he shall not) they should find  
What 'twere to kill a father; so should *Fleance*.  
But, peace; for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd  
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,



*Macduff* lives in disgrace : Sir, can you tell  
Where he bestows himself?

*Lor.* The son of *Duncan*,  
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,  
Lives in the *English* court ; and is receiv'd  
Of the most pious *Edward* with such grace,  
That the malevolence of fortune nothing  
Takes from his high respect : Thither *Macduff*  
Is gone ; to pray the holy king, on his aid  
To wake *Northumberland*, and warlike *Seyward* :  
That, by the help of these, (with Him above,  
To ratify the work) we may again  
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights ;  
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives ;  
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,  
All which we pine for now : And this report  
Hath so exasperate the king, that he  
Prepares for some attempt.

*LEN.* Sent he to *Macduff*?

*Lor.* He did : and, with an absolute Sir,-not-I,  
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,  
And hums ; as who should say, *You'll rue the time  
That clogs me with this answer.*

*LEN.* And that well might  
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance  
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel  
Fly to the court of *England*, and unfold  
His message ere he come ; that a swift blessing  
May soon return to this our suffering country,  
Under a hand accurst !

*Lor.* I'll send my prayers with him. [Exeunt,



## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Cavern :**A Cauldron, in the Middle, boiling.**Thunder. Enter the three Witches.*

1. *W.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
2. *W.* Thrice, and once, the hedge-pig whin'd.
3. *W.* *Harper* cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.
1. *W.* Round about the cauldron go ;

In the poison'd entrails throw. —

Toad, that under the cold stone  
 Days and nights hast thirty one  
 Swelter'd venom sleeping got,  
 Boil thou † first i'the charm'd pot.

*all.* Double, double, toil and trouble ;  
 Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.

2. *W.* Fillet of a fenny snake,  
 In the cauldron † boil and bake :  
 Eye of † newt, and toe of † frog,  
 Wool of † bat, and tongue of † dog,  
 Adder's † fork, and blind-worm's † sting,  
 Lizard's † leg, and owlet's † wing,  
 For a charm of powerful trouble,  
 Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

*all.* Double, double, toil and trouble ;  
 Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.

3. *W.* Scale of † dragon, tooth of † wolf,  
 Witches' † mummy ; maw, and gulf,  
 Of the ravin'd salt-sea † shark ;  
 Root of † hemlock, dig'd i' the' dark ;

† has

Liver † of blaspheming *Jew* ;  
 Gall of † goat ; and slips of † yew,  
 Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse ;  
 Nose of † *Turk*, and *Tartar's* † lips ;  
 Finger of † birth-strangl'd babe,  
 Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,  
 Make the gruel thick and slab :  
 Add thereto a tyger's † chaudron,  
 For th' ingredience of our cauldron.  
*all.* Double, double, toil and trouble ;  
 Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.  
*2. W.* Cool it with a baboon's † blood,  
 Then the charm is firm and good.

*Enter* HECATE, and other three *Witches*.

*HEC.* O, well done ! I commend your pains ;  
 And every one shall share i' the gains.  
 And now about the cauldron sing,  
 Like elves and fairies in a ring,  
 Inchanting all that you put in.

[*Musick.*

*SONG.* *Black spirits, &c.*

*2. W.* By the pricking of my thumbs,  
 Something wicked this way comes : —  
 Open, locks, Whoever knocks.

*Enter* MACBETH.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags ?  
 What is't you do ?

*all.* A deed without a name.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* I conjure you, by that which you profess,  
 (Howe'er you come to know it) answer me :  
 Though you untye the winds, and let them fight  
 Against the churches ; though the yesty waves  
 Confound and swallow navigation up ;

Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down ;  
 Though castles topple on their warders' heads ;  
 Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope  
 Their heads to their foundations ; though the treasure  
 Of nature's germins tumble all together,  
 Even 'till destruction sicken, answer me  
 To what I ask you.

1. *W.* Speak.

2. *W.* Demand.

3. *W.* We'll answer.

1. *W.* Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,  
 Or from our masters' ?

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* Call them, let me see them.

1. *W.* Pour in † sow's blood, that hath eaten  
 Her nine farrow ; grease, † that's sweaten  
 From the murtherer's gibbet, throw  
 Into the flame.

*all.* Come, high, or low ;  
 Thyself, and office, deftly show.

*Thunder.* Apparition of an arm'd Head rises.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* Tell me, thou unknown power, —

1. *W.* He knows thy thought ;  
 Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

*App.* *Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth,* beware *Macduff* ;  
 Beware the thane of *Fife*. — Dismiss me : Enough. [*descends.*]

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks ;  
 Thou hast harp'd my fear aright : But one word more.

1. *W.* He will not be commanded : Here's another,  
 More potent than the first.

*Thunder.* Apparition of a bloody Child rises.

*App.* *Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth,* —

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

*App.* Be bloody, bold, and resolute : laugh to scorn  
The power of man ; for none of woman born  
Shall harm *Macbeth*. [descends.]

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* Then live, *Macduff* ; What need I fear of thee ?  
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,  
And take a bond of fate : thou shalt not live ;  
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,  
And sleep in spite of thunder. — What is this,  
*Thunder. Apparition of a Child crown'd,*  
*with a Tree in his Hand, rises.*

That rises like the issue of a king ;  
And wears upon his baby brow the round  
And top of sovereignty ?

*all.* Listen, but speak not.

*App.* Be lion-mettl'd, proud ; and take no care  
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are :  
*Macbeth* shall never vanquish'd be, until  
Great *Birnam* wood to *Dunfinane* high hill  
Shall come against him. [descends.]

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* That will never be :  
Who can impress the forest ; bid the tree  
Unfix his earth-bound root ? sweet boadments ! good ! —  
Rebellious head, rise never, 'till the wood  
Of *Birnam* rise, and our high-plac'd *Macbeth*  
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath  
To time, and mortal custom. — Yet my heart  
Throbs to know one thing ; Tell me, (if your art  
Can tell so much) shall *Banquo's* issue ever  
Reign in this kingdom ?

*all.* Seek to know no more.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* I will be satisfy'd : deny me this,  
And an eternal curse fall on you : let me know : —

[Thunder; and the Cauldron sinks. Horrid Musick.

Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

1. *W.* Shew. 2. *W.* Shew. 3. *W.* Shew.

*ail.* Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart;  
Come like shadows, so depart.

*Eight Kings appear, and pass over in Order; the last,  
with a Glass in his Hand: Banquo following.*

*Mac<sup>b</sup>.* Thou art too like the spirit of *Banquo*; down;  
Thy crown does fear mine eye-balls: — And thy hair,  
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first: —  
A third, is like the former: (Filthy hags,  
Why do you shew me this?) — A fourth? — Start, eyes!  
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom? —  
Another yet? — A seventh? — I'll see no more:  
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,  
Which shews me many more; and some I see,  
That twofold balls and treble scepters carry:  
Horrible sight! — Stay, now, I see, 'tis true;  
For the blood-bolter'd *Banquo* smiles upon me,  
And points at them for his. — What, is this so?

1. *W.* Ay, sir, all this is so: But why  
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly? —  
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,  
And shew the best of our delights;  
I'll charm the air to give a sound,  
While you perform your antique round:  
That this great king may kindly say,  
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[Musick. The Witches dance, and vanish.

*Mac<sup>b</sup>.* Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious  
Stand aye accursed in the kalendar! — [hour  
Come in, without there!

Enter LENOX.

LEN. What's your grace's will ?

MAC<sup>b</sup>. Saw you the weird sisters ?

LEN. No, my lord.

MAC<sup>b</sup>. Came they not by you ?

LEN. No, indeed, my lord.

MAC<sup>b</sup>. Infected be the air whereon they ride ;  
And damn'd, all those that trust them !— I did hear  
The galloping of horse : Who was't came by ?

LEN. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,  
*Macduff* is fled to *England* ?

MAC<sup>b</sup>. Fled to *England* ?

LEN. Ay, my good lord.

MAC<sup>b</sup>. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits :  
The flighty purpose never is o'er-took,  
Unless the deed go with it : From this moment,  
The very firstlings of my heart shall be  
The firstlings of my hand. And even now  
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought, and done :  
The castle of *Macduff* I will surprize ;  
Seize upon *Fife* ; give to the edge o'the sword  
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls  
That trace him in his line. No boasting, like a fool ;  
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool :  
But no more fights. — Where are these gentlemen ?  
Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Fife. A Room in Macduff's Castle.*

Enter Lady MACDUFF, her Son, and ROSSE.

L. M<sup>d</sup>. What had he done, to make him fly the land ?

Ros. You must have patience, madam.

L. M<sup>d</sup>. He had none :



His flight was madness : When our actions do not,  
Our fears do make us traitors.

*Ros.* You know not,  
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

*L. M<sup>d</sup>.* Wisdom ! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,  
His mansion, and his titles, in a place  
From whence himself does fly ? He loves us not ;  
He wants the natural touch : for the poor wren,  
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,  
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.  
All is the fear, and nothing is the love ;  
As little is the wisdom, where the flight  
So runs against all reason.

*Ros.* My dearest coz',  
I pray you, school yourself : But, for your husband,  
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows  
The fits o'the season. I dare not speak much further :  
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,  
And do not know ourselves ; when we hold rumour  
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear ;  
But float upon a wild and violent sea,  
And move each way. I take my leave of you :  
Shall not be long but I'll be here again :  
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward  
To what they were before. — My pretty cousin,  
Blessing upon you !

*L. M<sup>d</sup>.* Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

*Ros.* I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,  
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort :  
I take my leave at once. [Exit ROSSE.]

*L. M<sup>d</sup>.* Sirrah, your father's dead ;  
And what will you do now ? How will you live ?

*Son.* As birds do, mother.

*L. M<sup>d</sup>.* What, with worms, and flies ?

*Son.* With what I get, I mean ; and so do they.

*L. M<sup>d</sup>.* Poor bird ! thou'dst never fear the net, nor line,  
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

*Son.* Why should I, mother ?

Poor birds they are not fet for. But my father's  
Not dead, for all your saying.

*L. M<sup>d</sup>.* Yes, he is dead :

How wilt thou do now for a father ?

*Son.* Nay,

How will you do for a husband ?

*L. M<sup>d</sup>.* Why, I can buy me

Twenty at any market.

*Son.* Then you'll buy 'em

To sell again.

*L. M<sup>d</sup>.* Thou speak'st with all thy wit ;

And yet, i'faith, with wit enough for thee.

*Son.* Was my father a traitor, mother ?

*L. M<sup>d</sup>.* Ay, that he was.

*Son.* What is a traitor ?

*L. M<sup>d</sup>.* Why, one that swears and lies.

*Son.* And be all traitors, that do so ?

*L. M<sup>d</sup>.* Every one, that does so, is a traitor, and must  
be hang'd.

*Son.* And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lye ?

*L. M<sup>d</sup>.* Every one.

*Son.* Who must hang them ?

*L. M<sup>d</sup>.* Why, the honest men.

*Son.* Then the liars and swearers are fools : for there  
are liars and swearers enough, to beat the honest men,  
and hang up them.

*L. M<sup>d</sup>.* Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

*Son.* If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

*L. M<sup>d</sup>.* Poor pratler, how thou talk'st!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known, Though in your state of honour I am perfect.

I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly:

If you will take a homely man's advice,

Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.

To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;

To do less to you, were fell cruelty,

Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!

I dare abide no longer.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

*L. M<sup>d</sup>.* Whither should I fly?

I have done no harm. But I remember now

I am in this earthly world: where, to do harm,

Is often laudable; to do good, sometime,

Accounted dangerous folly: Why then, alas,

Do I put up that womanly defence,

To say, I have done no harm? — What are these faces?

*Enter certain Murderers.*

*1. M.* Where is your husband?

*L. M<sup>d</sup>.* I hope, in no place so un sanctify'd,  
Where such as thou may'st find him.

*1. M.* He's a traitor.

*Son.* Thou ly'st, thou shag-car'd villain.

*1. M.* What, you egg? [*stabbing him.*]  
Young fry of treachery?

*Son.* He has kill'd me, mother;

Run away, I pray you. [*Dies. Exit Lady MACDUFF, crying Murther; Murtherers pursue her.*]

SCENE III. *A Room in Edward the Confessor's Palace.*

*Enter MALCOLM, and MACDUFF.*

MAL. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there Weep our sad bosoms empty.

MAC<sup>d</sup>. Let us rather Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men, Bestride our down-fall birthdom: Each new morn, New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds As if it felt with *Scotland*, and yell'd out Like syllables of dolour.

MAL. What I believe, I'll wail; What know, believe; and, what I can redress, As I shall find the time to friend, I will. What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance. This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues, Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well; He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something You may discern of him through me: and wisdom, To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb, To appease an angry god.

MAC<sup>d</sup>. I am not treacherous.

MAL. But *Macbeth* is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil, In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon; That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose: Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell: Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace, Yet grace must still look so.

*MAC<sup>d</sup>*. I have lost my hopes. [doubts.

*MAL*. Perchance, even there, where I did find my  
Why in that rawness left your wife, and children,  
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love)  
Without leave-taking? I pray you,  
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,  
But mine own safeties: you may be rightly just,  
Whatever I shall think.

*MAC<sup>d</sup>*. Bleed, bleed, poor country!  
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,  
For goodness dare not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs,  
The title is afraid! — Fare thee well, lord:  
I would not be the villain that thou think'st,  
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,  
And the rich east to boot.

*MAL*. Be not offended:  
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.  
I think, our country sinks beneath the yolk;  
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash  
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,  
There would be hands uplifted in my right;  
And here, from gracious *England*, have I offer  
Of goodly thousands: But, for all this,  
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,  
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country  
Shall have more vices than it had before;  
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,  
By him that shall succeed.

*MAC<sup>d</sup>*. What should he be?

*MAL*. It is myself I mean: in whom I know  
All the particulars of vice so grafted,  
That, when they shall be open'd, black *Macbeth*

Will seem as pure as snow ; and the poor state  
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd  
With my confineless harms.

*MAC<sup>d</sup>*. Not, in the legions  
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd  
In ill, to top *Macbeth*.

*MAL*. I grant him bloody,  
Luxurious, avaritious, false, deceitful,  
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin  
That has a name : But there's no bottom, none,  
In my voluptuousness : your wives, your daughters,  
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up  
The cistern of my lust ; and my desire  
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,  
That did oppose my will : Better *Macbeth*,  
Than such a one to reign.

*MAC<sup>d</sup>*. Boundless intemperance  
In nature is a tyranny : it hath been  
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,  
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet  
To take upon you what is yours : you may  
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,  
And yet seem cold ; the time you may so hoodwink :  
We have willing dames enough ; there cannot be  
That vultur in you, to devour so many  
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,  
Finding it so inclin'd.

*MAL*. With this, there grows,  
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such  
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,  
I should cut off the nobles for their lands ;  
Desire his jewels, and this other's house :



And my more-having would be as a fauce,  
To make me hunger more ; that I should forge  
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,  
Destroying them for wealth.

*MAC<sup>d</sup>.* This avarice  
Sticks deeper ; grows with more pernicious root,  
Than summer-teeming lust : and it hath been  
The sword of our slain kings : Yet do not fear ;  
*Scotland* hath foizons to fill up your will,  
Of your meer own : All these are portable,  
With other graces weigh'd.

*MAL.* But I have none : The king-becoming graces,  
As justice, verity, temp'rance, stableness,  
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,  
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,  
I have no relish of them ; but abound  
In the division of each several crime,  
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should  
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,  
Uproar the universal peace, confound  
All unity on earth.

*MAC<sup>d</sup>.* O, *Scotland, Scotland !*

*MAL.* If such a one be fit to govern, speak :  
I am as I have spoken.

*MAC<sup>d</sup>.* Fit to govern !  
No, not to live. — O nation miserable,  
With an untitl'd tyrant bloody-scepter'd,  
When shalt thou see thy wholesom days again ?  
Since that the truest issue of thy throne  
By his own interdiction stands accurst,  
And does blaspheme his breed ? — Thy royal father  
Was a most sainted king ; the queen, that bore thee,

Oftner upon her knees than on her feet,  
 Dy'd every day she lived. Fare thee well!  
 These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,  
 Have banish'd me from *Scotland*. — O my breast,  
 Thy hope ends here!

*MAL. Macduff*, this noble passion,  
 Child of integrity, hath from my soul  
 Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts  
 To thy good truth and honour. Dev'lish *Macbeth*,  
 By many of these trains, hath sought to win me  
 Into his power: and modest wisdom plucks me  
 From over-credulous haste: But God above  
 Deal between thee and me! for even now  
 I put myself to thy direction, and  
 Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure  
 The taints and blames I lay'd upon myself,  
 For strangers to my nature. I am yet  
 Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;  
 Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;  
 At no time broke my faith; would not betray  
 The devil to his fellow; and delight  
 No less in truth, than life: my first false-speaking  
 Was this upon myself: What I am truly  
 Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:  
 Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,  
 Old *Seyward*, with ten thousand warlike men,  
 All ready at a point, was setting forth:  
 Now we'll together; And the chance, of goodness,  
 Be like our unwarranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

*MAC<sup>d</sup>*. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,  
 'Tis hard to reconcile.

*Enter a Doctor.*

*MAL.* Well, more anon.— Comes the king forth, I pray

*Doc.* Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched souls, [you?] That stay his cure: their malady convinces The great assay of art; but, at his touch, (Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand) They presently amend.

*MAL.* I thank you, doctor. [Exit Doctor.]

*MAC<sup>d</sup>.* What's the disease he means?

*MAL.* 'Tis call'd, the evil:

A most miraculous work in this good king;  
Which often, since my here-remain in *England*,  
I have seen him do. How he sollicit heaven,  
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,  
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,  
The meer despair of surgery, he cures;  
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,  
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,  
To the succeeding royalty he leaves  
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,  
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;  
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,  
That speak him full of grace.

*Enter ROSSE.*

*MAC<sup>d</sup>.* See, who comes here?

*MAL.* My countryman; but yet I know him not.

*MAC<sup>d</sup>.* My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

*MAL.* I know him now: Good God, betimes remove  
The means that makes us strangers!

*Ros.* Sir, amen.

*MAC<sup>d</sup>.* Stands *Scotland* where it did?

*Ros.* Alas, poor country;  
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot

Be call'd our mother, but our grave : where nothing,  
 But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;  
 Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air,  
 Are made, not mark'd ; where violent sorrow seems  
 A modern extasy : the dead man's knell  
 Is there scarce ask'd, for who ; and good men's lives  
 Expire before the flowers in their caps,  
 Dying, or ere they sicken.

*MAC<sup>d</sup>.* O, relation,  
 Too nice, and yet too true !

*MAL.* What is the newest grief ?

*ROS.* That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker ;  
 Each minute teems a new one.

*MAC<sup>d</sup>.* How does my wife ?

*ROS.* Why, well.

*MAC<sup>d</sup>.* And all my children ?

*ROS.* Well too.

*MAC<sup>d</sup>.* The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace ? [them.

*ROS.* No ; they were well at peace, when I did leave

*MAC<sup>d</sup>.* Be not a niggard of your speech ; How goes't ?

*ROS.* When I came hither to transport the tidings,  
 Which I have heavily born, there ran a rumour  
 Of many worthy fellows that were out ;  
 Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,  
 For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot :  
 Now is the time of help ; your eye in *Scotland*  
 Would create soldiers, make our women fight,  
 To doff their dire distresses.

*MAL.* Be it their comfort,  
 We are coming thither : gracious *England* hath  
 Lent us good *Seyward*, and ten thousand men ;  
 An older and a better soldier, none

That *Christendom* gives out.

*Ros.* 'Would I could answer  
This comfort with the like ! But I have words,  
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,  
Where hearing should not latch them.

*MAC<sup>d</sup>.* What concern they ?  
The general cause ? or is it a fee grief,  
Due to some single breast ?

*Ros.* No mind, that's honest,  
But in it shares some woe ; though the main part  
Pertains to you alone.

*MAC<sup>d</sup>.* If it be mine,  
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

*Ros.* Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,  
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound  
That ever yet they heard.

*MAC<sup>d</sup>.* Hum ! I guess at it.

*Ros.* Your castle is surpriz'd ; your wife, and babes,  
Savagely slaughter'd : to relate the manner,  
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,  
To add the death of you.

*MAL.* Merciful heaven ! —  
What, man ! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows ;  
Give sorrow words : the grief, that does not speak,  
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

*MAC<sup>d</sup>.* My children too ?

*Ros.* Wife, children, servants, all  
That could be found.

*MAC<sup>d</sup>.* And I must be from thence ! —  
My wife kill'd too ?

*Ros.* I have said.

*MAL.* Be comforted ;

Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,  
To cure this deadly grief.

*MAC<sup>d</sup>*. He has no children. — All my pretty ones?  
Did you say, all? — O hell-kite! — All?  
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,  
At one fell swoop?

*MAL*. Dispute it like a man.

*MAC<sup>d</sup>*. I shall do so;  
But I must also feel it as a man:  
I cannot but remember such things were,  
That were most precious to me. — Did heaven look on,  
And would not take their part? Sinful *Macduff*,  
They were all strook for thee: naught that I am,  
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,  
Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them now!

*MAL*. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief  
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

*MAC<sup>d</sup>*. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,  
And braggart with my tongue! — But, gentle heaven,  
Cut short all intermission; front to front,  
Bring thou this fiend of *Scotland*, and myself;  
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,  
Heaven, forgive him too!

*MAL*. This tune goes manly.  
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready,  
Our lack is nothing but our leave: *Macbeth*  
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above  
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;  
The night is long, that never finds the day. [*Exeunt*.]

## ACT V.



SCENE I. Dunfinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter a Doctor of Physick, and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.*

*Doc.* I have two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walk'd?

*Gen.* Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

*Doc.* A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. — In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

*Gen.* That, sir, which I will not report after her.

*Doc.* You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

*Gen.* Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

*Enter Lady MACBETH, with a Taper.*

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep: Observe her; stand close.

*Doc.* How came she by that light?

*Gen.* Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually, 'tis her command.

*Doc.* You see, her eyes are open.

*Gen.* Ay, but their sense is shut.

*Doc.* What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

*Gen.* It is an accustom'd action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this

a quarter of an hour.

*L. M<sup>b</sup>*. Yet here's a spot.

*Doc.* Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, [*taking out his Tables*] to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

*L. M<sup>b</sup>*. Out, damned spot! out, I say! — One; Two; Why, then 'tis time to do't: Hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? what need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

*Doc.* Do you mark that?

*L. M<sup>b</sup>*. The thane of *Fife* Had a wife; Where is she now? — What, will these hands ne'er be clean? — No more o'that, my lord, no more o'that: you mar all with this starting.

*Doc.* Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

*Gen.* She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that; heaven knows what she has known.

*L. M<sup>b</sup>*. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of *Arabia* will not sweeten this little hand. O, o, o!

*Doc.* What a sigh is there? The heart is sorely charg'd.

*Gen.* I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

*Doc.* Well, well, well, —

*Gen.* Pray God, it be, fir.

*Doc.* This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those which have walk'd in their sleep, who have dy'd holily in their beds.

*L. M<sup>b</sup>*. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown;

look not so pale : — I tell you yet again, *Banquo's* bury'd ;  
he cannot come out of's grave.

*Doc.* Even so ?

*L. M<sup>b</sup>.* To bed, to bed ; there's knocking at the gate :  
Come, come, come, come, give me your hand ; What's  
done, cannot be undone ; to bed, to bed, to bed.

[*Exit Lady MACBETH.*]

*Doc.* Will she go now to bed ?

*Gen.* Directly.

*Doc.* Foul whisp'rings are abroad : Unnatural deeds  
Do breed unnatural troubles : Infected minds  
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.  
More needs she the divine, than the physician. —  
God, God, forgive us all ! — Look after her ;  
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,  
And still keep eyes upon her : So, good night :  
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight :  
I think, but dare not speak.

*Gen.* Good night, good doctor. [*Exeunt severally.*]

*SCENE II. Country near Dunfinane.*

*Enter, with Drum and Colours, MENTETH, CATHNESS,  
ANGUS, LENOX, and Soldiers, marching.*

*MEN.* The *English* power is near, led on by *Malcolm*,  
His uncle *Seyward*, and the good *Macduff*.  
Revenues burn in them : for their dear causes  
Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm,  
Excite the mortify'd man.

*ANG.* Near *Birnam* wood

Shall we well meet them ; that way are they coming.

*CAT.* Who knows, if *Donalbain* be with his brother ?

*LEN.* For certain, sir, he is not : I have a file

Of all the gentry ; there is *Seyward's* son,  
And many unrough youths, that even now  
Protest their first of manhood.

*MEN.* What does the tyrant ?

*CAT.* Great *Dunfinane* he strongly fortifies :  
Some say, he's mad ; others, that lesser hate him,  
Do call it valiant fury : but, for certain,  
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause  
Within the belt of rule.

*ANG.* Now does he feel  
His secret murders sticking on his hands ;  
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach ;  
Those, he commands, move only in command,  
Nothing in love : now does he feel his title  
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe  
Upon a dwarfish thief.

*MEN.* Who then shall blame  
His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,  
When all that is within him does condemn  
Itself, for being there.

*CAT.* Well, march we on,  
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd :  
Meet we the med'cin of the sickly weal ;  
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,  
Each drop of us.

*LEN.* Or so much as it needs,  
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.  
Make we our march towards *Birnam*. [*Exeunt marching.*]

*SCENE III.* *Dunfinane. A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter MACBETH ; Doctor, and Others, attending.*

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* Bring me no more reports ; let them fly all :

'Till *Birnam* wood remove to *Dunfinane*,  
 I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy *Malcolm*?  
 Was he not born of woman? Spirits, that know  
 All mortal consequences, have pronounc'd me,  
*Fear not*, Macbeth; *no man, that's born of woman,*  
*Shall e'er have power upon thee.* Then fly, false thanes,  
 And mingle with the *English* epicures:  
 The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,  
 Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.

*Enter an Attendant, hastily.*

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!  
 Where got'st thou that goose look?

*Att.* There is ten thousand.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* Geese, villain?

*Att.* Soldiers, sir.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,  
 Thou lilly-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?  
 Death of thy soul! those linnen cheeks of thine  
 Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

*Att.* The *English* force, so please you. [heart,

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* Take thy face hence. — *Seyton!* — I am sick at  
 When I behold — *Seyton*, I say! — This push  
 Will cheer me ever, or disease me now.

I have liv'd long enough: my way of life  
 Is faln into the fear, the yellow leaf:  
 And that which should accompany old age,  
 As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
 I must not look to have; but, in their stead,  
 Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,  
 Which the poor heart would fain deny and dare not. —  
*Seyton!*

*Enter SEYTON.*

SEY. What is your gracious pleasure ?

MAC<sup>b</sup>. What news more ?

SEY. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

MAC<sup>b</sup>. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.—  
Give me my armour.

SEY. 'Tis not needed yet.

MAC<sup>b</sup>. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirr the country round ;  
Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine armour. —  
How does your patient, doctor ?

Doc. Not so sick, my lord,  
As she is troubl'd with thick-coming fancies,  
That keep her from her rest.

MAC<sup>b</sup>. Cure her of that :

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd ;  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ;  
Rafe out the written troubles of the brain ;  
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,  
Cleanse the stufst bosom of that perilous stuff  
Which weighs upon the heart ?

Doc. Therein the patient  
Must minister to himself.

MAC<sup>b</sup>. Throw physick to the dogs, I'll none of it. —  
Come, put mine armour on ; give me my staff : —  
Seyton, send out. — Doctor, the thanes fly from me : —  
Come, sir, dispatch : — If thou could'st, doctor, cast  
The water of my land, find her disease,  
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,  
I would applaud thee to the very echo,  
That should applaud again. — Pull't off, I say. —  
What rhubarb, fenna, or what purgative drug,  
Would scour these *English* hence ? Hearest thou of them ?



*Doc.* Ay, my good lord ; your royal preparation  
Makes us hear something.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* Bring it after me. —

I will not be afraid of death and bane,  
'Till *Birnam* forest come to *Dunfinane*.

*Doc.* “ Were I from *Dunfinane* away and clear, ”  
“ Profit again should hardly draw me here. ” [ *Exeunt.* ]

*SCENE IV.* Plains leading to *Dunfinane*; a *Wood* adjacent.  
*Enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM; old SEYWARD,*  
*and his Son; MACDUFF, MENTETH, and the other Thanes,*  
*and Soldiers, marching.*

*MAL.* Cousins, I hope, the days are near at hand,  
That chambers will be safe.

*MEN.* We doubt it nothing.

*o. S.* What wood is this before us ?

*MEN.* The wood of *Birnam*.

*MAL.* Let every soldier hew him down a bough,  
And bear't before him ; thereby shall we shadow  
The numbers of our host, and make discovery  
Err in report of us.

*Sol.* It shall be done.

*o. S.* We learn no other, but the confident tyrant  
Keeps still in *Dunfinane*, and will endure  
Our setting down before it.

*MAL.* 'Tis his main hope :  
For where there is advantage to be gone,  
Both more and less have given him the revolt ;  
And none serve with him but constrained things,  
Whose hearts are absent too.

*MAC<sup>d</sup>.* Let our just censures  
Attend the true event, and put we on

Industrious foldierſhip.

*o. S.* The time approaches,  
That will with due decision make us know  
What we ſhall ſay we have, and what we owe.  
Thoughts ſpeculative their unſure hopes relate ;  
But certain iſſue ſtrokes muſt arbitrate :  
Towards which, advance the war. [*Exeunt marching.*]

SCENE V. Dunfinane. *A Plat-form within the Caſtle.*

*Enter, with Drum and Colours, MACBETH,  
SEYTON, and Soldiers.*

*Mac<sup>b</sup>.* Hang out our banners on the outward walls ;  
The cry is ſtill, *They come* : Our caſtle's ſtrength  
Will laugh a ſiege to ſcorn : here let them lye,  
'Till famine, and the ague, eat them up :  
Were they not forc'd with thoſe that ſhould be ours,  
We might have met them dareful beard to beard,  
And beat them backward home. What is that noiſe ?

[*a Cry within, of Women.*]

*SEY.* It is the cry of women, my good lord.

*Mac<sup>b</sup>.* I have almoſt forgot the taſte of fears :  
The time has been, my ſenſes would have cool'd  
To hear a night-ſhriek ; and my fell of hair  
Would at a diſmal treatiſe rouse, and ſtir  
As life were in't : I have ſupt full with horrors ;  
Direneſs, familiar to my ſlaught'rous thoughts,  
Cannot once ſtart me. — Wherefore was that cry ?

*SEY.* The queen, my lord, is dead.

*Mac<sup>b</sup>.* She ſhould have dy'd hereafter ;  
There would have been a time for ſuch a word. —  
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,

To the last syllable of recorded time ;  
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
 The way to study death. Out, out, brief candle !  
 Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,  
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
 And then is heard no more : it is a tale  
 Told by an ideot, full of sound and fury,  
 Signifying nothing. —

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thou com'st to use thy tongue ; thy story quickly.

*Mes.* Gracious my lord,  
 I should report that which I'd say I saw,  
 But know not how to do't.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* Well, say it, fir.

*Mes.* As I did stand my watch upon the hill,  
 I look'd toward *Birnam*, and anon, methought,  
 The wood began to move.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* Liar, and slave!

[ *striking him.*

*Mes.* Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so :  
 Within this three mile may you see it coming ;  
 I say, a moving grove.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* If thou speak'st false,  
 Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,  
 'Till famine cling thee : if thy speech be sooth,  
 I care not if thou dost for me as much. —  
 I pull in resolution ; and begin  
 To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,  
 That lies like truth : *Fear not, 'till Birnam wood*  
*Do come to Dunfinane* ; and now a wood  
 Comes toward *Dunfinane*. — Arm, arm, and out ! —  
 If this, which he avouches, does appear,  
 There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.

I 'gin to be aweary of the sun,  
 And wish the estate o'the world were now undone: —  
 Ring the alarum bell: — Blow, wind! come, wrack!  
 At least we'll dye with harness on our back. [Exeunt.]

*SCENE VI. The same. Plain before the Castle.*

*Enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, old SEYWARD, MACDUFF, &c. and Forces, with Boughs.*

*MAL.* Now, near enough; your leavy screens throw  
 And shew like those you are:—You, worthy uncle, [down,  
 Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,  
 Lead our first battle: worthy *Macduff*, and we,  
 Shall take upon us what else remains to do,  
 According to our order.

*o. S.* Fare you well. —

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,  
 Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight. [breath,

*MAC<sup>d</sup>.* Make all our trumpets speak, give them all  
 Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. [Exeunt.]

*SCENE VII. The same. Another Part of the Plain.*

*Alarums, as of a Battle join'd. Skirmishings.*

*Enter MACBETH.*

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* They have ty'd me to a stake; I cannot fly,  
 But, bear-like, I must fight the course. — What's he,  
 That was not born of woman? Such a one  
 Am I to fear, or none.

*Enter young SEYWARD.*

*y. S.* What is thy name?

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

*y. S.* No; though thou call'ft thyself a hotter name  
 Than any is in hell.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>*. My name's *Macbeth*.

*y. S.* The devil himself could not pronounce a title  
More hateful to mine ear.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>*. No, nor more fearful.

*y. S.* Thou ly'st, abhorred tyrant; with my sword  
I'll prove the lye thou speak'st.

[*fight; and young Seyward is slain.*]

*MAC<sup>b</sup>*. Thou wast born of woman.—

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,  
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [Exit.

*Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.*

*MAC<sup>d</sup>*. That way the noise is: Tyrant, shew thy face;  
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,  
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still:  
I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms  
Are hir'd to bear their staves; either thou, *Macbeth*,  
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,  
I sheath again undeeded. There thou should'st be;  
By this great clatter, one of greatest note  
Seems bruited: Let me find him, fortune! and  
More I beg not. [Exit. *Alarums.*

*Enter MALCOLM, and old SEYWARD.*

*o. S.* This way, my lord; the castle's gently render'd:  
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;  
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;  
The day almost itself professes yours,  
And little is to do.

*MAL.* We have met with foes  
That strike beside us.

*o. S.* Enter, sir, the castle. [Exeunt. *Alarums.*

*Re enter MACBETH.*

*MAC<sup>b</sup>*. Why should I play the *Roman* fool, and dye

On mine own sword ? whiles I see lives, the gashes  
Do better upon them :

*Re-enter MACDUFF.*

*MAC<sup>d</sup>.* Turn, hell-hound, turn.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* Of all men else I have avoided thee :  
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd  
With blood of thine already.

*MAC<sup>d</sup>.* I have no words,  
My voice is in my sword ; thou bloodier villain  
Than terms can give thee out ! [ fight.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* Thou losest labour :  
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air  
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed :  
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests ;  
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield  
To one of woman born.

*MAC<sup>d</sup>.* Despair thy charm ;  
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,  
Tell thee, *Macduff* was from his mother's womb  
Untimely ript.

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,  
For it hath cow'd my better part of man !  
And be these jugling fiends no more believ'd,  
That palter with us in a double sense ;  
That keep the word of promise to our ear,  
And break it to our hope. — I'll not fight with thee.

*MAC<sup>d</sup>.* Then yield thee, coward,  
And live to be the shew and gaze o'the time.  
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,  
Painted upon a pole ; and under-writ,  
*Here may you see the tyrant.*

*MAC<sup>b</sup>.* I will not yield,



To kiss the ground before young *Malcolm's* feet,  
 And to be baited with the rabble's curse.  
 Though *Birnam* wood be come to *Dunsmine*,  
 And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,  
 Yet I will try the last : Before my body  
 I throw my warlike shield : lay on, *Macduff*;  
 And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hold, enough*.

[*Exeunt fighting*

*Retreat.*                      *Flourish.*

*Re-enter, with Drum and Colours,*

*MALCOLM, and old SEYWARD ; with ROSSE,*  
*the other Thanes, Soldiers, &c.*

*MAL.* I would the friends, we miss, were safe arriv'd.

*o. S.* Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,  
 So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

*MAL.* *Macduff* is missing, and your noble son.

*Ros.* Your son, my lord, has pay'd a soldier's debt :  
 He only liv'd but 'till he was a man ;  
 The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd  
 In the unshrinking station where he fought,  
 But like a man he dy'd.

*o. S.* Then he is dead ?                                              [sorrow

*Ros.* Ay, and brought off the field : your cause of  
 Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then  
 It hath no end.

*o. S.* Had he his hurts before ?

*Ros.* Ay, on the front.

*o. S.* Why then, God's soldier be he !  
 Had I as many sons as I have hairs,  
 I would not wish them to a fairer death :  
 And so his knell is knoll'd.

*MAL.* He's worth more sorrow,

And that I'll spend for him.

*o. S.* He's worth no more ;  
They say, he parted well, and pay'd his score :  
And so, God be with him ! Here comes newer comfort.

*Re-enter MACDUFF, with Macbeth's Head.*

*MAC<sup>d</sup>.* Hail, king ! for so thou art : Behold, where stands  
The usurper's curst head : the time is free :  
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,  
That speak my salutation in their minds ;  
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine, —  
Hail, king of *Scotland* !

*all.* Hail, king of *Scotland* ! [*Flourish.*

*MAL.* We shall not spend a large expence of time,  
Before we reckon with your several loves,  
And make us even with you : My thanes and kinsmen,  
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever *Scotland*  
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,  
Which would be planted newly with the time, —  
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,  
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny ;  
Producing forth the cruel ministers  
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen ;  
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands  
Took off her life ; — This, and what needful else  
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,  
We will perform in measure, time, and place :  
So, thanks to all at once, and to each one ;  
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at *Scone*.

*Flourish.*

[*Exeunt.*













